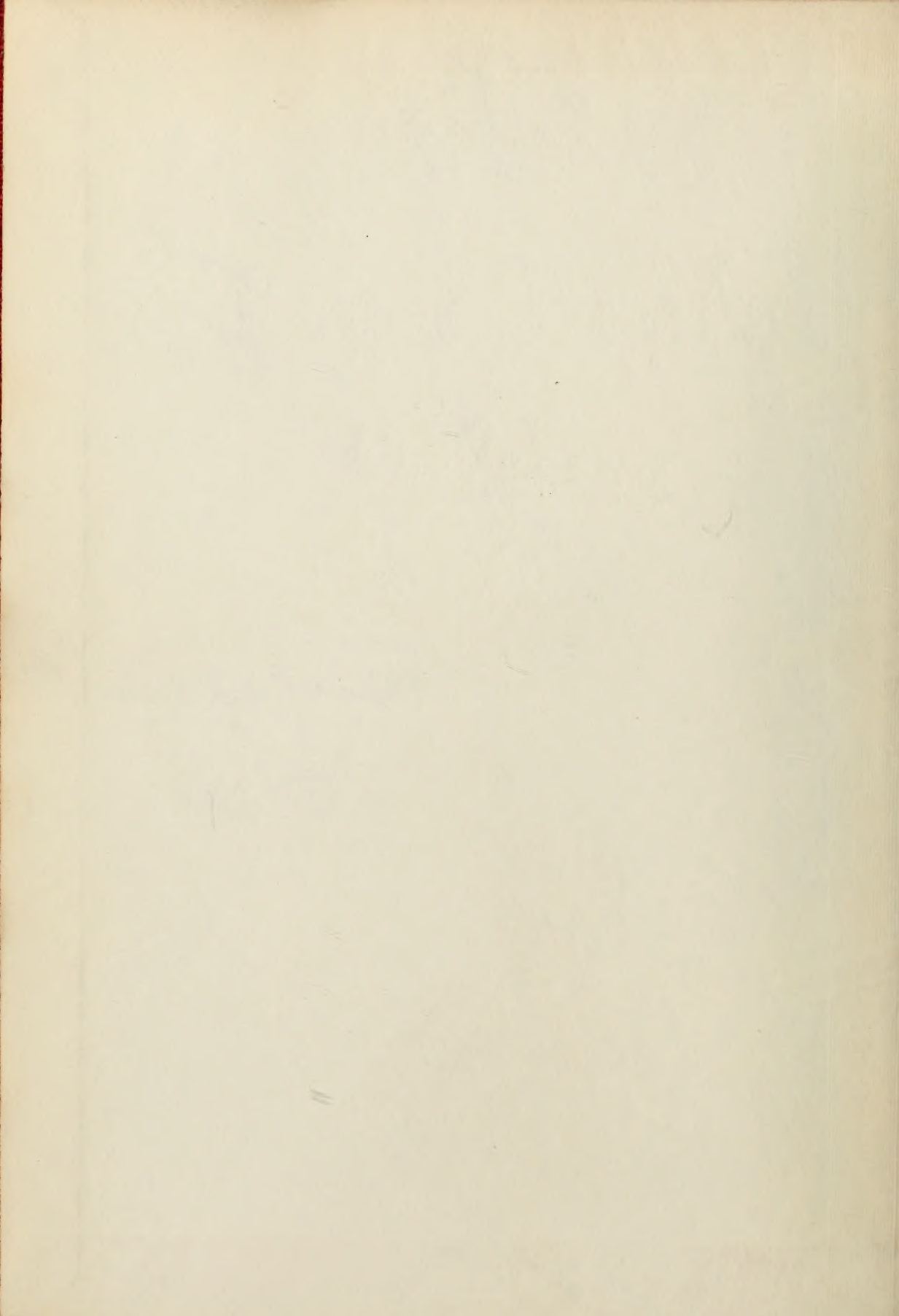





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


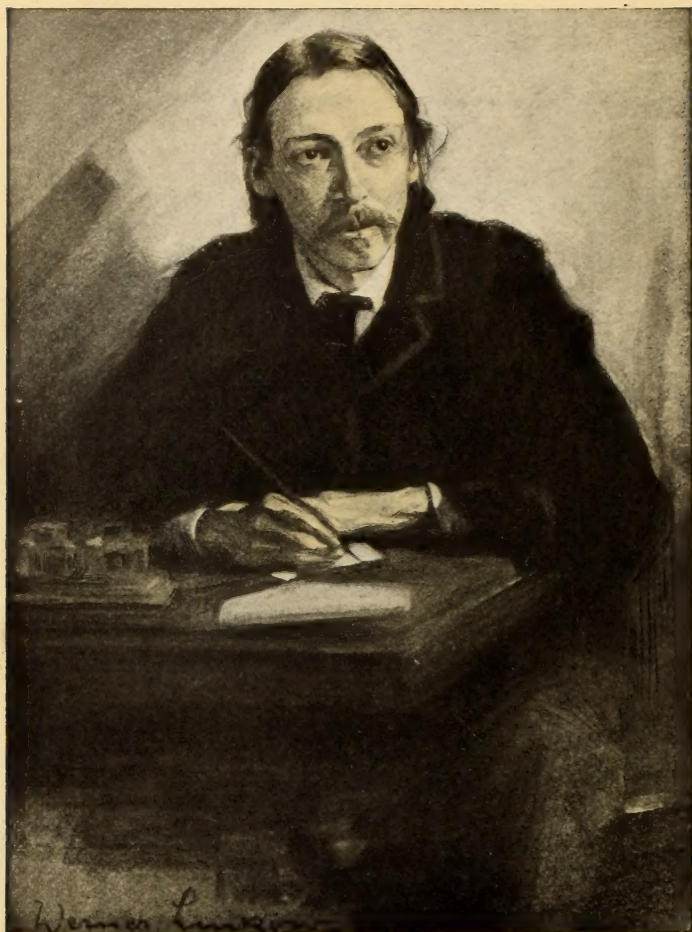


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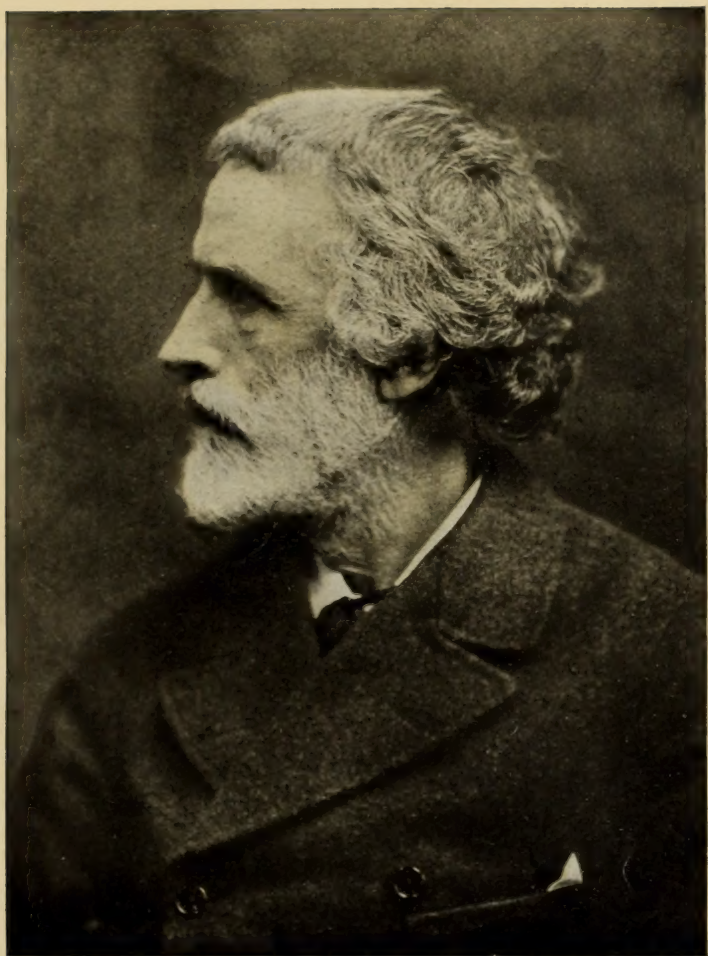




From a drawing by Werner Luckow, after a photograph

Robert Louis Stevenson

Author of "The Master of Ballantrae"



Copyright by J. Thomson

George Meredith

Author of "The Amazing Marriage"



From a photograph by F. Holliver

J. M. Barrie

Author of "Sentimental Tommy"

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 1

ABBEY'S LAST MURAL PAINTINGS

By Royal Cortissoz



WHEN Abbey sent to America, in 1908, the eight mural decorations he had then completed for the State Capitol, in Harrisburg, he himself addressed the huge packing case containing them. He sent them to "The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania." In imagination I can see him hovering over the box, brush in hand, half humorously taking pains with his lettering, but setting forth the words just cited with a kind of affectionate gravity, as though even in this trifling matter he would render due honor to his native State. The episode is, indeed, usefully illustrative.

These paintings of his, a later group of which is traversed in this paper, have a meaning apart from their artistic character. We are forbidden to mix patriotism and art, lest we breed a most unprofitable confusion of ideas, but sometimes the two elements are so felicitously intertwined that we would not separate them if we could. Abbey loved Pennsylvania and its history, and it is in no wise sentimental to think of his work for Harrisburg as promoted by a genuinely patriotic enthusiasm. When he undertook it he was not concerned merely to execute a commission, but to pay tribute to his countrymen; and this is only another way of saying that he was passionately *interested*, a state of mind not by any means as common in the history of modern mural decoration as one would naturally take it to be.

The painter called upon to fill a given space necessarily gives his first thought to the purely decorative aspects of his problem. Since he must lay his theme upon a more or less Procrustean bed, it is not surprising that in some cases he ends by leaving the theme to take care of itself, a color-

less affair of academic types and symbols, subordinated to conventions of design. The result is about as thrilling as a geometrical diagram. To be saved from this the artist needs nothing so much as a tingling, living interest in the substance as well as in the form of his work. There is a story of Vasari's which is apposite here. It relates to Ghirlandajo, Abbey's Renaissance prototype in decorative narration. The old Florentine was an eager business man, who thought that no job was too small to be accepted in his *bottega*. But as he got more and more authoritatively into his stride the artist in him snuffed the finer airs of battle and he flung sordid motives and obligations upon the shoulders of his brother David. "Leave me to work and do thou provide," he said, "for now that I have begun to get into the spirit and comprehend the method of this art I grudge that they do not commission me to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories." Vasari tells in this illustration of "the resolved and invincible character" of Ghirlandajo's mind, and as showing the pleasure he took in his work. That was like Abbey. He was in love with his work and his themes, and Harrisburg was his Florence. It is said that when there was some temporary uncertainty as to the funds available for part of his decorative scheme he hastened to assure the authorities that it would nevertheless be carried out by him, even if he had to finish some of the panels without any remuneration whatever. I can well believe it. Thus he would have discharged a debt of gratitude.

He was born in Philadelphia, on April 1st, 1852. He was educated there. At the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts he took the first steps in his artistic training. His

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loyalty to the scene of his birth and early upbringing must have been fostered, too, by certain historical associations in his profession. Other men of Pennsylvanian origin before him had developed their careers in London, in ways not dissimilar from those marking his own success there. Benjamin West and Charles Robert Leslie had both fixed Pennsylvanian names in the roster of the Royal Academy. The first had done much in the service of George III, and the second had painted one of the pictures officially commemorating the accession of Queen Victoria. Abbey, rising to a powerful position in the Royal Academy, and painting, by the king's wish, the coronation of Edward VII, doubtless mused appreciatively on the peculiar links between himself and his two predecessors. Being a modest man it is improbable that he ever dwelt on the fact which others may legitimately observe, that in his art he had affirmed the energy of the soil from which he sprang far more effectively than either Leslie or West.

The truism that quantity has nothing to do with quality should not obscure for us a really important suggestion lying in the mere bulk of what he achieved. Looking back over that life that came so untimely to an end, in London, on August 1, 1911, one is impressed by its range and fertility, and is moved to reflect on how intensely like his own people Abbey was, for all that he made his home in the Old World, and spent so much of his time in the interpretation of the least modern side of its genius. I find his Americanism coming out very strongly in what I can only describe as his wonderful driving power. When he sprang into fame, years ago, with his illustrations for Herrick, the charm he exerted was that of a sunny afternoon in some old English garden close; but then and always thereafter Abbey was emphatically a creature of great nervous force, unremittingly ardent, and capable of labors seemingly out of all proportion to his frame. As a matter of fact, though he had no great stature he was strong. One felt this in friendly intercourse with him, when his jolly spirit came bubbling to the surface and he made you realize how rich he was in sheer force, how quick, how kindling to the mood and movement of his time. I remember sitting with him one bleak winter's morning in New York when he was working over his

"Ophelia." The studio he had secured for a short time contained few "properties," romantic or otherwise, and its atmosphere was indeed thousands of miles removed from that to which he was accustomed in his Gloucestershire home. Outside, instead of the drowsy repose of the English countryside, flat commonplace held sway, summed up and defiantly expressed in the clatter of the elevated railroad. Abbey did not care a fig for the prosaic pressure of his environment and I do not mean by that that it had driven him within himself. On the contrary, it exhilarated him, he was absolutely at home, and it was good to look on at the vivacity and firmness with which he pursued his so poetic task. I got there a clew to his art. Mr. James, speculating as to what a charming story-teller he would be who should write as Abbey drew, goes on to ask, "How, for instance, can Mr. Abbey explain the manner in which he directly *observes* figures, scenes, places, that exist only in the fairyland of his fancy?" I think it was a quality of race, cropping out no matter how far back in time he threw his imagination. It was the American in him, the man who lives by reality, who lives in the moment, who keeps his eye on the fact. The poet in Abbey brought forth the composition; but once his images stepped into his mind, he saw them steadily and saw them whole. In the process of painting them he gave them a vitality which was none the less authentic because it differed profoundly from that sought in certain contemporary schools other than the one to which he belonged.

It is suggestive to think of a notable friendship of his, that with John Sargent. Could any two comrades in painting be more drastically unlike one another? Intimate for years, and often painting side by side in the big studio at Fairford, one stood for the every essence of modernity—which the other seemed to regard incuriously, and even with something like disdain. If, in the mind's eye, we were to conceive of the friends as painting, for the fun of it, the same subject, we know just how the good-natured rivalry would have ended. Sargent's canvas, in its rapid synthetic handling of form, and, above all, in its play of light, would have an actuality lacking to Abbey's. But let us put the matter in an



Edwin A. Abbey.

From the painting by W. O. Orchardson, painted in the summer of 1896, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1913, just after Sir William Orchardson's death. The signature was the last stroke done by Orchardson; he was wheeled up to the portrait to sign it.

other way. Let us suppose the subject to be a man of to-day in evening dress, and this actuality of Sargent's would without question obliterate the rival picture. On the other hand, let us suppose the reconstruction of some figure out of the past, a model perfectly clothed and posed as a great mediæval churchman, or the heroine of a Shakespearian comedy. The connoisseur of technic for its own sake might still prefer the Sargent, but if he kept his mind open he would be bound to admit that Abbey's presentation of the dead and gone type carried conviction far deeper. Reality

in the true and final sense, he would see, had been followed, and caught, by different roads. Each man, obeying the dictates of his genius, had in the long run got the thing itself. With Abbey it wore a romantic garment, but the true source of it, and its best warrant, remains that American energy of which I have spoken, his instinct for things living and tangible.

He always wanted to know, to make himself free of the organic secrets of his material. At the start, when as a youth he began drawing illustrations for *Harper's Weekly*, his facility not seldom enabled

him, it is said, to call up a picture out of verbal suggestion, without the aid of models or accessories; but he very soon disclosed an eagerness to know absolutely what he was about. In order to draw the Herrick designs, he made himself acquainted with English landscape, and the sentiment of its ancient architectural monuments. I have a picturesque memory of him hunting up architectural details in a vast collection of photographs. He threw himself upon the books in a positive fever. One of the stories that he liked to tell about his quite unpedantic archaeological adventures related to the pillars in "Sir Galahad's Vision of the Holy Grail," one of the panels in the Boston Public Library. He found just the capitals he wanted for those pillars in a little French town and instantly set about copying them. Then a fussy Mayor turned up, with a thousand objections, and the artist was in torment. Finally, his friend, the late Sir Frederick Leighton, came to the rescue and between them they reduced the troublesome functionary to good-nature. Abbey was forever carrying on his work in this studious fashion. When they gave him a degree at Yale, in 1897, Professor Fisher, in presenting the sheepskin, praised him for his imagination, but, he justly added, "this original power would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." When he undertook to illustrate the Grail legend in the paintings at Boston, he read everything that could help to initiate him into his subject, and even went to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal" and see if Wagner could in any way enlarge his horizon. I dwell on all this not alone in order to enforce Abbey's care for accuracy—a care which has been manifested by some of the driest and most uninspiring painters who have ever lived—but far more for the purpose of exposing the true nature of Abbey's inspiration. It was that of an artist whose industry was animated by thought and emotion.

All the work that he did for many years was at bottom a preparation for that with which he rounded out his busy life. The pen drawings with which he illustrated Shakespeare, Herrick, and other English poets, the oils, water-colors, and pastels in which he revived scenes from old English and Italian life, were ever heightening

his powers of observation and making his sympathies more flexible, so that he might come to his great enterprise at Harrisburg equipped to cover the walls there with really living forms. His programme was framed on an heroic scale, and it is no wonder that he left it unfinished at his death. But he was active down to the very end and, in fact, covered so much ground that one scarcely thinks of the scheme as needing further extension. Looking at it from the point of view of ordinary human effort, the eight paintings put in place in 1908 would seem, by themselves, to fill space enough and to make a monument impressive enough for one man.

They adorn the rotunda in the centre of the building. Four of them are gigantic lunettes, placed midway between the drum of the dome and the piers supporting the latter. The other four are set in circular panels in the pendentives. In this part of his work Abbey dealt in general ideas, localized. In the first of his big lunettes he symbolizes "The Spirit of Religious Liberty" in a fleet of old sailing ships guided westward by angels. In "Science Revealing Treasures of the Earth" blind Fortune, gliding on her wheel between images of Peace and War, is poised above a group of miners just descending into the earth. The third lunette, entitled "The Spirit of Light," points to the discovery of oil, a host of figures with flames on their uplifted finger-tips soaring into the night against a background filled with the familiar gaunt derricks of Pennsylvania. To show forth "The Spirit of Vulcan" Abbey paints in his fourth lunette a number of brawny laborers in a steel foundry, with their tutelary genius reclining upon a cloud above. Single figures occupy the medallions in the pendentive, figures respectively directing attention to the forces of Religion, Law, Art, and Science. Through these designs the grand elements which have formed the destiny of the Commonwealth are broadly embodied.* In one of the four new paintings with which we have now to deal, human history gives way before the majestic appeal of nature pure and simple; but in the other three Abbey comes to close grip with the very men who made his State,

* An exhaustive criticism of these decorations, by the same author, will be found in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1908.



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The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania.

hailing them by name, painting their portraits, and, in a word, making the drift of his whole decorative purpose more and more intimate and poignant.

In the rotunda it was his role to touch the imagination of every one entering the building with a sense of what Pennsylvania has owed to divine inspiration and to the bounty of the earth. These large motives belonged on the threshold, and in the Capitol's grandest, most aerial chamber. The very concrete, personal issues dealt with in the later decorations are explained by their positions. He had now to embellish the walls of the House of Representatives, and there he decided to confront the legislators with

paintings recalling those who had before them labored for the State. Above the rostrum of the speaker he chose to place "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania," which is really a painting in praise of famous men, a record of high endeavor. For the unification of his noble company of explorers, sea-captains, soldiers, religious leaders, and other constructive pioneers, he had to devise some linear web that would not only hold them together, but bind them in the harmony of a room whose scale and character had already been fixed. It was a difficult problem, to introduce so many figures, and yet not make them into a crowd, to break the mass into small groups which should detach

themselves without landing in isolation, to make the "setting" compose all the trouble and at the same time not unduly assert itself. He hit, I think, upon a phenomenally good solution, one which is the more surprising, too, when you stop to consider that Abbey was never a disciple of such old masters, say, as Veronese, who have so much to teach us on questions of academic balance in mural decoration.

Across the middle of his canvas and well back of his figures he drew, in a shallow and very beautiful curve, the lines of a classical entablature. Above them he unrolled a spacious sky, thus gaining at once the necessary depth and largeness of atmosphere. We feel rather than see the colonnade enclosing the actors in his scene; it unites them, but does not distract attention from them. So it is with the "Genius of State," enthroned beneath a cupola against the sky, at the apex of the composition. This presence manifests itself, and is, in fact, indispensable, but it is so placed and so kept down in the color scheme that it leaves Abbey's men to stand forth with no diminution of individuality. Neither are they dimmed nor are their messages muffled by the return to archi-

tectural motives in the foreground, by the fluted pillars which mark, as it were, an entrance to the colonnade. Like the latter, these pillars, surmounted by eagles, enormously contribute to the orderliness of

the assemblage while they leave it free.

It is a goodly body that looks down upon us from this canvas.

The first steps below the throne where sits the Genius of the State, steps on which laurel wreaths are shrewdly disposed, are occupied by the worthies who take us back to the earliest pages in Pennsylvanian history. There is the gallant figure, in cloak and ruff, of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the first to obtain colonial grants, a man who foresaw the tremendous future of the New World. Near him are navigators like Hendrik Hudson, who discovered the Delaware, and old Peter Minuit, who on a memorable occasion sailed into the Chesapeake. To the right, Abbey remembers not alone the hardy



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Study for the figure of Robert Morris in "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

path-breaker, trusting to his rifle, but the valiant pioneers who put their faith in a higher aid, Pastorius, Kelpius, and the other leaders of those various religious sects which have contributed some of the most mystical chapters to the history of the church in Amer-



Central cross section of "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania "

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ica. Just below these standing pioneers, marble seats are occupied by later servants of the State. John Dickinson is there, who had his doubts about the "Declaration," but approved himself a sound patriot when the

tific types: Oliver Evans, with his road engine, David Rittenhouse, the astronomer and philosopher, Caspar Wistar, the noted surgeon, and those renowned botanists, the Bartrams, father and son. Tom Paine,



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Study for the figure of Dallas in "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

time came. Judge Thomas MacKean sits in grave contemplation, with Provost Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, and White, the first American bishop, for his neighbors. Place is found for old Pastor Muhlenberg, who knew so well how to strive for the right not only in but out of the pulpit; and we see also Dallas, the statesman, who served as Senator, as Vice-President, and as Minister to Great Britain, and John Fitch, with the model of his engine. Grouped here, at the right, are other scien-

waking such diversified memories, of oratory, and of hard work at Valley Forge, stands meditatively with his hand raised to his mouth. On this side of the composition Stephen Girard, the founder of the college for orphan boys, takes one of these under his protection. Conspicuous among the balancing figures on the other side is Mad Anthony Wayne, drawing his sword. Below him, carrying on the military thread, are soldiers of the Civil War, officered by Hancock and Meade, and cheered on by



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Lower left-hand section of "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania."

The soldiers of '61 going to defend the State.

Governor Curtin and Thaddeus Stevens. On the same level, opposite to these saviours of the Union, we have an episode calling the mind back to the arts of peace, the workers in the mines and in Pennsylvania's outstanding industries of steel and oil, quietly playing their parts.

I have said that all these people are held together through the artist's faculty for composition. The homogeneity of the piece is assured still further through a subtly dramatic touch, which signifies not only good academic design, but imaginative power. I refer to the grouping in the foreground,

right in the middle of the painting, of the three supreme Pennsylvanians, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, and Robert Morris. With true culminating effect and with perfect naturalness, they stand upon the rock upon which is engraved the words from Deuteronomy, "Remember the Days of Old, Consider the Years of Many Generations: Ask Thy Father and He Will Show Thee, Thy Elders, and They Will Tell Thee." Surely the law-makers who gaze upon this fabric of the painter's art must recognize in it a living inspiration. Far beneath that shining throne they may

see at work the humblest men in the State, and through the airy colonnade they can catch glimpses of the ship upon its stocks, the machines of the steel foundry, and the towering derricks of the oil field. But even more urgent is the appeal of those men of genius and devotion whose hearts were set on the highest ideals of civilization, who wrought for spiritual as well as worldly things. It is this that stamps Abbey's decoration as a noble work of art, the fulness and the sincerity with which he placed all his faculties as a designer and painter at the service of an idea. If there is any moral force in art, then "The Apotheosis of Pennsylvania" should help weightily in the making of a better State.

Flanking his central and largest decoration, Abbey proposed to have panels illustrating "Penn's Treaty With the Indians" and "The Signing of the Declaration," the first of which has come from his studio with "The Apotheosis." Here an architectural background was of course out of the question. The historic tree at Shackamaxon was the obvious motive to employ. Indeed, "the only treaty between savages and Christians that was never sworn to and that was never broken," as

Voltaire described the covenant, is so inseparably associated with the tree that the latter counts, somehow, as an actor in any picture of the event. Here in this panel you

have a fine example of that gift of Abbey's for observing figures, scenes, and places in the historical past as well as in "the fairy-land of his fancy." And, as I have said before, the explanation lies in his American insistence upon living by reality. He could paint the scene so as to convey the impression that thus it had veritably happened because he saw it in his imagination with extraordinary vividness until as one might say, he actually saw it happen just as he presented it to us. He could do this, I believe, because by dint of sympathy and study he knew Penn, grasped him in an intimate and human manner. Penn, of course, was himself intensely human. The antiquarian, John



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Study for one of the figures in "Valley Forge"

Watson, had from a lady who was present an account of the great Quaker's demeanor when conferring with some Indians near Philadelphia, and thus preserved it:

"She said that the Indians, as well as the whites, had severally prepared the best entertainment the place and circumstances could admit. William Penn made himself



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Baron von Steuben Drilling Washington's Army at Valley Forge.

Placed in the Senate. The only painting done by Mr. Abbey for the Senate; the other paintings for the Senate were not begun.

endeared to the Indians by his marked condescension and acquiescence in their wishes. He walked with them, sat with them on the ground, and ate with them of their roasted acorns and hominy. At this they expressed

less than the outward aspect of the scene is mirrored in his canvas. It is, too, a very charming composition, filled with the right sylvan sentiment. He gets the characters of his leading actors and he gets the atmos-



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Study of drapery for "The Hours."

their great delight, and soon began to show how they could hop and jump; at which exhibition William Penn, to cap the climax, sprang up and outdanced them all!"

Another mood governed Penn when he clasped hands with his Indian friend under the tree at Shackamaxon. But to look at Abbey's panel is to surmise that he, too, must have read that self-same reminiscence; for he gets in the bearing and gestures of his two figures the very spirit of that truth that "William Penn made himself endeared to the Indians." The soul of the event no

phere enveloping them and their followers. Over all is flung something of beauty, the beauty of the ancient wildwood.

In his "Training of the Soldiers at Valley Forge," he abandons the mode of design characterizing the two other paintings I have described. The subject in its very nature cried aloud to be handled without formality. There is no clearly defined centre here, such as is provided by the throne in the "Apotheosis" and by the tree in the "Treaty." The figures fall judiciously into a sufficiently balanced arrangement, and



Copyright 1911 by M. G. C. C. C. C.

William Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

it is interesting to note with what adroitness they are harmonized against the vertical lines of the bare trees in the background. This background, by the way, is extraordinarily well worked out, giving to the snowy landscape precisely the needed relief. But it is less of strictly decorative design than of purely human interest that we think in considering this work. Abbey seems to turn aside for a moment from the monumental key of the "Apotheosis" and to paint more in the vein of his old "Bowling Green" and the Grail pictures for Boston. He is now the master of pictorial narrative, absorbed in the story that he has to tell and telling it almost, one might say, in minute detail. He lingers over the fairly snug uniforms of the officers, but he is quite as much interested in the next-to-unpresentable rags of the men. Moreover, these men have character. In their faces and in their attitudes we may read the tale of the suffering and the courage at Valley Forge. There is something insinuatingly touching about this panel. It represents, again, Abbey's warmth of feeling for the annals of his country. Attacking the long series of decorations for Harrisburg and recognizing the majestic character of his leading themes, he knew, as I have shown, how to rise to the height of his great argument. But he never lost sight of the fundamental emotions that go with mere flesh and blood, and he was resolved to come back again and again to such every-day phases of our American drama as the one painted in the "Valley Forge."

It was easy for him to oscillate between the extremes involved in his work. From the panel I have just traversed he could turn to the great circular ceiling to be set in a shallow dome in the House of Representatives. In this he gave free play to the medi-



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Study for "The Hours."

ævalism which was part of his artistic character. Charting the heavens after the fashion of some old cosmographer, setting sun, moon, and a multitude of stars in a sea of color running from pale tints into darkest blue, causing the Milky Way to stream luminously across his canvas, and even thinking to bring in a vagrant comet, he unwound the procession of the hours, figuring them as maidens who open the day in light and gladness and close it in solemn draperies carried

on still shoulders. Half the ceiling is all jocund beauty, the other half is all beautiful gravity. But it is, perhaps, unfair to speak of the "halves" of this painting. The truth is that light and dark are subtly fused. Variegated as it is in light and in color, the

but with much pondering on technical problems. Moreover, this instinctively brilliant draughtsman was ever solicitous of the integrity of his draughtsmanship. He liked to search out recondite mysteries of form and to conquer them in his drawing.

Hence, the preliminary studies he was wont to make of the figures in his decorations, posing the model nude, then in costume, and not infrequently drawing an arm by itself, to get a gesture, or the turn of a head, to make sure of an expression. Notwithstanding this practice, he was far from being dependent upon the laborious elaboration of a figure. We had a talk once about the advantages of preliminary drawings and Abbey told me that he was chary of making too many of them, for, he said, it was so easy to overdo the thing. By the time you came to paint your picture you had exhausted the inspiration with which you started. After all, he argued, to make a lot of drawings for a picture before you painted it was very like overtraining yourself for a race. When the



Gift of the Art Club, M. Goodwin, 1903

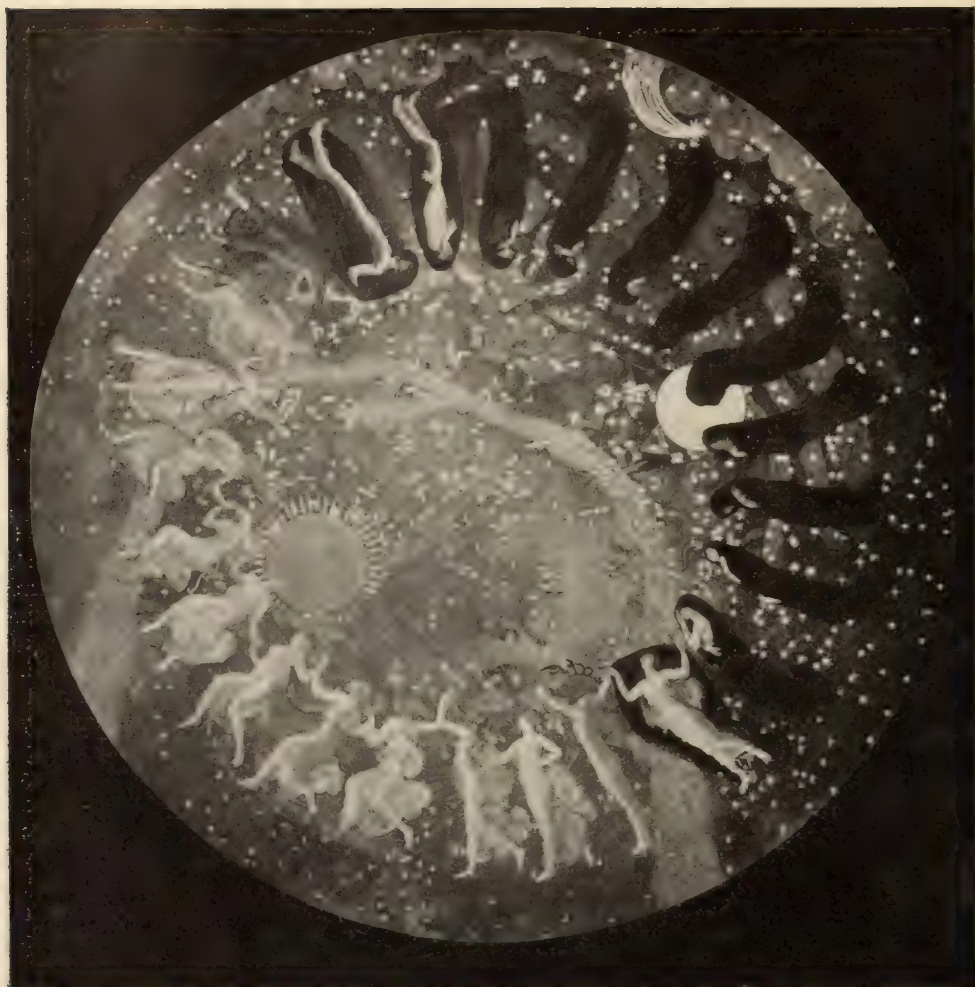
Study for "The Hours."

ceiling is nevertheless all of a piece, a poetic idea harmoniously and clearly expressed. In this, as in the rest of his paintings, Abbey is sure of himself, sure of what he wants to do; he is both imaginative and workmanlike.

Did these designs spring at a flash from his brain? Hardly. Abbey thought long over his ideas and worked them out not only with the research in matters of history, costume, and so on, to which I have referred,

had nothing left to go on and straightway collapsed.

It is true, of course, that where this matter of the preliminary study is concerned, temperament counts for much and Abbey recognized the fact, having no desire to lay down the law for anybody. That was characteristic of him, characteristic of his virile, wholesome nature. Those who did not know him may rightly judge of his personality from Orchardson's beautiful por-



Copyright 1914 by M. Gertrude Abbey

The Hours.

trait, an interpretation by a man who painted him with the insight of friendship. The sturdy frame in this portrait, the efficient, characterful hands, the strong head and face, all speak eloquently of Abbey as I knew him. He was very gay and likeable, you felt in him honesty and force, and you could see just how his sterling nature

poured itself into his work. In it he sought the truth, he wanted to make it live; with all his strength and with all his conscience he strove for a reality that would touch men, making them think and feel. He achieved this aim, and made his best monument, in the decorations at Harrisburg.

THE EXILE

By John Warren Harper

I AM down in Arizona,
On its cactus-cover'd plains,
The white plague on my hollow cheeks,
Its fever in my veins.
I am down upon the desert,
'Tis a God-forsaken land,
Where you fight with odds against you,
When you've taken your last stand,
Where you live out in the open,
'Mong the sage-brush and mesquite,
With a rattler for a neighbor,
Not the friendliest to meet,
Where you fling yourself upon a bunk
To rest your weary head,
And you shake the blooming scorpions
From the covers of your bed.

They say this country, way down here
Is full of precious gold,
Its mountains filled with silver,
And with countless wealth untold.
But I know another country,
And my heart with longing fills,
Where the gold is in the sunset
Upon its purple hills.
Where the silver's in a brooklet,
And it's set with emerald too,
As it flashes in the sunlight
Of the meadow, stealing through.
A country—God's own country,
And my own to sacrifice,
Some call it fair New England,
But I call it—Paradise.

'Tis Thanksgiving in New England,
'Tis the dear old homeland feast,
And like a Moslem way down here,
My prayers are toward the East.

The neighbors that I knew so well,
I seem to see them still,
Are winding in procession
To the white church on the hill.
There's the greeting at the doorway,
There's the dear old family pew,
And the dearest faces in it,
That a lonely man e'er knew,
And a sweet face in the choir,
And a hand I long to press,
Oh God! to hold her close again,
As when she whispered—"Yes."

Oh, I look out o'er the sage-brush,
As I stretch my yearning hands
O'er the long, unbroken reaches,
Of the desert's burning sands,
To a land where brooks are honest
When your lips are parched and dry,
Not the canyon's clear, deceptive streams
Of tasteless alkali.
New England has no mountains
Full of wealth and mines and drills,
But I'd give this whole damn'd country
For one sight of its green hills.

I am down in Arizona,
And I'm told I've got to stay
Till the Angel Gabriel blows his trump
Out on the Judgment Day.
I've been here three years already,
And the white plague's held in check,
And my broncho and the pale horse
Are going neck by neck.
But, oh God! for Old New England,
As the lonely years go by;
Let the pale horse beat my broncho,
Take me home and—let me die.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XII

LUNGATINE



HE threatened dissolution was, after all, postponed, and through the autumn months Captain Rames went busily up and down between London and Ludsey. He made his head-quarters at an hotel on a climbing street in the thick of the town, and spent his days in the public view and his nights at meetings and at local festivities.

Cynthia Daventry, five miles away, heard stories of his indefatigable energy and once or twice she met him in the streets; and once or twice he snatched an afternoon and swept over in a motor-car to see her. She welcomed him with a pleasure which she rather resented, and not for worlds would she have asked him how his campaign was faring. She did not, however, have to ask. For either Diana Royle was present and eagerly questioned him, or if Cynthia were alone he plunged into the subject himself. Captain Rames was at some pains to amuse her and he succeeded. Little incidents of the campaign, whether they told against himself or not; sketches of queer characters whom he came across; an anecdote now and then, drawn from the ancient history of the City—he poured them out to her, making it quite clear with an apparently ingenuous frankness that he had deliberately stored them in his memory purely for her amusement. He was engaged in the work of soothing her down. Diana Royle would rhapsodize after he had whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"What a wonderful man! How energetic! How clever!"

"And how complacent!" said Cynthia.

"What high principle!" Diana gushed lyrically. "What character!"

"And what cunning!" added Cynthia with a droop of her lips.

Diana tapped the floor with an irritable foot.

"Very well, darling. Look for an angel, by all means. You will be very glad of a man later on." Then she laughed pleasantly. "But I am not deceived. You talk lightly of him when he is gone, but when he is here you fix your big eyes on him, and, though you say nothing, every movement of you asks for more."

Cynthia was startled.

"Well, perhaps I do," she admitted. "I suppose that I have a kind of hope that I will hear, not more, but something different from what I am hearing."

"That's so like you, my dear," Diana rejoined; she was all sugar and vinegar. "If Julius Cæsar came back to earth, you would want him different. But that's the way with romantic people. They look for heroes all day and never see them when they knock at the front door."

Cynthia laughed good-humoredly. There was this much of truth in Diana Royle's attack. She had been searching through the words of Harry Rames all the while when he was uttering them for a glimpse of some other being besides the man on the make. Certain qualities she recognized. Enthusiasm, for instance. But it was enthusiasm for the arena, not for any cause to be won there. A shrewd foresight again was evident. But it was foresight to pluck the personal advantage. Here, it seemed to her, was the conscience of the country stirring on all sides to the recognition of great and unnecessary evils in its midst, and Harry Rames was alone unaffected. Yet in a measure she was impressed. He had so closely laid his plans. He gave her yet more evidence when he came again.

"I have got a rule or two," he said. "All demands for pledges from leagues and associations go into the waste-paper basket. I'll answer questions if they are asked me by a man in my constituency. I won't put my name to a general proposition and post it to London. Many a good man has been let down that way. Then I won't canvass. I won't solicit a vote. I don't believe in it. There's only point of view for a candidate:

that the electors are doing themselves a service by electing him, and not doing him one. You have got to persuade them of that."

"Don't you find it difficult?" asked Cynthia innocently.

Rames laughed.

"Yes, I do," he said. "The electors have their point of view too. But I won't canvass, I am there at my hotel if any one wants to see me. I am at public meetings, and I go to social functions. That's a good move," and Captain Rames nodded his head. "You meet the fellows on the other side and if you can get them friendly, you stop them coming out hot against you. Makes a lot of difference, that. Then there's wisdom in taking a firm stand upon a point or so. Your own people, treat them properly, will always give you a bit of latitude, and a reputation for courage is a fine asset in politics as in anything else."

"But you mustn't overdo it, I suppose," said Cynthia ironically.

"Oh, no, you must be careful about that," replied Rames seriously. "What you want to produce is an impression that you are not pliable, that industries will be safe under your watch—that's for the business men—and that social advancement will not be neglected—that's for the artisans. You know the election is coming now," he suddenly exclaimed. "Do come to one of my meetings!"

Cynthia looked doubtful.

"I don't think," she said, "that I believe very much in any work which—I don't express what I mean very well—which hasn't a great dream at the heart of it."

Rames looked up into her face quickly and grew suddenly serious. He made no comment upon her words, however.

"After all that's no reason why you shouldn't come to one of my meetings."

Cynthia smiled.

"I will come to the last one on the night before the poll," she replied reluctantly.

"I shall hold you to it," said Harry Rames, and he went away well pleased with his visit. Cynthia was popular in Ludsey. So Cynthia should sit on that momentous evening in the front row upon the platform. Also he would make for her benefit an unusually effective speech. Cynthia from the window watched his motor-car spin away in a whirl of dust. He was going to preside that evening at a meeting of the Salvation Army.

The dissolution took place on the fifteenth of January. But the real contest had begun a fortnight before in Ludsey. Harry Rames rushed into it as if it had been a foot-ball rally. He spoke all day, in factories and outside factories, in halls and school-rooms and from club-room windows. He ransacked the morning papers for new pegs on which to hang his arguments; he kicked off at foot-ball matches and the aim of the kick was entirely political; and at the end of three weeks even he was very tired and inclined to recognize an element of humiliation in the conduct of a successful campaign.

It was eleven o'clock at night. There was to be but one more day of it, but one more meeting to-morrow night, the big, final rally on the eve of the poll. Harry Rames lay outstretched upon his sofa with his pipe between his lips cradled pleasantly upon that reflection, when the door of his room opened and a waiter brought in a card. Rames waved it aside.

"I can see no one."

"The gentleman said that his business was important."

Rames grumbled and took the card from the salver.

"M. Poizat," he read. "A Frenchman. Certainly not. I won't see him."

The waiter, an old English servant, a rare being nowadays, even in a country hotel, stood his ground.

"He's lived in Ludsey a long time, sir."

"Oh, has he!" said Rames. "Tell him I am out."

The waiter shook his head.

"He has already told me that you are in, sir. Come, you had better see him, sir. Perhaps he's the ha'porth of tar."

"Oh, very well," said Rames. "But I tell you, William, that I am in the mood to assert my rights as a man."

"Mustn't do that, sir, until the day after to-morrow. You are only a candidate till then."

William retired. Rames fell back upon his sofa. He meant to lie there prone upon his back, even if his visitor held all the votes of Ludsey in the hollow of his hand. Then the door opened and was shut again. A little, puckish old man stood in the room, danced lightly on his feet, skipped in the air, twirled before Captain Rames's astonished eyes and finally struck an inviting

attitude, both arms extended and one foot advanced, like the pictures of the quack doctors in the newspaper advertisements.

"Oh, he's out of a lunatic asylum," Captain Rames almost groaned aloud. "He won't even have a vote."

The little man skimmed forward with agility, fixing a bright and twinkling pair of eyes upon the prostrate candidate.

"How old do you think I am?" he asked and he whirled his arms.

"You are the youngest thing I have ever seen," replied Rames with conviction. "I didn't know that people were even born as young as you are."

"I am seventy-three," exclaimed the little man with a chuckle. He squared up at an imaginary antagonist and delivered a deadly blow in the air.

"Do you mind not doing that!" said Rames mildly. "My nerves are not what they should be, and if you do it again I shall probably cry. I suppose that you are M. Poizat."—

"I am, sir," said the little man. He changed his tactics. He no longer whirled his arms in the air. He advanced to the sofa and suddenly put up his foot on the edge.

"Feel my calf!" he said abruptly.

Captain Rames meekly obeyed.

"You ought to have a medal," he said languidly. "You really ought. At seventy-three too! For myself I am like butter, and rather inferior butter, on a very hot day."

M. Poizat nodded his head.

"I know. That's why I am here!" He looked about the room and with the importance of a conspirator he drew out of his pocket a medicine bottle filled with a brown liquid. "Why am I so young?" he asked. "Why is my leg of iron? Listen to my voice. Why is it so clear?—It's all 'Lungatine,'" and with immense pride he reverently placed the bottle on the mantel-shelf. He turned again to Captain Rames.

"I heard you to-night. I suffered with you. What a voice! How harsh! How terrible! And yet what good words if only one could have heard them! I said to myself: 'That poor man. I can cure him. He does not know of Lungatine. He makes us all uncomfortable because he does not know of Lungatine. So I ran home and brought a bottle.'"

"It's very good of you, I am sure," said Rames, "But look!" He pointed to a

table. Throat sprays, tonics, lozenges, encumbered it. "The paraphernalia of a candidate," he said.

M. Poizat smiled contemptuously. He drew from his breast pocket a sheaf of letters.

"See how many in Ludsey owe their health to me!" he cried, and he gave the letters to Rames, who read them over with an 'oh' and an 'ah' of intense admiration when any particularly startling cure was gratefully recorded.

"You are a chemist here I suppose—naturalized, of course?" asked Captain Rames.

"I have a restaurant," M. Poizat corrected him. "Lungatine is merely one of my discoveries."

He sat down complacently. Captain Rames started up in dismay upon his elbow.

"I have a great deal to do to-morrow," he said piteously. The plea was of no avail. Captain Rames was in the grip of that most terrible of all constituents, the amateur inventor. M. Poizat drew his chair to the side of the sofa and went through the tale of his inventions. It was the usual inevitable list—an automatic lift which would work with absolute safety in any mine, a torpedo which would destroy any navy, a steel process which would resist any torpedo, and a railway-coupling.

"I'll bring you the models," he cried.

"No, no," cried Rames, springing from his sofa in dismay. Then he laid his hand on the inventor's shoulder and smiled wisely:

"Royal commissions for you," he said. "They're the fellows for models. I'll see about some. Royal commissions for you. Thank you for your Lungatine. Good-night, my friend, good-night."

Gently, but firmly, he raised the inventor from his chair, while he shook hands with him, and conducted him toward the door.

"You have your hat? Yes."

"A tablespoonful six times a day in a wineglass of water."

"Yes. The instructions, I see, are on the bottle."

Captain Rames opened the door with his pleasantest smile.

"To-morrow at your great meeting," said M. Poizat, "I shall be there. I shall hear what you say. Your voice will ring like a trumpet. And perhaps at the end of

your speech, you will say that it is all due to Lungatine."

A frosty silence followed upon the words. Captain Rames said indifferently:

"You have been in England a long time. You are naturalized, of course?"

M. Poizat did not reply to the question.

"Perhaps you will say that it is all due to Lungatine," he repeated softly. "Perhaps you will say that. Who knows?"

Captain Rames looked up at the ceiling.

"Ah, who knows?" he said enigmatically.

M. Poizat shook hands for a second time and went down the stairs. Captain Rames closed the door, took the cork from the bottle, wetted the tips of his finger, and tasted the brown liquid. It was a simple solution of paregoric.

"I don't believe the fellow's naturalized," cried Rames, and he raised the bottle in the air above the coal-scuttle. But he did not let it drop.

"Perhaps he is though," he thought. He poured away a portion of the liquid amongst the coal, replaced the cork, and set the bottle prominently upon the mantel shelf so that if M. Poizat took it into his head to call again he would see it there. Then he betook himself to bed; and M. Poizat figured in his dreams, a grotesque, little, capering creature, a figure of fun, as indeed he was, to the eyes of wakefulness. There are people upon whose faces nature writes plainly hints of tragic destinies, and M. Poizat had certainly no relationship with these. But then nature is apt to be freakish.

XIII

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE POLL

THE walls of the great Corn Exchange were draped with banners and hung with gigantic mottoes. Cynthia sat in the front row of chairs upon the platform with Israel Benoliel upon one side of her, and beyond him Diana Royle. It was the first public meeting at which she had ever been present, and now that the shy uneasiness at the prominence of her position which had troubled her when she took her seat was passing away, she gazed about her, eagerness in her eyes and a throb of excitement at her heart. In front of her a rostrum had been built out from the edge of the platform so that the speakers might stand upon

the exact spot whence the voice carried with the greatest sonority. The rostrum was railed and hung with red cloth; the chairman's table, with the inevitable water-bottle, occupied it; and the small, square space was the only empty space in all that cavern of a hall. A few rows of chairs for members of the association were ranged at the front upon the floor; behind the chairs the people stood packed and massed to the doors, most of them men. The one gallery was crowded to its furthest nook; behind Cynthia the platform was thronged. Wherever her eyes turned she saw faces, faces, all set in one direction, all white under the glare of light, all inclined toward the empty rostrum. It was the eve of the poll. There was a tingle of excitement in the air, a hushed expectancy. Only when Cynthia raised her eyes did she lose the vague feeling of suspense. Overhead a skylight in the roof was covered with a horizontal blind. One tattered corner hung down and as she looked up from the indistinguishable throng of faces, it arrested her attention as something especially individual and definite and single.

Suddenly came a buzz and a stir. The chairman was seen to rise from a flight of steps at the side of the platform. He was followed by a tall, gaunt, loose-limbed man with a bony face, a white moustache, and a high, bald head. He had the look of a soldier. Cynthia took no heed of him. He stalked before her and sank unnoticed in his place. Behind him came Harry Rames, and as he passed along the narrow gangway between the crowded chairs, those who had seats sprang to their feet; and three thousand people broke like a wave into a flutter of handkerchiefs and a shattering thunder of applause. Above the applause a chant gradually swelled, two lines of a tune rather like a chime. Cynthia could not hear the words, but the sound, with its rise and fall, surged backward and forward against the walls of the Exchange for a full minute.

Mr. Benoliel leaned toward Cynthia.

"They have given him their foot-ball song. In a city of artisans, keen on foot-ball, that's a good sign."

Cynthia nodded. But she hardly heard, she could not have answered. Here was something quite new to her, and overwhelmingly new. The thunderous outburst had taken her by the throat; for a second she felt choked; she had no part in

politics, yet emotion woke in her and the tears sprang into her eyes.

"What's the matter, Cynthia?" asked Diana Royle.

Cynthia replied with a break in her voice between a laugh and a sob.

"I don't know. It's just the crowd, I think."

"And the enthusiasm of the crowd," added Mr. Benoliel. "You make me feel very old, Cynthia. I can listen to it quite unmoved now. But there was a time when I couldn't without a choking in my throat. It's the splendid faith of the crowd."

Cynthia arrested by the phrase looked quickly at Benoliel. Greatly as she liked him she was never quite sure of him. Kind as he had been to her she always suspected some touch of the charlatan. He had the look of a man quite in earnest.

"I wonder," she said, "whether mere magnetism is enough to arouse it."

Mr. Benoliel did not answer; for the chairman rose at his table; and while he spoke the harmless necessary words, Cynthia took stock of Harry Rames, who was seated in the rostrum at the side of the table in front of her and a little to her left. The last weeks of exertion had left their marks; the flesh had worn thin upon his face; there were dark hollows beneath his eyes; he had gained a look of spirituality which did not belong to him. He was nervous; his hands, with the long fingers which never seemed to accord with the rest of him, moved uneasily and restlessly from the buttons of his coat to the slip of notes which he had placed upon the table. Cynthia was deceived by the look of him as she had been deceived by the fervor of the gathering. The outburst was not entirely, was not even chiefly, a tribute to the candidate. Ludsey was a political city and by three weeks of speeches and agitation, political feeling had been whipped to a climax of excitement. It sought and found its outlet to-night at this final rally before the poll.

The cheers broke out again when Harry Rames rose and leaned his hand upon the rail of the rostrum. When they died down he began to speak—first a faltering word or two of thanks. Then his voice suddenly strengthened and rang firm. His fingers ceased to twitch, and he turned over in his mind the consecutions of his thoughts as though he were turning over the pages of a

book. All that he had planned to say came clearly to him in its due order, and brought the comforting assurance that the rest would follow. He was master of himself, and being master of himself set his audience at ease to listen, Cynthia among the rest. Anxious as he himself, she knew now that the speech would go right on to its considered end. She leaned forward, all ears to catch the words, and all eagerness to read into them, if she could, the something more which was not there.

But she could not; yet it was a night of triumph for Harry Rames, "Breezy Harry Rames." She recalled her own phrase with a disappointed droop of the lips more than once during the next hour. He was going to win. She had no doubt of it. Confidence swept from his audience to him and back again in waves. And he savored the joys of the orator as he never had before. He had the arts of the platform, and more than the arts, a power to bend his audience to sympathy. He knew that night the supreme reward, the hush of a mass of people constraining themselves to silence and even to immobility while a voice, low as a whisper, sounded audibly in every nook. He played with the suspense, prolonging it to the last moment of endurance and then by a sudden swoop to a sharp, clever phrase, drawing the audience to its feet and coining the silence in a stormy tumult of applause.

He had the gift of speech; Cynthia gladly conceded it. An aptness of homely words, an absence of all extravagance, and a voice resonant and pleasant as a clear-toned bell impressed her more than she had expected to be impressed. A day's rest had restored his voice for the time, even though Mr. Poizat's Lungatine had not contributed to the restoration.

She was surprised too by a certain shrewdness in the matter of the speech. It was not so much of the platform as his manner. There was very little reference to the navy. "I don't mean to be considered a 'service member,'" he had said to her once. "No one pays attention to the service member in the House of Commons." But here and there came views which struck her as new and worth consideration.

"If you could teach the wives of the artisans to cook and to take an interest in cooking, you would have done a great deal more

to solve the question of intemperance in this country than if you closed half the public-houses," he cried once and developed his theme with humor and some courage. He drew a picture of the wife putting her husband's supper on the fire, ready against the time when he should come home from his factory, and then running out into the street to talk to a neighbor and leaving the meat to grill to the toughness and dryness of leather.

"The man comes home, sits down to it, and rises from it unsatisfied. What does he do? He goes out and strolls round to the public-house. Put a good meal, well-cooked, inside of him, and he'll not be so disposed to move. He'll be inclined to smoke his pipe by the fire in his kitchen."

He passed on to other topics. The whole speech was clever and was uttered on a lift of enthusiasm. But again Cynthia argued, it was the enthusiasm for the arena, not for a cause. It was ambition without ideals, power without high motive.

Diana Royle inclined toward her.

"Aren't you satisfied now?" she asked.

"Oh, he will get on," said Cynthia; and then she suddenly sat upright in her chair, with her lips parted, and the blood bright in her cheeks.

"But after all," Rames was saying; his voice was beginning to grow hoarse and he raised his hand in an appeal for silence, "here are we discussing the work to be done, and leaving out in our discussion the great necessity. I don't know what you think, but to my notion there is no greatness in any work unless it has a dream at the heart of it. The world's work is done by the great dreamers. Well, here is my last word before the poll, perhaps the last word I shall speak in this constituency."

He was interrupted as he had meant to be by loud repudiations of such a possibility.

"No, no!"

"You're a member already."

"We'll put you in."

Such phrases broke in upon the words and then a cheery voice, louder than the rest, shouted from the back of the hall:

"Never fear! You're well patronized in Ludsey, Captain."

A burst of laughter followed upon the words, and a flush of annoyance darkened Rames's face.

"I will remind my friend that I am not a public entertainer," he said. "And it's

really against the spirit represented in that sentence that I wish to direct my first words. I have my dream too—a dream. I speak openly to you—at my very heart. Let me tell it you. It involves a confession. When I first came to Ludsey six months ago, when for the first time I saw from the windows of my railway carriage across the summer fields the tall chimneys and high, long roofs of its factories, the delicate steeples of its churches, it was to me just a town like another. I will be frank, it was just a polling booth. But as I got to know your city that error passed out of my thoughts."

Cynthia leaned forward. He had used her own words. She could not but be flattered by his use of them. They had been acclaimed too by this great gathering, and she was proud of that. Not for anything would she have had their authorship revealed, but she was proud to hear them used, proud too because they seemed to have led, if she dared believe her ears, Harry Rames out of his detested breeziness into a contemplation of something other than the personal gain. She could hardly doubt him now; he spoke with so simple a sincerity. She had a sudden glimpse once more of her enchanted garden wherein she had walked with and helped the great ones of the earth. To help, herself unknown except by those she helped!—that had been the dream when she had encouraged dreams; and it sprang once more into life now as she listened.

"It is a city," Rames continued, "where a few steps will take you out of the thronged streets into some old garden, quiet with the peace of ancient memories; some old close of plaster and black beams; some old room with windows deep-set in four-foot walls and wide hearths of centuries ago. And round about these old places stands a ring of factories where in good times the lights blaze until the morning and the whir of its machines never ceases from your ears. It is a city whose continuous life is written for all to see upon its buildings. Here kings and queens have tarried on their journeys; there chambers of commerce hold their meetings. From small and ancient beginnings it has been made by the activity of generations of men into a modern industrial city. Well, I have my dream. It is to be one little link in the continuity of its life and to do my share of service in the forwarding of its prosperity."

A shout answered his words. He had his audience in hand. He stilled it with a swift gesture and his voice rang out with a laugh which had all the exultation of battle.

"Well, we shall know to-morrow night. We are in the ice-pack now, but we are coming to the outer rim of it. We can see the blue water already. We shall be sailing smoothly upon it this time to-morrow night."

He had been chary of references to the voyage which had made his reputation; all the more, therefore, this one struck home. He sat down tempestuously acclaimed and turning in his chair held out his hand to Cynthia Daventry.

"I am glad that you came," he said. "I have achieved two triumphs to-night. I have brought you and Mr. Benoliel to your first political meeting and both of you are on my platform."

He shook hands with Israel Benoliel and with Diana Royle. Cynthia leaned a little forward.

"I, too, am glad that I came," she returned with a smile. Because of those last words of his, friendship was warm in her toward Harry Rames. She added, "You knew then that I was here—just behind you?"

Rames nodded.

"Yes, but I was too nervous to turn to you before I had made my speech. The flesh wears a little thin after three weeks of this. One gets jumpy. Even the tattered corner of blind hanging down there from the skylight seemed to-night charged with some important message." He spoke, ridiculing the fancy, and Cynthia with a smile and a quick lift of her eyebrows cried:

"I noticed that too."

"Then for the first time," said Rames, "we have something in common. You and I are probably the only people in the hall who noticed it. We have a bond of union."

"A strip of tattered blind!" said Cynthia.

"Well, there was nothing at all before," said Captain Rames, and he suddenly turned back to his seat. For the tall, gaunt man was on his legs.

Cynthia neither heard his name nor followed his speech with any particular attention. It was indeed difficult to follow. He was an old hack of the platform with all the sounding phrases at the tip of his tongue.

Rolling sentences, of the copy-book, flowed out of him; declamations too vague to be understood were delivered with the vigor of a prophet. But he interspersed them with the familiar clichés of the day and each one received its salvo of applause. To Cynthia he was a man not so much stupid, as out of place. She could imagine him at the head of a cavalry squadron. Here he seemed simply grotesque.

On the other hand, Captain Rames did not; and the contrast between the two men bent her to consider whether, after all, she had not been wrong in her condemnation of his new career. She was in the mood to admit it; and when the meeting broke up and the crowd was pouring through the doors into the street, and those upon the platform were descending its steps, she found herself alone for a second on the rostrum with Harry Rames.

"Perhaps I was wrong," she said. "I remember what you told me of Mr. Smale. A vivid gift of phrase—he thought that necessary. You have it."

"On the platform—yes. But the platform's not the House," said Rames. "Smale told me that too. I have yet to see whether I shall carry the House."

"Yet those last words," said Cynthia—"about the city and the continuity of its life and your pride to have a little share in it. Oh, that was finely done."

And upon Rames's face there came a grin.

"Yes, I thought that would fetch 'em," he said.

Cynthia stepped back. Once again it occurred to Rames as it had done on the night of their first meeting at the Admiralty, that just so would she look if he struck her a blow.

"Then—then—the city is still a polling-booth," she stammered.

"Yes," said Rames.

The hero newly perched upon his statue tumbled off again.

"You used what I said to you because you just thought it would go down."

Rames did not deny it. He remained silent.

"I remember," she continued, "it was no doubt a foolish thing I said. But even when I said it, you were thinking this is the sort of thing that will take."

That she was humiliated, her voice and her face clearly proved. Yet again

Rames did not contradict her. Again he was silent. For there was nothing to be said.

"You do not allow me many illusions about you," Cynthia said gently, and she began to turn away.

But now he arrested her.

"I don't mean to," he said quickly; and by the reply he undid some portion of the harm he had done himself in her eyes.

XIV

COLONEL CHALLONER'S MEMORY

It had been arranged that Mr. Benoliel's small party should take supper with Harry Rames at his hotel. As they stood waiting at the foot of the platform the agent came to them from the outer doors.

"The way's clear now," he said. "I think that you can go."

They passed through the empty hall, Cynthia first at Harry Rames's side, and in that order they came out upon the steps. A fine rain was falling, but the crowd had not dispersed. The great light over the door showed the climbing street thronged. Coat collars were turned up, hats were pressed down; and so as Rames and Cynthia came out they saw in the glare beneath the rain just a mass of swaying, jostling black things, round black things moving indecisively this way and that like some close-packed herd of blind animals. Just for a moment the illusion lasted. Then Rames was seen and of a sudden the heads were thrown back, the hats shaken high, and all those black round things became the white faces of living men, their eyes shining in the light, their voices shouting in acclamation.

Captain Rames took a step back.

"Did you see?" he cried to Cynthia.

"Yes. They are not animals to draw your chariot," she replied. "They are men."

"Yes, men—men to govern," he answered. His was the spirit of the old Whig families. Though he was not of them, he meant to force his way among them. To govern the people, not to admit it to government, to go far in appeasing it, but not to give it the reins, that was his instinct. He wished to retain the old governing class, but he meant to be one of it. His ambitions soared to-night, and reached out be-

yond this hilly, narrow street. He led these men now who stood acclaiming him in the rain. His thoughts shot forward to other days when every town in England might at his coming pour out its masses to endorse his words.

He waved his hand toward his companions and the crowd made a lane for them across the street to the hotel. Rames himself was carried shoulder-high, and set down within the doors. He led the way up the stairs to a big room upon the first floor overlooking the street, where supper was laid. A great shout went up from the street as they entered the room.

"They want you," said Mrs. Royle.

"No," replied Rames. He opened a door into a smaller room in which no lights were lit and pulled up the blinds. Across the street under a great clock was a newspaper office and in the windows the election returns of the night were being displayed. All along the line victories were gained for Rames's party. Arthur Pynes, a young manufacturer, and the chairman of the association, to whose energy the organization was due; an ex-Mayor, a Mr. Charlesworth, and one or two hard fighters of the old school joined the group in the dark room. One of them, a rosy-faced contractor with a high laugh, who had presided over the association in its darker days, leaned against the window by Cynthia Daventry.

"He'll have to appear on this balcony to-morrow night, as soon as he can after the result's declared," he said. "You see, the windows are all boarded up on the ground-floors opposite."

"He'll speak from here?" asked Cynthia.

"He'll speak, but they won't listen," replied Mr. Arnall. "I remember Sir William Harris, the last time he was elected before he was made a judge—" and he ran off into stories of the old days until the windows of the newspaper office were darkened and the crowd at last dispersed.

"Let us go in to supper," said Rames, and they all passed into the next room. "Will you sit here, Mrs. Royle, and you here, Miss Daventry?" He placed Diana Royle upon his right hand and Cynthia upon his left. "Pynes, will you take the chair next to Mrs. Royle, and Colonel," he addressed the tall, gaunt man whose flowing platitudes

had left nothing in Cynthia's mind but a recollection of sonority, a booming as of waves in a hollow cave, "will you sit next to Miss Daventry?"

The colonel bowed and prepared to take his seat. But he was a punctilious old gentleman and stood upon the ceremonies.

"You have not introduced me, Rames," he said.

"I beg your pardon. Miss Daventry this is Colonel Challoner. He has made his own seat a safe one—a county division which polls a week later than we do and he lives in it. So when I applied at head-quarters for help at our last meeting Colonel Challoner was kind enough to volunteer."

Cynthia shot a startled glance at her neighbor. Her own name was Challoner too; and all that was terrible in her recollections was linked with it. Of course, it did not follow that this Challoner was any relation of hers. There must be many families of that name. Nevertheless the sudden sound of it caused her a shock. The blood rushed into her face. She made a movement. Almost she shrank away. Challoner, however, was taking his seat. He noticed the quick movement; he did not appreciate the instinct of fear which had caused it.

"Ah, it is true then, Miss Daventry," he said. "We have already met. You remember it too."

Cynthia was startled.

"No, Colonel Challoner," she replied quickly. "I don't think that we have. Indeed I am sure we have not. I should surely have remembered if we had."

"That is a pretty thing for a young lady to say to an old man," the colonel answered with a smile. "But my memory is a good one. I never forget a face."

He had the particular pride of all men with good memories and ambition had intensified it into an obstinacy. For he had his ambition, and successive disappointments had only strengthened its hold upon his heart. He aimed to be Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He had been military attaché at so many Embassies the post, to his thinking, was marked out for him. At each new promotion to the Cabinet, at each general election, he was sure that he could no longer be overlooked. He ran from platform to platform to increase his claim upon the office should his party be returned. A telegram from the

chief whip had brought him to Ludsey, would send him to-morrow into Yorkshire. Now, surely, his turn must come! He had one persistent fear, lest he should be thought too old. And he clung with an almost piteous reiteration to the accuracy of his recollections as a vindication of the alertness of his powers.

"When I saw you upon the platform I was quite sure that it was not for the first time, Miss Daventry," he insisted.

"During the season, perhaps," Cynthia replied. "At some reception or ball. Did you hear that Colonel Challoner?" and she turned quickly toward Mr. Arnall who was telling an old story of the days and the hustings when broken heads were common about the doors of the polling-booths.

Cynthia laughed eagerly with the rest in her anxiety to keep Colonel Challoner from plying her with questions. She was ready with her answers, but greatly she feared, lest by probing into his memories he should understand of a sudden where he had seen her before. And for a time she was successful. The confidence which had run from man to man in the great Corn Exchange an hour before was present at this supper-table and kindled them all to cheeriness. The ex-Mayor said with a pleasant drawl, which was his habit:

"Do you remember Taylor the Democrat, Arnall? He fought two elections here within three months and then went bankrupt. He was an adventurer and the most eloquent man I ever heard. But he was a caution."

"Yes," cried Mr. Arnall, with a clicking laugh at the back of his throat. "Do you remember his meeting down by the club. 'Gag that calf!'" and Mr. Arnall spluttered with delight.

"That's it," said the ex-Mayor. "You must know that Taylor stood as a Democrat, Captain Rames. That's where the fun comes in. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons and his hair down to his shoulders. 'Your father was a miller,' one fellow shouted from the crowd. 'Gag that calf' cried Taylor and he held up his arms in the air. 'Look at these fair hands. No work has ever sullied them.' That did him all right."

A quiet, elderly man leaned over the table.

"Did you notice the flag upon the chairman's table, Captain Rames?" he asked.

"It was woven out of Ludsey silk fifty years ago. It's the true Ludsey blue. My father wove it for Sir William Harris's first election, and the other fellows swore they would have it on the polling-day. But we carried it about the streets from morning to evening, with twelve big fellows to protect it. It was nearly down once, I remember. I was a lad at the time—at the corner of Stapley's Lane. But we saved it and it was your table-cloth to-night Captain Rames. It brought us victory then. It will again to-morrow."

The stories were continued. They were often not very pointed; often enough the humor was far to seek; but they were alive. They were told with infinite enjoyment, and the smallest details were remembered over decades. Cynthia began now to listen to them for their own sake; she was learning with surprise the value of politics to the lives of men in a busy city of the provinces. But the colonel at her elbow was not longer to be diverted.

"I think it must have been in Dorsetshire that we met," he said. "I live near to Wareham."

Cynthia looked at him quite steadily.

"I have never been in Dorsetshire in my life, Colonel Challoner."

"Yet I associate you with that county," he persisted. "Now, why should I do that, Miss Daventry? You have not been to my house, I know. For since my wife died and my son went away, I have not had so many young people to stay with me as I should have liked."

From the moment when Colonel Challoner had claimed her recognition, Cynthia had not doubted that she was sitting next to a relation. And Colonel Challoner's location of his home in Dorsetshire, near to Wareham, had confirmed her belief. She knew quite well how it came about that he had seemed to recognize her, that he associated her with his own parish. She knew because upon one unforgettable night she had crouched in a great chair in a dark room and through the panels of a door had heard her father claim her as his daughter. He too had recognized her as Colonel Challoner now did and just by the same means. For there was a Romney hanging upon the dining-room wall in that house near Wareham which might have been a portrait of herself. But until this moment she had not guessed what degree of relationship bound her to the old man at her side.

Now, however, she knew that too. The hesitation, the gentle wistfulness with which he had spoken of his son struck home at her. She was this man's granddaughter. She was moved by what he had said. A big house empty of young people must be a place of melancholy and hollow as a shell. Yet she would not reveal herself. She had it fixed now as an instinct of her nature that she would never wear the name of Challoner, nor admit a link with any of that name. . . . But she turned toward her grandfather with a greater sympathy.

"You have given up your whole life to politics now?" she asked, and a wave of pity swept through her. It could not be possible that he should win any success in that sphere, and she was young and could hardly conceive of life at all without success.

"Yes. I left the army twenty-five years ago. Sometimes I think that I may have made a mistake," he answered. "But it is too late for me to go back upon a mistake, even were I sure that I had made one. Politics is all I have now. I have no longer any family. And I have politics in my bones. I do not know what I should do if I lost my seat. I should probably die." He spoke with absolute simplicity, absolute sincerity: Cynthia was greatly moved. An old futile man without wife or family in a big, empty house, feeding himself from day to day with the disappointments of a hopeless ambition—it made for her a dismal picture. She contrasted it with the other one before her eyes—Harry Rames at the head of the table, confident, comfortable, young as politicians go, with the world a smooth sea for his conquering sails; and once again an unaccountable resentment against Harry Rames flared up within her. Almost she wished that for once he might fail. Almost she revealed herself then to Colonel Challoner. But she did not. She had painfully learned a great gift—silence.

She knew very well with what relief she would wake on the morrow to the recollection that she was still Cynthia Daventry and not Cynthia Challoner.

"I expect that what I say will sound extravagant to you, Miss Daventry," Colonel Challoner continued. "You at your age could hardly understand it."

The spell which was upon Cynthia was broken. She looked thoughtfully about the table.

"I should not have understood it an hour ago. I was inclined to think it really didn't matter very much in the long run who was in and who was out, that the things which wanted doing and which legislation could do, would get themselves done sooner or later by one side or the other and perhaps by both; and that for the rest the nation went on its own way, leaving the talk and the honors to the politicians because it had no time for either and doing the work itself."

Colonel Challoner laughed.

"That's a definite point of view, at all events."

"I expect that I was drawing my ideas from another—" she was about to say "country," but checked herself lest she should be asked what country and so put Colonel Challoner on the track of her relationship to him. She went on hastily: "But since I have been sitting here, I have learned how much of color politics can bring into the lives of men."

And Colonel Challoner looked at her and cried:

"That's it, Miss Daventry. Color! That's the great need. That's why the quack religions flourish in the back streets. We all need it—all except the man there at the head of the table," and Colonel Challoner looked a trifle enviously at Harry Rames. "He has it and to spare."

The door opened by a few inches at this moment and a wrinkled pippin of a head was pushed in. A pair of little bright eyes surveyed the company and then the door was thrust wide open and M. Poizat stepped lightly in.

Harry Rames rose and shook hands with the little Frenchman. Colonel Challoner stroked his white moustache.

"You were present to-night?" said Rames. "What a difference, eh?"

"Yes, I was proud," M. Poizat returned. "But always I waited for some little word—some little word which did not come."

"One always forgets an important point and generally the most important. It is the experience of all speakers," said Rames. He turned to the table. "I must introduce to you M. Poizat, and if ever your voices are hoarse in Ludsey, please ask for Lungatine."

Rames drew a chair to the table, pressed M. Poizat into it, and filled for him a glass of champagne. The little man was de-

lighted. He drank Captain Rames's health, he bowed to the company; and his hand was arrested in mid-air, holding the wine-glass by its stem. Colonel Challoner was gazing fixedly across the table at him. A look of trouble took all the merriment out of M. Poizat's face.

"I have seen you before, M. Poizat," said Colonel Challoner.

Cynthia began to think that the colonel had a mania for recognizing people.

"I am M. Poizat, an Englishman," the little confectioner answered hurriedly.

"Naturalized," said the colonel.

"It is true," said M. Poizat reluctantly.

"If you had only said that last night," thought Harry Rames. "You would have got your advertisement, my friend."

But he said not a word aloud, and M. Poizat continued:

"But it was a long time ago. And all the years since I have spent in Ludsey."

Colonel Challoner shook his head.

"It was not in Ludsey that I saw you. For I was never here in my life before."

M. Poizat shrugged his shoulders.

"We have sat opposite to one another in a train perhaps. We have run against one another in the traffic of a London street."

"No, it was on some occasion more important. I do not forget a face."

"Nor I," said M. Poizat. "And I have never seen yours, sir, until this moment"; and though he spoke with spirit his uneasiness was apparent to every one at that table.

Colonel Challoner sat back in his chair and let the subject drop. But he was not satisfied. He was even annoyed at his failure to identify the Frenchman, and he sat relentlessly revolving in his mind the changing scenes of his life. Meanwhile the talk drifted back to by-gone elections and this or that great night when some famous statesman was brought into the town and never allowed to speak one audible word. Mr. Arnall mentioned one whose name resounded through England.

"Next night in Warrington he said that he had been struggling with the beasts at Ephesus," said Mr. Arnall with a chirrup of delight. The old Adam was strong in him at this moment and his own solemn exhortations to hear all sides clean forgotten. Suddenly Colonel Challoner broke in upon him. He leaned across the table and with

a smile of triumph stared between the candles at M. Poizat.

"It was in a corridor," he said, "a vast bare corridor—somewhere—a long time ago. You were coming out of a room—wait!—wait!—No, I cannot name the place," and he sank back again disappointed.

But M. Poizat's face wore now a sickly pallor.

"In no corridor—nowhere," he stammered and his eyes urgent with appeal turned toward Harry Rames.

Harry Rames did his first service for an elector of Ludsey. He glanced toward Mr. Benoliel, who rose.

"It is getting late," said Benoliel, "and Rames has a busy day in front of him."

"I will order your motor-car round to the door," said Rames. He rang the bell and the rest of the company left the table. Diana Royle and Cynthia sought their cloaks in the adjoining sitting-room. Harry Rames took M. Poizat by the arm and led him to the door.

"I am very grateful to you," he said, "Good-night." And even as M. Poizat's foot was over the threshold the voice of Colonel Challoner brought him to a halt:

"One moment. I remember now. You come from Alsace, M. Poizat."

"I come from Provence," cried the little man, facing about swiftly with a passionate, white face.

Harry Rames had begun to think Colonel Challoner rather a bore with his incomplete reminiscences. That thought passed from him altogether. He had but to look at the two men to know that some queer and unexpected moment of drama had sprung from their chance meeting at this hotel at Ludsey. They stood facing one another, the little Frenchman in the doorway with fear and rage contending in his face, his mouth twisted into a snarl, his lips drawn back from his gums like an animal, his teeth gleaming; the colonel erect above the table with the candle-light shining upward upon a triumphant and menacing face.

"You were in Metz in '71," cried Challoner. "So was I. I was a lad at the time. I was aide to our attaché. That's where I saw you, M. Poizat—in the long corridor of the Arsenal. Yes, you were in Metz in '71."

And behind M. Poizat appeared the waiter announcing that Mr. Benoliel's motor-car was at the door.

XV

THE MAYOR AND THE MAN

ST. ANNE'S HALL stands tucked away in a narrow street of Ludsey by the spacious square; and from its ancient windows you look out between the lozenges of stained glass upon the great church of St. Anne with its soaring spire and its wide graveyard. Into this hall the ballot-boxes were brought from the polling-booths on the next evening, and at long tables in the Council Chamber the voting papers were sorted and counted. Harry Rames walked from table to table. He seemed to see nothing but crosses against his opponent's name. He did not dare to put a question to any of the scrutineers standing behind the sorters. The very swiftness with which the votes were counted impressed him with a sense of disaster. For the first time he began to ask himself how he was to shape his life if to-night he were defeated. Thus an hour passed and then the chief constable drew him aside to a bench under the musician's gallery at one end of the room.

"I've been watching the tables, Captain Rames," he said, "and I think you are going to be elected."

"You do," said Rames eagerly.

"Yes, and I shall be very glad if you are."

"Thank you," exclaimed Rames. He could have wrung off the chief constable's hand in the fervor of his gratitude.

"Oh, I am not speaking as a politician," the chief constable returned with a smile. "I have the order of my city to look after. That's all I am thinking about. If you weren't by any chance to get in, I am afraid there would be trouble to-night in Ludsey. And I want you if you are returned to get back to your hotel at once. It's important from my point of view that you should show up on your balcony as soon as possible after the result is declared."

"I see," said Rames.

"I will take you out by the back way through the police station," the chief constable continued, "and there's a lane opposite which will lead you straight to your back door. You had better run, I think."

For your own friends would tear you to pieces to-night without noticing they were doing you any harm."

The chief constable suddenly changed his tone. One of the scrutineers on the side of Rames's opponent had drawn close to them. The chief constable had no intention to allow a suspicion that he favored one side more than the other. He raised his voice.

"You have noticed our tapestry, perhaps. It is quite invaluable, I believe. We lent it two years ago to the South Kensington Museum. There was an American millionaire here the other day who wished to buy it."

Rames looked across the room.

"Isn't there some portion of it missing?" he asked.

"Yes. That disappeared in the Commonwealth times. Let us go and look at it."

Rames walked at the chief constable's side up the floor of the room toward the dais where Mr. Redling the Mayor, with his chain of office about his shoulders, sat in his big chair in the centre of the long council table. His mace lay upon the table in front of him, and he surveyed the busy scene over which he presided with an imperturbable gravity. But Mr. Redling was a genial soul with a twinkling eye and a red, round face like a crumpled cherub's; and as Harry Rames advanced toward the dais, Mr. Redling beckoned to him with a discreet twist of the finger of a hand lying idle upon the table.

Harry Rames took a seat beside the Mayor at the long table and again words of comfort were poured into his ears in a gentle undertone.

"I think you are going to do it," said Mr. Redling, repeating almost word for word the utterance of his chief constable. "Of course, I couldn't take any part. But you know what I should have been doing if I hadn't been Mayor, don't you? But I have asked quietly here and there about your chances and I fancy it's all right."

He winked, and his face broke into triumphant smiles. He was a man. Then he remembered again that he was a Mayor, and he sat a pillar of municipal propriety.

"It's good of you to say that," cried Harry Rames in a low voice. "I needed to hear it, I can tell you."

Mr. Redling looked at his face. The three weeks had taken a heavy toll of him.

He had thinned and sharpened; his eyes were heavy and very tired; for the moment his buoyancy had gone.

"Yes," said Mr. Redling. "An election takes a good deal out of one. And these two hours are the worst of it when the fight's all over and there's nothing to do but wait. Gives you a kind of glimpse into what women have to put up with all their lives, eh?"

Harry Rames glanced at the Mayor with interest.

"Why, I suppose that's true."

Mr. Redling nodded his head.

"Yes. It teaches you that sitting with your hands in your lap isn't the same as sitting soft, after all."

Harry Rames felt comfort steal in upon him from the neighborhood of the little Mayor. Mr. Redling was that rare bird, a strong politician without a fad, and, therefore, a veritable haven of refuge to a candidate in the cudgelling of an election. On the few afternoons when Harry Rames had been able to snatch a half hour of leisure he had been wont to run round to the Mayor's house and spend a restful interval with one of the Mayor's cigars. Mr. Redling laid his Mayoralty aside with the silk hat he invariably wore and when he took off his chain of office he usually took off his coat too. He had had his ups and downs, and as he discoursed upon his city in his shirt-sleeves, Harry Rames never failed to draw comfort from his talk, so strong a spirit of human friendship breathed from him.

"They like you here," continued Mr. Redling, "both sides. Take us for all in all we are not violent people. Give us the right sort of man, and we'll be sure he won't do us harm, whatever his politics," and then as Mr. Benoliel, who was acting as one of Rames's scrutineers, came to him with a doubtful voting paper, he switched off to another topic; and it happened quite naturally that he chose the very same subject as the chief constable had done.

"Have you noticed our tapestry?" he asked. "We are proud of it. An American gentleman, a Mr. Cronin, came over here last week with Mr. Benoliel to see it. And after he had seen it, he wanted to buy it."

"Oh, did he?" said Benoliel as he handed the voting paper to the Mayor. "But I might have guessed that he would."

I brought him over when we met outside—came on with us and Mrs. Royle. Mrs. Royle seemed as interested in it as Cronin himself."

While Mr. Redling examined the voting paper, Harry Rames cast an eye over the tapestry. The æsthetic qualities formed a quite insignificant element in his nature. Of art he thought nothing at all. It connoted in his mind long hair and an absence of baths—such was his ignorance. The only picture-gallery into which he had ever entered was the Royal Academy; and the only occasion upon which he had ventured over that threshold was the Academy dinner to which he had been invited after his return from his Antarctic expedition. He had a primitive appreciation of scarlet as a color and he recognized that women upon canvas could look beautiful. There for him art ended. So he gazed at the tapestry with a lack-lustre eye. There was no vividness of color, and the human forms worked upon it had an angularity and a thickness of joint which pleased him not at all.

"I suppose it's very beautiful," he said.

"It's unique," replied Mr. Benoliel, "that's why Cronin wanted it. Let a thing be unique, he'll not trouble his head so much about its beauty, and I am told he will ask no questions how it comes to be offered to him."

"Well, he offered us a hundred thousand pounds," Mr. Redling remarked with half a sigh. Ludsey was growing at a pace which made it difficult for the borough council to keep up with it. Mr. Redling thought of baths and schools and houses. "A hundred thousand pounds—a good deal of money for a municipality to refuse. But of course, we did. We couldn't let that tapestry go." He returned to the voting paper and gave his decision upon it. Harry Rames drifted down again into the body of the hall. He troubled no more about the priceless tapestry swinging under the high carved roof in this ancient place. He was a man of his own day, absorbed in its doings, and wondering always in a great labor of thought how he might make his name familiar in all men's mouths before nightfall swept him into the darkness. His anxieties were now diminished, his heart beat high. For here were two men, both experienced in elections and

both convinced that he would surely win. So the first small victory, it seemed, was won. He crossed to the row of windows and looked down through a lozenge of white in the painted pattern into the street below. And having once looked he could not again withdraw his eyes.

It was a night of January, dreary and loud with a roar of falling rain. A light wind carried the rain at a slant so that it shot down past the street lamps like slender javelins of steel. And exposed to that pitiless assault a silent crowd of men stood packed together in the narrow street between St. Anne's Hall and the railings of the church. A few, a very few, carried umbrellas over their heads, the rest stood with their coat collars turned up about their throats and their hands deep in their pockets. No one moved, for there was no room to move; and all the faces were uplifted under the brims of their soaking hats to the great window beyond the hall whence the result would be declared. The patience of the throng, its acquiescence in discomfort, as though discomfort were the ordinary condition of its life, suddenly caught hold of Harry Rames. He took a step, nay, a stride, forward. Last night when he had come out of the Exchange and the herd of animals had been transfigured into the uplifted faces of men, his thought had been:

"This is for me."

But now his thoughts changed. The men of Ludsey did not wait in vain that night. For Harry Rames the glamor faded off the arena. At the very moment when the bars were being withdrawn for him to enter it the exultation of battle died out of his heart. He woke to something new—the claim of the constituency. The longer he looked, the stronger the claim grew, the more loudly the silence of that throng proclaimed and shouted it. They stood under the javelins of the rain, the men who had voted for him. They emphasized their claim by their extraordinary quietude. Almost they menaced.

"A queer sight," said a voice at his elbow.

Harry Rames turned. It was Mr. Arnall who had interrupted him.

"I shall not easily forget it," he said, drawing a breath, and then with an irritable outburst, he cried: "They look to Parliaments for more than Parliaments can do, to candidates for more than members can

achieve. Each election is to open paradise for them."

"And whose fault is that?" asked Mr. Arnall dryly.

Rames nodded.

"Ours, I suppose," he said; and behind him in the room there was a bustle and a grating of chairs upon the floor. The votes had been sorted. The candidates and their friends gathered about the long table on the raised dais.

"They are taking yours first," said Mr. Arnall to Harry. "That's a good sign."

The papers cast for Harry Rames were brought to the table in sets of fifty. They were placed crosswise, one set on the top of the first, and the third on the second, until five hundred had been counted. Against that pile of five hundred votes a second rose. Gradually the orderly heaps of paper extended along the table's edge in front of the Mayor. There were half a dozen now. Rames's agent stood by them like a bulldog on the chain. The half-dozen became ten, eleven, twelve. And as the twelfth heap was completed, a quick movement ran among all of Rames's friends. He had polled now half the electorate of the city. One more set of papers and he was in.

It was laid next to the others at that moment, and Rames's hands were silently grasped and shaken. But the heaping up of the votes went on. There were three more piles to be added before the end was reached. Eighty-four per cent of the electorate had recorded their votes. Harry Rames had won by a majority well on to two thousand. He stood there in a buzz of congratulations, with a sudden vacancy of mind and thought. He remembered the extraordinary agility with which Mr. Redling whipped out of the room, trying to say unconcernedly:

"I'll just announce the result at once."

He heard the storm of cheers in the street below. That patient silence was broken now in a hurricane of enthusiasm and even through it he could distinguish the words of the exultant cry:

"Rames is our man!"

He saw the Mayor return, much out of breath. He proposed the vote of thanks to the returning officers, with the usual eulogy of his opponents and depreciation of himself. But even at that moment the claim

of the constituency would importunately obtrude and find acknowledgment in his words.

"You look to me very likely for more than I can do," he said simply. "At all events you shall have what I can."

But the most memorable achievement that night was the reply of Mr. Redling.

As he rose to his feet to acknowledge the vote of thanks, the man ran forward and got a fair start of the Mayor. He cried out, all one bubble of delight:

"I need hardly say, gentlemen, how utterly I rejoice at—" and then the Mayor put on a spurt and caught up the man—"at the admirable manner in which this contest has been conducted by both sides."

But the correction deceived no one. Mr. Redling's politics were known and so in a general splutter of good-humored laughter, the Ludsey election came to an end.

The Mayor turned from the table wiping his forehead.

"I nearly made a bad break there," he said in a whisper. "They won't come at you again, I think. I reckon you have got Ludsey, Captain Rames," and then Rames felt the hand of the chief constable laid upon his arm. He was rushed across the Mayor's parlor, down the stairs through the police station, where the police at their supper rose and gave him a loud cheer.

"Silence!" cried the chief constable savagely. He opened the street door and peeped out.

"All's clear. Run—down that alley opposite. Say something from your balcony, never mind what—they won't hear more than two words."

"That's just all that I want them to hear," cried Rames.

He had foreseen that moment. He ran with one or two of his friends to the back door of his hotel. A path was made for him through the crowded hall. He came out upon the balcony, and up and down the hill as far as his eyes could see the street was thronged. He stretched out his hand. He had a second of absolute silence, and in that second his voice rang out:

"My constituents —"

The roar which answered him showed him that once more his foresight had served him well. No other word of his was heard. But any other words would have spoiled the two which he had uttered.



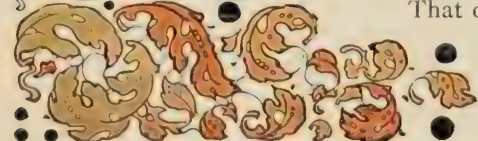
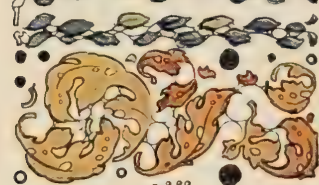
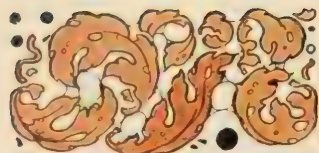
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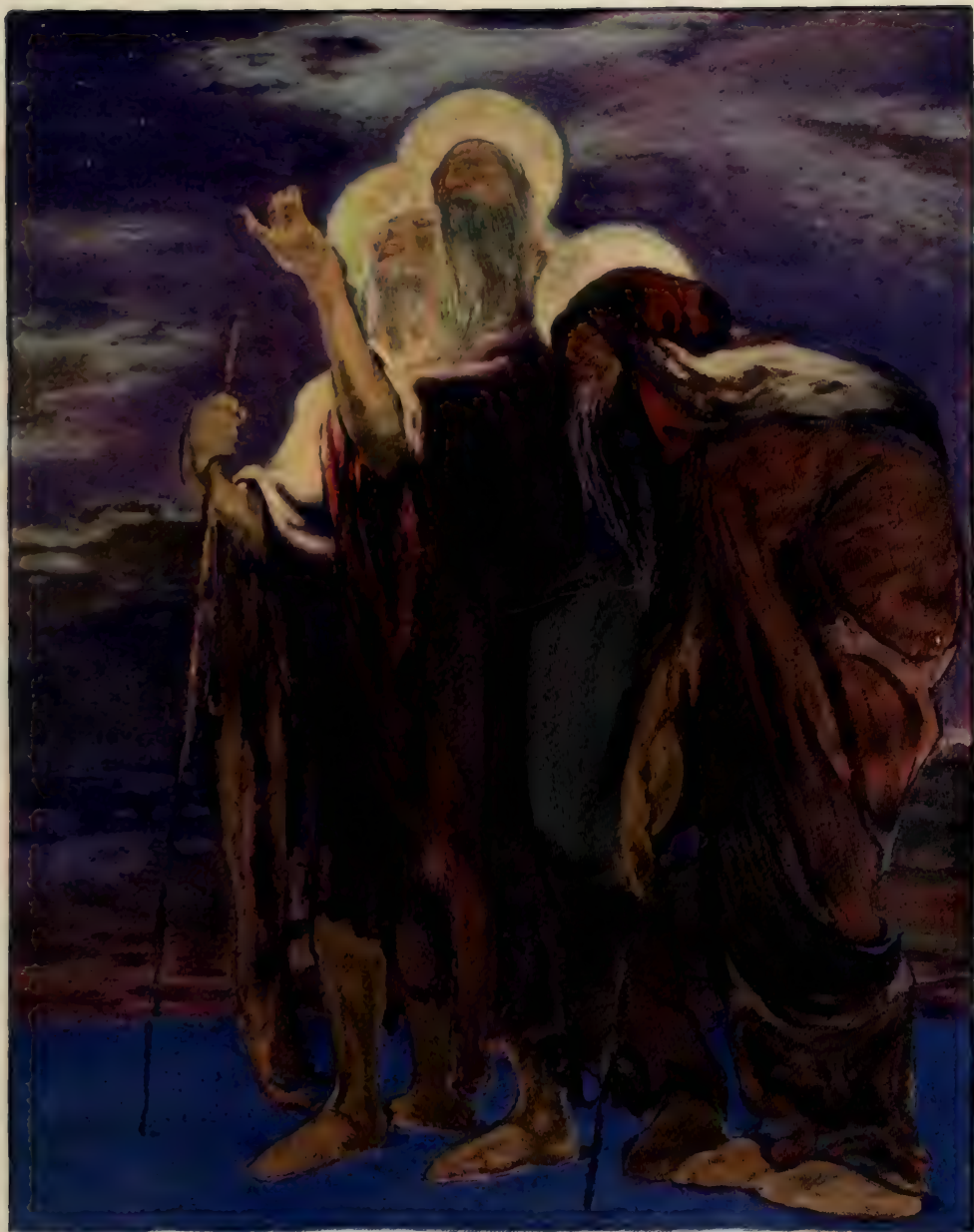
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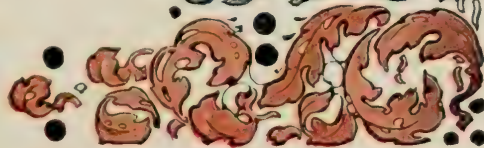
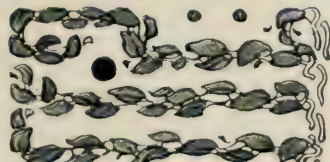
THREE vagrants toil along the wintry way
 As night is falling fast;
 "And who are ye, O strangers gaunt and gray,
 With eyes to heaven upcast?"
 "Three Eastern Kings they called us, brother; pray
 Didst see the Star go past?"
 "The Star?—and look ye for a star to-night
 Through all these blinding snows?"



Come take ye shelter here—no more that Light
The sky of Bethlehem knows;
But see, where out against the roadway white
Some wounded footprint shows!”
“Nay, we must on!”—’Twas in the ancient time
Yet once we saw that Star,
And left such thrones as minions call sublime
To trace its gleam afar;
Wouldst see a monarch boast of rags and grime?—
Behold me—Balthasar!
Yea, these are mortal eyes, yet they have gazed
Upon the Manger’s state!
But homeward hastening from that glory dazed
I cried, ‘Throw wide the gate.’
Alas, to hear within the wassail raised
Where on the high throne sate
My first-born with the gold and vine-leaves crowned.
‘King Balthasar alive?’—
He paled—‘Some madman mocks us!—Hold him bound,
And ere the dawn arrive
From out the kingdom cast!’—That night profound
I, still a king, survive!”
“I too”—the second ancient in a voice
As drear and wintry cries—
“I, Gaspar from a Magian throne made choice
Of guidance from the skies!
On my return they bade the hills rejoice
With flame and sacrifice;
But when I strove to speak the mystic lore
The Starlight had enshrined,
Its peace surpassing peace, its doom of war,
Its love for all mankind—
They tore me down—proclaimed me evermore
To banishment consigned!”
“But he, was he a king—yon wight that seems
Unsteady as with wine—
His eyes ablaze as one who stalks in dreams
Some dismal street malign?”
“Nay, brother, hold—thy hasty tongue blasphemes
A madness half divine!
For as at dawn from Bethlehem town we stole,
We spied him where he lay,
His crown and sceptre in the gutter hole,
With none his name to say,
Or tell the empery he bore—the goal
His aimless feet would stray.
So doth he trudge to find the Star with us.
Half mocking what we seek,
They throw life’s tavern lees to stain him thus—
But see, his eyes bespeak
The Star!—the Star of promise glorious
That calls the blind and weak!



Ye vaults of heaven that sound with prayers and vows,
 Keep compact with our soul!—
 See, they are clearing—yonder starry boughs
 Proclaim our kingly goal.
 Yea, see'st thou not already round our brows
 The furtive aureole?"





Dragon by N. C. Wyeth.

The next morning Kenyon found her just outside Ferguson's shack, prone on the fallen leaves. — Page 42.

SAVING DONALD FERGUSON

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



OR two years after he came to the Bush from his home town in southern Ontario, Donald Ferguson was friend and comrade to the five good men and true of Residency

Number Eight, who held together through the trials and triumphs of building the Transcontinental across the North Country. Then he fell in love with Bella Martin, who aided the Widow in the management of Groundhog's only hotel, and who had transferred her cloak of admiration to his stout shoulders after MacLowrie, instrument man of the Abitibi office, had been transferred to the western branch of the government service.

Kenyon, chief of staff of the residency on the Frederick House River, knowing nothing of Ferguson's newly awakened interest in the mature Bella, sent the boy twice in one summer to the western border of the Right-of-Way, choosing him for the work simply because he chanced to be the only available inspector of road-beds. In the gloom of the Bush, tormented by black flies and a sub-contractor who denied his authority and his estimates, Ferguson brooded over his exile until he decided that if he were no longer welcome in the great council at Eight, who determined the destinies of lesser men along the line of construction, he was at least certain of the welcome of Bella Martin.

He came back from the camp at the Kabinakagami with a well-nursed grievance. The reception that Kenyon and O'Hara and Steve MacDonald, whom he had once served with the fealty of a Scot for a Scot, and Randall and little Jean Feroux gave him, did not appease him, though he should have gauged the genuineness of their pleasure in his return by the sacrifice they made at supper in giving him a whole dried-apple pie. But Ferguson,

setting himself outside their gayety, gulped down his supper, rose from the table, grabbed his wide hat from the peg on the door, slid across the narrow porch and started on a dog-trot up the hill to the bridge.

O'Hara, seated where he could watch the fugitive without moving from his own place at the table, lighted a cigarette as he stared through the doorway. "He's taken Jean's speeder," he reported to the four who had ceased to eat in their sheer amazement at Ferguson's sudden departure.

"Who sent him a wireless?" asked Steve MacDonald.

"Has he gone for mail?" asked little Jean Feroux.

"Queer he didn't ask one of us to go with him," grumbled Randall. "Don't you think so, Mac?"

"Do you suppose he's gone to Molly Law's?" demanded Steve. "Come on after him, fellows. We'll overtake him at the Fauquier if we all speed the hand-car."

"What's wrong with Don?" Kenyon's question was to O'Hara.

O'Hara puffed twice at his cigarette. "Bella Martin," he said.

Steve MacDonald's laugh rang out blithely, filling the low dining shack with its volleying bigness. Randall grinned derisively. Jean Feroux shrugged his shoulders. But Kenyon frowned. "You aren't guessing?" he asked.

"I'm adding two and two."

"There's something in that," Randall hazarded. "Bella stopped me twice last week in Groundhog to ask me when Don would be back."

"That proves nothing," Kenyon decided, "but interest on her part."

"Ferguson sent her a message two weeks ago," O'Hara explained. "The big Slav who came down with the typhoid patient from Don's camp brought it."

"That's serious," Kenyon admitted.

"And if it is?" asked Jean Feroux. "What right have we, any of us, to meddle with Don's personal affairs?"

Dull red blazed under the tan of Kenyon's cheeks. "While I have neither the right nor the desire to meddle with the personal affairs of any man in the service outside of those here," he said deliberately, "I do feel an obligation to consider the welfare of every man in this residency. I'm head of Eight, you know. Do I make myself understood?"

"You do," said Steve MacDonald.

"Then, oh, beware my country
When my country grows polite,"

O'Hara quoted.

"I didn't mean that, Ken," Feroux apologized.

"Aren't we making a mountain out of a mole-hill?" Randall's voice was anxious.

"We're not." O'Hara's conviction carried to all of them. He cast his cigarette through the open door, then faced the four. "Before I say more," he continued, "I want you to agree with me that Bella Martin is a good, kindly, honest, hard-working woman."

"I don't like her," said Steve, "but she's all that."

"Right-O!" said Randall. Kenyon and Feroux nodded.

"But Ken is right," he continued, "in thinking that it's something to all of us that she's decided to marry Donald Ferguson."

"You don't think he'll really marry her?" Jean Feroux's genuine surprise brought out O'Hara's rare laugh. "Why not?" he asked. "She's so altogether impossible," was the boy's reason.

"She's so much older," put in Randall.

"She's so entirely out of Don's class," Feroux persisted.

"Isn't it strange how class distinctions hold here in the Bush?" O'Hara turned to Kenyon.

"They are most likely to hold here," said the chief. "They're among the few portable luxuries."

"I don't believe he'll marry her," reflected Steve MacDonald. "He's Scotch."

"This talk of caste is all rot," declared Randall, "but I hate to see one of us marry a woman he'd be ashamed of in five years."

"That's the last word for caste," observed O'Hara.

"If only he'd marry Molly Law!" sighed Steve.

"Eh?" exploded Kenyon and Feroux.

"Well, I—" began Randall.

"'Tis a good thought," said O'Hara.

"Or if Bella would marry some other man," said Jean.

"With true Gallic wit ye've found the answer," said O'Hara. "Now, who'll bell the cat?"

"Who'll marry Bella?" Steve shouted. "There's a sub-contractor on the Abitibi job who was crazy about her before she grabbed MacLowrie. Bring him back!" "That's no way to talk of any woman," said Jean Feroux.

"Let's talk over this matter with Don," was Kenyon's advice.

"Who'll do that?" Three of them raised the query.

"I fancy you'll all agree that it's my duty," Kenyon told them.

"We'll not dispute ye," O'Hara assured him.

Kenyon waited to broach the matter to Donald Ferguson until he had definite evidence that the boy's devotion to the Groundhog Siren was really a serious crisis. Ferguson was sedulously avoiding the residency men. He arranged a work schedule an hour ahead of theirs and before they came in from the grade in the evening he was on his way to Groundhog. Whenever a man from the Frederick House went down to the little junction town he came back with some report of Ferguson's amorous attentions. Steve MacDonald, on his way to Molly Law's one brilliant September night, saw Donald and Bella Martin singing from one hymn-book in the tent the Presbyterian minister called his church. With hearty laughter he pictured the scene to Kenyon and O'Hara. The latter showed the chief his duty and Kenyon waited up to perform it. The performance took place on the office porch after midnight. Kenyon went as directly to the heart of the problem as he would have swung an axe in blazing a trail. Ferguson listened composedly while the chief sprang from hesitating apology to pounding emphasis in denouncing the blind folly of men who married women below them in station and above them in age.

"Is that all?" Ferguson asked after Kenyon's most impassioned statement.

Kenyon knew when he was beaten. "No," he said in answer. "I shall present my compliments to Miss Martin."

"For all the good it will do," said Ferguson, "you may." He strode off to his own shack, leaving Kenyon to puzzled musing, in which O'Hara joined him. "'Tis the Bush," the Irishman announced at dawn. "If he were down among his own people, Don Ferguson would fall in love with some girl about fifteen years younger than the Siren and about one-fifteenth as much of a woman; and they'd marry and live as stupidly as most people do who wed for affection. But he's here in the Bush, about to marry Bella—by the way, Ken, did ye find that out for certain? and some day he'll wake up, chained."

"What's the use of talking about it?" drawled Kenyon wearily. "He won't listen."

"All the forts in Ireland had two sides," said O'Hara.

Kenyon thought he was taking O'Hara's counsel when he attacked the other side of the citadel directly. He sought out Bella Martin at the cigar counter of the hotel shack and stated his object without preface. He addressed her in the same arguments he had used to Ferguson. Bella rested her plump elbows on the counter and regarded him with non-committal attention as he progressed through the exposition of his objections to the Ferguson-Martin alliance. "Well, of all the grandmothers!" was her sole comment on his eloquence.

"As I told Ferguson—" Kenyon continued, nettled by her ironic amusement.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him," Kenyon said, "that marrying you was no fairer to you than it was to himself."

"Oh, you did? What else?"

"Quite a little more," he declared with more valor than he felt under her kindling eyes.

"Did you tell him my age?"

"I didn't know it."

"No—and you won't," she declared. "Say, Kenyon," she called to him as she retreated to the kitchen, "if you old ladies out at Eight would like a job of knitting, I'll get it for you."

Kenyon, going home in disgruntled anger, found O'Hara chuckling over some joke

that seemed to become more mirth-provoking after his swift survey of the chief. "Ye've been to Groundhog," he guessed, "and Bella's out-maneuvred the attack. Cheer up! Ye've plenty of company." He laughed outright at a recollection he hastened to share. "Steve and Ran went to the Widow's for dinner and with sledgehammer tact told the Siren that if she didn't give up Don of her own accord, they'd find a way to make her. They had an awful row, according to their expurgated accounts, and they retired from the field defeated. They're now soothing their souls with hand-ball. And Don's gone to Groundhog."

"But it isn't funny, Brian," Kenyon protested.

"It is funny," said O'Hara, "even if she marries him."

"Well, why don't you do something?"

"I shall play Talleyrand," O'Hara announced, "one week from to-night."

Every night of that week O'Hara went to Groundhog, sometimes preceding Ferguson, sometimes following him by a brief time margin, but always arriving at the Widow's in time to intercept any possible confidences between Ferguson and Bella. Ferguson began to regard him with open hostility. The nightly run to Groundhog became a race between them. On the last night of the seven O'Hara won it.

Bella Martin was clearing the dishes from the tables when he came into the restaurant. "You're late for supper," she told him, "but if you're hungry, I'll cook you something." He winced under her hospitable offer and declined it.

"What kind of a cook have you boys now?" she went on, pitching her voice higher as she disappeared behind the partition that separated dining-room and kitchen.

"No worse than most of the cooks along the Transcontinental," he replied indifferently. "Are ye very busy, Miss Martin?" he called above the clatter of plates.

"I'm through now," she said, coming to the front of the room again and tossing her apron over a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Will you come canoeing?"

Bella gave him a shrewd glance. "Sure, I'll go," she consented. She followed him to the shore of the river without further

speech, but as the paddle dipped in the quiet waters she turned to him. "You boys at Frederick House have found a good deal to say to me lately," she declared. "Even Jean Feroux honored me with a conference. I thought you'd be around soon. You've got a way of starting a row in the backyard, O'Hara, and then sneaking around to ring the bell at the front door and ask what the trouble's all about. Well, what's your order?"

O'Hara paddled a moment, then let the canoe drift down the river. "I don't know what the others have said—" he spoke with hesitation—"but 'tis true that I've a conference of my own with ye."

"Well, you've got me where I can't help hearing," was her encouragement.

"Miss Martin," said O'Hara solemnly, and in the tension he dropped all the forms of his whimsical speech, "I know that you are a good woman, a brave woman, and a kind woman. You're no more selfish than any of the rest of us and I believe you're lonely. The boys seem to have an idea of asking you to give up something that would have relieved the loneliness, though they never thought of that side of it, I'm sure. Now, I've never believed in asking for a sacrifice without proposing a substitute. Here the only substitute I can offer you for giving up Ferguson is unworthy enough, for it's meself!" He whirled the paddle and without looking at her continued, "Will you marry me?"

Bella Martin stared at him. "If I wasn't so mad," she said evenly, "I'd laugh. Do you think I'm so crazy for a man that I'm going to marry Don Ferguson because he's the only one who's ever asked me? Wake up, O'Hara! Don't you know that there are a dozen men along the T. C. R. that I could have for the winking?" Then her amusement triumphed over her wrath and she rocked the canoe with her laughter. "You're too funny for anything," she gurgled, "coddling Don as if he was sugar or salt. I've been mad enough at the rest of you, but this is the last straw. I suppose you're poking fun at me, but I don't care."

"I wasn't doing that," said O'Hara earnestly. "'Tis my honest conviction that you're too good for any of us, but 'tis just as much my belief that you won't either of you be happy if you

marry Donald Ferguson. Don't you know it?"

"Oh, sometimes I know it." Her voice had drifted with the canoe to the deeper places. "I know I'm a fool to care for him at all, I don't suppose any of you ever thought I really might care, did you? Well, I do," she said defiantly, "and I'll be fool enough to keep on caring for him, even when he stops liking me."

"That's just it," said O'Hara. "Won't *you* believe that my one real reason for interfering is my certainty that one or the other of you will stop caring sometime?"

"It'll be Don."

"'Tis likely," O'Hara agreed. "He's very young."

"You're all young," said Bella Martin. "I guess it's the service that keeps you just boys or else there's something in the country here that carries you away till you forget all about age. It's carried me away, all right, till I've forgotten that I'm getting middle-aged going from camp-town to camp-town, waiting on table, and fighting with cooks, and flirting with sub-contractors, and joshing with engineers. Oh, well, I'll be middle-aged soon, but you boys will stay boys as long as ever there's a railroad to be built."

"Thank God!" said O'Hara fervently. "'Tis a thought that reconciles me to your delicate refusal of my offer of marriage. I'm grateful to ye." He slipped back to the idioms again.

"You're welcome," said Bella drearily. But "Say," was her Parthian arrow, "you must care mighty well for Don to take such a chance at saving him from me. What if I'd taken you up?"

O'Hara told Kenyon of his rashness and its result and the chief, after laughing at the story itself, grew thoughtful over the phase of Bella's affection that it revealed. But if Bella Martin told Ferguson of her conversation with O'Hara, the boy gave no sign of his knowledge. He worked sullenly through the days and went to Groundhog every night. His gloomy silence at meals hung over the table like a pall even after he himself had gone from the shack. Though not one of the five mentioned him when he was away, they were all more acutely anxious over the outcome of his love affair than they had been during their active opposition. But since O'Hara's closing of their

last discussion with the remark, "We played all the cards in our hands and we'll have to wait for the next deal," they had agreed that the direction of the game was no longer theirs.

So acute had their feeling become that when Ferguson failed to appear at breakfast one raw September morning the others attributed his tardiness to a bad case of surly dejection and went to their work on the line without inquiring for him. At noon the Hungarian cook told Kenyon that Ferguson was still in bed. Kenyon crossed to the boy's shack, pushed open the door, gave one look at the big form stretched across the bunk, and went down on his knees beside him in an agony of remorse. For his trained eye saw all too well that typhoid, that dread enemy of the construction camps, had come to grapple with Donald Ferguson.

That night, with O'Hara as nurse and Steve MacDonald on guard in front of the shack where Ferguson drowsed in feverish stupor, Kenyon rounded up two of the company's doctors and brought them to the Frederick House residency. One of them, fresh from college in Toronto, prescribed a course of treatment and gave orders to O'Hara to follow it rigorously. The other, an old Scotchman from the Mackenzie River country, grumbled a gruff warning to them. "In typhoid," he burred, "it's the nursing, not the doctoring, that saves. None of you boys are nurses. If you'd save Ferguson, get a nurse from Haileybury. Get two of them!"

"Let me wire," Randall pleaded, for Steve was still sentry, O'Hara held his post immovably, and Jean Feroux had established himself in the cook shack as supervisor of Ferguson's scanty food allowance. Speeding the hand-car into Groundhog, he brought back the operator from the game of whist he was enjoying with a subcontractor at the hotel and stood over him till he reached the superintendent of the Haileybury hospital. But "Can send no nurse," came the response to Randall's plea. "Typhoid epidemic in Cobalt."

"Try Toronto," the engineer ordered. But from Toronto the answers summed "Every available nurse sent to Cobalt." "Try any place," he begged. "No use," said the telegrapher, "Cobalt's tried them all."

Beaten and bitterly conscious of inefficiency in the conduct of his errand, Randall watched the operator lock the instrument. "If you think of any other place," the official said, "I'll be glad to try it, but even the Montreal extras are tied up with demands. Stay in town to-night," he advised with kindness. "You can't do anything out there. Come with me to the hotel. Perhaps we'll have better luck in the morning."

Bella Martin, a lamp in her hand, was locking the hotel dining-room as Randall and the operator passed her on their way up the stairs. Randall had not spoken to her since the occasion of the quarrel he and Steve had thrust upon her and he tried to avoid her now. But Bella would not let him pass.

"Who's sick at Eight?" she demanded.

"Ferguson," he replied. He did not see her reach unsteadily for the table behind her, but he heard her say, "What is it?"

"Typhoid." The word sounded recollection of his own futile errand and he burst out, "And old Grimshaw says that only nursing will save him, and Haileybury won't send any one and Toronto's tied up, and we can't find a typhoid nurse anywhere."

"The Widow's a good typhoid nurse," said Bella, "but she's gone to the Foley camp. Three of the boys there are down."

"Isn't there any one else in town?" The boy's demand was querulous. "Isn't there any other woman here who knows anything about typhoid nursing?"

"I do," said Bella, "but you boys at Eight wouldn't let me take care of Don." She faced him squarely in the light of the flickering lamp that trembled in her hand. Randall hesitated. The responsibility of bringing Bella Martin to nurse Ferguson was too great for him to undertake on impulse. "I could take care of him," she went on, "and I'd save him if any one could. I guess you know that, Randall. I pulled through the five men at the English River when the nurses there deserted, didn't I? But do you suppose I'd go to your residency when—" She paused as suddenly as she had spoken. "Who's taking care of him?"

"O'Hara."

"All the time?"

"Days. Ken has the night shift."

"Is he very sick?"

"He couldn't be much worse."

Bella Martin set down the lamp and turned toward the kitchen. "The cook'll have to run this shack," she said. "I'm going back with you, Randall."

When Randall brought Bella Martin to the residency the next morning O'Hara was crossing the marsh between the cook shack and Ferguson's. He saw Bella as she came down the incline from the bridge and whistled so softly that even Randall did not hear him, though the boy had passed his charge in his haste to make explanation of her presence.

"There's an epidemic at Cobalt and one at the Foley," he gasped, "and I couldn't get a nurse anywhere till Miss Martin—" Bella had come up with him and was standing in front of O'Hara. The Irishman swung off his hat and extended his hand. "Miss Martin," he said, "'Twas noble of ye. Have ye had breakfast?"

The speech that he made in the dining shack, where he conducted the embarrassed Randall and the self-possessed volunteer, levelled the grade for Bella Martin's mission. When Kenyon took her to Ferguson's shack the four he left together made no comment; but Steve MacDonald and Randall moved from their comfortable quarters to the office so that Bella might have the better rooms, and Jean Feroux deferred to her for orders on the patient's diet. Before night Bella Martin was ruler of Eight. But the men of Eight might have been machines for all the heed she paid them. Day and night she watched the insidious advance of the fever on Donald Ferguson. Day and night she fought the enemy steadily, not knowing if she had any chance of final success. Ferguson accepted her presence complacently and her infrequent absence irritably. She was the only one whom he permitted to do service for him when he had strength to raise a protest. She did her tasks with such quiet certainty and such unwavering good-will that Steve MacDonald announced that typhoid nursing was no trick at all and O'Hara reminded him of Columbus and the egg.

The young doctor from Toronto was as fearful of Bella's methods as the old man from the Mackenzie River country was hopeful. As the crisis approached, every

one of the five watchers sharpened his keen edge of nervous apprehension on the whet-stone of anxiety and Bella Martin alone remained cool and calm and cheerful.

"Day after to-morrow settles this," Kenyon said to her one wild September night when the Bush around the clearing tossed in a sea of tearing winds. O'Hara had insisted on relieving Bella and Kenyon was walking with her in front of the shacks. "Brian and I will stay up with you that night, if we may. And if Don pulls through, Miss Martin, we can all thank you for it. If he doesn't——"

"He will, though," said Bella steadily. "What I don't know about typhoid isn't worth knowing."

The next morning Kenyon found her just outside Ferguson's shack, prone on the fallen leaves that the wind had swept from the birches through the raging night. "What's the trouble?" he demanded as soon as he could find his voice.

"Oh, he's all right now," Bella Martin was sobbing, "he's all right. He's going to get well. Last night was the crisis."

"To-morrow," said Kenyon, but Bella Martin laughed a little wildly as she persisted, "Last night, last night. I knew it would be then, but I didn't tell you boys. What was the use? I just sat, and waited, and watched. And then I couldn't cry in there and I came out."

That night at supper O'Hara brought out a cherished bottle of anisette for the five to drink the health of Bella Martin. And it was little Jean Feroux who held his glass the highest as he said, "To the health of you both—to you and Don!" But Bella shook her head. "Now quit all that till he's well," she said.

The first week of Ferguson's convalescence re-established his old comradeship with the men of Eight. Every night they gathered around his bedside, drifting back to those discussions and arguments and dreams and half-confidences that made their friendships vital, till they all seemed to forget that any alien influence had ever threatened their unity. Bella Martin, declaring that Don saw enough of her during the day while the others were at work, would leave them alone except when Kenyon or O'Hara insisted that she remain. Then she would bend over her sewing while

they talked of places and of people whose names meant nothing to her. "What makes you so quiet, Bella?" Steve MacDonald asked her one night. "I can't keep up with you," she retorted with a flash of her old fire. But on another night O'Hara had looked up from his study of a survey map of Central China to see her choking down furtive tears. When she rose to go he pushed aside his surveys and went out with her.

"Have ye any complaint to make against our commissary?" he asked her abruptly when they had passed out of hearing of the others.

"Well, I could improve on the cook if I had time to look after him," she said.

"Then what's the trouble?"

"Nothing," she said. "You boys have been mighty square with me since I came out here. Only—I'm going home to-morrow. Don's well enough to get on without me," she hastened to intercept O'Hara's objection, "and I think it will be a lot better for me to go. The hotel hasn't been running itself, you know, and the Widow's worn out with nursing at the Foley."

"I understand," O'Hara said. Bella looked at him keenly. "I guess you do," she acknowledged. "You've always had a sixth sense of finding out the other fellow's business. Well, it's coming, that crash you said would come. Don's stopped caring."

"Oh, impossible!" There was real consternation in O'Hara's surprise.

"He doesn't know it yet, but I know. I don't need to have a bridge fall on me to see daylight."

"But I don't understand——"

"It's not so hard to understand," she explained. "He thought he needed me because he had some sort of an idea that I was the only one who was good to him up here. Well, he's found out now that I'm not, and he's going to find out the rest. He had a letter yesterday from a girl down in his home town. She'd heard he was sick and she'd written him how sorry she was. He put it under his pillow—and it's there yet. When a woman of my age can't keep a boy from thinking about the girl back home, she might as well say good-by to him—or else he'll go without the good-by. And so I'm going home."

"Have ye told Don?"

"No, I haven't—and I won't. I'll say I have to go back to the hotel and that I'll see him soon. Isn't that best?"

"'Tis for your own saying," O'Hara admitted.

Donald Ferguson accepted her departure with complaisance. "Bella's a great old scout," he told the others when they were assembled in his shack that night, but before they went he had shown Steve MacDonald the postal photograph that the girl in his home town had sent in her letter to him, and had rattled off a recollection of their first meeting. But when three days passed without word from Bella he sent Randall to Groundhog with a message to come to the residency. Bella sent back word that she was too busy to come. Ferguson's disappointment was so evident that O'Hara suggested that they give a surprise party to Bella as soon as Don was well enough to go to Groundhog. The boy assented eagerly, and spent the next day writing to the girl of the photograph.

The first snow had already mantled the Bush in glistening whiteness when Ferguson was able to leave the residency. Twice Bella Martin had come to the Frederick House, but always in such a swirl of haste that she precluded any possible serious conversation between Donald and herself. Once, when he had tried to express his gratitude to her for her care, she cut him off with "The Widow did just as much for two boys at the Foley."

Randall had planned to make the surprise party on Bella the occasion of the announcement to Groundhog society of the residency's ratification of Ferguson's engagement; but O'Hara vetoed the proposition so decidedly that the five went down to the town with Ferguson under promise to make no reference to the pact. Their restraint was contagious, for after the first burst of amazement with which Bella greeted them the party degenerated into a gathering notable only for gloom. Bella's own preoccupation was also responsible for the social failure of the event. She fell into a concentrated absorption in her own mental processes from which all efforts failed to rouse her. Finally, O'Hara took her back to the kitchen and forced an issue with her. "Don't be rash," he begged, "Take time for thought." "I've taken time," she told him, "and I'll do what I've

decided to do." Before midnight she was ungracious enough to inform the company that if they expected to catch the steel train back to the Frederick House in the morning, they had better go to bed. They'd find their rooms ready. They tried to banter her, but she was firm, "I'm too tired to fun," she declared.

"First time I ever knew you to be tired at a party," Steve MacDonald grumbled as he led the men upstairs. Bella intercepted Ferguson at the foot of the stairway, and, leading him back to the dining-room, beckoned him to a chair. The boy pushed it aside, facing her inquiringly as she seated herself at the long table. He was so boyish in his bewilderment that she turned her eyes away from him as she spoke. "I promised to marry you, didn't I?" She traced the pattern on the tablecloth. "Well, I've decided that I made a mistake in promising, and I thought you ought to know it."

"Why?"

"Oh, I can't say exactly why, but I've come to know it was a mistake. I'd rather you let it go that way."

"I like you mighty well, Bella," said Donald Ferguson. "I liked you before you came out to take care of me. You know that. Why, nobody was ever as good to me as you've been."

"You'll find some one who'll be even better," she said. "You're young yet, Don." She lingered over his name, then, repelling any possibility of tenderness, rose from the table.

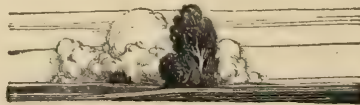
"Can't we even stay friends?" he pleaded.

"Oh, I suppose so," she admitted. At the door she let him take her hand. "I can't ever begin to thank you for what you did for me," he said. "Oh, don't try," she cried sharply and ran up the stairs. Once in her room she flung herself on her knees at the window, staring outward at the lights that blazed in crackling rushes across the whiteness of the northern world.

She was still kneeling there in the eerie light of the reddening dawn when the shrill blast of the steel train shrieked summons to those men in Groundhog who would go west that day. She heard Jean Feroux's hasty call to the cook for more coffee. She heard Steve MacDonald's drowsy laugh in the kitchen below. She heard the scuffling and the murmurs of hasty dressing in the rooms down the hall. In the passageway there sounded the clicking footsteps that she would always know. They passed her door without pause and clattered down the stairs. Then a voice, vibrant with cheerfulness and hope and the eternal gladness of boyhood, raised the query, "Ready, fellows? We'll have to run for the train. Come on, you loafers from Eight!" There followed some reply in MacDonald's deeper tones. The footsteps rang out once more. Donald Ferguson was going down the frosty sidewalk and as he went he whistled blithely the song of the boys of the Bush:

"For I'm lonesome, awf'ly lonesome,
And I wish I had a girl."

Bella Martin turned away from the window to the tall commode beside it. A long time she gazed at the gray woman she saw in the cracked mirror. "O'Hara told you he would," she said. The sound of wheels grating on snow signalled the departure of the steel train from Groundhog, but Bella Martin did not move. "A man can always pull out," she went on drearily, "but me—how about me?" She laughed harshly. "I guess I'd better marry one of them roughnecks soon," she sighed, "or I won't be getting asked any more." But when the whistle of the train floated back from the Fauquier camp she let her head sink down on her arms while she sobbed out her sorrow for the youth and the love that had gone out from her upon the Right-of-Way.





Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Can't we even stay friends?" he pleaded. — Page 44.





HALF-TOLD TALES

by
HENRY VAN DYKE

Illustrated by Garth Jones

AN OLD GAME

THREE men were taking a walk together, as they said, just to while away the time.

The first man intended to go Somewhere, to look at a piece of property which he was considering. The second man was ready to go Anywhere, since he expected to be happy by the way. The third man thought he was going Nowhere, because he was a philosopher and held that time and space are only mental forms.

Therefore the third man walked in silence, reflecting upon the vanity of whiling away an hour which did not exist, and upon the futility of going when staying was the same thing. But the other men, being more simple, were playing the oldest game in the world and giving names to the things that they saw as they travelled.

"Mutton," said the Somewhere Man, as he looked over a stone wall.

"A flock of sheep," said the Anywhere Man, gazing upon the pasture, where the fleecy ewes were nipping grass between the rocks and the eager lambs nuzzled their mothers.

But the Nowhere Man meditated on the foolish habit of eating, and said nothing.

"An ant-hill," said the Anywhere Man, looking at a mound beside the path; "see how busy the citizens are!"

"Pismires," said the Somewhere Man, kicking the mound; "they sting like the devil."

But the Nowhere Man, being certain that the devil is a myth, said nothing.

"Briars," said the Somewhere Man, as they passed through a coppice.

"Blackberries," said the Anywhere Man; "they will blossom next month and ripen in August."

But the Nowhere Man, to whom they referred the settlement of the first round of the game, decided that both had lost because they spoke only of accidental phenomena.

With the next round they came into a little forest on a sandy hill. The oak-trees were still bare, and the fir-trees were rusty green, and the maple-trees were in rosy bud. On these things the travellers were agreed.

But among the withered foliage on the ground a vine trailed far and wide with

verdant leaves, thick and heavy, and under the leaves were clusters of rosy stars, breathing a wonderful sweetness, so that the travellers could not but smell it.

"Rough-leaf," said the Somewhere Man; "gravel-weed we call it in our country, because it marks the poorest soil."

"Trailing arbutus," said the Anywhere Man; "May-flowers we call them in our country."

"But why?" asked the Nowhere Man. "May has not yet come."

"She is coming," answered the other; "she will be here before these are gone."

On the other side of the wood they entered a meadow where a little bird was bubbling over with music in the air.

"Skunk-blackbird," said the Somewhere Man; "colors the same as a skunk."

"Bobolink," said the Anywhere Man; "spills his song while he flies."

"It is a silly name," said the Nowhere Man. "Where did you find it?"

"I don't know," answered the other; "it just sounds to me like the bird."

By this time it was clear that the two men did not play the game by the same rules,

but they went on playing, just as other people do.

They saw a little thatched house beside the brook. "Beastly hovel," said the first man. "Pretty cottage," said the second.

A woman was tossing and fondling her child, with kiss-words. "Sickly sentiment," said the first man. "Mother love," said the second.

They passed a youth sleeping on the grass under a tree. "Lazy hound!" said the first man. "Happy dog!" said the second.

Now the third man, remembering that he was a philosopher, concluded that he was wasting his imaginary time in hearing this endless old game.

"I must bid you good-day, gentlemen," said he, "for it seems to me that you are disputing only about appearances, and are not likely to arrive Somewhere or Anywhere. But I am seeking *das Ding an sich*."

So he left them, and went on his way Nowhere. And I know not which of the others won the game, but I think the second man had more pleasure in playing it.





Mortem suscepit cantando

LAST of all, the crouching plague leaped upon the Count Angelo, whose women and boon companions already lay dead around him in his castle of Montefeltro, and dragged him from the banquet-hall of many delights into the dim alley of the grave. There he looked, as it were through a door half open, into the shapeless horror of the face of Death, which turns all desires into stone. But even while he looked, the teeth of the black beast that gripped him were loosened, and he crept back into life as one returning from a far country.

His castle was empty save for the few terror-stricken servants who lingered because they knew not whither to flee. In the garden withered the rose and the lily, untended and unplucked. The chairs and couches where he had seen the faces of his friends were vacant. On the pillows of his great bed there were no curls of tangled gold, nor plaited tresses of long black spread out beside him in the morning light.

The world in which he had revelled away his youth was void; and in the unknown world, from whose threshold he had painfully escaped, but whither he knew he must one day return, there dwelt only a horrible fear and a certain looking for of judgment.

So Count Angelo came to life again. But all desires and passions which had hitherto warmed or burned him were like dead embers. For the flame of them all had gone into one desire—the resolve to die in the odor of sanctity, and so to pass into Paradise safely and unafraid.

Therefore he put aside the fine garments which his trembling servants brought, and clad himself in sackcloth with a girdle of rope about his loins. Thus apparelled he climbed on foot to the holy mountain of La Verna, above the Val d'Arno, which mountain the Count Rolando of Montefeltro had given, many years before, to St. Francis the minstrel of God and his poor little disciples of the cross, for a refuge and a sanctuary near the sky. At the door of the Friary built upon the land of his forefathers the Count Angelo knocked humbly as a beggar.

"Who is there?" said the door-keeper from his loophole.

"A poor sinner," answered Angelo, "who has no wish left in life but to die in the odor of sanctity."

At this the door-keeper opened grudgingly, supposing he had to do with some out-cast seeking the house of religion as a last resort. But when he saw the stranger he knew that it was the rich and generous Count of Montefeltro.

"May it please your lordship to enter," he cried; "the guest-chamber awaits you,

and the friars minor of St. Francis will rejoice in the presence of their patron."

"Not so," replied Angelo; "but in the meanest of your cells will I lodge. For I am come not to bestow, but to beg, and my request is the lowest place among the little servants of poverty."

Whereupon the door-keeper was greatly astonished, and led Angelo to the Warden, to whom he unfolded his purpose to strip himself of all worldly gear and possessions and give his remnant of life solely to the preparation of a saintly death. This proposal the Warden and the other brethren duly considered, not without satisfaction, and Angelo was received as a penitent and a novice.

The first year of his probation he passed as a servant of the cattle and the beasts of burden, cleansing their stables and conversing only with them. "For," said he, "the ox and the ass knew their Lord in the manger, but I in my castle was deaf to his voice."

The second year of his probation he labored in the kitchen, washing the dishes and preparing the food for the friars, but he himself ate sparingly and only of the crusts and crumbs which the others had despised. "For," said he, "I am less worthy than that lad who brought the few loaves and small fishes to feed the multitude, and for me it is enough to eat of the fragments that remain."

In all this he was so diligently humble and self-denying that in the third year he was admitted fully to the order and given the honorable office of sweeping and cleansing the sacred places.

In this duty Angelo showed an extraordinary devotion. Not content with this, he soon began to practise upon himself particular and extreme asperities and macerations. He slept only upon the ground and never beyond an hour at one space, rising four and twenty times a day to his prayers. He fasted thrice in the week from matins to matins, and observed the rule of silence every six days, speaking only on the seventh. He wore next to his naked skin a breast-plate of iron, and a small leather band with sharp points about his loins, and rings of iron under his arms, whereby his flesh was wasted and frayed from his bones like a worn garment with holes in it, and he bled secretly. By reason of these things his face

fell away into a dolorous sadness, and the fame of his afflictions spread through the Friary and to other houses where the little brothers of St. Francis were assembled.

But the inward gladness of Angelo did not increase in measure with his outward sadness and the renown of his piety. For the ray and the flame of divine Consolation were diminished within him, and he no longer felt that joy which he had formerly in the cleansing of the stables, in the washing of the dishes, and in the sweeping of the holy places, from which he was now relieved by reason of bodily weakness. He was tormented with the fear that his penances might not sufficiently atone for the sinful pleasures of his past life, of which he had a vivid and growing remembrance. The thought was ever present with him that he might not be predestined to die in the odor of sanctity.

In this anguish of heart he went forth one day into the wood which lies on the top of the mountain of La Verna, beyond the Friary, and ran up and down, stumbling among the roots of the trees and calling aloud with sighs and tears, "Little wretch, thou art lost! Abominable sinner Angelo, how shalt thou find a holy death?"

To him, in this distraction, comes the Warden with three of the older friars and asks him what has befallen him.

"The fear of dying in my sins," cries Angelo.

"You have the comfort of the Gospel, my son," says the Warden.

"It is not enough for me," sobs Angelo, beating his wounded breast. "You know not how great were my pleasures in the world!"

With that he starts away again to wander through the wood, but the Warden restrains him, and soothes him, and speaks comfortably to him; and at last Angelo makes his request that he may have a certain cave in the woods for his dwelling and be enclosed there as a recluse to await the coming of a holy death.

"But, my son," objects the Warden, "what will the Friary do without the example of your devotion and your service?"

"I will pray for you all," says Angelo; "night and day I will give myself to intercession for the order of friars minor."

So the Warden consents, and Angelo, for the time, is satisfied.



Now, the top of the mountain of La Verna is full of rude clefts and caverns, with broken and jagged rocks. Truly, it were a frightful place to behold but for the tall trees that have grown up among the rocks clasping them with their roots, and the trailing vines and gentle wild flowers and green ferns that spring abundantly around them as if in token of kindness and good-will and bounty.

All these were much beloved of St. Francis, who heard every creature cry aloud, saying "God made me for thee, O man." So great was his affection for them that he would not have his little friars cut down a whole tree for firewood, but bade them only lop the branches and let the tree live in joy. And he taught them to make no garden of potherbs only, but to leave room always for the flowers, for love of One who was called "the rose of Sharon," and "the lily of the valley."

But this was not the mind of Angelo, who stumbled to his reclusery blindly, intent only on the thought of his death, and never marking the fine lace-work of the ferns that were broken by his passing nor the sweet fragrance of the flowers crushed beneath his feet.

The cave which he had chosen lay a little beyond that most sacred cavern where St. Francis had fasted and where the falcon had visited him every morning, beating her wings and singing to rouse him softly to matins, and where at last he had received in his body the marks of the holy Cross.

It was on the side of the mountain looking toward the west, and in front of it was a narrow, deep, and terrible chasm, which could only be crossed by a log laid in the manner of a bridge. But the cave itself looked out beyond into the wide and fruitful Val d'Arno, with the stream of silver coiling through it, and on the other side the wooded mountains of Valombrosa and Pratomagno.

Of this Angelo saw nothing, as he passed by the log bridge into the cave. The three friars who went with him walled up the entrance with stones, except for an opening at the height of a man's breast; and they returned, taking away the log at his request and casting it down the cliff. After that the food of Angelo was thrown across the chasm into the opening of the cave, and to drink he had a small spring of water trick-

ling among the rocks a drop at a time, and he lived as a recluse considering only how to make a saintly end.

His thoughts were thus fixed and centred upon his own great concern, to a degree that made the world turn to nothing around him. Even the Friary seemed to lie at an infinite distance, and the prayers which he had promised to offer for it were more in word than in desire. There was no warmth in them, for all the fire of his soul had burned into one thought which consumed him. Day and night he cried, "O wicked life, let me go into a holy death!"

But he came no nearer to his goal, nor could he find any assurance that he was elect and chosen to attain it. On the contrary his anxiety increased and misery became his companion. For this reason: in his dreams he dwelt continually upon the most sinful pleasures of his past life, and they grew upon him; but in his waking hours he considered and measured the greatness of his penances, yet without ever arriving at the certainty that they balanced his offences.

Now, you are not to suppose that the past life of Angelo, though vain and worldly and streaked with evil, had been altogether woven of black threads. For he had been of an open and kindly heart, ready to share with others in the joy of living, greatly pleased to do a good turn to his neighbors, compassionate and gentle-natured, a lover of music and of little children. So there were many things in his youth of which he had no need to be ashamed, since they were both innocent and merry, and the white and golden threads of a pure and grateful happiness were not wanting in the fabric of his loom.

But of these he would not think, being set upon recalling only the sinful hours that needed repentance. And of these he thought so constantly that in the visions of the night they lived again, twining their limbs about him and pressing their burning lips upon his. But when he awoke he was filled with terror, and fell to counting the severities and privations which he had endured for an atonement. So it came to pass that he was strangely and dreadfully merry dreaming, but strangely and desperately sad waking. And between the two he found no peace, nor ever escaped from the trouble and anguish of himself.

After a twelvemonth or more of this life, very early in the morning he awoke from a hot dream with horror, and groaned aloud, "If I die, I am damned."

"How so, little sheep of God," said a voice near at hand; "who has led thee into the wilderness?"

Fra Angelo lifted his head and looked at the opening of the cave, but there was no one there. Then he looked behind him, and on both sides, but he saw no one. Yet so clear and certain was the sound of the voice that he could not rest, but went to the entrance and thrust out his head.

On the shelf of the rock in front of the cave he saw a short and spare brother dressed in the habit of a friar minor, with a thin black beard, and dark simple eyes, kindled with gentle flames. In his right hand he held a stick of wood, as it were the bow of a viol, and this he drew across his left arm, singing the while in French a hymn of joy for the sun, his brother, and for the wind, his companion, and for the water, his sister, and for the earth, his mother.

At this Fra Angelo was astonished and confused, for these songs had not been heard in the Friary since many years, and it seemed as if some foreign brother must have come from France with strange customs. But when he looked more closely he saw that the long and delicate hands of the little brother were pierced in the palm, and his feet were wounded as if a nail had passed through them. Then he knew that he saw St. Francis, and he was so ashamed and afraid that he clung to the rocks and could not speak.

Then the little brother turned from looking out upon the morning in Val d'Arno and looked at Fra Angelo. After a long while he said, very softly, "What doest thou here in the cave, dearest?"

"Blessed father," stammered the recluse, "I dwell in solitude, to atone for my worldly life and find a holy death."

"That is for thyself," said the little brother in the sun; "but for others what doest thou?"

Angelo thought a moment and answered, humbly, "I give them an ensample of holiness."

"They need more," said the little brother smiling, "and thou must give it."

"Blessed father," cried Angelo, "command me and I will obey thee, for thou art in heaven and I am near to hell."

"Listen, then, thou lost sheep," said the little brother, "and I will show thee the way. Climb over the wall. Lay aside the breast-plate and rings of iron—they hinder thee. Come near and sit beside me. In a certain city there is a poor widow whose child is sick even unto death. Go unto her with this box of electuary, and give it to the child that he may recover. I command thee by Obedience."

So saying he laid in the hand of Angelo a box of olive-wood, filled with an electuary so sweet that the fragrance of it went through the wood. But Angelo was confused.

"How shall I know the way," said he, "when I know not the city?"

"Stand up," answered the little brother with the wounded hands, "and close thine eyes firmly. Now turn round and round as children do, until I bid thee stop."

So Fra Angelo, fearing a little because the shelf of rock was narrow, shut tight his eyes and, stretching out his arms, turned round and round until he was dizzy. Then he fell to the ground, and when he looked up the little brother of the sun was gone.

But the head of Fra Angelo lay toward the city of Poppi on the other side of the valley, so he knew that this was the way, and he went down from the mountain.

As he went, his bodily weakness departed and the pains of his worn flesh left him, and he rejoiced in the brightness of the world. The linnets and blackbirds that sang in the thickets were the children of those that had been brothers of the air to St. Francis, and the larks that bubbled up from the fields wore the same sad-colored garments and chanted the same joyous music that he had commended. The primroses and the violets and the cyclamens had not forgotten to bloom because of sin, and the pure incense of their breath went forth unto gladness.

So Fra Angelo made his journey with a light heart, quickly, and came to the city of Poppi. There he found the poor widow with her child sick unto death, and he gave them the olive-wood box. The child took the electuary eagerly, for it was pleasant to the taste, and it did him good more than if it had been bitter. So presently the fever left him, and the mother rejoiced and blessed St. Francis and Fra Angelo. And he said, "I must be going."

Now, as he went and returned toward La Verna, he passed through a village, and in

the field at the side of it he saw many children quarrelling.

"Why do you fight," said Angelo, laying hands on two of them, "when you might be playing?"

"Because we know not what to play," they answered; and some shouted one thing and some another.

"Let the older ones play at Fox and Geese," said Angelo; "and look, here is a plank! We will put it over this great stone and I will play at seesaw with the little ones."

Then the children all laughed when they saw a friar playing at seesaw; but he went up and down merrily, and they were all glad together. After a while they grew weary of the games, and Angelo asked what they would do next.

"Dance," cried the children; "dance and sing!"

"But where is the music?" said Angelo.

So one of the boys ran away to a house in the village and came back presently with an old viol and a bow. Angelo fingered the instrument, and tuned it, for he had been a skilful musician.

"Now I will teach you," said he, "a very sweet music that I heard this morning. And do you all sing as I teach you, and between the songs take hands and dance around."

Then he sat down upon a grassy hillock,

with the children in a circle about him, and he taught them the songs that were sung by the little brother of the sun and of the wind and of the water and of the birds—even by that minstrel of God who came to the cave with the morning light. Between the verses the children, holding hands, danced in a ring around Fra Angelo, while he played upon the old viol.

As he played thus, he was aware of a hand upon his shoulder, and supposed it to be one of the children.

"Go back," he said, "go back to your place, dearest naughty one; the song is not finished."

"It is finished," said a voice behind him. "This is the right ending of the song."

And Angelo, looking up in amazement, saw the face of an angel, and the bow dropped from his fingers.

When the music ceased, the children broke their ring and ran to Angelo where he lay upon the grass. They wondered to see him so still and pale, yet because his face was smiling they were not afraid.

"He is weary," they cried; "the good friar has fallen asleep—perhaps he has fainted. Let us run and call help for him."

But they did not understand that the messenger of Holy Death had passed among them and called Angelo in the odor of sanctity.



THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

I



HOWEVER has set down his reflections as a married man and promulgated his opinions as a philosopher and attended his own silver wedding may be well preserved twenty years later, but is more than likely to be a grandfather and disposed to regard life from a patriarchal stand-point through gold-rimmed spectacles of wisdom. In my particular case the gold-rimmed spectacles are metaphorical. Yet I am a grandfather; and therefore the burden rests on me to demonstrate that my conclusions concerning what is or has been or is to be are not merely old-fashioned, but that the fountain of perpetual youth still bubbles in an anatomy the arteries of which have presumably begun to harden. For the world will not pause to listen to grumpy grandfathers out of touch with it, even though they be philosophers who have reflected on and sounded all the phases of matrimony.

Those of you who were present at my silver wedding, who knew me in my salad days of wedlock and have followed my dear wife Josephine and me through the blissful, if sometimes perplexing, vicissitudes of marital experience, will remember that I was already a grandfather when we parted. Made one through the birth of a son to my second daughter, Winona, herself a maiden convert to Christian Science, but weaned from exclusive devotion to its theories by her marriage to Harold Bruce, an attractive young man of means with political aspirations; made one subsequently from time to time by her and by my other children, of whom it behooves me to state for the benefit of the uninitiated that I have three. My namesake—little Fred, as we used to call him—a member of the banking house of Leggatt and Paine, awarded a position in that office immediately on graduation, as some of you will recollect, because of his

proficiency and grit at foot-ball (not scholarship). Our second son, David, engrossed by science, whose vocation is germs, whose avocation electricity. Our eldest daughter, Josie, a sweet girl, named for, and closely resembling, in my opinion, her mother at the same age, except for her red hair, the wife of James Perkins, the rising architect. If Winona is known as the beauty of the family, Josie is distinguished by her social tact and charm; and their mental traits also furnish a pleasing contrast, for my eldest daughter's cast of mind is engagingly conventional, whereas her sister, rather to her mother's dismay, is prone to entertain advanced ideas, with some of which I secretly sympathize. As for my sons, both are married, though David procrastinated so long that we began to fear he might remain an old bachelor, and both are fathers. It is not the moment to describe the attractions of their wives, lest too many names and individuals at once breed confusion.

We are a harmonious and lively family circle; but when my sons and two sons-in-law get arguing together, as sometimes happens after dinner at my house, four poles of thought are represented, of which not infrequently I am constituted the umpire. This keeps me on my guard against harboring moss-grown conclusions supposed to be indicative of a grandfather, and causes my grandchildren to prick up their ears at the discovery that one who has lived so long should not be moribund.

"You keep so abreast of the times, dear," said my wife Josephine the other day, "that, a generation or two ago, your sons-in-law might have felt justified in shutting you up as a lunatic."

I understood what she meant. Let it be said that Josephine with all her sense and keenness of perception is constitutionally partial to conservatism, and prefers the well-trodden highway to the unblazed mountain path which attracts the sociological pioneer. Indeed, fond admirer as I

am of the other sex and wonderful as it is at making the most or the best of what some man has found out, I am not altogether sure after a long life that woman has ever really originated anything. But this may merely prove either that I ought to be shut up or am sadly in need of the gold-rimmed spectacles already referred to.

Perhaps Josephine's conscience pricked her, for she hastened to anticipate my response to her sally at the expense of my eternal youth by adding:

"One would have to be really crazy or it couldn't happen now because of the legal safeguards. But you must admit, Fred, that most people at our age are content to have the world go on as it is."

"Whereas I——"

"Yes, it's splendid you're not like that. But don't forget, dear, it was I who had faith that we should fly. You were always sceptical concerning air-ships. I admit, though," she added, graciously, "that about most things—like the brotherhood of man, for instance—you are wonderfully progressive."

Possibly because of this sly reference to my incredulity regarding aerial navigation, I dismissed the subject by remarking, "I have never been sufficiently wealthy at any time, dear, to tempt my sons-in-law to deprive me of my liberty."

This had a sententious sound, and it may be that I sighed. My wife pondered my words for some moments, which showed that she did not intend to controvert them, and presently as the result of her reverie replied:

"I do not believe, Fred, that real wealth would have made us the least bit happier."

This was sweet of her; especially as Josephine, though conventional, never indulges in that form of cant which seeks spiritual consolation from the lack of what is really desired. She was merely expressing aloud her satisfaction with the treatment she had received from life during the holy state of matrimony and was continuing to receive as a grandmother. To be abreast of the times and happy, yet not really rich, may seem anomalous to a generation accustomed to associate any one in the van with ownership of touring cars, and to savor of socialism to magnates apt to suspect those who entertain modern ideas as possessing nothing but debts. Yet that

phrase of hers—"real wealth"—seemed to me such a happy epitome of changed conditions that I instantly adopted it as a philosophic term, and, musing in my turn before I answered, thus afforded my wife time to exonerate herself from even the appearance of smugness by remarking:

"You remember, Fred, the reply of the woman asked why she was buying such an elaborate wrap?—'To ride in other people's automobiles.' Of course we do ride occasionally in other people's autos; but even if we didn't, I am sure that it would make no difference in our happiness. Don't you think so?"

"Not the remotest; we couldn't have been happier," and I accompanied this prompt reassurance with an embrace, for Josephine resents, now that she is a grandmother, quite as much as before, what she terms by pretence my niggardliness in kisses. She delights in being a grandmother, but is decidedly sensitive at being called one, and enjoys any illusion which leads her to forget that all her contemporaries are growing old.

I knew what she had in mind: The automobile was merely a figure of speech. We could have scraped together the means to buy one, but were patiently waiting for a prophesied crash in automobiles as the consequence of mortgaging premises to pay for them, and thus far prices had not fallen. What Josephine meant was that wealth as it existed when we were young and set up housekeeping has become barely a competency and that a new generation has introduced a new standard of living by virtue of those huge industrial fortunes which have deprived the word "million" of distinction unless multiplied.

It is typical of a grandfather to imagine that everything has changed more completely since he occupied the centre of the stage than during any other equal phase of the human drama. Yet I am confident that it is not an exaggeration to assert that the world has moved faster, and the social changes of various sorts have been more striking during the half century since Josephine and I were married than during any corresponding period in the lives of our predecessors; and more noticeably in the interval since we celebrated our silver wedding and felt ourselves a hundred than before. From that day, to be sure, we have

been spectators chiefly, whereas previously we were engrossed by the active cares of life. But, after due allowance for a grandfatherly and grandmotherly propensity to study the present in the light of the past, Josephine and I share the opinion that the new generation is astonishingly different from our own, and not merely because it revels in the time and space annihilating conveniences of electricity and the lately redeemed promise of the conquest of the air. These are but symbols, though it may truly be said that a larger degree of responsibility rests on the telephone and the automobile than on any other material agent since the development of the steam-engine. What we have in mind is a matter of spirit—of point of view. And in promoting the changes there apparent what factor has been more potent than this real wealth, as Josephine termed it?

To identify myself further, let me state that I am a lawyer with an active practice, but not so lucrative that the expenses of my family have not nearly kept pace with my fairly large professional income. I have had my financial ups and downs, but my bills have always been paid promptly on the tenth of each month and I have managed to lay by something—a mere trifle. Certain honors have come to me. I delivered a Fourth of July oration; I am the President of our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Trustee of our Art Museum. Some years ago I was invited to run for Congress as an Independent in a hopelessly Republican District and narrowly escaped election. The driver of the local sight-seeing automobile, when he reaches the street on which I live, bawls through his megaphone, "residence of Frederick——, the well-known jury lawyer"; and although he points out as mine the stately mansion belonging to a wealthy acquaintance because it looks, I suppose, as if it ought to belong to me, the mention of my name in this public manner shows that I am not without standing in the community.

Moreover, my tastes and those of my family are social and not too severe. We are not unbending, but we also have our traditions, and have adopted neither "pleased to meet you" nor "mentality" as household words. That well-known club woman and publicist, Mrs. Mabel Flanders

Foote, whose acquaintance we made at Ocean-Lea, where we habitually pass the summer, thought of us as "society people" before she knew us better. She has told us so herself since.

Ocean-Lea, as some of you may know, combines delightfully the country and the sea. We selected it years and years ago because off the beaten path; and latterly we have continued to spend our summers there at the behest of the younger generation, whose friends have discovered it also and have made it decidedly fashionable. Mrs. Foote came thither seeking a bracing air, yet a spot where she could lecture occasionally to pecuniary advantage for the uplifting of a worldly summer population and thus pay her board. The cottage which she chose was within a stone's-throw of ours, which is little more than a bungalow.

It seems that her prepossessions of us were favorable; though she was suspicious of the way Josephine did her hair. But the revelation that the artistic country house, visible from her windows, with gay week-end parties constantly coming and going in automobiles, belonged to my daughter Winona, dispelled, for the time being, her hopeful conception of us as plain people on whom she might drop in whenever she felt like talking. After she also found out that we had pleasant social relations with the family of Hugh Armitt Dawson, the genuine multi-millionaire, at whose princely establishment, less than a mile away, the doings were popularly conceived to be inordinately extravagant, if not vicious, she drew in the tentacles of friendship with the brusque celerity of a horrified sea-anemone. Nor did she refrain from exclaiming, "What! Those painfully rich and purposeless people?"

Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote has become a valued friend. We understand her and she understands us. She is an intelligent and suggestive if somewhat monotonously earnest woman, whose opinions I shall have occasion frequently to quote. The most curious factor in our mutual appreciation is that it is a by-product of the intimacy formed that summer between her and my daughter Winona, whom at a bird's-eye view she had convicted of social levity.

It seems that Mrs. Foote's aspersion of the Hugh Armitt Dawsons was addressed to my wife Josephine, who in a quiet way

has always the courage of her convictions, and who contented herself at the moment with the remark, "If you knew them better you would hold a very different opinion." But she straightway entered on a campaign of education, the first step of which was to invite this stern critic to accompany her to call on her daughter. This was on the day after Mrs. Foote had delivered at the Ocean-Lea town-hall, by what was termed general request (subscriptions steadfastly solicited at two dollars per ticket) her new lecture on American Womanhood, and was still bristling with her subject. The Dawsons had subscribed liberally, but their seats were occupied by the governess and some of the servants. Josephine and I lived too near the beneficiary not to go, and I succeeded by means of a bribe in inducing both my daughters, a daughter-in-law, and a granddaughter to accompany us, believing that we all might imbibe some new ideas.

The lecturer, having pointed out in the course of her thesis that in the early days of our Republic most of the wearing apparel and many of the comestibles, now the product of manufactories, were made or prepared by wives and daughters at the home, and having touched on the toiling masses and their present propensity for canned food, continued with the following antithesis: "At the other extreme may be found a large class of women who, with the coffers of husband and father filled to overflowing with the results of the successful management of what was formerly woman's work, find themselves with a possession hitherto unknown to woman—leisure time. These women have enlarged their homes, increased the adornment of their persons, and given themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure and to a life of self-indulgence."

The mental processes of women have all the swooping qualities of air-ships. I am not referring to the lecturer's tirade, but to the working of my wife's mind when I happened by way of reminiscence to point a slightly jocose moral in her presence apropos of Mrs. Foote's subsequent conversion. I was saying:

"Your hint to Mrs. Dawson was a master-stroke, my dear. The glamour of a luncheon there was irresistible."

"You mustn't put it so grossly, Fred," she murmured. "The luncheon was edu-

cational on both sides. You appreciate as fully as I the interesting subtleties of the situation; how Mrs. Foote went away ready to acknowledge that nine-tenths of the world can not know how the other tenth lives merely by newspaper hearsay, and they were surprised to find what an agreeable woman she was."

And then it was that Josephine's mind went off at a tangent and made the aerial swoop referred to. For she suddenly became pensive and after laughing softly said, "I must admit, Fred, that I took her that day to see Winona in fear and trembling, not having chosen to compromise myself by warning the dear child that we were coming; and it certainly seemed providential that we hit on a morning when Winona had her little ones grouped around her, quietly attentive as mice, and was reading to them, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers,' with specimens they had picked the day before on the table beside her. You may call that a master-stroke, if you choose. Of course it showed Winona at her best—the real Winona."

Josephine, as she paused, sighed involuntarily, and I was brute enough to supply the ellipsis by adding:

"Whereas——"

But she cut me short. "You needn't go on. It isn't necessary to elucidate or enumerate."

I obeyed orders, choosing not to press the matter, as I knew that Josephine was a little sensitive, for the reason that her eldest granddaughter—our daughter Josie's child, Dorothy Perkins—had been caught red-lipped with a cigarette in her mouth only the previous week, and the shortcomings of posterity loomed large for the time being. Besides, I had no wish to disturb the serene reflection that we—or rather Josephine—had been constituted an agent of Providence in opening the eyes of the social classes concerning each other. I surmise that Mrs. Foote may have expected to find Winona playing "bridge" at high noon, but she was certainly unprepared for the discovery that Mr. Hugh Armitt Dawson was not an embodiment of all the fleshly vices under the guise of a fashionable exterior, but a man of personal simplicity and intellectual tastes. During the luncheon itself, which though formally served and deliciously cooked, lacked spectacular features, I could

see that she was endeavoring to adapt her conversation to the level of a rank materialist—a sort of human boa constrictor, whose ruling passion was to swallow creatures smaller than itself by the process of gambling. With this stricture in her mind, it must have been surprising to find herself listening to an account of his library, especially of two collections, one comprising every edition and the entire bibliography of a favorite English poet, the other all the extant printed matter throughout the civilized world bearing on co-operative industrial partnerships.

I am not without suspicions that Mrs. Dawson varies her behavior according to her company. It would not astonish me to hear that she had given orders that cigarettes should not be offered to the ladies on this occasion. In the interval after luncheon, before the men returned, it seems that she talked of pictures and of gardens in a manner so delightful as to leave no doubt in any mind that she was an ardent lover of both, and afterward she revealed a familiarity with what her guest was seeking to accomplish for homeless working-girls which could not have been simulated, however much of a social chameleon she may be. Mrs. Foote's conversion really was accomplished when with her host and hostess on either side she made a grand tour of the greenhouses, stables, parkway, Italian garden, and terraces. I have heard her tell the story: "It mortified me to find" (to quote her own words) "with what scientific thoroughness they had approached many subjects in regard to which I had imagined them to be misinformed and totally indifferent. After all, one must not forget that they too are Americans."

It is a pleasant reflection that, as the result of Josephine's campaign of education, Mrs. Foote has not only borrowed her mentor's shibboleth, "If you knew them better, you would alter your opinion," but has tempered the objectionable passage in her lecture on American Womanhood, so as to afford a bird's-eye glimpse of Winona reading "How to Know the Wild Flowers" to her children and the admirable saving graces of certain multi-millionaires. If in public she still throws upon the wealthy the burden of exculpating themselves from the popular presumption of their worthlessness, she does not conceal (from us) that her new

lecture, "What the Social Classes Owe to One Another," was directly inspired by her enlightenment. In this she enlarges upon her epigram, "they too are Americans," by admonishing her hearers to remember that the rich are really a portion of themselves, the moral of which might be said to be that self-righteousness and envy are second cousins.

And yet (which explains why Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote's conversion is immediately relevant to the topic "real wealth")—having succeeded in correcting her misapprehensions that those who think in millions and purchase precious stones and old masters with the freedom which the rest of us associate with the expenditure of a nickel, are devoid of domestic virtues, I cannot as the grandfather of fifteen grandchildren, whose excursions and friendships among the abnormally rich have afforded me the opportunity to survey the social arena at short range, blind myself to various modern manifestations which seem directly or at least partially traceable to the influence of inordinate possessions.

II

"BUT what do you regard as inordinate possessions?" asked Josephine, with whom I was discussing the subject.

I realized at once the pertinency of the inquiry, for it compelled a reflective pause, which my wife saw fit to terminate by the pensive words—"It's so hard to tell. When we started house-keeping forty years ago any one with half a million was considered rich, and a millionaire was more or less of a curiosity. Nowadays, people with merely a million are only comfortably well off, and among multi-millionaires themselves I dare say that even five millions are regarded as genteel millionaire poverty."

"And yet," I interjected, by way of rounding out the contrast, "my father used to tell me that in his day one hundred thousand dollars was a fortune."

"Yes, dear." Josephine ruminated a moment before adding, "I'm inclined to think, Fred, that after about five, or possibly seven, millions it doesn't really matter much except for the purpose of owning railroads or endowing colleges and libraries. Take Mr. Dawson, for instance. Of course he's disgustingly rich, as Mrs. Foote terms

it ever since her conversion; but I don't suppose he is able to afford more than all the necessary things and all the things he really doesn't need. Don't you see what I mean? Besides several establishments the family can have tiaras and numerous automobiles and buy now and then an old master. But I don't imagine he has a quarter of fifty millions, for instance, and presumably from the stand-point of those who have—and take the entire world, there is quite a sprinkling of them—he is a—er—pauper.”

“Sh!” I ejaculated. “You shock me. You seem to forget, my dear, that I was once indicted by an indignant press for intimating that a man with an income of ten thousand dollars a year could get more out of life than one with fifteen hundred.”

“I remember. That was twenty years ago. It isn't much to-day. You know, Fred, that I don't care a straw about all those things—the establishments, tiaras, and the rest. I never have. I don't want them. And it is one of the satisfactions of my life that my children have had to make their own way and were not hampered at the start by being disgustingly or inordinately or even respectably rich. Winona, to be sure, was so lucky as to marry a man with money enough for them to live comfortably. But the others have had to wait. Think how much pleasure they would have lost if they could buy everything they saw and satisfy every longing by drawing a cheque. Would we have missed for anything our planning, economizing, and even scraping? And I'm sure it's the same with them. It's the struggle that's the fun.”

I have already indicated that Josephine has no propensity for cant. Nor did it seem necessary to call her attention to the slight inconsistency contained in her reference to Winona, which I was sure she would be able to explain. I was proud that her simplicity and sterling sense had been proof against the wear and tear of a maximum ten thousand dollars a year, and that the dazzle of genteel millionaire poverty had not obscured the truth first discovered by Midas, that happiness is apt to be disproportionate to the ability to have everything. But the desire to resume the thread of our discussion, which had slightly swerved from the central point, and in the same breath to allude to a phase of the struggle which she appeared to me to be

overlooking, led me to remark after a few words of sympathetic acquiescence:

“But what satisfied us is too apt not to satisfy the rising generation.”

By using the impersonal phrase, rising generation, I was able to shield myself from the reproach of maligning my own offspring, being well aware that Josephine, though candidly critical of her children if left to her own devices, resents all other strictures, even mine. By recourse to a comprehensive expression I conveyed my meaning, which was aimed far more directly at other people's children than at my own, and at the same time gave her the opportunity to take the lead in a more personal application if she chose.

“That's the dreadful side to it,” she murmured with almost a tragic air. “And it's everywhere. Ours are not the only ones. Indeed, Fred, everything considered, I think the children have done remarkably well. Of course, Winona entertains a great deal. And I admit all four have automobiles. How David and even Josie manage with other things besides is a mystery. It seems their own children insisted on it. The younger generation has the automobile on the brain, and you and I are nearly the only people in the United States who do not own one. And it isn't only autos; one can't make a scape-goat of them; it's everything. And it's not only our class, it's every class; and so it goes. Yet all the time everything is rising in price, often by leaps and bounds—servants, house-rent, eggs, butter, milk, and all the necessities of life, except, possibly, oil, sugar, and cheap ready-made clothing. There's some plausible excuse given for every increase—as in the case of milk, for instance, it costs so much to keep it free from germs. But if prices don't stop going up and everybody insisting on having everything, what will become presently not of the poor man, but of every one who is not inordinately rich?”

“You look at me, Josephine, as if you thought I were a political economist. I am merely a social philosopher; a spectator, and chronicler like yourself, but without your flashes of genius.”

“Pshaw! But you are a man. It seems to me that some man ought to have discovered the root of the matter long before this—whether it's the tariff or the increase in the production of gold as you call it. Most

of the so-called intelligent men, when one talks of ruinous prices, answer serenely, 'it's the increase of gold,' and stop short as if that were a stone wall."

This had been my own experience, and I did not see fit to allude to the sardonic stare with which a banker once regarded me when I asked him why no attempt was made to limit the output of the standard of value. He evidently considered me as next of kin to a lunatic.

"Josephine," I answered a little loftily, using a current aphorism, "when gold is cheap commodities are dear; which means that lands, hereditaments, provisions, and automobiles are more valuable than money."

"If no man is able to discover the remedy, it's time for some woman to try her hand at it. There must be a way of preventing prices from going up continuously. Our great-grandchildren will be bankrupt otherwise."

Although I have no fossilized preconceptions concerning the limits of woman's genius, political economy has been so exclusively a domain of man that I hedged between acquiescence and dissent by the glittering generality, "The problem seems to baffle the wisest heads of the universe. We are told that what is true here regarding the cost of living is true the world over."

There is a certain amount of comfort to be derived from the assurance that any given state of affairs is not peculiar. It tends to substitute a more philosophic train of thought for personal or local misgivings. If what is true here is also true not merely of national conditions but of those in China and Peru, a grandfather may well pause before he indicts the rising generation on the strength of personal observation. Yet the facts within the range of one's own experience are always eloquent, and I am free to confess that in this particular case enumeration puts the rest of the world and philosophy in the shade when Josephine and I attempt to inventory the things considered essential to the comfort of the descendants of the people we know. Not only have the sheer luxuries of fifty years ago become the necessities of to-day, but the world finds difficulty in doing without a large variety of requirements which were either non-existent or had not been imagined when we were young. Here is a casual list which Josephine provided almost in a single breath,

together with her (or my) comments in the margin.

NECESSARIES FOR AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE WITH SEVERAL CHILDREN, BENT ON ECONOMY, BUT AMBITIOUS TO DO WELL:

Fresh butter, thick cream, and grapefruit.

What is life without them?

Separate tiled bath-rooms with electric light and modern plumbing.

Indispensable; but in our time one bathroom sufficed for the family.

Numerous maids at five to ten dollars per week, according to the laws of competition, accentuated by feverish fears that the supply may give out altogether.

How are they going to get them otherwise? We paid half the price and obtained better service.

White paint, white dresses, white gloves.

Hygienic and cheerful, but need frequent renewing.

Five dollars for tickets every time one takes one's wife to the theatre.

One has to pay a ticket agent or make up one's mind a week ahead. We used to pay one dollar and fifty cents at the box-office.

Golf balls, seventy-five cents apiece.

They used to be forty cents, and we play the same old game.

Golf club, eighty dollars per year, and an extra charge to play golf.

Curious logic, but a sad fact.

Champagne whenever one entertains.

(Josephine.) Totally unnecessary. A ridiculous extravagance.

Flowers, ditto.

(Fred.) Ornamental, but a woman's fancy.

An automobile.

How do they manage to have one? We gave our children bicycles.

Chauffeur after husband has tired of taking care of it.

Winona has a treasure who will take his meals in the kitchen. Most of them won't.

A trip to Europe every now and then to recuperate.

Plus the duties one has to pay on what is brought home.

Family portraits.

Rarely successful.

The telephone.

Economizer of time and distance, but still an extra.

Fur coats for the household to ride in autos and sit at foot-ball games.

Is it better to run in debt or catch cold?

Savings for a flying-machine, with a careful eye to the future.

Life-insurance is so slow.

In contrasting the modern house, especially the country house, with its spacious, luxurious devices for making everybody comfortable, with that of fifty years ago, one is reminded of the plaintive domestic inquiry in *Alice in Wonderland* regarding the case of the sand beach:

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose, the walrus said,
That they could get it clear?
I doubt it, said the carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear."

Josephine properly omitted week-end house parties from her list of modern necessities, presumably for the reason that the typical young couple she had in mind were beneficiaries, not donors, of this form of entertainment. All that the guests at week-end house parties require are fur coats and attractive personalities. It is even possible sometimes to borrow a fur coat, and a truly hospitable host is expected to keep an extra supply. But if there is one factor more than another which has revolutionized social life by providing scope to the rich and a new and wider horizon to the young, it is the week-end house party.

When Josephine and I were young a spring or autumn visit to friends in the country was somewhat of an event. We looked forward to a certain amount of personal discomfort as regards warmth and bathing facilities in exchange for husking bees and the beauties of nature. How delightful were those rambles through the woods, when the fresh verdure of spring gladdened the eyes, or we picked a winding path through the dry leaves and chestnut burrs on Indian summer days which emulated perfection! Yet how frigid were those old-fashioned bedrooms, with their thin partitions, on a frosty night, and how the windows stuck and rattled! An occasional ride on horseback with one's sweetheart was a favor, for it was necessary to spare

the horses; and reading aloud, twenty questions, or telling ghost stories were the favorite diversions following a high tea limited to two courses.

One must be a grandfather to realize completely the contrast. Do you happen to know our granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins? I think you must, by sight, at any rate, for her picture is so constantly in the newspapers. A very pretty girl—so every one says—the eldest child of my daughter Josie, who, as I believe I have intimated, is a sweetly conventional woman and was at the same age sensitive and rather retiring. There is no doubt that of all our granddaughters, and we have at least half a dozen, we are expected to be the proudest of Dorothy. She is a great social success to begin with, which is on her own merits, for her father, though a successful architect, is far from wealthy. One reason why she seems to be such a success is that she is so natural—as her friends say; is on such easy terms with the young men ("jollies" them the phrase is), calls them all by their Christian names, and is what is termed such a thorough sport. This means that she is extremely proficient at games, tennis especially, though she plays golf, rides horses man fashion, steers an auto, and sails a thirty-footer equally well. She wears queer-looking garments to meet the exigencies of exercise, which include short corduroy skirts, top boots, masculine neckwear, long woolly coats and squash hats; so it is not always easy to distinguish her at a distance from my grandsons. But she is very amiable and popular. Queerly enough her mother dotes on everything she does and assures me confidently, when I occasionally hazard surprise at Dorothy's unconventional doings, that girls are "different" nowadays, and that she merely emphasizes the prevailing type.

Or do you know my namesake, Frederick 3d, my son Fred's eldest boy? Possibly not, for young men after leaving college are not so conspicuous as the girls. He was no less prominent in athletics than his father before him, and shortly before graduation was offered a salaried position as pitcher by two professional base-ball teams—a tribute which distinguished him at once from the herd of his contemporaries. He resisted, however, the temptation to remain in what is termed the lime-light, and

is now busily employed downtown, a vigorous, manly looking young fellow, and like his cousin, Dorothy Perkins, a social success. It is, indeed, because of their exceptionally engaging social qualities, as reported to me, that I single these young people out from the rest of my grandchildren.

Yet I rarely see either of them. When I visit their homes on Saturday or Sunday they are never there. The parental excuses, which are almost pathetic, have become stereotyped: "Dorothy will be sorry to miss you, father, but she has gone to the Flaggs for Sunday. One of their week-end house parties in their large, new country house. Ten girls and ten young men." "Your namesake is almost as much of a stranger to us as to you. This is the eighth Sunday in succession that he has been away. We expected he would be here, but at ten o'clock last evening, Beverly Gore came for him in an automobile; what could he do? Now that he is working so hard he needs all the fresh air and exercise he can get. But just as he was slamming the front door, he put his head in and shouted, 'Give my love to grandpa.' Wasn't it sweet of him? You can't blame him after that."

Surely not. These maternal explanations would convince an ogre, and a grandfather ought to be the most indulgent of beings. The plea for fresh air and recreation is not to be gainsaid. It is both natural and sensible that the young should yearn to exchange the confines of the city, where the dust is laid by oil and the tall silk hat is obsolete only in ultra fashionable circles, for the freedom and freshness of rustic or suburban surroundings. Why does the vendor of city houses for the well-to-do newly married repine? Because of the exodus from town to this or that settlement within a radius of thirty miles in search of breathing space. Electricity by superseding the flaring bed-room candle and annihilating distance has brought them into such close touch with metropolitan conveniences that residence in the country the year round becomes no hardship. Their fashionable forefathers left their city homes for ninety days at a summer resort, returning punctually before the dreaded equinoctial storm in September. Those who own both town and country house to-day lengthen from year to year their separation from bricks and asphalt, so that departure now

antedates the coming of the Mayflower (or tax collector), and return is protracted beyond the Harvard-Yale foot-ball match until almost Christmas.

From this reasonable premise that one's home for nine months in the year should be comfortable, it is easy to argue that abundant space demands greater luxury. So one pleasant extravagance succeeds another and the walrus's seven maids with seven mops soon constitute merely genteel convenience. Not only have the well-to-do newly married appropriated the suburbs, but the really rich have rediscovered the country, and spread themselves upon it opulently. Their modern establishments ape and outvie those of the English country gentleman. But the owners lack the ties and traditions of their prototype. They are neither magisterial landlords nor patronizing almoners in partnership with an ancient church, working through obsequious curates. To the rank and file of the subsidized neighborhood they remain "those queer multi-millionaires with money to burn who bought Foster's timber-land," and by so doing raised the dignity of that once pitiful asset, the abandoned farm, to the level of a gilt-edged security. Yet what a godsend these extravagant new-comers have been to many a small country town rusting out from debt and the departure of its young people for the cities. The cry "back to the farm" is reinforced by the thrifty hope of having something else to sell. Hence the more energetic and less grudging stifle their emotions by raising produce and chickens for the nourishment of the invaders; yet observe with a mixture of disapproval, curiosity, and enjoyment the obliteration of their landmarks by terraced gardens, ornamental preserves, golf links, tennis-courts, and the smoothed, broadened highway over which speed and thunder myriads of dust-provoking automobiles—in one of the largest and swiftest of which are sure to be found my grandchildren, Dorothy Perkins and Frederick 3d.

Have you ever attended a week-end house party for young people at a home of the really rich? If so you cannot fail to have been impressed by the hum of vitality, the whirl of excitement, and the complete lack of opportunity for the spiritual restfulness which former generations have sought in the presence of nature. Instead of

sauntering two by two, lover-like couples wooing the seclusion of the wood paths and lanes, youthful society to-day travels in bunches, ever eager to be on the move, to be transported swiftly from one form of exercise to another until the body becomes pleasantly wearied, then fed gastronomically, and lest some one be bored, cajoled with expensive social novelties by prodigal hosts bent on pleasing. In the language of its vernacular there must be something "doing" all the time; which means a succession of open-air sports until dark, followed by a gay dinner-dance which may or may not compete in lateness with those of the city and prolongs to the last gasp the programme of rush and tension with which the day began.

What becomes of the simple life in this process? What room for books, contemplative silence, and self-scrutiny? These inquiries force themselves upon us against our wills, for it is only a grumpy grandfather who seeks to fasten upon those who come after the reproach of degeneration. Indeed, Josephine and I prefer to echo stoutly our daughter's phrase concerning these young people that, as a prevailing type, they are merely "different." Recall the healthy, glowing physique of both sexes; their energetic, vigorous movements, their entire naturalness and absence of ceremony or restraint in social intercourse, their honesty, hatred of shams, and fine animal spirits. What if my granddaughter Dorothy Perkins smokes? What if she permits young men to call her by her Christian name the second time she meets them? Every one says she could have passed the Harvard or Yale college examinations had she chosen to. What if my grandson Frederick 3d is so heedless of ownership in regard to clothing that the initials on the articles of his wardrobe include the son of the president of the United States and the janitor of his college dormitory? What if he drives a motor-car at breakneck speed,

plays "bridge" at times, and continuously exaggerates the value of athletics? We are assured that his morals are far superior to those of two generations ago, and that both his mind and body are clean as a smelt.

In the face of such positive virtues the opinion that the rising generation is merely "different" may well suffice for a grandfather who would be thought progressive. When we seek an explanation of the difference, surely a plausible one is to be found in the lavish expenditures of the very wealthy whose inclination for competitive splendor, egged on by that American tendency, of which we all are conscious, to deny nothing to the young lest they cease to love us, tends to debauch the rising generation by giving a false value to merely material things and by starving those channels to the brain which nourish the finer senses.

I set forth this conclusion in much the same words the other day for the benefit of my wife Josephine, remarking also that I intended to expound it at the next meeting of my dinner club, which includes men so well qualified to judge and of such varied experience as Dr. Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases, my pastor, the Rev. Bradley Mason, and Gillespie Gore (great uncle of young Beverly Gore who has been fined three times for over-speeding), the former society beau and still a well-preserved man of fashion.

"Every word is true," said Josephine; then she continued a little plaintively, "I was perfectly right, Fred, in stating that one can have seven or at least five millions nowadays without being really rich. You thought at the time I was wandering from the point, but I wasn't. With less than that it isn't possible to have all the things which some people to-day think essential for comfort. But," she concluded with a sigh, "it makes it hard for the poor dears with less who have got used to having so many extra things."

(To be continued.)



A WINTER CRUISE

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD



E made up our minds in less than no time, and with the accustomed ardor of all young people when realizing their desires, we set to work organizing our expedition.

We had decided to accept the Janviers' invitation to spend our Christmas holidays shooting and fishing aboard their sail yacht *Korrigan*, and once the resolve taken we began hurrying all over Paris, rejoicing in this unlooked-for escapade, and anxious to lay in our provisions and be off.

There were five of us: two Frenchmen, two American women, and a Parisian poet, who declared himself a citizen of the universe. Before the latter was invited, however, it was suggested that it might be extremely dangerous to take a dreamer along on a hunting trip; but as Delorme is a delightful fellow, a brilliant talker, and a close friend of ours, who declared that he would never lift a gun, but rather raise his voice to denounce us blood-thirsty mortals, all protestations were overruled, and he was asked to join.

Accordingly the 18th of December, 1907, found us at the Gare St. Lazare, booted, armed, equipped, and encumbered with packages as though we were going to the North Pole. Janvier at the telegraph office wired last instructions to his sailors. H. was busy making up accounts on a leather register bought for the occasion, while Bertha and I were on the lookout for the belated poet.

"All aboard! all aboard!" cried the guard. We had barely time to jump into our compartment, and as the train left the station we cast a last glance onto the platform, but no Delorme was to be seen, and all along the route we lamented his absence and the misadventure that had detained him.

An hour later, as we pulled up at the first station—Dreux, I think—a head wearing a high silk hat bobbed into our compartment window.

"Delorme!" we cried with one voice.

"Here I am." Turning the handle he opened the door and entered. As he did so, we all set up a cry of surprise, for beneath his great fur coat we discovered that he wore full evening dress. He understood our amazement, and hardly waited to compose himself.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, "but I was in Madame de Rey's drawing-room, waiting for dinner to be announced, when suddenly it dawned on me that you were leaving this evening at eight o'clock. It was striking seven then, and the Countess lives beyond the Eiffel Tower. Raising my eyes toward Heaven, 'Let me go! I must go!' I murmured. Then dashing into the anteroom, I seized my coat. 'Tell your mistress it is an inspiration! An inspiration!' I cried to the astonished servant, as I hurried down the stairs and literally threw myself into a taxicab. In the carriage I remembered something having been said about my bringing preserves or pastries, so I got down at Bourbonneux, and presently I was running madly across the station court. Eight o'clock! I never stopped to think of a ticket, but brushing past every one, I somehow or other got onto the platform. The gate was shut! I could just see the train moving off. Over the fence I went, raced down the quai, and fairly fell into the baggage car, much to the surprise of the guard, who after all was obliged to accept my presence, as he couldn't very well put me out. Nice chap, too, that guard! I fixed matters up with him. We even discussed metaphysics, which he didn't seem to know much about, and here I am. Only I'm afraid your pastries are a little the worse for the trip." And amid our general laughter he produced and commenced to untie a sticky-looking package which proved to contain the crushed remains of cakes and tarts, floating on a river of variegated sauces, all he had had time to snatch at Bourbonneux. We shortly de-

spatched the mess by the car window, and Janvier turned his attention to Delorme's costume.

"But how on earth are you going to manage with that attire?"

"Oh, don't worry. I'll find something in Granville." And thus laughing and joking we continued our route, until at length at 4 A. M. we reached our destination.

Granville was dead and the station deserted save for two giant sailors, who, smiling from ear to ear, stood there, cap in hand, to greet us. They put our baggage onto a hand-cart, and led the way through the streets of the silent little city, where, for economy's sake, the street lamps are not lighted after 11 P. M. We were therefore obliged to feel our way in the darkness, each carefully surveying his steps, and all looking after the poet, whose evening pumps were anything but practical for such purposes.

Arriving at a small public square, a fresh sea-breeze blew briskly into our faces and we could just distinguish the mast-heads in the starlight. Delorme sought a sheltered corner and struck a match.

BIDANET

Confections pour hommes. Spécialité pour la marine

(Men's tailor. Marine suits a specialty)

read a sign above our heads. The poet made a rush for the door and began knocking with all his might. Presently we all joined him, and in the silence of the night the sound redoubled in volume. At length a voice within cried:

"In Heaven's name what's the trouble? Who's there?"

"Open, we are customers."

"Go your way, good-for-nothings! Drunkards!"

"But there is a fire!" shouted Delorme.

"Fire! Fire!" echoed the voice, and as the bolts were drawn, a dishevelled, night-gowned, night-capped, masculine figure appeared in the doorway, holding a candle.

"Fire! Fire! What? Who? When? Where?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Delorme. "But what I want is to purchase some clothes."

Here Janvier stepped forward:

"Calm yourself, good sir; calm your fears. My friend here is on his way to

Jersey, taking an unexpected trip, and needs clothes to make a change." He repeated his explanation to a woman that appeared on the scene, and who, less frightened than her husband, prepared to execute our orders.

Delorme, obliged to procure a complete outfit, had to make his choice among piles of clothes that for years had lain on the shelves of the old store. He finally finished by selecting a bottle-green suit (such as wear the eccentric singers in a vaudeville show), a pair of fur-lined boots, some knitted underwear, and several variegated mufflers, not to mention a dozen seamen's handkerchiefs, on whose borders was stamped the "History of France," the "Sailor's Manual," and other useful knowledge. The whole was topped by an old-fashioned cap with ear muffs, which surely dated from the time when the Orleans reigned over France. At length the poet asked for a valise, but the old woman had none.

"There's my old travelling-sack," put in her husband, who commenced to regain his senses, and seeing a man in full evening dress buying everything at no matter what cost, supposed he was dealing with a criminal, some important thief in haste to get out of the country and reach Jersey; he therefore profited by the circumstances to ask exorbitant prices for his goods. He left us a moment and we heard him rummaging in the back of the store, and then presently he reappeared carrying the most extraordinary bag I have ever laid eyes on. It was what we call a carpet-sack, embroidered with large flowers, and ornamented with leather handles and borders, whereon were hammered brass-headed nails forming festoons and the owner's initials.

We could hardly suppress our merriment, especially as the old fellow emptied out his winter provision of chestnuts, and with tears in his voice, demanded forty francs (eight dollars) for the relic, saying it was the only remembrance he possessed of his departed father. When it was new, the thing couldn't have been worth more than two dollars. But have it we must. So Delorme paid, and we quickly packed the other purchases and started on our way, passing through the already animated and picturesque fish-market, where white-capped merchants

were busy preparing their fish for transportation by an early train.

When we reached the docks not a living soul was to be seen. In the distance the wind howled mournfully, and beneath our feet the waves rolled sullenly toward the shore. A glimmering light on the water guided us.

"There is the *Korrigan*," announced Janvier, and presently the yacht, all sails hoisted, loomed up before us. By the aid of perpendicular ladders we climbed down to the deck, and then:

"All right, François," said Janvier, and slowly the boat began to turn.

"Coffee is ready in the saloon," a polite young jack tar informed us, and we eagerly drank the steaming beverage that the sailors had prepared and served on a dainty white cloth, in a room where everything, even a bunch of winter roses, was arranged to complete our enchantment.

When Janvier joined us in the cabin we greeted him with a rousing "Hurrah!" and after breakfast he proceeded to allot us our places. Leading the way through to a little chamber, "You" (nodding to me), "will sleep here, and my wife opposite in that lower berth. There are two bunks and a couch forward, for which we men shall draw lots, so don't worry about us."

Sleep, which we had thus far evaded, now began to overtake us, so Bertha and I lay down for an impromptu nap, and when

next we woke it was to hear François calling luncheon. We hastened on deck, but were unable to see Chausey, the islands we were heading for, on account of a slight fog,

but our sailors announced that we would reach there shortly after our early luncheon, although we were obliged to go most cautiously.

The men had planned to set the seines for fish as soon after we reached the "dead water" as they could conveniently do so; so while waiting for the boat to gain the desired position, we commenced to become acquainted with our delightful craft and her crew.

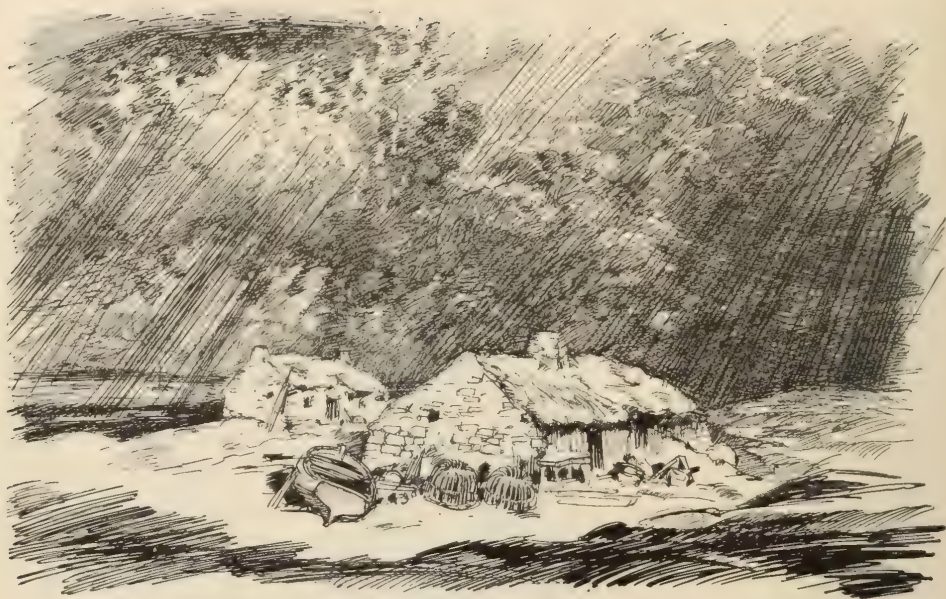
The *Korrigan* is a twenty-ton boat, all painted white, with a narrow gold rim around her hull, which is deep and strong, having been constructed to bear the heavy seas in the Channel, and on the coast of Brittany. Within as without white predominates, and the walls are ornamented by Japanese prints representing exotic fish and marine scenes, while

all the necessary appointments, such as hooks, chest-handles, and door-knobs, are of shining nickel. Cozey seats and comfortable cushions were to be found everywhere, and we were in ecstasies about the delightful interior, where nothing was lacking, not even a little library of well-selected books.

Our two sailors were sturdy Normans, with clear, piercing blue eyes; those eyes that are characteristic of that whole race



It was what we call a carpet-sack, with leather handles and borders, whereon were hammered brass-headed nails forming the owner's initials.—Page 66.



Chausey.

of daring adventurers, which still exists in these parts. The elder man's name was François Bultel, the younger's, Paul Davout; the latter our cook, our butler, our steward, and later on, our chambermaid, washing and ironing our clothes, and sewing on lost buttons as dexterously as he handled the sails, made a sauce, baited a line, or fired a gun. A most precious person on such an expedition.

"*On arrive*" (we are arriving) was called down from above, and as we approached, the winter sun struggled through the clouds and danced feebly in the water, making it just possible for us to see the details of the shore in front of us. It was like a fairy scene, an hallucination come true, for I could just distinguish hills and vales, still half-hidden in the mist, and I was anxious to know how much was imaginary vision, and how much was real.

Soon we began to glide between overhanging rocks, and it seemed as though we were arriving in some prehistoric landscape. Surely this must be the spot where shy water-gods chose to dwell, and sirens and naiads abounded.

The air was strong and bracing; so strong that it was almost intoxicating, and I felt my whole being vibrating beneath its force. I was glad to be alive. I rejoiced in my youth, and all worldly cares were

obliterated as I stood there breathing in the invigorating gusts, my body aglow, my soul attune to every new sensation that nature was producing. Surely the others shared my emotions, for we were grouped together in silence as the boat silently wended its way over the rippleless water. The stillness was magnificent, yet reposeful, and it was as though we were arriving in a hitherto undiscovered country of dreams, one of those unknown lands about which sing the authors of the "Thousand and One Nights."

The boat turned.

"*Mouille!*" cried François. The anchor dropped, and as it splashed into the water, thousands of unseen birds rose from a neighboring island and took flight. Bang! Bang! went a gun from the stern, and Janvier and H., already engaged in their favorite sport, were seen loading their rifles ready to pursue their prey.

The sail hung limp about the mast. Paul was in the small boat ready to put us huntsmen ashore, and presently we alighted, having left the poet comfortably rolled up in blankets on the deck, preparing to enjoy the treasures contained in a volume of Homer, while he sipped his tea in the open air.

From the time we touched shore until night closed in we pursued our exciting

sport, with every shot bringing down a white-winged creature, until at last I couldn't help feeling that ours was indeed a "bloody business," and that we were not unlike savages, bringing death and desolation with us to these hospitable shores.

As twilight fell about us we made haste to regain our boat, the men taking time to spread their net that François had brought ashore with him. They were obliged to hurry, the tide being about to turn, and as the fish follow the current, even a minute makes a difference. The smell of boiling soup mingled agreeably with the salt sea air as we pulled back to the *Korrigan*, and we fairly devoured our dinner, our exercise in the open air having given us ravenous appetites.

We turned in early, H. and I having promised to help lift the nets, while Jan-

vier, his wife, and Paul were going to lie in wait for wild ducks. In the middle of the night I heard some one gently rapping on my door.

"Yes?"

"Madame, it is time for the nets."

H. and I dressed quickly, left the others slumbering peacefully, and made our way toward the deck. François, who met us at the foot of the hatch, smilingly offered us a tiny glass of brandy and some dry biscuits.

"Take it. You'll need it. It's cold outside."

We reached the deck, jumped into the boat and rowed toward the beach, which the tide was rapidly uncovering, though our net could not as yet be seen. François waded into the water, lifted one end of it, and then turned and said:



Hauling the net, Chausey Fishermen.

"I think we have had luck."

Luck, I should think so, and when at length it came time to haul in, it took all our strength to raise the seine. Sole, turbot, skate, flounders, eels, and snappers soon lay floundering in the bottom of the boat, and, our hands bleeding, our backs nearly broken, we kept on pulling in the heavily laden net. Our load was so weighty that I almost feared for our little craft, but after an hour and a half's absence, we managed to land our cargo, and I retired to my berth to finish my interrupted sleep, while the Janviers made ready to hunt on some distant island. I didn't awake until they returned, and coming on deck a most magnificent sight greeted my eyes. Hundreds of fish lay all about, their silver scales flashing in the sunshine, while here and there lay ducks, heron, and curlews, some twenty birds in all, the fruit of the morning's sport.

"A veritable Snyders," exclaimed the poet, and surely 'twould have been a treat for the great master to gaze on so superb a subject for a painting.

"But what are we going to do with so much fish and game? It seems a pity to have killed so many birds. We will never be able to eat half of them."

"Oh, we have friends," said Janvier, smiling, and looking at François and Paul, whose eyes twinkled knowingly.

"To-night we shall leave here, and tomorrow morning when you get up we shall be in the Sound, and then I shall show you the Mother Island."

And true enough, at daylight we sailed into a little harbor where several small fishing smacks were moored. Numbers of little boats were seen pushing off from the shore; the *Korrigan*, though unexpected at this season, had been recognized at a distance, and presently men and boys were clambering over her sides, welcoming Janvier in the heartiest manner. Big and little they strode up to him and shook his hands, and our friend seemed delighted to greet his old companions.

We didn't wait to anchor, but went ashore almost immediately, landing at the foot of a little stone light-house, whose guardians rushed forward to help us alight. Decidedly our arrival had revolutionized the island!

Our first excursion was made to the light-house itself, from where we were able to get a general view of the Mother Island, and we soon discovered a very rocky landscape, bounded by the sea, notched here and there by little beaches, with a semaphore marking its opposite extremity. Presently we descried several small thatched houses, the vestiges of an old abbey, two or three deep ravines, the skeletons of some lonely trees, and then some thin-looking cattle, who didn't seem to mind the great roar of the wind or the mighty waves that dashed themselves into foam against the huge boulders.

Janvier informed us that sixty-five persons, fishermen, customs officers, and guardians, dwelt here, and then we commenced to pick our way along the paths in the direction of the church and the rectory.

"Our first visit must be made on the curate," he explained, "for he is the chief official here, not only accomplishing his ecclesiastical duties as father and confessor of this curious little flock, but also acting as schoolmaster, magistrate, postman, and often medical adviser."

When shortly we came to a deserted little enclosure that must have served as a garden in summer-time, Janvier opened the gate and we all followed him toward the house, from which issued the sound of childish voices:

"B A, Ba. D A, Da."

Janvier rapped on the window.

"Good-day, Curate, good-day!"

A round, rosy, gold-spectacled face appeared behind the pane.

"Monsieur Janvier! What a joyful surprise!" And the good priest hurried to open his door, shaking our hands most heartily as each of us was presented.

"But you have come to spend Christmas with us? How lovely! What good news! Can't I make you comfortable here at the rectory?"

And then we ourselves began pressing him with questions, to which he had hardly time to reply, so busy was he getting out and dusting a set of glasses and opening a bottle of white wine which an old sailor, his servant and helper, now brought in.

Heaths were proposed and drunk, and the interrupted spelling lesson seemed almost forgotten until a pummelling sound and a sharp wail from the corner reminded



The curate and his little flock.

us that we were not the only occupants of the room. We turned to see three small boys and as many little girls engaged in a lively scuffle, and it soon became evident that outside assistance would be necessary to separate them. The good curate pulled them apart, and then tried to restore order among his rebellious pupils, in the meantime explaining that three Robins were trying to down three Tout Mangis; that is to say, the Montagus and the Capulets of Chausey were fighting for supremacy, their feud, which dated since 1856, having arisen over some lobster pots, which the Tout Mangis accused the Robins of having secretly opened and devastated.

"Certainly it *has* happened that a Romeo Robin married a Juliet Tout Mangis, but each succeeding generation has continued the war, and no amount of punishment, sermons, and even whole days of catechism have sufficed to extinguish the ardor of the youngsters."

The curate had hardly turned his back e'er they were on their feet and ready for

the fray, and I assure you the poor old man had all he could do to look after those human demons.

We made him promise to come and dine with us on board the *Korrigan* that same evening, and then we took our leave, and started down a steep incline which led toward three cottages and a couple of hovels, pompously called "The City."

One of the houses is the summer home of two old maiden ladies, the owners of the island; the second is occupied by their farmer, and the other one belongs to Monsieur Gibault, the "King of the Islands," as he is called, who looks after their rents and their other business interests.

He spied us as we approached, and came out to ask us the honor of a visit.

We entered a large, low, brick-paved room, whose only light was let in through two iron-barred windows, and the store (for Gibault is a merchant as well as a landlord) contains everything from cheese to woollen jerseys, from gunpowder to night-caps.

Ranged along the walls were numerous iron-bound coffers, above which hung racks containing rifles, axes, spades, and anchors, and standing there, while Janvier left his order for eggs and poultry, it seemed as though I had suddenly stepped back into the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and was taking part in a scene in some colonial mart.

In spite of the cold we found most of the inhabitants outside engaged in their daily occupations, our arrival forming the chief topic of their animated conversations. The fishermen were busy cutting, cleaning, and preparing their fish; others were spreading out their nets on the sand to dry, while still others were mending theirs.

"Ah, there's Mother Hersent," cried Janvier, going toward an old woman who sat before her door peeling potatoes.

"*Bon jour, bon jour.* How are you? And how's your husband?"

"Oh, sir, he'll be glad indeed to see you. 'Tis winter, and he has rheumatism like all the rest of us. Go in, sir, you'll see him there."

The obscurity of the interior surprised us, but presently we were able to distinguish a bundle of blankets huddled in a corner on a sea-weed mattress. Then a

white-bearded face turned in our direction. Father Hersent recognized Janvier at once, and when he learned that Bertha and I were Americans, he soon became less timid and spoke of his frequent trips to Philadelphia and even Valparaiso. Sometimes the pain stopped him, but only for a moment, and then he would continue his interesting recollections of when it took sixty days to cross the Atlantic.

"But, Father Hersent, you seem to suffer a great deal."

"'If everything were pleasant in life it would be too easy to live,' says the curate. But what makes me saddest is to think that Monsieur Janvier is here, and I am not able to go fishing and hunting with him."

When at length we got aboard again, the *Korrigan* was anchored in the midst of a tiny flotilla of fishing-smacks and row-boats, and a small boy, perhaps twelve years old, was talking familiarly with our sailors.

"That is the Admiral," said François, when the youngster had taken his leave. "You'll not find a better pilot than he if you search the whole island. He knows all the passes, all the rocks, everything, by heart. Why, last winter, on account of storms, the island was a whole month



The "King of the Islands."



Father and Mother Hersent.

without getting word from mainland. His mother was over there in the hospital at Granville giving birth to a baby brother, his father was fishing cod on the Banks, and it was he who acted as guardian to all the other little ones left in his charge. He fished for their food, chopped and gathered wood for their fire, even made the soup, while his sister, aged ten, washed and sewed for the other little brothers and sisters. All went without a hitch, but one day the Admiral, worried at not having news from his mother, took his little brother Prosper, and without saying a word to any one, set sail for Granville in his frail little bark. It is a miracle that they ever reached Granville in safety, and the old commander of the port, when he saw them coming, was so touched by their bravery that, crusty old sea-dog that he is, he was actually moved to tears.

"They went to the hospital, embraced their mother, and started back by the same route. The commander ordered out the steam yacht that does the summer service between Granville and Chausey, to accompany them, but they scorned his offer, and returned home as they came.

"Doctor P., a professor of the Faculty of Paris, who comes here every year with Monsieur W. R., a former secretary of

war, made them a present of the lovely fishing-boat you see there, and with the *Paul-René*, as it is called, I wager they'd go to America, if they had the chance."

Later on we made friends with the Admiral, and when I had had several conversations with him, I marvelled that so small a boy, brought up almost as a savage, could have such clear views about life, so great a sense of justice, so deep a respect for duty and discipline, and possessed courage that many a man might envy.

Brave little Admiral! The curate that evening told us even more about him. How he had become his altar boy, how much he was generally loved, and what fine hopes and prospects were settled on him.

For several succeeding days we were quite content to live the lives of the brave fishermen that surrounded us, who looked after our welfare while we were on their shores, and who often took us with them on their expeditions. It was thus that one day old Mother Hersent said to Bertha and me:

"Come, come with me, and we'll go into the field and gather flowers."

We hurried after her, wondering what she could mean, and finally arrived on a



One day the Admiral took his little brother Prosper, and set sail for Granville.—Page 73.

little beach left bare by the tide, and entirely covered with bright green sea-grass. It greatly resembled an Alpine valley, housed in on both sides by the rocks, and to make the illusion more complete, a cow was seen grazing knee-deep in the grass.

"This is my garden, and the Coquilles St. Jacques are my blossoms," cried the old lady. "Look fixedly at one spot. Then pretty soon you will see a little spout of water and hear a slight snapping noise. Rush to the place, and there you will find a coquille, hidden beneath the grass in the sand."

We were enchanted with the new sport and made a large provision of the delightful shell-fish, which are so delicious cooked as Paul arranges them.

Our evenings we passed in a most agreeable manner. Every time we were invited ashore we returned our invitations by giving dinners aboard the *Korrigan*, and in such gatherings I had occasion to admire the high spirits and great good-humor of the curate. Joy seemed to radiate from every pore of this simple, good man's body.

"One great duty to accomplish, and lots of smaller ones to surround it. That is the

recipe for happiness," argued this jovial philosopher, who had found his "bonheur" here on an arid, weather-beaten island. Nor have I ever seen a busier man than was this kind shepherd, looking after his flock, and yet he would be the first to propose a fishing party, the first to tell a joke, or even suggest a game of cards, or a lively song, as an after-dinner pastime.

What a country this would have been for a Kant or a Spinoza, for any being, in fact, wishing to escape the world, to live his own life in his own manner, compiling his system, communing alone with his God, or with his inner self.

I had always imagined the curate of Chausey a pious, straitlaced man, devoted to solitude and meditation, and therefore judge of my complete surprise on finding this strong, lusty fellow, brimming over with health and spirits, taking the initiative in everything, always ready for action, yet strangely child-like in his astonishment when we told him in detail about our modern European civilization.

Janvier had planned to surprise him, so the day before Christmas we began carrying out his idea. Beneath a large shed at the farm he proposed giving a midnight

supper, to which all the islanders were invited. We draped the nude walls with sails, flags, and evergreen, and installed tables and benches made out of planks, with barrels to support them.

Our sailors were kept busy cooking lobsters and fish, preparing sauces, roasting ducks and game, while Bertha and I lent a hand, concocting the most fantastic mayonnaises and salad dressings that one can imagine. Every one of us was anxious to have a finger in the pie, and we formed a jolly party, all singing and laughing as we worked, rejoicing in our independence, and delighting in the distance that lay between us and civilization.

Toward night, on Christmas-eve, Janvier and the sailors began hoisting a huge box on deck, and they seemed anxious lest the noise they made should attract attention on the shore.

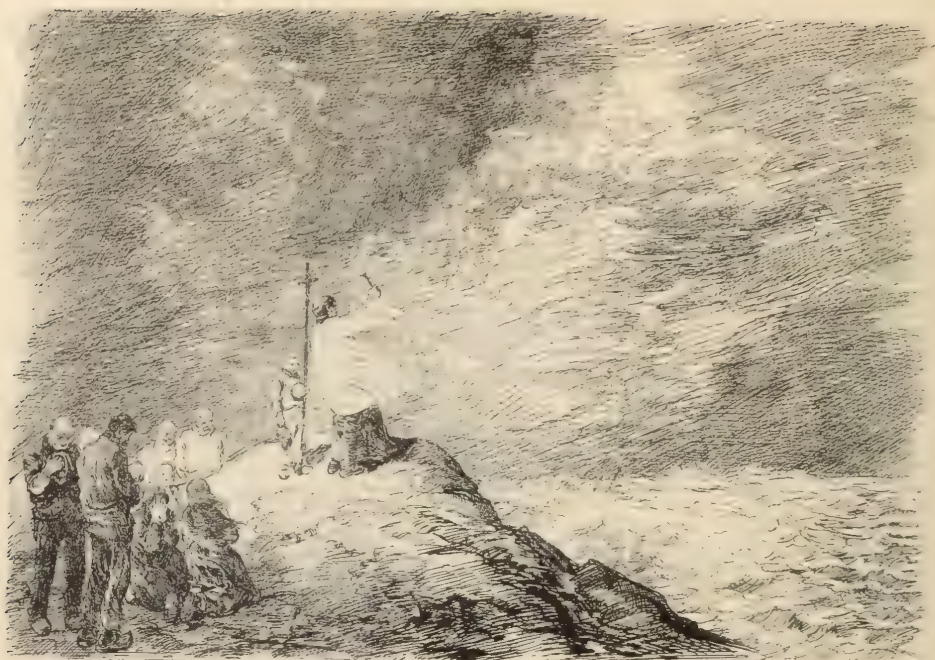
"What on earth is in that?" questioned the poet.

"Presents. Presents. And I am going to try to get the load ashore without being seen, for if I am discovered I shall have more help than I need, but the surprise will be spoiled."

"Better wait a little longer, till night falls," advised H. His counsel was followed, and Janvier finally succeeded in reaching the farm without being perceived, and we all set to work to install the Christmas-tree in an old barrel filled with soil, and proceeded to decorate it with the countless little packages that Janvier kept pulling out of the box.

When we had finished it was time to go to the light-house for dinner, as we had promised, and long after the meal was over we sat about the table, eagerly drinking in the tales of adventure and daring, stories





"Let them rest in peace."—Page 78.

of shipwrecks and tempests, told so simply and so well by these unpretentious people.

We were still listening when the peal of the little church bell reached our ears, and hastily putting on our cloaks, we bid good-by to the guardian, whose duty obliges him to stay and watch the sea, and accompanied by our hosts, we started in the direction of the church. Lights shone from the windows, and all along the route we could catch the gleams of lanterns carried by people bending their steps in the same direction.

Poor, humble little church, whose shaky little walls trembled in the wind that entered through the cracks in the roof, and made the candles on the altar flicker! Poor, humble little altar, devoid of every ornament save those absolutely necessary to the creed! Yet no cathedral could have been more mysterious, more awe-inspiring than was this barren little place of worship, crowded to the doors with devout and fervent people, listening most attentively to the divine service.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, went a little bell, rung by the white-surpliced Admiral, who stood below the altar steps. Every head bowed in response, and the curate's mellow voice continued the midnight Mass.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, the impressive moment of the elevation of the Host had arrived. Solemn silence reigned, and the breathless tension lasted until after the benediction, when every voice joined in a dear old-fashioned hymn, singing the praises of the Holy Babe.

Then all repaired to the impromptu banquet-hall, and our unexpected Christmas-tree proved a triumph. We all helped to distribute the presents, which included pipes, tobacco-pouches, and jack-knives for the men; scarfs and handkerchiefs for the women; toys and sweets for the children. Janvier had forgotten no one, and as we pressed about him to congratulate him on the success of his idea, three rousing cheers, led by the curate, made the walls ring. Then in the lull that followed:

"*A table, à table!*" cried Janvier, and there was a general bustle to get places.

The curate, who was led to the seat of honor, said a short grace, and his sentiments were echoed by Father Maquet, the oldest man on the island, who had been bundled up and carried out for the occasion.

"God bless us all, just as we are," he exclaimed, and then every one fell to eating.

There were songs sung and verses recited. The Montagus and the Capulets forgot their feud, and were all seated together, eating out of one another's plates, and finally fell asleep, their arms about each other's necks, their heads resting on each other's shoulders.

It was late when we came aboard again. The wind was steadily rising, and the sea soon became very choppy.

"Bad weather ahead," said François, as he bid us good-night, and prepared to double our moorings. We retired quickly, but all night long the *Korrigan* danced on the waves, pulling at her chain like a wild beast anxious to escape. Several times I was awakened by the sound of the driving rain, and the steps of our cautious sailors who were on deck looking after our welfare.

Next morning the tempest continued to rage. Heavy clouds hung low, and great mountains of water dashed against the light-house, breaking with a deafening roar. Stray gulls hovered about our boat, mingling their strange wild cries with the mournful howling of the wind.

Arrayed in tarpaulins we ventured for a moment on deck, but were soon driven below by the violence of the storm. Then we tried to seek an occupation, but it was almost impossible to think of reading, writing, or even cleaning our arms, with the boat rolling now from side to side, now pitching from stem to stern.

At luncheon time François announced that we should have to eat a cold meal, for lighting the stove was not only extremely dangerous, but useless as well, for no pot or pan would be able to stay on it sufficiently long for the food to cook.

"Bad weather for those that are outside." As the words left his mouth the wind brought us the sound of a bell, ringing steadily in sharp, short peals.

"The alarm-bell! Some misfortune!" cried Janvier, jumping up quickly from the divan where he lay dozing. Half covered we rushed on deck, jumped into a row-boat, and made for the shore. Once there, we followed the frantic men and women who were running in the direction of the lighthouse. As he passed us a man cried:

"There's a boat going down!"

On the beach some men were pushing a long, eight-oared life-boat into the water. The curate was superintending the launch-

ing, bareheaded, his cassock rolled up. The sailors, while putting on their life-belts, pushed with all their might against the resisting waves. The curate let go the gaff-hook. The boat made a plunge, and as it left the shore a boy sprang into the bow. It was the Admiral. There was no bringing him back, as the craft had made head-way and was fast gaining the Sound.

Then every one made a rush up the hill to the light-house, from where the wreck could be plainly seen.

It was a fishing-boat from Cancale, a sloop, come there Heaven knows how, both masts broken, the rudder long since beyond control. Some one spied two men hanging in the rigging, and the wind brought us their cries for help. The light-house fired a gun to tell them they were seen, and then all eyes were turned toward the life-boat that had reached the Sound, and was advancing toward the open sea, the men straining every muscle in their efforts to get forward.

"'Tis folly for the curate to hope to reach them," sighed an old man beside me.

The gale continued. The tempest seemed to reach its very height, great masses of foam completely covering us as the huge waves battled against the rocks. The spectators' faces were drawn and wistful. They were watching the awful scene with the placidity of persons used to witnessing such struggles, and they followed with eager eyes the life-boat, doing its utmost to double the point. Then their eyes would turn in the direction of that pitiful hull to which clung two brave fellows about to die, within sight of land, but out of reach of help.

"Come on, boys!" finally cried Janvier, exasperated. "Let's make our boat ready!"

"It is useless," replied François. "We could never reach there, and might all be drowned."

"But are we going to stand here and watch those poor souls perish?"

"Look, look, Monsieur, even the life-boat can't stand it. Here it comes back. Why with such weather it is impossible to pass the light-house point. A hundred-ton boat couldn't do it!"

The boat returned and the curate scrambled over the rocks to join us. His face was grave and set. He seemed to have aged ten years in the last half hour.

"Can nothing be done?" we implored.
 "No, nothing, but pray. Quick, Admiral. My surplice and the cross."

They were brought. Then:

"On your knees, to your knees, my children!" cried the priest, as he commenced to read the prayer for the dying.

What a terrible moment! The women wept. Great sobs could be heard all about us. Every minute seemed an eternity. Then a great cry rent the air.

"Let them rest in peace," continued the priest, steadying himself by leaning on the humble iron cross that the Admiral hung onto with all his might. As he turned to bless the people the wind caught his surplice, and a strange, livid light of the expiring day shone on his face and on the sorrow-stricken group.

Our dinner was a sad repast, as one can well imagine; but next morning when we arose the sea was calm, and the sun was shining brightly. The fishermen were off as usual, and yesterday's tragedy seemed to be forgotten.

We stayed on a few days more, and on the 29th, our vacation over, we weighed anchor and took the sea, leaving Chausey with her sad yet beautiful islands in the distance.

"Ahoy, ahoy!" cried a familiar voice, and we discovered on our starboard side the Admiral, with all his little brothers. We had missed him at our departure, but he had come out to bid us a last farewell.

Presently Chausey became a dim streak on the horizon, the Admiral's boat a tiny speck on the sea, and we entered the harbor at Granville.

It is difficult to describe the almost painful impression that the great docks, the houses, and even the people made upon me. Good-by, liberty! After having lived with the free and the noble, it seemed as though we were coming back to the enslaved and the degraded. There was the station, then the train; Paris at length, where we would take up the thread of our old habits just where we left it. Adieu, Chausey!

THE BROKEN REVEL

By Helen Hay Whitney

THE Wind from her vindictive, fleshless hand
 Hurls the wild rain in the wide eyes of Night.
 Now baffled gods in anger and affright,
 Balked of their saraband,
 Wail for the lost peace of the summer moon,
 Wail for their hour that passed away too soon.

With lean, fierce fingers in the Night's dark hair,
 The Wind has twined it round her throat, in vain!
 She may not still the long, low cry of pain
 Making all earth aware
 How once again is waged the bitter strife
 Ancient as Love and Time, as Love and Life.

Sudden the fingers of the Wind are caught,
 Are held in a great hush; the gods are tired
 Of wars, of tumult, peace their soul desired—
 Peace, and the change is wrought.
 The moon, a pearl, shines on Night's brow once more—
 Again the gods dance on their airy floor.

PETER'S "OLD COUNTRY"

By C. Grant LaFarge

"The French dominion is a memory of the past, and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn. . . ."—PARKMAN, "Pioneers of France in the New World."



THROUGH the hills of lower Canada flows a great and splendid river, fed by innumerable lakes and many streams; wild and turbulent in its upper reaches, white with rapids that only the most skilled may run; placid in the lower country that borders the St. Lawrence. Above a little line of short, one-track, amateur railway lie the mile upon mile of wilderness, where travel is only by canoe; where the primeval verdure covers all the hills; where the call of the moose, the hoot of the owl, the splash of the fish, the roar of the rapids, the murmur of wind in the trees, are the common sounds, and the only lights those of the sun, the moon and the stars, the aurora borealis and the occasional camp-fire.

In the country lying to the north-west of the lowest rapids is a region of lakes so thickly spread that even now no man knows them all, teeming with fish and a great haunt of game. Here I had gone in the season of short, still days and frosty nights. Far into the hills had we journeyed and made at last our camp. But though the calendar was propitious, the weather had been far otherwise: dull and rainy, with easterly winds; impossible fishing weather, which made heavy going on the portages and comfortless bivouacs. It was, therefore, with no little content, to say nothing of anticipation, that on the morning after our arrival, as I was arranging things in my tent for a presumably rather long stay, I was suddenly conscious of a gleam of sunshine. Lifting my head out of the pack-basket in which I was burrowing, I walked out and saw that the weather was changing; a breeze from the north-west was ruffling the surface of the lake before me, its waters showing every moment more patches of

brilliant blue where for days past all had been sodden gray, and driving before it the tumbled cloud-masses through the sky, while from all the surrounding hills wisps and streamers of mist were blowing away to disclose the glorious color of the autumnal forest.

With a deep breath of satisfaction I added some little clouds of good tobacco smoke to those greater ones I was so glad to see the end of, and turned to look into the smiling faces of my two men: Pierre Jean—or Peter—the Indian, an Abenaki, tall, wiry, low-voiced, and grave, an excellent hunter; Hormidas Cloutier, the French Canadian, short and strongly built, active as a cat, merry and always in good-humor. There followed the usual discussion of the course to be taken that day, and we finally decided on a chain of little lakes, lying in high country, where there ought to be moose, according to Peter, for I did not know that particular district very well. As this was to be a sort of prospecting expedition, mainly to look the ground over, we all three went, determining to return to camp for the night. But though we did look it over thoroughly and carefully it was everywhere the same story: very few fresh tracks of either moose or caribou, and none of those large. We watched one of the lakes until the westering sun obliged us to leave if we were to reach the head of the big lake by dark, and we saw nothing.

A recital in detail of the following days would merely be wearisome in the telling, and in large measure repetition. The country was all that could be asked, the weather all that the autumn of the northern hills can show—and what is there better? But the game was not there, and though we wandered in all directions, on hard-wood ridges, about the lakes and in the swampy woods, watched the most likely points at the coming of the day, and as the long shadows melted into the growing darkness, my record was a blank. There were partridges in plenty, which we killed with a little .22 pop-gun that made no noise, and

trout to be had for the trouble of taking them, but my rather long trip into Peter's famous moose country looked a good deal like a fizzle.

It was at the end of a day of much journeying that I broached to the men a project which had been growing upon me more and more as the prospect of game grew less and less. On one of our expeditions to outlying lakes, some twelve miles or more from camp, I had been attracted by a mountain of peculiar shape, which rose abruptly at no great distance beyond the place we had that day reached. It was a long ridge with a very irregular profile, of great picturesqueness, its slopes clothed with a forest which from where we saw it had the compact look of woods uncut and of great age. We all know the invitation held out to us by the hill lying just beyond the furthest point we have reached; and it seemed to me that this one must be the barrier, the limiting mark, behind which would be found some happy valley, some untramped wild, where the game, undisturbed, would be in plenty. A somewhat fantastic vision, of course, for our days of universal exploration and ubiquitous sportsmen—but the eye which one turns upon the wilderness from its depths is not the same with which one regards it from afar, amid the life and appurtenances of settled communities. At any rate, it was such a vision that I had, and wanted to test.

But for some reason that I could not fathom, all suggestions that I made to the Indian, all inquiries, met with utter lack of response. Usually he discussed with me quite freely the prospects offered by any new district, or told me all he knew about it. But here I got only the briefest professions of ignorance, or an entire lack of interest, so different from his customary willingness or curiosity that I had to conclude he did not want to talk about it. To an intimation that we might do well to go together and try it, he replied by such a show of reluctance that I saw that was no use. One thing only did he say at last in response to my somewhat insistent questioning: "Ah'll t'ought he's not varry good; that's 'nol' country."

This seemed inadequate, not to say meaningless, and the more I thought it over the more meaningless it seemed. At first I thought he meant that the country was oc-

cupied, but then I knew that was not so; if he meant that it had been much lumbered or anything of that sort, he would express himself quite differently. The more I puzzled over it, the more mysterious it became and the more strange his characterization of "old country." It was of no use to question Hormidas, for he was off his beat and not the hunter of our party; he would merely follow Peter's lead.

For two or three days I turned it over in my mind and finally concluded to go alone and see the "old country" for myself. For a moment I thought of announcing this, but I soon saw that would not do; Peter, with the best intentions in the world, however queer their origin, was sure to place some obstacle in my way. So upon the evening in question, as we sat about the camp-fire after supper, I began by reviewing the unsatisfactory outcome of our efforts to find game, notwithstanding that we had scoured the country in all directions, and then suggested that it might be well to pull up stakes altogether and move to another head-quarters. This proposition being well received, we then discussed the various places within reach, and I at last cast my vote for one, the road to which lay part-way toward the lake from which we had seen my mountain—Lac à l'Original. I let it be understood for a bit that we would start the next morning, and then as though a new idea had come to me, I said, "Peter, I cannot understand at all why there are no moose about Lac à l'Original; it is perfect country, and you say they always used to be there; I hate to go away and leave it without one more look."

"Wal," he replied, "mebbe it's better we wait day or two, go see 'um 'gain?"

"No," I answered, "there is no need for that. I'll go ahead early in the morning; you two follow during the day to Lac des Visons" (this was where the road branched) "and wait there for me. It will take you most of the day, as you'll have to make double portages. I'll get the evening at Lac à l'Original, and the next morning, and then I'll come and join you and we can go along."

There was no dissent to this scheme, which seemed not to awaken any suspicion on the part of either of the men, and which was entirely plausible.

Next morning I started very early, taking a little bark canoe that was very light and

easy to carry, and only the barest necessities for a hunter's camp. Travelling light over a trail that I now knew, I made good progress, and it still lacked full two hours of noon when I reached the shore of Lac à l'Original and gazed at the mountain which stood between me and the "old country," and which I was determined to cross. The first thing to do was to look for any signs of a trail leading westerly from the lake, but before doing this I inspected the great hill with a view to determine on the most likely course in case no trail should be found.

A little below its northern end, and about north-west from the upper end of the lake, was a sort of notch which looked practicable and at this upper end the forest reached down to near the lake, whereas elsewhere it had broad, grassy margins. I paddled all along the western shore, then landed and skirted on foot the edge of the woods, but there was no sign whatever of any portage, so that I determined to advance upon the notch. I carried the canoe up into the woods a short way, took my little Hudson Bay axe, my rifle and pack, and started up the ascent. It was evident before long that I had not been mistaken about the character of the forest; it grew heavier as I advanced, until I was passing through such timber as I had never seen in this part of our country. The great maples and birches stood among innumerable evergreens, many of which were splendid white pines, lifting their straight trunks far into the air without a limb. My path had to wind a good deal, for I still would have to carry the canoe over it, and there was no time to clear away obstructions, nor had I a heavy axe to do it with. But I kept the general direction, dodging the worst fallen timber and seeking the most open passages through the dense growth. It was hard going, but I pushed on and ever upward, stopping only for a short time to eat a bite of luncheon that I had put up in advance. Partridges scuttled off through the underbrush, making their little chinking sound and bobbing their heads, but never taking wing; squirrels chattered at me from the trees; gray moose-birds flew near and peered at me inquisitively with their beady black eyes, and a funny old fat porcupine waddled clumsily out of my way.

I judged that I must have gone a mile and a half, or perhaps two miles, when I

found that I was descending. There was no outlook to be had in such deep woods, but I advanced and presently came to boggy ground and cedars, through which I proceeded cautiously, and soon saw the gleam of water. It proved to be a little lake, of the typical height-of-land variety, with low wet shores, encircled by a dreary belt of dark swampy woodland. From where I stood it looked as though its waters ran off to the west, that is, down the mountain, which rather was here a high plateau. But what roused my expectations and made me feel that my little journey was probably not to be in vain, was the sight of many moose tracks in the soft ground.

That I had found their range was certain; should I stay and try my luck here, or push on? The day was still young, the spot unattractive; the desire strong to see more of the country, and besides, the chances were even better if I drove further into a region which showed such an abundance of signs upon its border. There would almost surely be another lake, and probably a larger one, below this; how far it might be to it there was only one way to tell.

Leaving my pack, I turned back to fetch the canoe, and following the blazes that I had cut on my way up, I made the trip in far shorter time than I had taken in coming. Then I returned with the canoe and set out upon the lake. I was glad of the change to a paddle, for I had already done a day's work, and was hot and a little tired, but I was in good condition and too full of the excitement of discovery to pay much attention to any moderate degree of fatigue.

Crossing the lake, I took once more to the woods, this time carrying the canoe. I had to put it down quite often while I found and blazed a trail, but I wanted to have it with me whenever I should reach a lake. It was not far, certainly not much over a mile, the timber heavy as ever, and the ground at times sloping downward quite sharply. I had struggled through a particularly dense bit of growth and come to an upward slope. I was beginning to think I might have more of a task than I had bargained for when, as I topped the rise, I beheld the lake and knew that what I had found was worth all the effort I had made.

It is nearly always the case, in approaching these lakes, that one gets at first only

glimpses of the water through the trees, the real view of the lake itself being impossible until one reaches its very shore. Here, however, the picture, without any preparatory peering, burst full upon the vision like a scene that was set and lacked only the actors in some approaching drama. And such a scene! Many and beautiful as were the lakes I knew among the Laurentian hills, no one of them was quite the peer of this, the epitome and essence of them all. Little Wyagamack with its throbbing color and the fine contrasting profiles of its hills; the cliffs of Souci, all mottled and patched with lichens; the bushy margins of Was-taneau, dear to the moose; the grassy meadows and abrupt shapes of Antikaigamac; the sandy beaches of Ciconcine and the crystal waters of Sintamaskin, here they all met, as though the inanimate parts of nature had found consciousness and had said: "We, the elect and specially chosen from all that is in this vast wilderness, we shall come together in one place and make of it the perfect jewel, the topmost splendor of autumn's diadem."

So it seemed to me, as I threw myself at full length upon the mossy ground and gazed at my discovery. It was after three o'clock and time for me to make arrangements for my night's shelter, to boil some water for tea and to cook some bacon. That might have to be my supper, for I proposed to put in the rest of the daylight watching for moose. But first I needed a bit of rest and a smoke; meanwhile from where I lay I could survey the lake and determine what the best watchpoint would be.

The lake stretched away to the north for about two miles—how much further I could not tell, for it seemed to curve around a great shoulder of cliff on its eastern shore. This I took to be either a spur of the mountain over which I had come, or a roughly parallel ridge prolonged further to the north. The cliff face fell sheer to the water at its upper extremity and thence trended in a south-easterly direction, gradually merging into slopes clad with forest. Somewhere through these ran the outlet of the little lake above, and in the triangle between the shore and the ridge was a sort of plain, thickly set with low bushes to the water's edge. All along the western side rose a tumble of hills; from their base to the water ran grassy meadows, here and there

dotted with groves, and intersected by winding lines of bushes that marked where brooks came down from the hills. The shore itself was irregular, with points and coves of white sand. To the north were lower hills, among them one strange tall conical peak with a ragged crown of rock at its crest. Beyond, line after line of mountains reached away into the violet distance, their tops only showing, so that one got a strong sense of this lake being set high in the air; and there was further evidence of this, for from the northern spaces there was borne to my ears, now stronger now fainter, as the gentle breeze rose and fell, the unmistakable sound of distant rapids. Evidently, to one or the other side of the peaked hill, ran the outlet, and it was running downhill pretty fast. About a half mile above my end of the lake lay a charming little island, its shore a sand beach upon which were scattered large flat-topped granite boulders; even at this distance I could see that they were carpeted with moss, out of which sprang here and there a little evergreen, a birch or a mountain ash. The body of the island was capped by a grove of unmixed pine. The island was set nearer the eastern shore, but from the west a long sandy point ran out toward it, making a narrows, so that the width of water on either side of the island was about equal. From where I was I could see just a little clear space of lake between the eastern edge of the island and the cliff.

These are the salient features of the scene before me; they are those which I had to notice for the purpose I had in view, and I therefore give them to you. To attempt anything like a description of the beauty of it all is beyond me, and beyond your patience. One point, however, because it was so remarkable, I must dwell upon: the foreground to this panorama. The forest ended abruptly some hundred yards back from the water, and about thirty feet above it. From here out ran a ledge of rock, sloping very gently toward the lake, and ending squarely in a low cliff. Just at the point upon which I had chanced as I came out from the woods, there was break in the ledge, and through it there ran an even and gentle slope of green grass and greener moss, down to a little cove of pebbles and white sand. The rock ledge was all covered with thick moss, white and pink

and emerald-green; in it grew clumps of blueberries, their leaves now bronze and crimson; in the crevices of its face, mountain ash had found footing and spread their brilliant clusters of scarlet berries before the sapphire blue of the lake. What fairy gardener tended the sloping lawn, mowed it and kept the trees and bushes away from it, I could only wonder, but there it was, looking like the path to some marvellous garden above—but there was no garden; nothing but the unbroken, shaggy forest.

Here, then, I lay and feasted my eyes, as the light of afternoon grew ever more golden and bathed the fair landscape in a deeper splendor. All through the forest I had traversed were the trails of the moose, and there was no doubt that they were also to be found on the meadows, the sands, and the bushy plain beneath me. Nowhere in those woods was there any sign, nor could I see any here, that the foot of man had ever been set within these precincts. It was such as this that, on their restless war-making explorations, had greeted the hardy adventurers of New France: La Salle, first to see the great flood of the Mississippi; Dulhut, to whom were first revealed the farthest shores of the inland ocean; Vérendrye, whose gaze first rested upon the peaks of the Rockies; and bloody Hertel de Rouville, leader of his fierce band of Abenaki against hapless Deerfield.

"Peter, you old rascal," I thought, "there will be news for you by to-morrow night. You will learn something about your 'old country' that will make you sit up"; and I then and there planned to abandon our projected change of base and to establish it somewhere near here.

But in the meantime the question before me was how I should proceed now. The wind, what there was of it, was a little west of north, that is, down the lake and off the sandy shore. I wanted particularly to see what lay beyond the cliff, for I had formed a notion that there might be some way of making a trail back from that part of the lake, over lower ground than I had come by, and so coming to the north end of Lac à l'Original. It could not be very far, and might well be a good deal easier, unless there was much swampy land. At any rate I wanted to see it, and thought I could well take the chance of being winded by any game on the east shore. The island

looked to me as though it would be a good place from which to watch, after returning from beyond the cliff.

So I got up to go back to my belongings and make some rapid preparations for the night, and was looking along the fascinating sandy beaches, when out of the tail of my eye I saw something moving near the island. As I looked I just caught sight of some object which had crossed the little space between the cliff and the island while my head was turned away. I could not tell at all what it was, and supposed it must be a moose swimming, so I stood and waited to see if it would reappear. Presently out it came past the island—a canoe.

I could almost have cried at this shattering of my blissful dream-come-true, and it was with vexed mortification that I called myself thrice an ass for being so easily deluded by a bit of old woodland and a pretty lake. Of course the whole thing was ridiculous, and I must expect to meet the enterprising member of sporting clubs in any part of the woods, where he had quite as much right to be as I, and probably would be as pleased to see me as I to meet him. Well, here he came, and the best I could hope for was that he would pass on and leave me to hunt the place alone.

I could begin to make out something of the approaching party, enough at least to see that their canoe was of a type used by the Hudson Bay posts for carrying their furs down the heavy rapids of the big river: great, high-sided, birch-bark craft with the ends turned up and inward in sweeping curves. It was a little strange to see such a canoe here, where the carrying of it over the portages must be a troublesome job, and I could only guess that some energetic sportsman had started down from up-river and then, for reasons best known to himself, decided to strike off through the interior. I could see that a number of paddles were urging the canoe swiftly over the water, and that they were heading straight for my fairy lawn.

The advent of a party put a new aspect on things, so I thought I would postpone my arrangements until I saw what they would do. I went back into the bush, picked up canoe and pack, and carried them down to the shore. Then, going a little way up the slope, I sat down, leaning my rifle against the rock beside me, and

waited. They had seen me, for they stopped paddling and evidently engaged in some discussion; then they came on again, and soon drove the bow of their great canoe upon the sand. As they drew near, I thought they were all Indians, doubtless Montagnais. The men at the bow and steering paddles were standing, as is necessary with these big canoes; in the body of the boat were six other paddlers, kneeling, three on a side. But as they made their landing, a man, whom I had not seen, rose and jumped ashore, advanced a few paces, and then stood staring at me.

He was a man rather above middle height, spare and sinewy, of very powerful physique, and giving every indication by his carriage and manner of moving that he was hardened by active exercise. He wore an otter-skin cap, his garments were entirely of dressed deer-skins, slightly ornamented with Indian embroidery of dyed porcupine quill. There was upon him apparently nothing of white man's manufacture, except a very beautiful sash, unmistakably of the kind that used to be made at St. Jacques l'Achigane. For an article that must be so old (my own goes back at least to the days of Montcalm), it was singularly fresh and brilliant in color. Naturally of a dark and ruddy complexion, he was tanned to the hue of an Indian, and had black hair, which he wore long, almost to his shoulders; I took him, though, to be without doubt a Frenchman, for such was the look of his face, his dark mustache and beard. I noticed that he carried a long knife in a sheath of caribou-hide at his hip, and that some sort of a pistol was stuck in his belt, while in the crook of his arm rested a gun, the butt turned toward me. As he advanced, I took a quick glance at his companions, who were all Indians. It struck me that they looked rather more aboriginal than any I had ever seen in this part of the world; they wore only skins and furs, and had embroidered headbands—two or three had some feathers in their hair, and one tall buck of very savage aspect had his face painted with vermilion. Taking the whole lot of them together, it was a wild-looking crew, and I was conscious of a growing wonder and some perplexity.

I returned his gaze, and finding the silence embarrassing, addressed him, wishing him good-day, which I instinctively did in

French. He replied at once in that tongue, and courteously enough, "Good-day, sir; you are alone?"

"Yes, quite alone."

"That is unusual," he remarked, "and likely to be inconvenient in these parts; do you not find it so?"

"Well," I replied, "I can't say that I have as yet. I suppose it may be a little uncommon, now that such swarms of people come into these woods for recreation."

"Swarms of people? Recreation?" he asked in a puzzled way.

"Oh, I mean camping parties," I explained, though I thought my meaning was pretty obvious; "as a matter of fact, I am not very far away from my own party."

"Ah! I see—you have a party, then?"

"Yes," I said. "I left them on Lac des Voyageurs, as I wanted to have a look at the country by myself."

"Then, sir," he asked, "may I inquire, you and your party, you have come from quite a distance?" There was a curious inquisitorial note in his queries, which I could not understand and supposed to be his manner. He spoke with gravity, and despite his rough attire, was obviously a gentleman. But what puzzled me was his French, which was unlike any I had ever heard spoken. I can't describe it, but it was not like a patois, and though I detected, even in the few words he had uttered, a faint, far-off likeness to some of the backwoods tongue of Quebec, it still was the speech of a person of position and good usage. The queerness was in shadings, as it were; in intonation. I answered him frankly, thinking that some lack of formality on my part might help to do away with his: "Oh, I? yes, far enough; from down in the States; my men belong up here."

"Pardon, sir," said he, "but you do not make yourself entirely clear. 'The States'? Where is that? And your men—what is their tribe?"

This was really a little too much, and I felt an impulse to make rather a short answer. But there was something about the fellow that made me pause. He certainly was not fooling, and he looked as if he could be troublesome; moreover, he was well backed up by a stalwart crowd of ruffians, unless I mistook their character. So I smiled at him, and in as pleasant a manner as I could manage replied:

"Surely, my dear sir, you won't confess to ignorance of the whereabouts of the United States. As for my men, they are"—I was about to tell him, but what strange whisper of caution came to me out of space, or why, I know not, and I said: "Some of them are Abenaki, and some French."

I could see that I had puzzled him, for he looked as though I had told him some utterly incredible thing. By this time his savage following had gathered near, and though I imagined they could not follow our conversation, they exchanged glances, and muttered some guttural remarks as I mentioned the Abenaki. The Frenchman, still looking puzzled, and as though seeking some reply to me, now shifted his position, sitting down upon a corner of rock. I had risen, of course, while talking with him, and I too sat down again, facing him. As he moved, he laid his gun across his lap, and for the first time I saw it, and was put to it not to show my astonishment. Such a relic of by-gone days is not seen outside of some military museum. Long and clumsy, with a fancifully shaped stock and a lock of most complicated, not to say involved construction and exaggerated size, it certainly was a marvellous weapon. I had seen some pretty rum old muskets in the hands of the Indians attached to Hudson Bay posts, and I should not have been much surprised to see one of them carry even a flint-lock of the Revolutionary period, but that a man like this should be armed with so queer a weapon was past comprehension. Had it not been for a growing uneasiness caused by the man's strange bearing, I should have betrayed my interest, but I judged best not to let it appear.

While I was taking in this further element of what had already begun to be a bewildering situation, the Frenchman found speech again, and in a tone so concentrated as to be almost fierce, he cried:

"You say things that mean nothing. Whether or no you jest I know not, nor if you do, do I know why. You say your men are Abenaki and yet you, sir, surely are a Bostonnais."

A Bostonnais! Good Lord, what was the matter with the man? Two centuries ago, or thereabouts, of course that term was used by the French in Canada to designate any one from the British colonies, but

it survives only in the name of a river, so far as I know.

It began to be evident that I had a problem on my hands that I might need some wit to solve. It was no use speculating about this weird individual—I could do that later—though I began to have a horrid belief that I was dealing with a madman. Certainly, if I was to avoid trouble I must manage somehow to humor him. And to make things worse, the Indians, when he called me a Bostonnais, crowded closer, and looked ugly and whispered more to each other. With as careless an air as I could assume, I said laughingly:

"Bostonnais? Oh yes, I am indeed one of that rather overcrowded people. You must know well how we love to relieve our fatigue by invading your——"

"*Sapristi*, monsieur," he burst out, this time with undisguised ferocity, "your jest has proceeded far enough. How came you here?"

"I came," I answered very quietly, "as most people come. From the settlements by canoe; to them by railway."

"*Chemin de fer*," he cried violently; and then his voice dropped and his manner became quiet and singularly stern: "You seem determined to speak only in riddles, and what you mean to conceal I can only imagine. There are not many roads of any sort between your country and mine, but there surely is no road of iron. I do not propose, though, to discuss these matters with you further," and with that he rose and turned to his savages, with whom he withdrew a few paces and entered into an earnest discussion. They all spoke in some Algonkin tongue which I could not understand, except here and there some common word. It is not too much to say that my uneasiness by now amounted to something very like fright. What wild scheme this mad creature might evolve I could learn only by waiting, but no matter how desperate it should prove to be, he had abundant means for carrying it out, and probably no one would ever be the wiser. If I had him alone, and could get the drop on him, it were simple enough, but to make an attempt with even a repeating rifle against such odds, seemed too great a risk. And besides, bloodshed, actual resort to the last appeal, seemed scarcely warranted as yet. I tried to see what the armament of the

party was. Two of the Indians had some sort of crazy old guns, worthless at any long range, but doubtless effective enough at such close quarters, and as they kept their eyes on me, a sudden dash uphill for cover was hopeless. The others had left their weapons in the canoe, except for the long knives and little axes which all wore, and as well as I could see, they were bows and arrows. What did it all mean, anyhow? It was, too serious, too real for a masquerade, too full of undisguised and plainly unsimulated ferocity for a mere freak of some eccentric. I had to give it up and just wait to see what would happen next, hoping that some lucky turn would see me through.

He presently turned and came back to me. Still speaking very quietly, and with a return of his former courteous manner, he said: "I may have to disarrange your plans——"

"No need for that," I interrupted; "no need whatever. It is plain to me that you resent my presence in what I suppose you consider your own hunting-ground. I am sorry if I have trespassed, and it seems to me that the best thing I can do is to withdraw. The hour grows late, but there is still time for me to seek another camping-ground, so I shall leave you here in undisturbed possession. Perhaps, as you know this region better than I, you will be good enough to give me some directions which may assist me?"

While I talked I saw by his expression that I was being listened to merely out of cold civility, and felt no surprise when he answered in an icy voice: "That cannot be; I must ask you to stay with us. What plans or projects you may have on hand I do not know, nor do I ask you. The work that we have to do is too important for me to take any chance of its being interfered with. No, I cannot bear interference!" he went on in an accent almost of distress, "we have been so long—so long—upon the journey. It *must* come to its end at last. Sir, you will come with us."

Well, this was the devil of a situation. That it was incomprehensible made it no less urgent. My happy, exulting mood had by now long disappeared, and in its place was a creepy sort of horror, for it was impossible not to think that these people meant mischief. Desperately I cast about for some plan, some strategy, whereby I

might free myself from this odious entanglement, and it suddenly came to me that I saw a chance. He had spoken of my projects; one sprang to my mind like a flash of light, born, I suppose, out of the stress of exasperation and alarm. It involved meanness and deceit, but this was no time to be too nice. I succeeded in mastering my trepidation, and in a tone as grave and reserved as his own, I responded: "I shall be delighted, monsieur. You may be surprised, but it is true. I can see that you suspect me of entertaining some sinister design. Yet, as a fact, I am merely a careless wanderer, glad to meet such adventure as your hills and forests may offer; I can imagine no better company than yours in which to seek, or to find it. I suppose you will camp here to-night?"

"Yes," he answered, and I thought I saw a better look come into his eyes, or at least some softening of his intense regard.

"Well, then," I went on, "I have more to say to you. You and I seem to have difficulty in understanding each other; I say, let that pass. There is no reason why we should bark at each other like two angry dogs. Whatever other differences between us there may be, we have one thing in common, that we both are gentlemen. I am an ardent lover of the chase, and I can hardly conceive that such as you should be quite indifferent to its pleasure." I saw by his look that I had reached him, and pressed my point. "My chief object here is to kill a fine bull moose, and it looks to me like a good place for it."

"None better," said he, with something like a smile.

"Let us then," I urged, "be hunting companions. Some fresh meat will come amiss to neither of us. I propose that we take my little canoe here, and go down the lake to some likely spot. Let your Indians stay here and busy themselves with preparing our camp. Now," I said, seeing a hard suspicion overcast his face, "what have you to fear? Suppose me so foolhardy as to make an attempt upon you; even should I succeed, which is surely doubtful, how long would it be before these wild companions of yours would run me down and make an end of me? Come, let us be friends, if only for the present; the future can take care of itself."

I had thrown into my address all the ingenuous *bonhomie* I could command, and I awaited its result with a beating heart.

To my joy he responded with a little laugh, compounded of good-nature and contempt, and with a wave of his arm said: "Come on then, sir; we shall see how you deal with the moose," and gave some rapid instructions to his Indians. Then we lifted the little canoe into the water, and I asked him: "Will you take bow or stern?"

"As you like," he replied.

"The stern is the place of honor," I said, and motioned him to get in, which he did, and I followed him, kneeling in the bow. He had his ancient firearm, and I my rifle, still covered with its shabby old case of gray flannel. As I had expected, his weight was so much greater than mine that the canoe was not properly balanced, and as I saw him look about for something to add to the load forward, I stepped out and picked up my pack, saying: "That will do as well as anything." Then we struck out upon the lake.

We had paddled in silence for a bit, when he said: "This is your dance. What is the tune to be?"

I laughed and answered: "You are, I have no doubt, both a better dancer and a more skilled musician than I; but since you give me the choice, I am for going to the island there, and looking things over."

"As you say," said he, and without further parley we made for the island, ran upon its beach, and stepped ashore, near the southern end. I saw at once that the beach was covered with tracks.

He looked about for a moment, and then said: "You are, of course, pleasing your own fancy, but I should think there were better places to be found on the shore of the lake."

"Perhaps so," I responded, "but I have an idea this may do very well. You see how many tracks there are in this sand; it looks to me as though the moose must come out upon that long point, and thence cross the lake, stopping on this island. Should one do this, we shall have the best of chances to get him, by hiding opposite the end of the point. Then we can wait until he comes upon our beach, and he can hardly escape us."

"It may go like that," was his comment, as we started to find a hiding-place. There

was no trouble about this, and we ensconced ourselves behind a couple of small boulders, I taking good care to choose one that was not too near him—perhaps a dozen paces away—and then we settled down to wait for a moose to appear. I had no idea whatever of letting one get as near me as upon our beach, but it was no part of my plan to tell him this. Never, before or since, have I so fervently prayed for the game to appear; not even the starving hunter awaits it with such an anxiety. For unless the moose were to help me carry out my plan, then before the coming night there might have to be murder done, and after that murder, massacre.

We sat for some time without speaking, while I watched the exquisite evening light become every moment more splendid, and thought, with a sort of cold and sickening anger, how utterly enjoyable it would be were it not for the presence of this impossible, crazy being and his barbarous train. After a while, in a low voice, I said to him: "I saw that you came from beyond the great cliff yonder; may I ask where you came upon the lake?"

"Half a mile the other side of the cliff," he said.

"And you found a good portage?"

"Oh yes, it is well known; a beaten road."

This rather surprised me, and I was about to push my queries further when I discovered an animal moving on the meadow, back by the forest edge. It was a moose coming toward the shore, and as it approached I could make out that it was a very large bull. He came straight across the meadow, making for the point, as I had hoped. When he reached its base, he stopped and looked up and down the lake. I could see him well now, and what a moose he was!—the very grandfather of them all. His tall withers, the long bell at his throat, the great spread of his superb antlers, made a beast such as surpassed even my fondest dreams. To this day I cannot think of him without a pang. Suddenly he broke into an ungainly trot and came rapidly to the end of the point, where he stopped, turned half-way, and looked up the lake. I think he caught some sound from the Indians, though to do them justice they were as quiet as mice.

He stood broadside to me, I judged about two hundred yards away. The time had

come. I slipped the cover off my rifle and raised it. As I did so I heard a whispered exclamation from the Frenchman: "Not yet; wait, are you crazy? It is too far." I paid no attention to this, but sighting on the foreleg and raising to the point of the shoulder, I fired, and I saw the little wince that meant the bullet had gone home. Then I turned my head a trifle and I looked at the Frenchman. He had risen to his knees, and on his swarthy face was a broad grin of sheer derision. "Laugh then, while you may," I thought, and as the moose swung away from the shore and made a bound I threw the action and fired again, and I knew that I held true. Then as quickly as my hand could work I again threw the lever and again fired. I saw the great beast stop and slowly sink, then suddenly collapse.

Now I turned and faced my man; he was upon his knees, both hands grasping his gun, which he held across his chest; his grin had given place to a wide-eyed stare of amazement. In a hoarse voice he burst out, stammering:

"*Ciel!* Who—what are you? How many—how many times can you fire without reloading?"

"Twenty," said I, promptly and cheerfully giving him good measure, for I thought that a proper lie just now might be worth an arsenal later on.

"You have left, then——?"

"Seventeen," and with this there flamed up in me a white blaze of fury, and I levelled the good rifle square at the fellow's face, and shouted at him:

"Damn you, drop that gun."

I used English, of which tongue I misdoubt he knew but little; but the meaning was too plain for language to stand in the way, and the gun fell from his hands as though it burned them. I had some ado not to shoot him down, for the mere pleasure of a well-placed bullet, but I controlled myself, and my orders to him, again in French, came short and sharp.

I made him rise and turn away from me; throw down his pistol, an archaic specimen which I think I should have been more afraid to fire than to have pointed at me, then cast away his nasty long knife. Next I marched him ahead of me, past the canoe to the south end of the island, and there I bade him mount upon the top of a bowlder

and seat himself. This done, I addressed him:

"Now do you listen well to what I tell you, for I have that to say that you will not find it wholesome to forget. You have chosen to conduct yourself like a mad fool, for reasons that are your own affair and no concern of mine. I, a peaceful hunter, you have treated as an enemy. You have made it necessary for me to go through all this play-acting of the moose hunt, merely that I might avoid killing you, through my making you see that against such armament as mine your ridiculous old relic of the middle ages is as much use as a tack-hammer. You will now do exactly as I say, or I shall kill you as I would a snake. You will sit here, while I withdraw in my canoe to the place where the moose lies. Then you may rise and call your damned savages to come to you. You will then go back with them to where we met. There is not much of the daylight left, but the moon is at the full, and there will be no darkness. You know the woods, and dark or light, through them this night you go, away from here. If you depart from my instructions, if your Indians make any attempt upon me, ay, if they so much as swerve from the appointed course, I shall pick you off one by one, like smashing flies upon a window-pane. Remember now, and make no mistake."

He said no word, though I never saw a human countenance so filled with bitter rage. And after all there was about the man something of brave gallantry and of sporting blood, although he seemed to be rather behind the times, that caused me, now that I had him at my mercy, and had given vent to feelings which had been hard indeed to bear, to be conscious of a little wave of pity for him. But I could not pay much attention to that, so I went quickly to my canoe and pushed off. He did not move and I paddled across to the point, passing by it and in a little toward the shore. There I pulled the canoe up a short way, and walked over to the dead moose and waved my hand to the Frenchman. He rose and called, in a roar that could have been heard for a mile, to the Indians. I saw them running down the slope and piling into the canoe, in which presently they pushed off and sent it flying for the island.

I looked at the magnificent dead beast; it was a shame to take the life of such a

splendid creature and leave him here to rot, but so it had to be.

The Indians reached the island, and there was a short colloquy with the Frenchman, who after running along the shore and collecting his arms, got aboard and they put out again and headed for the sloping lawn. I stood at the ready all the time, but there was no need for it. As they struck the beach I determined to give them a reminder, and I sighted very high and a trifle to one side and pulled. The ball evidently struck near them, for there was a tremendous jumping about, and in an incredibly short time they had the great canoe lifted; they all went quickly up the slope and disappeared within the forest.

I now proceeded back to the island, which seemed to be the best place to spend the night. It was a weary and an anxious vigil. The sun set, but ere the last of his light was gone, the sky was filled with the radiance of the full moon, which by and by appeared over the eastern hills and sailed in a cloudless heaven. I was too overstrung for sleep even had I deemed it safe, I walked around the island, hour after hour; not to keep awake, but to watch the waters for some surprise. I lit a little fire and made a meal of tea and bacon, with some bread. It was nervous work, though, cooking; but I was faint with hunger and the hot food and drink put new heart in me; the good tobacco after gave me comfort.

Nothing happened. I heard moose sloshing in the wet ground along the bushy shore; owls hooted in the forest, and across the moonlit waters came the laughing cry of a loon. At long intervals the white-throated sparrow sang his dear little high-pitched song. Slowly the long night wore away, the moon sank to its rest in the bosom of the western mountains and the dawn flushed the eastern sky. Again I cooked my tea and bacon, my serenity returning as the daylight grew. A band of caribou came out upon the white sand and played, their gray bodies and the long white hairs of their throats shining in the first rays of the sun, which glistened upon their heraldic antlers. On the lawn a black shape appeared; far away as it was I could make out that it was a bear, and I watched

him as he moved about unconcernedly among the blueberry bushes. That was proof positive that the crowd was no longer near the place.

The time had come to leave and I was only too glad to go. Over the glassy lake, mirror for all the matchless glory of the encircling hills, I paddled around the base of the cliff. To the eastward the land fell down; at the very end of the lake, scarce a mile away, was a great belt of black spruce which meant swamp and looked impassable. Between the swamp and the long slope that formed the eastern side of the cliff was a low bluff of gravelly soil on which stood a wood of red pine, open and dry. Here should be the Frenchman's road, and I searched all along for it, but not a trace of it was there, nor any sign that men had passed that way. It was strange, uncanny—but perhaps he had just lied to me.

I struck off through the open woods to the southward, finding much easier going than when I had crossed the mountain. I went as fast as I could, and after a while had to stop to rest, having forced the pace to the limit of my endurance. The sun was now high, and it was hot in the woods. I sat down to rest and smoke a pipe, when suddenly I heard voices. In a fair agony of apprehension I peered through the trees and saw, oh joy! my two men. I jumped up and gave a shout, which they answered and came on the run. To their broken accompaniment of ejaculations I told my story. When I had finished I said:

"Now let us get back to our own place as fast as we can, and away from this accursed country."

"Yas," said Peter, "it's better we go back."

"Peter," I asked him, "have you any idea who those people were?"

He looked at me a long time, and then, speaking very slowly: "No, sir; ah'll not know who is he, those mans. Wan time, long ago, it's my grandfather, he's vary 'nol' man, he's tell-it me how he's hear 'um say, Hertel de Rouville he's keep-it guard over 'nol' country."

And with that he shivered a little and crossed himself.

THE SHEEP OF THE DESERT

By Kermit Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Mr. Win Proebstel, ranchman and prospector.

I WISHED to hunt the mountain sheep of the Mexican desert, hoping to be able to get a series needed by the National Museum.

At Yuma, on the Colorado River, in the extreme south-western corner of Arizona, I gathered my outfit. Dr. Carl Lumholtz, the explorer, had recently been traveling and hunting in that part of Mexico. In addition to much valuable help as to outfitting he told me how to get hold of a Mexican who had been with him, and whom he had found trustworthy. The postmaster, Mr. Chandler, and Mr. Verdugo, a prominent business man, had both been more than kind in helping me in every possible way. Mr. Charles Utting, clerk of the District Court, sometime Rough Rider, and inveterate prospector, was to start off with me for a short holiday from judicial duties. To him the desert was an open book, and from long experience he understood all the methods and needs of desert travel. Mr. Win Proebstel, ranchman and prospector, was also to start with us. He

had shot mountain sheep all the way from Alaska to Mexico, and was a mine of first-hand information as to their habits and seasons. I had engaged two Mexicans, Cipriano Dominguez and Eustacio Casares.

On the afternoon of the 10th of August we reached Wellton, a little station on the Southern Pacific, some forty miles east of Yuma. Win and his brother, Ike Proebstel, were ready with a wagon, which the latter was to drive to a water-hole some sixteen miles south, near some mining claims of Win's. August is the hottest month in the year in that country, a time when on the desert plains of Sonora the thermometer marks 140 degrees; so we decided to take advantage of a glorious full moon for our first night march. We loaded as much as we could of our outfit into the wagon, so as to save our riding and pack animals. We started at nine in the evening. The moon rode high. At first the desert stretched in unbroken monotony on all sides, to the dim and far-off mountains. In a couple of hours we came to the country of the saguaro,



The giant cactus (Saguaro).

Their shafts, forty or fifty feet high, rose from the level floor of the desert.—Page 90.

the giant cactus. All around us, their shafts forty or fifty feet high, with occasional branches set at grotesque angles to the trunk, they rose from the level floor of the desert, ghostly in the moonlight. The air seemed cool in comparison with the heat of the day, though the ground was still warm to the touch.

Shortly before one in the morning we reached Win's water-hole—tank, in the parlance of the country—and were soon stretched out on our blankets, fast asleep.

Next day we loaded our outfit on our two pack-mules and struck out across the desert



The choya cactus.

The points of the spikes are barbed and are by no means easy to pull out.—Page 101.

lies in a gulch and is sheltered on either hand by its steep and barren sides. A few

for the Tinajas Altas (High Tanks), which lay on the slopes of a distant range of mountains, about four miles from the Mexican border. For generations these tanks have been a well-known stepping-stone in crossing the desert. There are a series of them, worn out in the solid rock and extending up a cleft in the mountain side, which, in time of rain, becomes the course of a torrent. The camp lies on a small plateau, a couple of hundred yards from the lowest tank. This plateau

hundred feet from the entrance, on the desert and scattered about among the cactus, lie some hundred and fifty graves—the graves of men who have died of thirst; for this is a grim land, and death dogs the footsteps of those who cross it. Most of the dead men were Mexicans who had struggled across the deserts only to find the tanks dry. Each lay where he fell, until, sooner or later, some other traveller found him and scooped out for him a shallow grave, and on it laid a pile of rocks in the shape of a rude cross. Forty-six unfortunates perished here at one time of thirst. They were making their way across the deserts to the United States, and were in the last stages of exhaustion for lack of water when they reached these tanks. But a Mexican outlaw named Blanco reached the tanks ahead of them and bailed out the water, after carefully laying in a store for himself not far away. By this cache he waited until he felt

sure that his victims were dead; he then returned to the tanks, gathered the possessions of the dead, and safely made his escape.

A couple of months previously a band of insurrectos had been camped by these tanks, and two newly made graves marked their contribution. The men had been killed in a brawl.

Utting told us of an adventure that took place here, a few years ago, which very nearly had a tragic termination. It was in the winter season and there was an American camped at the tanks, when two Mexicans came there on their way to the Tule tanks, twenty-five miles away, near which they intended to do some prospecting. Forty-eight hours after they had left one of them turned up, riding their pack-mule; and in a

bad way for water. He said that they had found the Tule tanks dry, but had resolved to have one day's prospecting anyway; they had separated, but agreed at what time they were to meet. Although he waited for a long while after the agreed time, his companion

never appeared, and he was forced to start back alone.

Twenty-four hours after the return of this Mexican, the American was awakened in the night by hearing strange sounds in the bed of the arroyo. When he went down to investigate them he found the lost Mexican; he was in a fearful condition, totally out of his head, and was vainly struggling to crawl up the bank of the arroyo, in order to make the last hundred yards across the plateau to the water-hole. He would never have reached it alone. By careful treatment the American brought him round and then listened to his story. He had lost himself when he went off prospecting, and when he



I had engaged two Mexicans.—Page 90.

finally got his bearings he was already in a very bad way for water. Those dwelling in cool, well-watered regions can hardly make themselves realize what thirst means in that burning desert. He knew that although there was no water in the Tule wells, there was some damp mud in the bottom, and he said that all he wished to do was to reach the wells and cool himself off in the mud before he died. A short distance from the tanks the trail he was following divided, one branch leading to the Tule wells and the other back to the Tinajas Altas, twenty-five miles away. The Mexican was so crazed that he took the wrong branch and before he realized his mistake he had gone some way past Tule; he then decided that it was the hand of providence that had led him past, and that he must try to make Tinajas



The Tinajas Altas (High Tanks), lay on the slopes of a distant range of mountains.—Page 91.

Altas; a feat which he would have just missed accomplishing but for the American encamped there.

The morning after we reached the tanks, the Tinah'alta, as they are called colloquially, Win and I were up and off for the



The camp lies on a small plateau, a couple of hundred yards from the lowest tank.—Page 91.

hunting grounds by half-past three; by sun-up we were across the border, and hunted along the foot of the mountains, climbing across the outjutting ridges. At about nine we reached the top of a ridge and began looking around.

Win called to me that he saw some sheep. We didn't manage things very skilfully, and the sheep took fright, but as they stopped I shot at a fine ram, Win's rifle echoing my shot. We neither of us scored a hit, and missed several running shots. This missing was mere bad luck on Win's part, for he was a crack shot, and later on that day, when we were not together, he shot a ram, only part of which was visible, at a distance of three hundred and fifty yards. As the sun grew hotter we hunted further up on the mountains, but we saw no more sheep, and returned to camp with Utting, who met us at a ravine near the border.

After we got back to camp, Win and I filled some canteens, threw our blankets on one of the pack-mules, took Dominguez, and rode back over the border to camp in the dry bed of an arroyo near where we had been hunting in the morning. We sent back the animals, arranging with Dominguez to return with them the following day. Next morning at a little after three we rolled out of our blankets, built a little fire of mesquite wood, and after a steaming cup of coffee and some cold frying-pan bread we shouldered our rifles and set out. After several hours steady walking I got a chance at a fair ram and missed. I sat down and took out my field-glasses to try to see where he went; and I soon picked up three sheep standing on a great boulder, near the foot

of a mountain of the same range that we were on. They were watching us and were all ewes, but I wanted one for the museum. So I waited till they lost interest in us, got down from the rock, and disappeared from our sight.

I then left Win and started toward the boulder; after some rather careful stalking I got one of them at about two hundred yards by some fairly creditable shooting. The side of the mountain range along which we were hunting was cut by numerous deep gullies from two to three hundred yards across. After I had dressed the ewe I thought I would go a little way farther, on the chance of coming upon the ram I had missed; for he had disappeared in that direction. When I had crossed three



Camp at Tule under a palo verde tree.

or four ridges I sat down to look around. It was about half-past nine, the heat was burning, and I knew the sheep would soon be going up the mountains to seek the shelter of the caves in which they spend the noonday hours. Suddenly I realized that there were some sheep on the side of the next ridge standing quietly watching me. There were four bunches, scattered among the rocks; three were of ewes and young, and there was one bunch of rams; in all there were sixteen sheep. I picked out the best ram, and, estimating the distance at two hundred and fifty yards, I fired, hitting, but too low. I failed to score in the running shooting, but when he was out of sight I hurried over and picked up the trail; he was bleeding freely, and it was not difficult to follow him. He went half a mile or so and then lay down in a rock cave; but he was up and off before I could labor into sight,



Sheep cave.

I knew the sheep would soon be going up the mountains to seek the shelter of the caves, in which they spend the head-day hours. — Page 94.

and made a most surprising descent down the side of a steep ravine. When I caught sight of him again he was half-way up the opposite wall of the ravine though only about a hundred yards distant; he was standing behind a large rock with only his quarters visible, but one more shot brought matters to a finish. The heat was very great, so I started right to work to get the skin off. A great swarm of bees gathered to the feast. They were villanous looking, and at first they gave me many qualms, but we got used to each other and I soon paid no attention to them, merely brushing them off any part that I wanted to skin. I was only once stung and that was when a bee got inside my clothing, and I inadvertently squeezed it. Before I had finished the skinning I heard a shot from Win; I replied, and a little while afterward he came along. I shall not soon forget packing the skin, with the head and the leg bones still in it, down that mountain side. In addition to being very heavy, it made an unwieldy bundle, as I had no rope with which to tie it up. I held the head balanced on one shoulder, with a horn hooked



Dominguez making some frying-pan bread.

round my neck; the legs I bunched together as best I could, but they were continually coming loose and causing endless trouble. After I reached the bottom, I left Win with the sheep, and struck off for our night's camping place. It was after eleven and the very hottest part of the day. I had to be careful not to touch any of the metal part of my gun; indeed, the wooden stock was unpleasantly hot and I was exceedingly glad that there was to be water waiting for me at camp.



they were drinking at a water-hole in a desert country; and a man who has travelled the deserts, and is any sort of a sportsman, would not shoot game at a water-hole unless he were in straits for food.

I had been hunting on the extreme end of the Gila Range and near a range called El Viejo Hombre (The Old Man). After I shot my ram, in the confusion that followed, two of the young rams broke back, came down the mountain, passing quite close to Win, and crossed the plain to the Viejo



Head of first sheep.

I got Dominguez and the horses and brought in the sheep, which took several hours. That afternoon we were back at Tinah'alta, with a long evening's work ahead of me skinning out the heads and feet by starlight. Utting, who was always ready to do anything at any time, and did everything well, turned to with a will and took the ewe off my hands.

The next day I was hard at work on the skins. One of the tanks, about four hundred yards from camp, was a great favorite with the sheep, and more than once during our stay the men in camp saw sheep come down to drink at it. This had generally happened when I was off hunting; but on the morning when I was busy with the skins two rams came down to drink. It was an hour before noon; for at this place the sheep finished feeding before they drank. The wind was blowing directly up the gulch to them, but although they stopped several times to stare at the camp, they eventually came to the water-hole and drank. Of course we didn't disturb these sheep, for not only were they in the United States, but

Hombre Range, some mile and a half away. The bands of sheep out of which I shot my specimens had been feeding chiefly on the twigs of a small symmetrical bush, called by the Mexicans El Yerva del Baso, the same, I believe, that Professor Hornaday in his "Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava," calls the white Brittle bush. They had also been eating such galleta-grass as they could find; it was on this grass that we depended for food for our horses and mules. Apparently the sheep of these bands had not been going to the water-hole; there were numerous places where they had been breaking down cactus and eating the pulp. In this country Win said that the rams and the ewes began to run together in October, and that in February the young were born. When the rams left the ewes, they took with them the yearling rams; and they didn't join the ewes again until the next October.

On the following day I left Utting and Proebstel and took the trail to the Tule tank. The two Mexicans were with me and we had two horses and three mules. We were travelling very light, for we were



The desert we were riding through was covered with mesquite and creosote and cactus; ocatillas were plentiful: they are formed somewhat on the principle of an umbrella.

bound for a country where water-holes were not only few and far between, but most uncertain. My personal baggage consisted of my washing kit, an extra pair of shoes, a change of socks and a couple of books. Besides our bedding we had some coffee, tea, sugar, rice, flour (with a little bacon to take the place of lard in making bread) and a good supply of frijoles or Mexican beans. It was on these last that we really lived. As soon as we got to a camp we always put some frijoles in a kettle and started a little fire to boil them. If we were to be there for a couple of days we put in enough beans to

last us the whole time, and then all that was necessary in getting a meal ready was to warm up the beans.

It was between four and five in the afternoon when we left Tinah'alta, and though the moon did not rise until late, the stars were bright and the trail was clear. The desert we were riding through was covered with mesquite and creosote and innumerable choya cactus; there were also two kinds of prickly pear cactus, and ocatillas were plentiful. The last are curious plants; they are formed somewhat on the principle of an umbrella, with a very short central



The ram was a good one.—Page 100

stem from which sometimes as many as twenty spokes radiate umbrella-wise. These spokes are generally about six feet long and are covered with thorns which are partially concealed by tiny leaves. The flower of the ocatilla is scarlet, and although most of them had stopped flowering by August there were a few still in bloom. After about six hours silent riding we reached Tule. The word means a marsh, but, needless to say, all that we found was a rock-basin with a fair supply of water and a very generous supply of tadpoles and water lice.

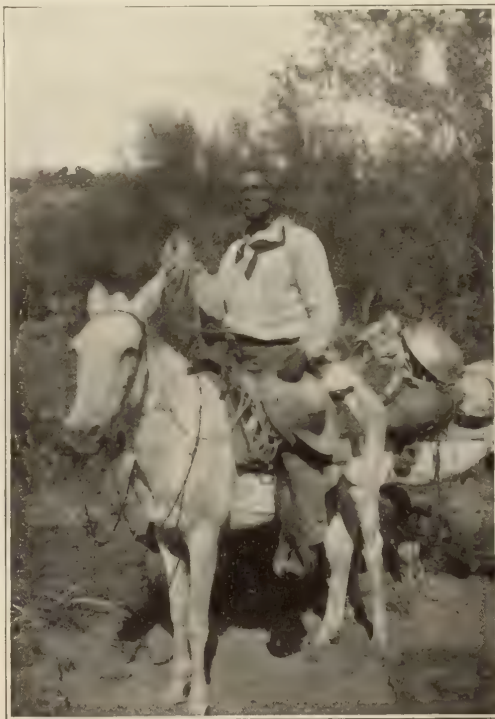
Next morning when we came to get breakfast ready we found we had lost, through a hole in a pack sack, all of our eating utensils except a knife and two spoons; but we were thankful at having got off so easily. By three in the afternoon we were ready for what was to be our hardest march. We wished to get into the Pinacate country; and our next water was to be the Papago tank, which Casares said was about forty-five miles south of us. He said that in this tank we were always sure to find water.

For the first fifteen miles our route lay over the Camino del Diablo, a trail running through the Tule desert—and it has proved indeed a “road of the devil” for many an unfortunate. Then we left the trail, the sun sank, twilight passed, and in spite of the brilliancy of the stars, the going became difficult. In many places where the ground was free from bowlders the kangaroo rats had made a net-work of tunnels and into these our animals fell, often sinking shoulder deep. Casares was leading, riding a

hardy little white mule. While he rode he rolled cigarette after cigarette, and as he bent forward in his saddle to light them, for a moment his face would be brought into relief by the burning match and a trail of

sparks would light up the succeeding darkness. Once his mule shied violently, and we heard the angry rattling of a side-winder, a sound which once heard is never forgotten.

At about eight o'clock, what with rocks and kangaroo rat burrows, the going became so bad that we decided to off saddle and wait till the moon should rise. We stretched out with our heads on our saddles and dozed until about midnight, when it was time to start on again. Soon the desert changed and we were free of the hills among which we had been travelling, and



Eustacio Casares, who was white-haired, and must have been at least sixty, was as fresh as ever.—Page 99.

were riding over endless rolling dunes of white sand. As dawn broke the twin peaks of Pinacate appeared ahead of us, and the sand gave place to a waste of red and black lava, broken by steep arroyos. We had been hearing coyotes during the night, and now a couple jumped up from some rocks, a hundred yards away, and made off amongst the lava.

By eight o'clock the sun was fiercely hot, but we were in among the foothills of Pinacate. I asked Casares where the tanks were, and he seemed rather vague, but said they were beyond the next hills. They were not; but several times more he felt sure they were “just around the next hill.” I realized that we were lost and resolved to give him one more try, and then if I found that he was totally at sea as to the whereabouts of the tank, I intended to find some

shelter for the heat of the day, and, when it got cooler, to throw the packs off our animals and strike back to Tule. It is difficult to realize how quickly that fierce sun dries up man and beast. I doubt if in that country a really good walker could have covered ten miles in the noonday heat without water and without stopping. We could have made Tule all right, but the return trip would have been a very unpleasant one, and we would probably have lost some of our animals.

However, just before we reached Casares's last location of the Papago tanks, we came upon an unknown water-hole, in the bed of an arroyo. The rains there are very local, and although the rest of the country was as dry as tinder, some fairly recent downpour had filled up this little rocky basin. There were two trees near it, a mesquite and a palo verde, and though neither would fit exactly into the category of shade-trees, we were most grateful to them for being there at all. The palo verde is very deceptive. When seen from a distance, its greenness gives it a false air of being a lovely, restful screen from the sun, but when one tries to avail oneself of its shade, the fallacy is soon evident. It is only when there is some parasitical mistletoe growing on it that the palo verde offers any real shade. The horses were very thirsty, and it was a revelation to see how they lowered the water in the pool.

Dominguez was only about thirty years old, but he seemed jaded and tired, whereas Casares, who was white-haired, and must have been at least sixty, was as fresh as ever. Two days later, when I was off hunting on

the mountains, Casares succeeded in finding the Papago tanks; they were about fifteen miles to our north-west, and were as dry as a bone! I later learned that a Mexican had come through this country some

three weeks before we were in there. He had a number of pack animals. When he found the Papago dry, he struck on for the next water, and succeeded in making it only after abandoning his packs and losing most of his horses.

We sat under our two trees during the heat of the day; but shortly after four I took my rifle and my canteen, and went off to look for sheep, leaving the two Mexicans in camp. Although I saw no rams, I found plenty of sign and got a good idea of the lay of the land.

The next four or five days I spent hunting from this camp. I was very anxious to get some antelope, and I spent three or four days in a fruitless search for them. It was, I believe, unusually dry, even for that country, and the antelope had migrated to better feeding-grounds. Aside from a herd of nine, which I saw from a long way off, but failed to come up with, not only did I not see any antelope, but I did not even find any fresh tracks. There were many very old tracks and I have no doubt that, at certain times of the year, there are great numbers of antelope in the country over which I was hunting.

The long rides, however, were full of interest. I took the Mexicans on alternate days, and we always left camp before daylight. As the hours wore on the sun would grow hotter and hotter. In the middle of the day there was generally a breeze blowing across the lava beds, and that breeze was



Ready to leave Tinaja del Bévora.—Page 101.



Our camp in the Pinacate.

We came upon an unknown water-hole, in the bed of an arroyo.—Page 99.

like the blast from a furnace. There are few whom the desert, at sunset and sunrise, fails to fascinate; but only those who have the love of the wastes born in them feel the magic of their appeal under the scorching noonday sun. Reptile life was abundant; lizards scuttled away in every direction; there were some rather large ones that held their tails up at an oblique angle above the ground as they ran, which gave them a ludicrous appearance. A species of toad whose back was speckled with red was rather common. Jack-rabbits and cotton-tails were fairly numerous, and among the birds Gambel's quail, and the white-wings, or sonora pigeons, were most in evidence. I came upon one of these later on her nest in a palo verde tree; the eggs were about the size of a robin's, and were white; and the nest was made chiefly of galleta-grass. The white-wings are very fond of the fruit of the saguaro; this fruit is of a reddish orange color when ripe, and the birds peck a hole in it and eat the scarlet pulp within. It is delicious, and the Indians collect it and dry it; the season was over when I was in the country, but there was some late fruit on a few of the trees. If I was back in camp

at sunset it was pretty to hear the pigeons trilling as they flew down to the pool to drink.

One day we got back to the camp at about two. I was rather hot and tired, so I made a cup of tea and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe until almost four. Then I picked up my rifle and went out by myself to look for sheep. I climbed to the top of a great crater hill and sat down to look around with my field-glasses. Hearing a stone move behind, I turned very slowly around. About a hundred and fifty yards off, on the rim of the crater, stood six sheep, two of them fine rams. Very slowly I put down the field-glasses and raised my rifle, and I killed the finest of the rams. It was getting dark, so, without bestowing more than a passing look upon him, I struck off for camp at a round pace. Now the Mexicans, although good enough in the saddle, were no walkers, and so Dominguez saddled a horse, put a pack-saddle on a mule, and followed me back to where the sheep lay. We left the animals at the foot of the hill, and although it was not a particularly hard climb up to the sheep the Mexican was blown and weary by the time we reached it. The ram was a good one.

His horns measured sixteen and three-fourths inches around the base, and were thirty-five inches long, so they were larger in circumference, though shorter than my first specimen. He was very thin, however, and his hair was falling out, and one could pull out handfuls. All the sheep that I saw in this country seemed thif and in poor shape, while those near Tinah'alta were in very fair condition. The extreme dryness and scarcity of grass doubtless in part accounted for this, although the country in which I got my first two sheep was in no sense green. Making our way back to camp through the lava fields and across the numerous gullies was a difficult task. The horses got along much better than I should have supposed; indeed, they didn't seem to find as much difficulty as I did. Dominguez muttered that if the road past Tule was the Camino del Diablo, this certainly was the Camino del Inferno! When we reached camp my clothes were as wet as if I had been in swimming. I set right to work on the head-skin, but it was eleven o'clock before I had finished it; that meant but four hours sleep for me, and I felt somewhat melancholy about it. Indeed, on this trip, the thing that I chiefly felt was the need of sleep, for it was always necessary to make a very early start, and it was generally after sunset before I got back to camp.

The Mexicans spoke about as much English as I spoke Spanish, which was very little, and as they showed no signs of learning, I set to work to learn some Spanish. At first our conversation was very limited, but I soon got so that I could understand them pretty well. We occasionally tried to tell each other stories but became so confused that we would have to call it off. Dominguez had one English expression which he would pronounce with great pride and emphasis on all appropriate or inappropriate occasions; it was "You betcher!" Once he and I had some discussion as to what day it was and I appealed to Casares. "Ah, quien sabe, quien sabe?" (Who knows, who knows?) was his reply; he said that he never knew what day it was and got on very comfortably without knowing—a point of view which gave one quite a restful feeling. They christened our water-hole Tinaja del Bévora, which means the tank of the rattlesnake. They so named it because of the advent in camp one night of a

rattler. It escaped and got in a small lava cave from out of which the men tried long and unsuccessfully to smoke it.

At the place where we were camped our arroyo had tunnelled its way along the side of a hill; so that, from its bed, one bank was about ten feet high and the other nearer fifty. In the rocky wall of this latter side there were many caves. One, in particular, would have furnished good sleeping quarters for wet weather. It was about twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet deep, and it varied in height from four to six feet. The signs showed that for generations it had been a favorite abode of sheep; coyotes had also lived in it, and in the back there was a big pack-rat's nest. Pieces of the bisnaga cactus, with long, cruel spikes, formed a prominent part of the nest.

After I had hunted for antelope in every direction from camp, and within as large a radius as I could manage, I was forced to admit the hopelessness of the task. The water supply was getting low, but I determined to put in another good long day with the sheep before turning back. Accordingly, early one morning, I left the two Mexicans in camp to rest and set off for the mountains on foot. I headed for the main peak of Pinacate. It was not long before I got in among the foothills. I kept down along the ravines, for it was very early, and as a rule the sheep didn't begin to go up the hills from their night's feeding until nine or ten o'clock; at this place, also, they almost always spent the noon hours in caves. There were many little chipmunks running along with their tails arched forward over their backs, which gave them rather a comical look. At length I saw a sheep; he was well up the side of a large hill, an old crater, as were many of these mountains. I made off after him and found there were steep ravines to be reckoned with before I even reached the base of the hill. The sides of the crater were covered with choyas, and the footing on the loose lava was so uncertain that I said to myself, "I wonder how long it will be before you fall into one of these choyas," and only a few minutes later I was gingerly picking choya burrs off my arms, which had come off worst in the fall. The points of the spikes are barbed and are by no means easy to pull out. I stopped many times to wait for my courage to rise sufficiently to start to work again, and by the time I had got myself free I was so angry

that I felt like devoting the rest of my day to waging a war of retaliation upon the cactus. The pain from the places from which I had pulled out the spikes lasted for about half an hour after I was free of them, and later, at Yuma, I had to have some of the spines that I had broken off in my flesh cut out.

An hour or so later I came across a very fine bisnaga or "niggerhead" cactus. I was feeling very thirsty, and, wishing to save my canteen as long as possible, I decided to cut the bisnaga open and eat some of its pulp, for this cactus always contains a good supply of sweetish water. As I was busy trying to remove the long spikes, I heard a rock fall, and looking round saw a sheep walking along the opposite side of the gully, and not more than four hundred yards away. He was travelling slowly and had not seen me, so I hastily made for a little ridge toward which he was heading. I reached some rocks near the top of the ridge in safety and crouched behind them. I soon saw that he was only a two-year-old, and when he was two hundred yards off I stood up to have a good look at him. When he saw me, instead of immediately making off, he stood and gazed at me. I slowly sat down and his curiosity quite overcame him. He proceeded to stalk me in a most scientific manner, taking due advantage of choyas and rocks; and cautiously poking his head out from behind them to stare at me. He finally got to within fifty feet of me, but suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he took fright and made off. He did not go far, and, from a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, watched me as I resumed operations on the cactus.

Not long after this, as I was standing on the top of a hill, I made out two sheep, half hidden in a draw. There was a great difference in the size of their horns, and, in the hasty glance I got of them, one seemed to me to be big enough to warrant shooting. I did not discover my mistake until I had brought down my game. He was but a two-year-old, and, although I should have been glad of a good specimen for the Museum, his hide was in such poor condition that it was quite useless. However, I took his head and some meat and headed back for camp. My camera, water bottle, and field-glasses were already slung over my shoulder, and the three hours' tramp back to camp, in the very hottest part of the day,

was tiring; and I didn't feel safe in finishing my canteen until I could see camp.

The next day we collected as much galleta-grass as we could for the horses, and, having watered them well, an operation which practically finished our pool, we set out for Tule at a little after three. As soon as the Mexicans got a little saddle stiff they would stand up in one stirrup, crooking the other knee over the saddle, and keeping the free heel busy at the horses' ribs. The result was twofold; the first and most obvious being a sore back for the horses, and the second being that the horses became so accustomed to a continual tattoo to encourage them to improve their pace, that, with a rider unaccustomed to that method, they lagged most annoyingly. The ride back to Tule was as uneventful as it was lovely.

On the next day's march, from Tule toward Win's tank, I saw the only Gila monster—the sluggish, poisonous lizard of the south-western deserts—that I came across throughout the trip. He was crossing the trail in leisurely fashion and darted his tongue out angrily as I stopped to admire him. Utting told me of an interesting encounter he once saw between a Gila monster and a rattlesnake. He put the two in a large box; they were in opposite corners, but presently the Gila monster started slowly and sedately toward the rattler's side of the box. He paid absolutely no attention to the snake, who coiled himself up and rattled angrily. When the lizard got near enough, the rattler struck out two or three times, each time burying his fangs in the Gila monster's body; the latter showed not the slightest concern, and, though Utting waited expectantly for him to die, he apparently suffered no ill effects whatever from the encounter. He showed neither anger nor pain; he simply did not worry himself about the rattler at all.

We reached Wellton at about nine in the evening of the second day from Pinacate. We had eaten all our food and our pack animals were practically without loads; so we had made ninety miles in about fifty-five hours. Dominguez had suffered from the heat on the way back, and at Win's tank, which was inaccessible to the horses, I had been obliged myself to pack all the water out to the animals. At Wellton I parted company with the Mexicans, with the regret one always feels at leaving the comrades of a most interesting and delightful trip.

MORE AFRICAN SKETCHES*

By Janet Allardyce



EXTRACT from the Notes and Diary of Miss Anstruther, a lady of certain principles and uncertain years, who had left her home in the cathedral town of Mulchester to visit her young married niece in the province of Ibea in equatorial Africa:

THE BUSIEST MAN IN THE COUNTRY

"ALAN, what sort of a person is Mrs. Francis?" said my niece Cecilia to her husband, as we lingered over dessert.

Ten slow puffs at his pipe were required to answer this conundrum. "Do you want to make a friend of her?" he asked.

"Oh, *goodness*, no!" said Cecilia rapidly; "she's far too old, she must be nearly twenty-eight! But I can't help watching her and she attracts me very much."

"I've known her just four years," Alan said. "She was an awfully pretty girl when she first came out—skin like a peach, but she lost all that during her first hot season." (Cecilia's hand went rapidly to her cheek.) "Nice little woman, too. I never saw any one so idiotic about her husband, though, and I fancy she overdid it. There's been some talk about her lately, I gather."

"What sort of talk?" said the irrepressible Cecilia. "Oh, nothing interesting. It's getting chilly, don't you think, Aunt Mary?"

"Well, I like Mrs. Francis, and I want to know her," said my little niece decidedly. "She is always nice to me and she never says horrid things about people. I'm going to see her to-morrow, for I hear she has had fever. Will you come too?"

I went next day with Cecilia, and many days after by myself, for though not every one would care to see an old maid like me, Mrs. Francis seemed to take a real pleasure in my visits. She was a graceful, slender woman, with shadowy eyes and hair and an almost colorless skin. She dressed very simply, but she possessed the faculty of making other women look either shabby or

overdressed. This I imagine does not tend to popularity; certainly I never saw any one with fewer friends. Hour after hour she lay alone, while the fever worked its will and then left her, white and exhausted, to struggle back to health.

Her husband hurriedly looked in now and then, but I never knew him to spend more than five minutes with her. I remarked on this once to Alan.

"Busiest man in the country," he said; "there's nothing he can't do, and little he doesn't do. He is secretary of the Kenya Club and treasurer of two sports clubs. He is our best polo-player, and he'll probably win this billiard handicap. He got up our Roughriders we are all so keen on. Good chap, Francis, one of the best!"

I looked with interest on this prodigy of mankind next day when he rushed in on his way to polo. He is a small, dark man, clean-shaven and with a great personal charm. His wife followed him with her eyes, but I thought her manner to him distant in the extreme.

It would puzzle me to say what she and I talked of during the hours I spent with her! She read enormously, and every mail brought her packets of books from home. They were, however, mostly poetry and essays, in French and Italian, though she had a few novels by authors unknown to me. We had not a single taste in common, and yet she seemed to cling to my companionship.

Her room was always full of masses of roses, yellow, apricot, and white, sent, she told me, by a friend of her husband's whom I often met on my way home, and who seemed much distressed on her account. She always wore cream-colored things of lace and satin. She would have no bright colors near her, saying they hurt her. Her husband once brought her some violets, and she flushed with pleasure. "Ah, dearest, that was good of you, to think of me!" she said, and the violets remained by her bedside till the poor things had lost all scent and color.

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1910.

When she recovered strength enough to travel she was sent to the coast for a month. On her return I seemed to have dropped out of touch with her, and saw little or nothing of her for some weeks. She did not seem to regain strength as I should have liked, and there was a curiously strained expression in her eyes.

One evening I went in to see her on my way home to a solitary dinner, as Cecilia and Alan were going out. She was, to my surprise, sitting ready dressed for the evening, wearing a very beautiful white gown with a spray of white lilies, and with pearls round her neck. "You are going out?" I said. "I did not know I was so late; I fear I have disturbed you?" But she told me she was not going anywhere and that it was still quite early.

She puzzled me greatly, I must confess. Usually so quiet, she was restless, and started at every sound. Her color came and went, and though I never saw her look so beautiful I thought her positively rude in her inattention to me. Nevertheless she refused to let me go, and begged me to stay with her for half an hour at least.

As eight o'clock approached her restlessness increased. She suddenly stopped and took my hands in hers. "Is that some one coming?" she said (and my hands ached for hours afterward with the pressure).

"My dear, compose yourself," I replied; "it is only your husband coming back from the club."

She turned away at once, and began to arrange some flowers as he came quickly in, smiling and full of energy.

"You are late," she said. "How did your tournament go off?"

"Capitally for me, I'm in the semi-final. I say, I'm afraid I must dine with Green to-night, we've got to talk over this new—Well, what's the matter now? For goodness' sake don't look so ill-used! I *must* get this arranged to-night!"

They had both for the moment forgotten me. A hard look crept into his pleasant eyes and an exasperated tone, new to me, rang in his voice. She turned without a word to her flowers and he went to his room.

After a few moments she followed him. I heard low pleading and then his voice raised loudly: "I'm sorry, but you are asking what is impossible; I *must* go out to-night."

We stood together in silence before the cheerful wood fire, and heard his steps die away on the road. "Why did you come just to-night, of all times?" she said at length. "I could not have borne any one but you just because you are *you*, because you know nothing of this and you have never lived at all! No, don't be cross, you must hear me to-night, and I'm going to tell you what I've never told a living soul beside yourself, and never will. You know that I quarrelled with all my people when I married him? I gave up everything a woman can, relations, home, money, health, all to be with him out here. He has been literally my life to me. Everything he gave me I've kept." (She left me for a moment and returned with a small box.) "Look, his letters, these flowers—everything is here, I *could* not throw them away. He used to care, too—My God, he *did* care then!"

"Mrs. Francis," I said, "I *cannot* listen to this wild talk. It is both absurd and wrong to speak to me of your excellent husband in this way and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

She went on as though I had never spoken a word. "Then this began, and now he is completely absorbed in his work and his sport and his games. He has gone utterly and finally away from me, he never notices me at all. He is one of the most popular men in the country, but I have no friends. Now that he has gone from me I have *nothing*. All his evenings are spent up there at the club where he and his friends have their accursed cards and billiards, and their wives go to the devil at home alone. Come here and look at this."

She drew me to the dining-room. It was a vision of pure bridal white; of jasmine, lilies, and sparkling silver. It had been prepared with loving care, but for two only. "This is my wedding-day and my birthday as well. I've been waiting for this day and looking forward to it for months. I made up my mind that if he only remembered it I would have been good and borne the rest. I would have given up—but you can see, he has simply forgotten all about it!"

She took the letters from the box and her face was convulsed for a moment. "These are the first of all, so they shall go first." She tore them up, one by one, and threw them into the flames.

"You know," she went on, "I never used to be religious till I met him. Then everything was lit up, and I learned the love of God through love of my husband—or thought that I did! That's gone too; silly women invent it to comfort themselves with when men leave them. All lies, lies!"

The burnt letters stood stiff and black among the glowing logs. Now and then a little snake of flame ran up one, and the dead thing crackled and sank to ashes. I was long past speech, out of my depths in this sea of misery.

"I tried to live in my books, but I can't. I must have something human, I'm not old enough yet to do without it. Music might have helped me, but there is no music in this hole. So I've chosen—it's not even original—but though I can never be happy myself I may at least make some one else happy for a time. No, you don't understand, of course you don't, and thank the God people like you believe in for that."

She took the white lilies out of her bodice and threw them after the letters and dead flowers into the fire, and fastened in their place a magnificent cloth-of-gold rose—all cream and orange.

"And now say good-by to me—a real good-by, for you won't come back again and I shall never speak to you any more!" She leaned her head on my shoulder for a long moment, then kissed me and pushed me away.

Blind with tears, afraid of I knew not what, I left her. At the corner of the road I looked round. The house was dimly lighted, but suddenly a curtain was pulled back, and a brilliant ray of lamplight fell on the face of a man who stood opposite, waiting. From a bungalow a little further up the road came a sudden shout of laughter, and "the best chap going" laughed loudest of all.

THE EWINGS

May 17th

Cecilia and her husband having gone to the Lake, I have come here to spend a fortnight with the sister of our Mulchester Station-Master, who has married a fibre-planter named Ewing. After five hours' journey down the line, I arrived at Maburu, and found Mr. Ewing, a rough, surly-looking person, waiting for me with a wagon

and a team of mules. He did his best, I am sure, to welcome me, but I was not favorably impressed, nor did his manner strike me as suitably respectful. We drove for many miles, following a rough track. The monotony of the country was remarkable, and yet I found it very beautiful. We passed herds of zebra, several wild ostriches, and a number of shy, exquisite gazelles. As we drew near the house, the sun set behind a range of stony mountains, their ramparts cutting harshly into the evening sky. In a few minutes the whole country was transfigured. Floods of violet poured over their barren outlines, and long shafts of rose converging at the horizon spread to the zenith of the cloudless sky. I cannot describe the magic with which it clothed this wilderness. But the glamour went out like the flame of a candle as the house appeared before us—small, poor, almost sinister, standing among acres of fibre plants, grim and forbidding as only an aloe can be.

Mrs. Ewing was waiting for us, a gentle, ladylike little woman. I caught the look on her husband's face as he came in, and, though he said never a word, an absolute glow of admiration leapt up in his dull eyes at sight of her.

There are only three rooms in the house, the living-room, the Ewings' room, and my own. As I write, the iron roof is cracking like pistol shots in the intolerable heat. What I shall do with myself here for fourteen long days, Heaven only knows!

May 21st

I have tried to help my little hostess, who is far from strong and is sorely tried by the heat. I endeavored to bake; I don't know what was amiss, but success did not attend my efforts and she has taken it over herself again. I have also tried to help her with dressmaking, but, after attempting to insert a sleeve into its armhole in four different ways, I gave it back to her. I have never thought the details of cooking and dress-making to be worth the consideration of a busy and independent woman (though of course to the working classes they are essential), for at Mulchester my time was more than occupied with my Girls' Friendly Societies, the Guild of Converted Boot-blacks, and our Literary Union. I am somewhat startled, I must own, to find the

large proportion of time domestic drudgery demands in such a life as Mrs. Ewing's.

May 26th

The days crawl by with intolerable monotony. Much as I like my little hostess, and admire her sunny patience amongst her difficulties, I do *not* like my host. I may say, indeed, that I consider him really objectionable. He smokes through the house regardless of my presence; his hands are seldom clean, and he has sat through breakfast twice without removing his dirty sun-helmet. This house is, as I said, very small, and sounds carry with alarming distinctness.—Last night I was the unwilling eavesdropper to the following conversation (Mr. Ewing's voice is loud and harsh; his wife's so soft as to be almost inaudible):

—"I've sized *her* up long ago."

—Murmurs—"really kind lady."

—"All very well, but what use is she, tell me that? Where's the good of her, anyhow?"

—"Don't understand her?" I understand her cannon-balls of loaves! She lets you slave from morning till night— Oh, all right, all right, then I *don't* understand her and don't want to. Only a week more of her, anyway!"

Though I do not expect to be appreciated by such a rough boor, I must own this conversation upset me greatly. Indeed, I cannot get it out of my mind.

After this the mornings were longer than ever and the meals more constrained. The evenings, which we spent sitting round the table, and dodging the mosquitoes, which swarmed round the cheap, unshaded lamp, were perhaps worst of all.

After tea, Mrs. Ewing and I, with her little terrier Dudu, generally stroll to a ravine about a mile away, and this I do indeed enjoy. It is a wonderful relief to leave the blazing veldt and to go down into the cool, damp shade, the rush of the stream in our ears, and great masses of maidenhair fern, the loveliest green thing ever made, hanging in clouds from the rocks above us.

Last night the Ewings told me some extraordinary tales of wild animals; one in particular I find very hard to believe. They were wakened one very hot night by a leopard which got into their bedroom, they suppose in pursuit of their dog. En-

raged at finding itself entrapped, it tore up and down the room till it found the door and escaped. Mrs. Ewing, who is very nervous, was half dead with fright, and a lamp now burns all night on the veranda.

June 1st

Mrs. Ewing and I went again to the ravine, and while we rested watching the deep, clear pool at our feet, she shyly told me of her hopes. In about six weeks' time she intends going to the capital for skilled care and attention, as she is not quite satisfied that her health is all it should be. I have never, fortunately, been forced to come into contact with this side of life, but believing, as I do, in the All-wisdom of Nature, I have often thought much unnecessary fuss was made on the subject. I endeavored, therefore, to reassure Mrs. Ewing by explaining that, all being *natural*, there was nothing to fear, and begged her to rid her mind of foolish and weakening forebodings.

She did not answer, but I noticed, not for the first time, a peculiar little smile which always somewhat irritates me.

While she and I, with Dudu, were climbing up out of the ravine, I observed that we had stayed later than usual, and that it would be pitch-dark before we reached home. Little Dudu seemed very restless and nervous, keeping close to our heels and whining softly and pitifully. As we passed under a large rock Mrs. Ewing stood stock-still, whispering "What's that?" and I suddenly saw a large animal outlined against the green evening sky, not twenty feet away. It was crouched to spring, motionless but for the lashing tail. A dead feeling crept through my limbs and I was very cold. Mrs. Ewing muttered over and over:

"The leopard again—my God! my God! my God!"

Dudu, mad with terror, suddenly made a wild rush for cover. We could not see the rest. We heard one terrible scream—the leopard and poor little Dudu were gone.

We held on to each other blindly for a long time, and then I dragged her home.

I never experienced actual panic before. I did not know it could—

As I wrote these words at midnight, Mr. Ewing came to my door, to tell me his wife was not well. She appears to be suffering,

and he seems to be rather absurdly concerned. I am many years older than her and was quite as alarmed this evening, yet I have not given way to my feelings. Surely, then, she should also make an effort to control herself! I pointed this out and he looked at me with a most unpleasant expression and shut the door in the middle of my words.

3 A. M.—Mr. Ewing has come again. He wishes me to watch with his wife while he rides six miles to the nearest neighbor to send him for the doctor. I can hear her calling, "Don't leave me, Jim, don't leave me, don't leave me!"

6 A. M.—He has returned. The doctor even now cannot be here for twelve hours at the earliest. This is too awful, too awful.

8 A. M.—Mr. Ewing has again come to me, quite beside himself.

"Can you do *nothing* for her?" he said. "You are a woman, for God's sake try anything——"

And I knew nothing, could do nothing. Only yesterday I had been glad of it. If I were only the poorest, coarsest charwoman—who knew——!

6 P. M.—She died at ten o'clock. He buried her and her baby all alone an hour ago. He would not let me see her, touch her.

"Call yourself a woman? Damn you!" he said, and turned his back on me.

June 3rd

The doctor arrived at eleven last night, and took me back with him this morning.

Mr. Ewing never spoke a word. He sat, staring with wild eyes, and drinking all night long.

The doctor told me afterward that his wife had been his salvation. Through love of her he had pulled himself together, but now there seemed little enough hope for him.

We left at dawn. The long golden rays caressed into fairylike beauty the inflexible lines of the surrounding hills, but the plain and the little lonely bungalow lay in cold gray mist. Within the open door was just visible the figure of a man, sitting dumb and stupefied as we had left him. We turned away from that last look, and the horse, quicker-sighted than we, shied

suddenly to avoid treading on a rough red mound of newly turned earth.

CHRISTMAS IN EXILE

IN an open glade of the monkey-haunted forest, where the short green turf sloped to the stream, they pitched their Christmas camp. Behind it the land rose, in belts of forest and slopes of plain, to a distant blue range of hills, barren and waterless by daylight, but mysteriously lovely in the violet evening. Their green tents stood in a row, and behind them were the smaller tents and shelters of the servants, porters, gun-bearers, and "syces" or grooms. Three men, one woman, and two children, all loving open-air life better than anything in the world, they had left behind them the baking little town on the plain, and had come to spend their short holiday in the clearer, fresher air of the hills. But whatever motive had prompted the elders in their choice, a truly great idea filled the mind of the children: nothing less than the "composition" of a standard work on natural history, which should eclipse and supersede all previous efforts of other less-informed authors.

But if the course of true love is notoriously checkered, how should that of camping, which is at least as fascinating, fare any better? And troubles came fast. The tent equipment got hopelessly mixed, and only those who have tried to put a "fly" on the wrong tent can realize what that means in time and temper. A haughty-minded porter threw their entire bread supply into the "bush," and only a most unusually wide-awake Providence arranged that it should be retrieved by a belated syce. The teapot was left behind, and a large saucepan served alternately for soup and tea. You dipped in your cup and took what you got, and it never lacked in flavor of some kind!

And on that first evening—Christmas Eve too—when the hungry and exhausted party sat down to tea-soup and stew—splash! came a deluge of rain.

They fled into the nearest tent and ate as best they could, sitting on the two camp-beds with the table wedged between. No one cared a straw that the food was cold and tough and the mosquitoes unpleasantly attentive, for the spell of the "open road" was on them all, and the green canvas walls shook with the gusts of uproarious mirth.

During a break in the shower the mother ran across to the tent which she shared with her children, steering her way carefully among the treacherous guy-ropes and pegs. Within was darkness and the sound of soft breathing. By the light of a hurricane lantern she found the two brown stockings, dangling limply from the wall. Stealthily, and with much difficulty, she dragged out her little trunk, and, with mothers all the world over, filled the stockings from toe to knee.

The elder child, her hair streaming like sea-weed on the pillow, turned and smiled in her sleep. Almost too wise, she had of late ceased to pray for "Santa Claus, Mrs. Claus, and all the Claus family," but no doubts troubled the serene faith of her sister, whose flushed cheek was almost hidden by the tangled yellow curls. The beloved saint had never yet failed her, her stocking was ready—it was a beautiful world! Their mother dropped the flap of the tent behind her and stood alone in the mighty wonder of the night. The rain had ceased, the moon was covered with heavy clouds, but where the sky to the east was deep and clear, there swung the silver lamp of one radiant star. For many nights, in hushed wonder and joy, the children had watched its light. It shone in the East, and it was Christmas time—without any possible shade of doubt it was the star which the kings followed in the story, the story which is old and always new.

But a shout of merriment called her to the dining-tent, where the white-robed servant was gravely offering cherry brandy in enamelled egg-cups!

Very early next morning the camp was astir. Report had it that an obliging lion sat outside the camp, waiting to be slain. The three men on their ponies, their gun-bearers and syces trotting behind, rode many miles through the dewy, sunny morning, but no tragedy marred the lion's Christmas morning!

In the children's tent chaos its very self reigned triumphant. Take a space of about ten feet by eight, fill it up with three beds, the clothes, boots, and brushes of a woman and two children; spread Christmas presents and their paper and string over everything within reach—and dressing becomes a problem demanding the brain of a railway manager or the temper of a St.

Francis. Luckily a khaki coat, short skirt and knickers, long boots and a sun-helmet, is not a very complicated costume, and small jerseys and the above in miniature are soon scrambled into.

The children made one or two expeditions with the guns, but the sun grew fiercely hot, and the little feet soon grew weary. One sad morning they, most unfortunately, caught sight of the remains of a buck as it was being carried away, and problems, for which she had, alas! no answer, were thrust tearfully on their mother during the tramp back to camp. The momentous Classic on Natural History, however, grew apace. In anticipation of its publication I give a few extracts:

The Lizard

This little creature is very interesting. When it lies down it lies on its *front*, and so then its sides bulge out. When it goes to sleep, the lower eye-lid goes to the upper eye-lid. Its tail is slightly curved in sleeping. Anon waking and seeing danger it straightens its tail and makes away.

The Ostrich

This bird is an extremely interesting creature. It eats grains and herbs. It has got a large bag under its bill. It goes into the field when it eats and it has a good look round to see that no danger is near and then it arches its neck and begins to feed.

Its feeding takes place like this. It fills the pouch as full as it will go, and then it raises its neck for the food to go down. You can see the food go down its long neck, but now and then it sticks, and the creature raises its long neck as bolt upright as it will go, and then when the lump goes down it arches its neck once more to feed. When alarmed, it runs away very fast with the wings raised as if starting to fly. It can kick very baddly and instead of flying it runs.

The Tortois

This Animal is perhaps the most extraordinary creature in this book.

The Butcher Bird

This bird is coulored bright black and pure white he has got a bill something like a Hawk's only much smaller. The habits of these birds are very peculiar it follows like this—he chaces a Moth Butterfly or

flying Aunt etc Seases it in his bill and makes off with it to a neabouring *thorn tree*, and then on a large thorn it stiks its viktom. This is done to let the meat get high.

The nest is built in a thorn tree containing three eggs of a dull white crowned with a number of dull brown bloches and tow or three dark brown spekels. the song of this bird is an ugly harsh noise with no melody in it at all.

The Hyena

Is a cowardly, gready animal.

It always goes about alone, except in the mating season when it goes about in pairs.

Other wise they are so greedy that they want to enjoy & feast all by them-selves. So they follow the lion to the kill it has made and enjoys its self imensly with the bits it has left.

Then he with draws to his hoal, there he sleeps like a log all day, after gorging all night.

The Horse

Race horses are the highest kind of horse, they have large nostrils and large eyes. They are tall with long legs and each horse has four corns on each foot. There is another set of horses, which are just opiset to the race horse in looks and manner. It has lots of long hair which reaches down to its ancles and it is big and clumsy.

The river on the whole was the best playground. Fishing for minnows with pigeon's "insides" for bait produced instead enchanting little violet and madder crabs, though once they hooked a really large fish—nearly three inches long! The stream was, for an African river, wonderfully clear and not too deep for paddling. The grass and long rushes on its banks were of a living golden-green, the sombre gray forest of wild olive trees towered above, and now and then a scarlet woodpecker stabbed the gloom like a sword, as he flashed across a little glade and vanished into the depths. Once an old baboon, coughing and barking, shuffled half-way down the rough pathway formed by slabs of red rock, before he took fright at the white sun-helmets and scolded himself back into the forest. The place was beautiful as Eden. Troops of immense swallow-tail butterflies, orange and

brown, or velvety black barred with jade-green or vivid turquoise, turned and wheeled, poised and fluttered over the mirrorlike pools, a dance of living jewels. Seated on a rock, the water breaking over their white feet and ankles, the children watched them spellbound.

For their Christmas dinner they covered their two shaky little camp-tables with a white table-cloth, hoping vainly it would conceal the painful hiatus between them. They tied a scrap of red tissue-paper round the glass globe of the candlestick, arranged chocolates on large green leaves, and decorated everything with sprays of sweet-scented wild jasmine.

Some of the chairs were high, some so low that the soup and the mouth for which it was destined were on a level, and one seat was so unsteady that its small occupant fell over at the very feet of an astonished black boy. But the pudding, after a hasty and furtive absence on the part of the hostess, came along blazing merrily; and what remained of the mince-pies, after a stormy sojourn in a biscuit-tin, tasted fit for any king. The talk and laughter were only interrupted for a moment by the silence which follows the toast of those "Absent friends," seldom spoken of, but never far from thought. But, at eight years old, the one night of the year on which you sit up to dinner and on which the grown-ups are almost as amusing and sensible as people of your own age, is *not* the time for melancholy reflections!

The hilarious shouts must have startled the old rhinoceros in the papyrus swamp; and a painted Masai warrior, with spear and shield, paused on his way up from the river to look in amazement at these strange and demented intruders on the land of his fathers.

Long after the children were asleep the others sat round the camp-fire, till the logs smouldered low among the white ashes, and the Christmas Star had long set behind the shadowy indigo mountains.

SAFE HOME

In the blaze of an equatorial sun a little cemetery lies out on the slope of a hill. Round the low stone wall encircling it the zebra bark their strange call, and lions and

hyenas prowl by night. No flowers or soft green grass will grow on the rough stony soil, and the gravestones stand in bare ugliness against the coarse tussocks. Four open graves yawn for their occupants, as yet unknown. For this rocky ground is hard to excavate, and in the tropics burial must be carried out with terrible speed. A sinister *memento mori*, only to be tolerated in a land of realities such as this.

The cemetery forms a pitiful record of the struggles of life in a crude and savage country. I contrast it with one at home, with its well-kept paths and glowing flower-beds, the marble tombs shining through the trees, and Sabbath peace and quiet over it all. And the inscriptions on the graves, one after another recording the tranquil, uneventful lives of father, mother, and children. "And they fell asleep and were gathered to their fathers:" the natural and quiet ending to a calm old age. Idealized? Yes, of course, but still true comparatively.

In God's acre here I counted the graves of twenty-six Europeans. Three only were over forty years of age, and only one stone marks the resting-place of a husband and his wife.

To me, who knew so many of the slumberers, the place is thronged with memory.

A little iron cross painted white, the transverse arm bearing the words "Safe Home," stands on the grave of "the oldest inhabitant," aged fifty-two. "Sam Pike, aged 51," is the curt notice on another. Further up the path stands a beautiful marble cross. Underneath lies a soldier, generous-hearted and sincere, a good friend and an honest enemy. Here he rests, after only one year amongst us, in the dreary cemetery, which he so hated.

"Aged 29. Killed in a trolley accident on the line. Erected by his sorrowing Brother Clerks."

"Died through injuries caused by a wounded lion."

A rough stone slab has a plate inset: "Mauled by a lioness."

A little marble cross, sent by a mother from home, marks her soldier son's resting-place: "Killed by a wounded lioness." And yet another stone brings back the awful tragedy of some years ago, when a

young police officer was dragged out of a railway carriage by the very man-eating lion that he hoped to shoot that night. Of such are those who answer to Africa's fatal muster roll.

Six women only are buried here. The age of "Marion his wife" is not recorded, one woman had reached the age of thirty-one, and all the rest were under twenty-four. Poor girl-wives, too young and tender for the rough life, with all its sorrows and perils.

Six white babies and one little Goanese sleep side by side. The little wooden cross over the latter bears this remarkable inscription:

R. I. P.

AMARO REGINALDO

SON OF

COSME AVELINO

AND

ETELVINA DE SOUZA

AGED TWO DAYS.

Here lie two little girl twins, who scarcely lived to draw breath; and close to them "Winnie, aged one year;" "Teddie," aged one year and three weeks; "May" and "Maurice," scarcely older, a sad little baby company. On nearly every small cross is the text of the children: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Many graves there are with no memorial stone, amongst others those of the wanderers who drift in Africa from place to place, friendless and indifferent. Death, coming sudden and unexpected, as always here, smote them down, their very names unknown. Others, in a wave of black despair, summoned him themselves, but we are merciful, as we may well be, and they lie in peace with the rest.

Morning by morning the sun gilds the eternal snows of Kenia, as he rises in majesty—a bridegroom coming forth from the chambers of the east. Day by day he passes in blinding splendor over the plains and the squalid little cemetery, and evening by evening the after-glow lays its long fingers of rose and amethyst over the graves, transfiguring them for a moment to evanescent beauty, till the night wraps them softly in a pall of velvet black oblivion.

LABOR EXCHANGES IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts



GERMANY, looked upon casually from abroad, has long seemed to be overflowing her frontiers and, owing to the pressure of population, to be falling below what might have been her numbers and power had her territories been wider. That was true up to a generation ago, when emigration from German states rose above 200,000 annually. The dissatisfied, the enterprising, the adventurous, without the solicitations of the steamship agent, sought the Golden West. The Imperial Ministry of Marine, in assembling reasons in 1905 for naval expansion, presented figures to parliament showing that 3,000,000 born in Germany lived abroad and that 2,250,000 of them had become citizens of other countries. But with the year 1881, when migration reached 220,902, the number going over seas for fortune or social betterment fell to 19,883 in 1908 and rose slightly to 24,921 in 1909. Strangely enough, the number of immigrants who have become German subjects or permanent residents has averaged during the last fifteen years 9,000 more annually than the emigrants. Every year some thousands who left in their youth come back well-to-do to live again at home. Other thousands from all countries of Europe settle there to share in economic opportunities which they think Germany has over their own countries.

The present population of 65,000,000 increases through the excess of births over deaths by 900,000 yearly, or at about the rate the population of the United States increases excluding immigration. The resources of Germany, as at present managed, are therefore sufficient to attract more than enough immigration to replace emigration and to take care of the excess of 900,000 newly-born subjects beyond the number that has died. Besides meeting these responsibilities, German production is able to provide a living for 1,000,000 foreign laborers admitted on special passports to

do rough work—chiefly on farms or in mines.*

Something happened in Germany in the eighties that changed the outlook on life, and whose influence penetrated to those classes which had previously supplied the enormous emigration. Bismarck, speaking in the Reichstag, June 14, 1882, said:

"I have often drawn attention to the fact that emigration is not a consequence of over-population, for emigration is smallest from over-populated parts of the country; it is greatest from the least populous provinces. . . . In a purely agricultural population the career which a laborer can follow is straightforward and without change. When he is twenty-eight or thirty years old, he is able to overlook his work to the end. He knows how much he can earn and he knows that it is impossible by means of an agricultural occupation to raise himself above his condition. . . . In industry a workman cannot foresee how his life will close, even if he should not raise himself above the common level, and should have no connections. We have very many manufacturers who in one or two generations have risen from simple artisans into millionaires, powerful and important men. I need not name any such men to you—the names are on everybody's lips, and they are also on the lips of the workingman. For the artisan, industry has the marshal's baton, which it is said the French soldier carries in his knapsack. This raises and animates the hope of the artisan and he does not need to become a millionaire. Industry furnishes a thousand examples such as I have myself seen in Pomerania, little affected though it is by industry, of how the man who as an agricultural laborer never gets beyond ordinary day's wages, can in the factory, as soon as he shows more skill than others, earn much higher wages and eventually rise to the position of manager and higher; indeed, skilled workmen,

* The employment of foreign laborers in Germany will be dealt with in a later article.

who often go farther as self-taught men than the most learned technologists, may hope to become partners of their employers. The prospect keeps hope active and increases the pleasure in work. . . . It is the destruction of hope in a man that drives him to emigration."

The something that happened in Germany in the eighties was that industrial and commercial expansion attained momentum and began to flourish because of the character and the universal mental training of the people. Also, Bismarck began to graft upon monarchical and aristocratic institutions his vast schemes of government supervision and participation in business, and compulsory provision for the ill, the disabled, and the aged. Bismarck's long conversations with Ferdinand Lasalle, a good many years before, became fruitful in a quite different way from the aims of the great socialist. Bismarck undertook to adjust limited collectivism to the semi-autocratic system. The breadth of Bismarck's ideas for economic reorganization have been understood in their full meaning in recent years only. It will probably take more decades than have passed already, to test the soundness of his internal policies and for other states to determine whether they must follow and imitate them. Besides leading the monarchy into state ownership of transportation, and imposing under government insurance compulsory thrift upon employed and enforced contributions from the employer, Bismarck undertook to interpose the powers of the state between the employer and the work people, and interweave the powers of administration with what had hitherto been considered individual rights. Under his initiative the Prussian Fiscus, the bureau supervising state domains, forests, and mines, became an active dealer in real estate, and is now the greatest land speculator in Germany, taking care to secure for the state as much "unearned increment" as the rise in city and country land values yields to large capitals and to time.

One may attribute too much to Bismarck in statesmanship, because it is not easy to discriminate between what he did and the force of the political and economic thought of his time, which, although led by him, also impelled him in the direction that Germany has taken in social legislation and continues

to take. Among the ways that government and public associations have taken to bring order into the confusion caused by "hard times" and unemployment, from whatever cause, is that by Labor Exchange. The endeavor is to bring plan and effective intelligence into a field where the hap-hazard personal canvass of the individual has often been his only means of selling his labor. The man out of work is now able through the labor registries, and their co-operation with one another, to know the conditions in his trade in all the industrial districts in Germany. Employment fluctuates in ordinary times according to the orders ahead, and often with the courage and enterprise of the employing company. A high purpose of the labor bourses is to make fluid the labor surplus, so that it may flow into the changing forms of production, take the work to be done and meet the requirements of the employer, no matter in what part of Germany he may be. The question of transportation is disposed of in most states by the government-owned railways giving reduced rates to the man going for work. The conviction resting upon much experience is that national industry is served effectively by making it a simple transaction for the man out of work to get it immediately an opening occurs in any part of the empire, and for the manager who wants help to have it without delay.

These labor markets are a curious development of the time. In them 3,708,000 men and women put up their services for sale in 1909. Employers offered 2,208,000 places, and 1,524,000 of them were bought and sold. Five years have seen transactions in these markets doubled. In some cities almost all the unskilled labor is marketed in the local exchange. High percentages of skilled workmen and the employers of skilled artisans find in the exchange the largest opportunity and the largest selection. Hence the business of the exchanges has expanded sometimes 100 per cent a year. Thus the Berlin suburban exchange, at Charlottenburg, filled 15,690 positions in 1909, as compared with 7,595 the preceding year. In Wiesbaden, the figures for the same years were 13,628 and 7,970. The municipal bureau in the little city of Rendsburg arranged employment for 1,884 persons compared with 619. The numbers in the gun-making

town of Essen, were 9,656 and 5,329. Municipal labor bourses in cities such as Düsseldorf, Wiesbaden, Magdeburg, Posen have concentrated in their offices almost all the transfers in certain classes of employment.

A variety of employment offices existed before state or municipal governments were convinced of the propriety of using public funds for facilitating private contracts between master and man. Trades-unions, guilds, associations of employers, societies providing relief for the indigent unemployed, had long tried to bring effective direction to the man-out-of-work and to the employer wanting hands. The ordinary way of recruiting labor from the men hanging around the factory gates, or of a man finding work by tramping from one set of works to another, was perceived to be inefficient. Benevolent observers, unions, and employers' organizations started offices where men could inquire for vacancies, and where the unexpected requirements of mines and shops could be met. The basis of these agencies was found to be inadequate. They were managed from what might be called particularist policies. If they were employers' associations the tendency was to depress wages and to form blacklists. If they were relief stations for the very poor, or those who had been brought low by detrimental habits, too much stress was placed upon moral qualities, and efficiency was often below 100 per cent. The sense of collective responsibility in Germany increased. The professors of scientific state organization were bothered by the hap-hazard situation of the unemployed. Every day of preventable delay in the sound unemployed unit getting work meant a certain deterioration in the man, a drain upon some fund for the unemployed, the under-nourishment of his children, or discontent with political and social conditions. The failure of any employer, by even a day, to have work done reduced by that much the production of the nation, and was, therefore, economic waste. When some tens of thousands are idle in a country because they do not know of positions already vacant, or because they live in localities distant from the vacant places, the collective loss would maintain an army corps, or pay the year's bill for new naval construction. The reasons have been considered sufficient to justify most German

states, municipalities in industrial districts, and semi-official Agricultural Chambers in farming provinces in using public funds to finance labor exchanges. Although in cities the exchanges are largely in municipal control, others are managed by societies receiving state or municipal appropriations.

The exchange most important in Germany, and the one upon which many a municipal bourse in the provinces is modelled, is the Berlin Labor Exchange (*Centralverein für Arbeitsnachweis*). The Exchange was founded in 1883, by a society that had the aim only to mediate for a work seeker without regard to any fact about him except that he looked for employment. If he could work, the society undertook to bring him into relations with the person who needed a worker of his grade. The society undertook, also, to satisfy employers by the fitness of the labor supplied. The employer was spared the preliminary examination of record and references and the personal "sizing-up" of the candidate, this being done with skill by the exchange manager. A reputation was founded for efficiency and good-will toward all interests. Under a liberal organization, the Exchange has drawn in the employment bureaus of many unions, among them the upholsterers, plumbers, painters, bookbinders, locksmiths, laundresses, and female linen workers. The unions share in the management. The Board of twenty-one is advised by an executive committee of employers and workmen in each branch of industry represented on the Exchange. Associations of employers designate their members, and the unions and apprentices' committees theirs. Consequently, the management is in the hands of employers and men who have personal knowledge of the situation in their lines and are able to assign men to vacant places with certainty of judgment. Unskilled workers are represented by members of the industrial court.

The Berlin Exchange is a huge brick structure, built by the Imperial Insurance Office, which has at its disposal the immense capitals accumulated for the national old-age pensions and other social insurances. The Exchange pays the office a rental equivalent to two and a half per cent on the investment and the city of Berlin guarantees a yearly subsidy sufficient to cover the charge. The municipality con-

tributes, also, \$10,000 (40,000 marks) for working expenses, which last year were about \$25,000. The other \$15,000 was derived from the five-cent fee charged workmen for registration. The employers pay nothing because the administration in Berlin and elsewhere considers it sound policy not to have the least obstacle to employers using the Exchange. A supply of labor in most departments is always there, but the demand must be encouraged. The success of the exchanges tends toward obliging employers to apply to them for hands or have difficulty in getting them from casual sources, which are disappearing because the exchanges are monopolizing the supply. Labor has become standardized, as it were, and the personal side of the free contract between the master and man has disappeared. The sub-manager of locomotive works, for example, simply wants ten more brass-workers or twenty-five additional metal-planers, and prefers to telephone the Exchange rather than bother to send word to a waiting list or to examine the men around the yard entrance. Besides, if he has ever done business with the Exchange he has probably been satisfied with the standard quality of the men sent him. Should the manager upon seeing the men desire to reject some of them, all he need do, and that is not obligatory, is to pay their carfare back and ask for another lot to replace the ones he did not like.

The institution in Berlin has three vast apartments. One for skilled workmen, arranged according to trades, accommodates conveniently, 2,000, another 1,000 to 1,500 unskilled laborers, while the third is for women. The Exchange somewhat resembles a vast workingman's club with a women's annex. The place has about it none of the depressing suggestions of unemployment, none of that dreary atmosphere of the groups around the factory entrance waiting for something to do—with all the disadvantages on the side of the individual down in the world and worried. Deserting the factory gate, he offers his services in the recognized brokerage, the one to which employers of his class of labor will, in fact must, apply. He will be registered there no longer than a day before his number is advanced on the list. Some, perhaps all, of the men who were ahead of him will have been employed. Within two

weeks, on an average, the man offering skilled labor and belonging to a union is engaged. The unemployment in Germany has ranged, during eight years, from one and one-tenth per cent of the wage-earning population in 1906, the lowest year, to two and nine-tenths per cent in 1908, the highest year since the government has calculated percentages covering the whole empire. In 1909, the percentage out of work during the year averaged two and eight-tenths per cent, or an average of nine days in the year if the whole employed wage-takers are considered. Since fluctuations in employment do not affect great numbers of the employed, the period of loss of work for those actually unemployed is considerably longer. The operation of the labor bourses has the result of equalizing the terms of unemployment so that the loss of work is distributed more evenly. No individual runs the hazard of not finding work for months. The only preference on the Exchange is for married men who, as against the unmarried, are served first. Employers appear to prefer unionists for two reasons: because they have no trouble on that account with their other men, and because the union member is nearly always a qualified workman.

On the unskilled labor floor the waiting time is longer. During bad seasons a man may wait a month to earn the lowest wage. The waiting, whether in the skilled or unskilled divisions, is under rather agreeable conditions. The great rooms are astir with activity. Telephone bells, the communications of sub-managers to the classified sections, the summons of a coppersmith from his group, or of five glass-blowers, or a dozen steam-fitters from their divisions, engage the interest of the newcomer. Checkers, dominoes, and chess are played, but no cards. The restaurant supplies a meal, a drink, and a cigar for seven and a half cents (thirty pfennigs)—ten pfennigs for two rolls, another ten for sausage, five for beer and five for a cigar. Then from 400 to 600 persons are employed every day, or, to be precise, 447 on an average for each working-day. The man-out-of-work may go home without a job, but he has had a not unpleasant day talking politics, playing a game, getting a dinner at the lowest price, and if he needs them the attentions of clothesmenders, cobblers, and barbers, so

that he may keep a good front toward the world. The effect of the whole is psychologically stimulating.

Upon the women's board the supply is less than the demand. Employers offered 46,935 places while 36,026 women and girls applied for them and only 28,843 accepted offers, or an average of 65 in the hundred. The widest disproportion was in the domestic service division, one of the smallest in the Exchange, probably because both mistresses and servants find the neighborhood employment agency the more convenient, even though a fee is charged. The government last year placed all private agencies under close supervision, fixing fees and observing transactions. However, 1,170 servant girls entered themselves at the Exchange in 1910 and 1,031 took service from among 3,528 offers. The mistresses in this instance go there to be examined by the maids. The women's domestic service department is the envy of men out of work and many an amusing little tale is told of the manner in which the pretensions of madame are reduced, by the independence of the maid. The director of the unskilled department has overheard the men describing imaginary interviews, after the style of the domestic, between themselves and the imaginary employer, with amusing stipulations concerning the beer allowance, days off, family dinner in the middle of the day, cold supper at night, and laundry limitations. Few women workers are out of a position more than a day or two. The law respecting two weeks notice and three afternoons out to find another place is observed almost absolutely by employers.

Some odd particulars about the occupations of men are tabulated in the reports of the imperial labor department. Only one cigarmaker was out of work in the first quarter of 1909 in the whole country, and none was reported as idle the second quarter. Then, owing to an increase in the tobacco taxes, 183 were unemployed the next quarter, and 107 the last three months of the year. The preceding year eight tobacco-workers were unengaged during the twelve months and at no one time were more than three out of places among a total of 203,224 workers in tobacco. Unemployment among miners, doubtless due to the hard, dreary, poorly-paid work, runs low. The miners' unions reported to the

government that during the first quarter of 1909 forty-eight were out of work. The largest number in any quarter of the year was 253, while during the same year thirty-seven per cent of the journeymen barbers were unengaged at one time.

The number of unemployed in Germany appears to be smaller, relatively, than in other industrial countries. International comparisons are difficult because of the different methods used by the labor departments in various countries in obtaining figures of unemployment. The British Board of Trade issued in January of this year a fourth official compilation of foreign labor statistics, in which percentages were given of the fluctuations in employment in Germany, the United States, France, Belgium, and Denmark, based upon the reports of trades-unions to the governments of the European countries mentioned and to the State governments of New York and Massachusetts. The percentages of unemployed were:

YEAR	GERMANY	FRANCE	UNITED STATES	BELGIUM	DENMARK
1903	2.7	10.1	3.4
1904	2.7	10.8	12.1	3.0
1905	1.6	9.9	8.5	2.1	13.28
1906	1.1	8.4	6.8	1.8	6.12
1907	1.6	7.5	13.6	2.0	6.79
1908	2.0	9.5	28.1	5.9	10.96
1909	2.8	8.1	14.9	3.4	13.32

The British report, while indicating that the statistics must be taken with caution in making contrasts between countries, affirms that the percentages form a useful index to the fluctuations in the labor markets of the countries themselves. The percentages in Germany, as will have been noted, are not only far below those of other countries, but they are less irregular than those elsewhere, except in France. The figures for the United States were derived from the statistics of New York and Massachusetts alone and are further impaired by the circumstance that the building and wood-working trades in those states were represented in New York by thirty-four per cent, and in Massachusetts by twenty-three per cent of the totals. The fluctuations in these trades are more violent than in any others. The steadiness of employment in Germany is wrought by a variety of causes found in the character and institutions of the people, but among them may be placed the contributing influence of the 712 labor

bourses in intimate co-operation. They do not originate opportunities to work. They do take over the task of seeing that neither the machinery of production nor the man willing and competent to produce shall be hindered from coming into relations by so much as an hour of delay preventable by intelligence and organization.

Not far from where employable labor waits in Berlin for opportunity is the vast asylum for the night (*Nachtsyl*) maintained by the municipality. It is a last crumbling foothold of those mostly unem-

ployable before the police arrest, and the magistrate condemns to forced labor on the city sewage farms. There from 3,000 to 5,000 men, women, and children are fed and lodged for the night, but they may not be taken in oftener than five nights in three months. The stream of broken lives flowing through those iron-bedded halls sends a rivulet to the Exchange which undertakes to do for the man on the edge of the abyss what he cannot do for himself. The others, society cannot yet tell why, disappear into the depths.

THE WOMAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By Alice Duer Miller

(Her lover speaks.)

AN equal love between a man and woman,
 This is the only charm to set us free,
 And this the only omen
 Of immortality.
 Only for us, the long, long war is over
 Between our aspiring spirits,
 And all the flesh inherits,
 Because, dear saint, your soul no less
 Has got a lover,
 Than has your body's long slim loveliness.
 Ah, my beloved, think not renunciation
 Of such a love as ours
 Will bring you any strengthening of your powers,
 Or calm, or dignity, or peace of mind
 To be compared with that which you will find
 In love's full consummation.
 Talk not to me of other older ties,
 Of duty, and of narrower destinies,
 Nor bid me see that we have met too late;
 While we have lips and eyes
 To kiss and call;
 But rather thank our fate,
 For this mad gift—that we have met at all.
 Come to me then. Ah, must I bid you come?
 Your heart is mine. Is then your will so loath?
 Leave him from whom your spirit long since fled,
 Whose house is not your home; your only home,
 Although the same roof never cover both,
 Is where I am, until we both are dead.

(Her child speaks.)

Why do you look at me with such a shade
Upon your eyes, so still and steadily?
I am not naughty, but I am afraid,
I know not why.
The world is huge and puzzling and perverse—
Even my nurse,
When most my heart is stirred,
Will put me by, with some complacent word
Or, if she listens, in a little while
Babbles my deepest secret with a smile.
My mother, Oh, my mother, only you
Are kind and just and honorable and true.
Others are fond, others will play and sing,
Will kiss me, or will let me kiss and cling;
But only you, my mother, comprehend
How little children feel and love the truth,
Only you cherish like an equal friend
The shy and tragic dignity of youth.

(The woman answers her lover.)

All my life long I think I dreamt of this.
Even as a girl, my visions were of you.
Alas, I grew incredulous of bliss;
And now too late, too late the dream comes true.
Sweet are the charms you offer me, my lover,
To read the riddle of the universe,
And in your arms I should not soon discover
Our old, old mortal curse.
And yet I put them by, because I trust
In other magic, far beyond the ken
Even of you, the tenderest of men,—
In spells more permanent than any sorrow,
Which bind me to the past, and make to-morrow
My own, even although I sleep it through in dust,—
The revelation which to every woman
Her children bring,
Making her one, not only with things human,—
With every living thing.
For only mothers raise no passionate cry
Against mortality;
For only they have learnt the reason why
It is worth while to live, and presently,
Seeing Nature's meaning, are content to die.

THE AMERICAN SPEAKING VOICE

By Francis Rogers



VICTOR MAUREL, the greatest acting singer this country has known, once wrote to a Parisian journal of seeing Richard Mansfield play the character part of "Prince Karl," and praised, in especial, the facility and verisimilitude with which Mansfield imitated with his voice different musical instruments and the voices of other people. The French artist described the somewhat nasal timbre of Mansfield's natural voice as being more or less typical of the American speaking voice in general, and held this fundamental quality to indicate the capacity for vocal development that is so notable among our singers in the operatic world to-day. But foreign observers, as a rule, have been much less laudatory in their comments on the American voice and have discovered in it a twang and a strenuous note distressing both to ears and to sensibilities. We, on our side, have accepted these strictures with meekness, admitting their justness and deploring dispiritedly our own vocal shortcomings, but making little or no attempt to better a remediable situation.

Some of these critics have maintained that, owing to our abominably changeable climate, we are all, in some degree, sufferers from catarrh, so that our national nose is in a chronic state of "no thoroughfare"—hence our high-pitched and nasal tones. This explanation is hardly to be taken seriously, and I, for one, do not believe that we are a more catarrhal people than are the inhabitants of any other country within the north temperate zone. Our American winters, so full of bright sunshine and bracing air, are, despite the sudden changes in temperature and the occasional severe storms, quite as healthful, I am sure, as the dank, sunless winters of London, Paris, Milan, and Berlin.

The American voice is not inherently (or catarrhally) nasal or unmusical, but it is certainly crude and uncultivated. Its disagreeable qualities are due to our generally

slovenly utterance and to our neglect of the mere technique of speech. Under cultivation our voices are as beautiful as any. Our best actors, a few public speakers like W. J. Bryan and President Eliot, and our singers in every opera-giving country furnish ample proof of this assertion. As a people, we are lamentably careless in our speech. Our restless, hasty lives drive from our minds the impulse for self-culture that would lead us to train intelligently the mechanism of vocal expression.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, —an excellent thing in woman"—because the tones of the voice betokened the lovely qualities of tenderness, unselfishness, and humility. No organ of the body is more truly indicative of character and mental states than is the voice. A melodious voice attracts us; a strident voice repels us. A strain of sentiment creeps into our voice, and our hearers sense at once the feeling behind it. A shadow in the voice, and instinct straightway guesses the lurking insincerity or falsehood. A friend of mine maintains that he can read character correctly at the first hearing of a voice. What persuasive power lies in a noble, mellifluous utterance! Bryan's sonorous, fluent tones are among his most effective oratorical weapons.

The physical conformation of the throat and head has much to do with the power and quality of the voice, but in this matter psychology plays quite as influential a part as physiology. If we are a hasty, strenuous, and materialistic people, our voices will inevitably tell the story, and not till we have mended our tense, eager, self-seeking ways shall we learn to speak altogether melodiously.

But it is not my intention here to preach the simple life. I wish only to enter a plea for a greater attention to the purely physical aspects of the question. The study of voice production, whether for singing or for speaking, may, in a general way, be divided into two parts. One concerns itself with the column of air, the base of which rests

upon the diaphragm, and which passes through the larynx and vocal cords into the resonating cavities of the head; the other deals with the processes of articulation and pronunciation, which take place entirely in the mouth. The column of air is the tone itself in the rough; the mouth, tongue, and lips mould it into the vowels and consonants requisite for the formation of intelligible speech.

The foundation of good voice production is good breathing, and nature will attend to this, if we give it half a chance. If we stand or sit erect, without stiffness, but with our backbone straight from its base to the neck, the lungs will act freely and correctly. Over the vocal cords we have no direct conscious control, and the less we try to do with the throat, the better will be the tones we utter. The throat should always be free from any tightness whatsoever. Any infringement of this law impairs infallibly the beauty of the tone. The driving power of the vocal machinery comes from the base of the column of air, and it is in that region only that muscular effort is permissible.

After the tone reaches the mouth the jaw, tongue, and lips shape it into either a vowel or a consonant sound. When we sigh we breathe out softly the vowel *u* (as in *up*). When we laugh we aspirate the vowel *a* and say "Ha! Ha!" When we hum we vocalize the consonant *m*. These are all spontaneous utterances that we do not need to be taught, but in the study of a complicated and highly developed language like English we must learn to form consciously and correctly the many vowel and consonant sounds. A deaf child may be taught to speak by a system known as "visible speech," by means of which, under the guidance of the eye alone, the tongue, lips, and jaw are trained to assume the correct positions for the production of the desired sounds. By this system it is possible to correct defects of utterance and crudities of accent in all languages. There is practically no difference in accent or inflection between the best American and the best English actors, and this is because both have trained themselves out of the dialectic and provincial peculiarities with which their speech may originally have been afflicted, and now speak on a higher level of excellence which is common to both countries.

An element of capital importance in determining the general character of national utterance is, of course, language, and the voice itself is radically affected by the qualities and defects of the mother-tongue. Of the four great European languages, English, French, German, and Italian, Italian is by far the simplest phonetically. It contains only seven or eight distinct vowel sounds, all of them pure and open, and a relatively small number of consonants. For this reason it is the easiest language of all to pronounce swiftly and correctly, and it strikes the foreign ear as delightfully frank and transparent. On the other hand, its phonetic poverty makes for a certain monotony and a lack of resource in the expression of imaginative and highly differentiated thought. The typical Italian voice is, therefore, rather high in pitch, vibrant, and penetrating, but not subtle or orotund. (The mighty Salvini stands outside of this generalization; Novelli does not.) Throatiness and huskiness of quality are entirely absent.

French has a rich assortment of vowel sounds, pure, mixed, nasal, and covered, none of which seem in the mouths of the best speakers ever to resonate farther back than the front teeth and often sound on the surface of the very lips themselves. The tendency of the language has been always to cast out unmusical and difficult consonant sounds, especially sibilants, and this facilitates greatly the emission of the voice. France, above all other countries, takes an effective pride in the transparency of its language and prizes a fine diction so highly that even in singers a limpid utterance is of more importance than beauty of voice. The French voice, consequently, is, like Italian, rather high in pitch, and of unequalled clearness, but somewhat nasal and dry in quality and lacking in nobility and sensuous charm.

German is a noble language, in number of words and in phonetic variety second to English alone, but its complicated syntax, its husky gutturals, its close-crowded consonants, and its deep-toned vowels produce a heavy, dark voice, poorly adapted to clear utterance or to the expression of the lighter sentiments, though unquestionably impressive in serious or majestic moments.

England and America possess in common a language of unequalled richness in respect

to both number of words and variety of sounds. It contains all the Italian vowels and, in addition, about a dozen pure and shade (or compound) vowels, some of which are not to be found in the other tongues. Happily, it lacks the French nasals and the German gutturals. So we have on our palette a choice of tone colors greater than that of any other linguistic race, and, consequently, the material with which to paint the very noblest word pictures. To master the diction of so rich a language as English is, compared with, say, Italian, a long task, but it is a question of length of time rather than of relative difficulty.

English as it is spoken commonly in England and as it is spoken by the rank and file in America presents many points of difference. The best speech in both countries is, as I have said above, practically the same. England is pre-eminently the land of conservatism and tradition—an animal with a remarkably prehensile tail, Emerson called it—and has preserved many of its dialects and old tricks of speech, despite the influence of universal education toward creating and maintaining a common standard of purity of accent. We Americans, on the other hand, are almost altogether without local or linguistic traditions. We move about freely within a territory as long and as broad as the country itself, feeling at home in every part of it. Our public schools, the outgrowth of the old New England system, are pretty much the same everywhere. We all read the same magazines and derive our knowledge of the doings of the whole world from the same associated press reports. Our national turn of mind, which concerns itself with the present and the future rather than with the past, and our uniform educational influences make for a similarity of speech that often renders it difficult to guess from what part of the country a speaker comes. I do not mean to assert that distinguishing peculiarities of speech do not exist at all in our country, for such localisms as the open *o*'s and the flat *a*'s of eastern New England, and the softened utterance of those Southerners that have been surrounded all their lives by colored people are undeniable, but these peculiarities are disappearing gradually and our national speech is becoming as unisonant and as free from local color as our national architecture is uniform.

Correct habits of utterance and, consequently, an agreeable, melodious speaking voice, can be acquired and maintained only by one ambitious in self-culture. Good schooling turns our faces in the right direction; it is for our maturer years to decide if we are to continue in the path of self-improvement. We Americans have yet to show ourselves very wise or very open-minded seekers after culture. In a new country where inherited fortunes are exceptional and where almost every man and many a woman have had to scratch for a living, the task of bread-winning naturally assumes a position of prime importance, and the average citizen asks the world about him not to bother him with responsibilities and problems not immediately connected with his struggle for wealth. And so this average American citizen, although he can read and write and cipher, and in his early youth has had at least a bowing acquaintance with the humanities, forgets his "morning wishes" and unreflectingly accepts, in their place, "a few herbs and apples." Among his forgotten morning wishes is the wish to have an intelligent appreciation of music, art, and literature. He will listen to no serious music; the artistic movements of the day concern him not. His reading is limited to the daily papers, the cheaper magazines, and an occasional "best-seller." His correspondence passes through the hands of a stenographer and his epistolary style becomes altogether commercial and journalistic.

With a horizon limited to the stretch of his ambition to become rich and to help his family up in the social world, it is small wonder that our average citizen never even so much as turns his mind toward the subject of the correct and elegant utterance of his thoughts. Enough for him if he makes himself understood in the give and take of his hasty life. Caring nothing for the beauty of his own utterance, he sets a wretched example to his children, and thoughtlessly leaves to the school the responsibility for training them to express themselves in melodious speech. The school, in its turn, has little or no time to give to voice-training, and the result is that the child reaches maturity almost entirely unversed in this important branch of culture.

A mellow, sonorous voice is rare in any country. Its beauty in the rough is usually

due to an harmonious nature and good health, but just as by conscious effort we are able to harmonize our natures and improve our health, so also may we cultivate in ourselves a spontaneous, simple, and agreeable utterance in well-controlled and well-modulated tones. Such an utterance brings out all the potential beauty of the natural voice and is within the capacity of everybody. So long as we remain a nation of mere money-seekers, so long shall we speak in dry, eager, money-seeking voices, and it is only as we begin to realize (as, indeed, an ever-increasing number of Americans are beginning to realize) that material success is only a small part of the real success of life, that we shall place a proper estimate on the substantial value of a well-trained voice.

We are already agreed that every child ought to have some training in drawing and

music, even though in later life he may never put it to any regular use, but every child, except the dumb, is sure to use his voice daily as long as he lives. Why not, then, have it trained and developed to its full capacity for beauty and power? Its eloquence, no matter what his walk in life, will be for him a useful and a potent weapon, and for those he knows and meets a balm and a delight.

Foreigners may reproach us for our unmusical voices; the remedy lies with ourselves. We have inherited from our ancestors a noble and expressive language. We have received from nature voices potentially as melodious as those of any other people. Let us strive, then, by every means in our power to make our voices and utterances as noble and expressive as the language of our inheritance.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

HAVING acquired, if not celebrity, at least that measure of notoriety that makes one available for the purposes of our daily press, I was not long ago solicited to lend my attention for an hour or two to a searching inquiry into my past life, to retrace the first steps of my career, to explain the methods of my work, the services of my inspiration, my future projects, and, by natural progression, to elucidate any theories I might have to account for the happy conservation of my hair "for a longer period than some of my contemporaries," as Whistler once put it.

I have no word to say against this pleasant habit of interviewing, which my publisher assures me is not without its uses in the upward climb to the ranks of the "best sellers," for it is so firmly established in our manners and customs that few escape it; unless, perhaps, to question if its wide-spread benefits are not diminished by their very quantity. Still less shall my voice be raised against the practitioners who are employed upon this delicate inquest into the personality and the work of those who happen to travel under the search-light along the pathway of momentary notoriety. They conduct their

difficult task with all the consideration possible, and are generally willing to submit their report to the interviewed to avoid misquotation; so that the public can rest assured that in the majority of cases the disclosure of details concerning the work or the personal appearance of one of our celebrities has been carefully edited by its subject and thus possesses autobiographic value.

In the present instance at least, these conditions were carefully observed, and the emissary of the press being a charming young person with a properly high appreciation of her calling, nothing could exceed the chirurgical skill with which the journalistic probe was handled—quite without the infliction of pain to the patient. A few days later I was enabled to read the interview in manuscript, and, beyond a certain surprise at the well-rounded periods and a certain soulful tone into which my conversation had apparently lapsed, I was pleased to recognize its general integrity and was able, in journalistic phrase, to release it for publication.

But of this momentous experience there remains one impression and certain reflections born of it, which from slowness of perception I fear I did not make clear to my fair interviewer;

though the opportunity of enforcing an obvious moral is now palpably evident.

In the course of our conversation reference was made to a thin volume, a sequence of sonnets, which was my first published work, and which an after success in popular fiction has dragged from the limbo of the unwelcomed, where an unprepared world received it silently. Perhaps the love of the parent for his first born has made the measured praise of this work count largely in self-appreciation; perhaps some strain of poetic sympathy, which transpierced the up-to-date armor and the hobbled skirt in which the person and the intelligence of the young journalist were encased and gave to my work of this character considerable importance in her report. In any case it fell that in connection with it I chanced to speak of one whose work resembled but preceded mine, whose merit even egotistical partiality recognized to be akin, if not equal or superior, but who had never met with the least shadow of popular success. I knew that this modest singer earned his livelihood as a teacher in the local schools of a city that would tax as Eastern provinciality its description as "Western"; the very one, however, which, by this emissary of its principal journal, sought this interview with me.

"Oh, poor Mr. So and So," responded my interlocutor, with a fine toss of her pretty head which set a-quist the adornments of a marvelously constructed hat, "we don't count him; he has never been heard of beyond the city limits."

Well, I have no personal acquaintance with this gentleman, but I know by report how high are his ideals, I know beyond the evidence of his carefully chiselled verse how solicitous is he of the niceties of his craft, how cheerfully he labors alone and unrecognized, finding in the very region where he lives the material of his theme, from the fauna and flora, from the skies and rivers of his environment—all that transformed in the alembic of his mind lends distinction to his work; while day by day he conscientiously imparts the rudiments of a common-school education to the younger generation of his fellow citizens who "don't count him." Not a great poet, granted; but one whose verse, like a light native wine, forbids exportation, should at least be relished in the region whose vineyards have yielded its mild exhilaration!

These, as I have said before, are but after reflections, and this is the moral which I neglected to force upon my interviewer, and

which now, at the thirteenth hour, I would fain address to her and to her kind:

"My dear young lady, you come to me upon the pretext that there is a message in my work of import to the readers of your home town. You will bear witness to my plea that it is all writ down and accessible in volumes, clear in print and moderate in price. Even if few buy books the public libraries are there for those who, you assure me, are hungering for this message. You further insist that it is the 'personal touch' that is important, and, as you know, I forgive and permit the reference to the color of my hair and the cordial gleam of my eyes. But why go so far afield? I have, it is true, entered a broader domain: I have turned to elements that are of larger, if not higher, interest to the general public. I make no apology for this, and count my later work to be as truly my own—grown older and more worldly wise—as my earlier; which some few perhaps more truly concerned with the quality of our art are prone to rank the higher.

"But what of him who has never met with recognition, for whom judicious praise or intelligent criticism has not girded the loins for sustained or further flight? Rare though they may be, there are those whose appreciation disproves your assertion that your local poet has not outstepped his parochial bounds. What better task could you set yourself than to make this audience wider, if only from pride of place?

"Think how much to such a spirit would mean the recognition of those whose life he shares, who voices the message of their own familiar woods and fields, who translates these homely surroundings into cadenced verse. The better part of the courage which arms us for life comes to the artist, in any form of art, from the consciousness of his integrity to his craft. He knows of those gone before, to so many of whom the world of their time gave little heed; and he perseveres, confident that if he can mould his medium into consecrated form his message, whatsoever it may be, will sooner or later evoke response.

"Hence there are few nobler lives than that of one who turns sturdily to some bread-winning task and holds as recompense unfaltering allegiance to an art, treating it as sacred and apart from the commoner parts of life. To such in their isolation how cheering would be a friendly word of praise, a discriminating criticism, where more often pitying sarcasm is alone bestowed. I believe that Mr. So and

So is an excellent teacher, holding his place under a school-board that would not otherwise employ him. But there are many excellent teachers in a country where our school system has been carefully scaled to average efficiency; whereas one who can make two lines of verse blossom where one line of our prosaic materialism grew before is of rare cast.

"All that glitters in a great metropolis is often but base metal fashioned to the prevailing taste for jewelry, and, to mix a metaphor bravely, the dark, unfathomed caves of your native city may bear the gem of purest ray serene. It is the basest form of provincialism to open the pages of your journals only to what the outside world has first discovered. You leave little bands of workers in the arts to toil uncheered in your cities, to keep alive a flickering flame of spiritual life; you entertain perchance an angel unawares, oblivious to his presence. All that does not bear the hall mark of metropolitan success you treat as spurious coin and deny circulation in your daily commerce.

"Pray go home and interview your local poet. Describe his hair and his eyes if you will; but find out what he has done, what he can do, and, above all, what he hopes and wishes to do."

WHEN it was decided that the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 should be held in Chicago, a citizen of that town remarked: "I am glad that the West is to have it. The American eagle screams very loud out here, and now people will have a chance to see in how many ways we are surpassed by other countries." But some time later, when this remark was repeated to a man who had watched the building of the White City: "I think," he commented, "that the eagle will scream louder than ever, and with perfectly good reason." Gazing at the finished

result one could not but agree with him. Our eagle is an enterprising bird. He performs miracles with despatch, and is perhaps no more vainglorious than, under similar circumstances, we should find the tutelary beasts or birds displayed on the ensigns of other countries.

For it is not only in the unsubstantial architecture of a white city that we exercise this marvellous celerity. Give us money enough, and we will build as solidly as you like, and not be long about it. For example, we have some

very nice things to show in the way of universities, and are not overmuch concerned when we are told that universities, to be good, must grow slowly. We deeply regret that we cannot be venerable, but are not, on that account, deterred from setting up institutions which, while awaiting the dignity of age, furnish every possible facility for acquiring and imparting the accumulated learning of the ages, along with the most up-to-date attainments of modern science. And in the course of half a century we do very well. In less time than that we can strengthen foundations which were not deep enough at first; we can fill in a design which seemed, perhaps, to have been sketched out too largely for our means; and if possibly our university has merited the reproach of trying "to run full blast before it had got in its coal," we can repair that deficiency. All this, if we are fortunate enough to have money provided. As every one knows, a university can spend no end of money. In the special instance which has given rise to these reflections we were so fortunate as to have a founder who literally sacrificed his life in his efforts to preserve the lands on which our future depended, until they could bring the price which we needed—and which we eventually got. We were fortunate in having trustees who gave to us liberally out of their abundance. Incidentally, in the course of time, we have been able to educate our trustees; and let me say, it is somewhat more difficult to educate trustees than students. Ours were past masters in the art of giving, but they needed much instruction in the art of governing. In their enthusiasm they governed too much, usurping, with the best will in the world, the functions of president and faculty, whom they were inclined to regard from the stand-point of employers of labor, and to treat as factory hands. They were narrowly utilitarian, regarding the university solely as a factory for the instruction of students, with scant regard to its functions of investigation and conservation. They know better now. We all—trustees and faculty alike—discover a good many of our mistakes and learn more from them than from our successes.

We were much reviled at first. We placed all courses of study, literary, scientific, and industrial, on an equal footing, and the man who held the foremost position in the educational world of this country gravely announced: "The experience of the world and common-sense are against such experiments." We abused sectarianism, and the religious press fixed

on us the epithet "godless," and shrieked their anathema. Yet we grew and prospered—prospered so much in our technical departments that the final reproach cast at us is that we are ultra-utilitarian. That, of course, is our danger; and not ours alone, but that of all our universities. Not because the governing powers decree utilitarianism, but because the students elect it. In vain are the classics and the humanities held out to them. If those courses were insisted on many of them would go elsewhere, to merely technical schools, thereby losing something of the larger life of the university. But even in the utilitarianism of our public schools and universities we reach out for some expression of the artistic side of our nature. The school-children are taught music in a way that was not known to past generations; and in our university we have an annual music festival.

This year, for our festival we had perfect spring days; young leaves on the trees, the freshest of green grass and, when darkness fell, a young moon in the sky. In our choruses, young voices predominate. Our chorus is our pride; and although we import an orchestra and various soloists for the occasion, they are cast into the shade. For we have a genius for a chorus master, and already he has been with us so long that many of the young men and women have been trained by him from childhood. He is a son of our soil, born and brought up in this great middle country, which is "west" to the Bostonian and "east" to the westerner. Despotic, hot-tempered, a great disciplinarian, as a good conductor must needs be, he throws himself, body and soul, into his work and exacts an equal ardor from each individual, with the result that every member of the chorus seems to sing with the enthusiasm of a solo performer. Add to this a truly exceptional precision and finish, and a most skilful and artistic shading, and you get pretty nearly the perfection of chorus singing. We number only two hundred voices, but every unit counts. And when in addition to all this you have an organist who is also an artist, it

follows that the weekly choral service is a constant æsthetic influence.

For the three days of the festival the chapel is crowded, afternoon and evening, until on the third evening we end with the culminating performance, when some two hundred school-children are added to the chorus. Up and up against the organ the seats are built for the white-clad boys and girls. At the very top, against a background of gold pipes, is an adorable group of little boys. It is an infinitely charming sight, even though here and there the light strikes weirdly on a pair of spectacles, reminding us that the oculist is among us, with his mania for putting large glasses on small children.

Our chorus master is giving us *Pierre's* "Children's Crusade," most difficult music, mediæval in some of its effects and highly poetical throughout. There is something wonderfully appealing about a well-trained chorus of children's voices. One closes one's eyes and the safely shepherded children of the public schools are transformed into the pathetic little crusaders of the legend. We open our eyes again and find that the angelic boys up against the organ pipes are becoming a bit restless. When not singing they nudge each other and laugh. Behind a solemn pair of spectacles in especial, much mischief lurks. But the instant the master waves his energetic arms in their direction all trifling ceases. Each child fixes his eyes on the conductor and sings with all his might and with the utmost seriousness. And presently, with one last choral burst from all the voices, men, women, and children, the music ends and the festival is over.

The seats are emptied in a trice and we slowly file out into the warm moonlight. Among us is the man who was the first president and co-founder of the university, and who is now spending an honored old age in the house which he built on the camp-
to him is the wanderer, come back to revisit old haunts. "You never expected to hear anything like this on this hill, did you?" says the president to the wanderer.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

JOSEF ISRAELS

THE artist who has lived to the age of eighty-seven, has painted almost to the day of his death, and to the end has retained an enormous body of admirers, scattered over nearly the whole of the civilized world, must needs be counted among the most lucky of men. Such was the good fortune of Josef Israels. Hailed as the regenerator of Dutch art fifty years ago, as the man who was to place it once more in the glorious position it had occupied during the seventeenth century, he created his own public, a public that increased in numbers as the years rolled by and remained ever faithful. It watched eagerly for news of what was going on in the atelier of the indefatigable, queer-looking little painter, and when a new work was produced it invariably proclaimed the picture a masterpiece. His eightieth birthday was celebrated like that of a national hero; for a whole week The Hague was in holiday attire to do him honor, and admirers from this country, from Canada, from Germany and France and from the British Isles flocked to the city to join in the homage paid to him.

It is true that a body of the younger Dutch painters had fretted under the bondage in which they considered the art of their country was being held by Josef Israels and the Marises, but their protesting voices were drowned in the acclamations of the public.

Josef Israels was not a great draughtsman, and his color often lacked purity and depth. He once said to Max Liebermann, the head of the secessionists: "Barring Millet, there is no artist who knows so little of drawing and painting as I, yet has painted such good pictures." His severest critics, however, have had to acknowledge that he was a great original force who had a genius for touching the sympathies of the people. He selected subjects that aroused deep feeling in himself, and into the picture he put all his heart. And this he did seemingly with such simplicity that his story went straight to the heart of his public. It learned to love the master as it loved his work, and the celebration at The Hague, in 1904, was a mark of what was near akin to idolatry.

Josef Israels was born in picturesque Gröningen, the son of a Jewish money-lender. His father intended he should enter commercial life. He was a deep student as a youth of the Talmud, and is said to have wished to become a rabbi. He was given to sketching portraits of the members of the household and their friends, and displayed such skill that the elder Israels decided to make a painter of him. Accordingly young Josef was sent to Amsterdam to study under J. A. Kruseman, a fashionable portrait painter of the day. During his stay in Amsterdam he lived in the Jewish quarter, which had furnished Rembrandt with so many subjects. Rembrandt became the idol of the young student, but in Kruseman's studio the broad style of the master's latest period was tabooed. This love for Rembrandt's work lasted through Israel's life; he was even jealous that the fame of Velasquez might transcend that of the Dutchman; he continually protested that "The Night Watch" was a greater work than "Las Hilanderas," and when his appreciative British friends made him a birthday present of a large sum of money, he devoted it to raising a shrine befitting his idol's masterpiece.

To the general public Israels is known chiefly as a painter of fisherfolk, but it was as a portrait painter that he began. He continued to paint portraits—with few exceptions portraits of men—throughout his long career, but very rarely as commissions. One of the most famous is the purple-robed "Scribe," now in a private collection in this country, which he did from a sketch he had made in Spain. Of his early portraits some one said that they were "so much unskilled and second-hand Rembrandt," but eventually he developed a style of his own, and painted characterizations rather than likenesses, for his sitters were usually men who had inherited characters and had built up reputations.

Having served his apprenticeship in Kruseman's studio, Israels went at the age of twenty-one to Paris, where he studied under *le père* Picot, a historical painter, the two Scheffers, and afterward with Paul Delaroche. During the next ten years he appears to have divided his time between historical genre and romanticism, for the influence of Delacroix was strong



From a photograph by Braun & Co.

Maternal Love. By Josef Israels
In the Municipal Gallery, Amsterdam.

and the public called for prancing horses and cavaliers and ladies wearing long plumes, who belonged to past ages of which Sir Walter Scott and other writers of romance had invented the histories. Now and then he would return to portraiture, and in the course of a trip home in 1846 he painted the portrait of Eleazer Hershchel now in the Stadt Museum of Amsterdam, which shows how conscientiously he had studied Rembrandt. He returned to Amsterdam for good in 1848, and the titles of some of the pictures he painted about that time bear witness to the hold romanticism then had on him: "Aaron Discovering the Corpses of His Sons," "Hamlet and His Mother," and "William, Prince of Orange, Opposing for the First Time the Decree of the King of Spain." This last picture, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1855, received great praise from the French critics. Many years lapsed, however, before France recognized Israels. Meanwhile, the romantic pictures were not helping to keep the wolf from the door, and he painted sever-

al more portraits in Amsterdam to earn a living.

The turning point of his career came in 1855, when, in search of health, he paid a visit to Zandvoort, near Haarlem, and discovered its fisherfolk. Zandvoort has almost invariably been alluded to as the birthplace of Josef Israels's art, but that art had been born long before he went there; it had been nurtured in his portraits and had already grown into a child of more than ordinary promise. Undoubtedly Zandvoort was the birthplace of his popularity. His portraits were "caviare to the general." They did not appeal to the crowd any more than had his historical paintings. His fisherfolk did. Henceforth he abandoned the artificiality of romanticism and sought his motif in the actual doings around him—in Scheveningen, in Katwyk, in Zandvoort, and in the ghetto—among his own people. He painted the short and simple annals of the poor. He showed the tragedies, the pathos, and the mild enjoyments of their lives. It is possible that he was in-

spired to this by what was going on at Barbizon, for, five years before Israels began painting fisherfolk, Millet, who like himself had been a pupil of Delaroche, had exhibited "The Sower." But Millet was peasant-born and was to the last a peasant painter. He had been born and brought up in sadness. He had gone through all the hardships of peasant life, had realized its utter hopelessness, had stood face to face with its tragedies; and that had made him a pessimist. On the other hand, Israels, an optimist by nature, who retained his youthful vigor and sprightliness to the end of his days, and although he considered life serious did not allow it was lachrymose, had seen little or nothing of the fisherman's life until he was past thirty. He never actually lived with fishermen; what he knew of their lives could only have been gained from the outside. Many of his most pathetic pictures were painted when he was living in luxury at The Hague. He probably drove to Scheveningen in a luxurious carriage to make sketches for them. How was it possible for him to enter so intimately as he did into their lives? The answer appears to be "by intuition." And intuition is a part of genius. One of his Dutch critics, after saying that his pictures were "painted by the nervous vigor of an untaught hand," takes another view, for he adds: "He labored aimlessly and blundered to success."

To Israel's second period, the one that opened at Zandvoort in 1855, belongs "The Children of the Sea," of the Stedelyk Museum of Amsterdam, in which he first proved that he had a talent, afterward strongly developed, for catching the fleeting expressions of the child, its restlessness, and the awkwardness of its attitudes. During that period there was only joyousness about his pictures; he never struck a melancholy note, but it was a period more of sentimentality than of real sentiment. Israels first turned his face away from the joyous life among the fisherfolk when, in 1861, he painted "The Shipwrecked Mariner," or "The Drowned Fisherman," as it is sometimes called. The day is gray and stormy; out in the sea is a wrecked fishing-smack. A procession wends

its way up the dunes led by the widow of the shipwrecked mariner, holding her two little orphans by the hand. There is dazed expression in her tearless eyes. Behind her come two fishermen bearing their drowned mate, and they are followed by other fisherfolk. The picture was



From a painting, after G. Hendrik C. C.

An Old Woman. By Josef Israels.

In the Municipal Gallery, Amsterdam.

one of the sensations of the International Exhibition in London of 1862. It was hailed as a great work of art; a genius had come among the painters. It was just the class of picture that would appeal to the British public. It was full of sentiment, and it told its story so plainly, there was no necessity for exercising the imagination to understand what it meant. With the picture Israels conquered Great Britain, and in Scotland he afterward found his greatest patrons outside of his own country. From that time the majority of his paintings took a melancholy bent.

Jan Pieter Veth, who had led the rebellion of the younger Dutchmen against the domination of Israels and the Marises, but ended by being their leading champion, has written that beauty to Israels lay "in the silent woe with which the survivors stand in the house of death," and again "he sees beauty in everything which lays bare what lies mysteriously latent in poverty and privation and suffering at the very roots of human life." It cannot be denied that after the success of "The Shipwrecked Mariner," Israels did adopt to a great extent a sombre style, even if he did say life was not lachrymose. Poverty was always his subject, and he often added suffering and privation. There were occasions when he carried this somewhat beyond the canons of good taste, when he portrayed incidents over which it would have been better to have drawn a curtain, as, for instance, in the two paintings called "Alone in the World." One, in the Mesdag Museum, shows a broken-hearted woman seated near the bedside in which lies the corpse of her husband; in the other, in the Municipal Museum of Amsterdam, the wife is dead and the husband is grieving. They are harrowing tales, but it must be confessed that in the hands of any other painter but Israels they would have become drivelling lachrymosity. The simplicity with which he has depicted the grief of widow and widower, the careful absence of that detail which would have vulgarized them, appear to have relieved them of all sign of that. But although the reflected light of which Israels was a master—witness "The Ray of Sunshine," painted in 1875—is very fine in both these paintings, especially in the one belonging to the Mesdag Museum, one would rather he had painted neither. There is a picture known both as "Passing the Churchyard" and "Passing Mother's Grave"—a fisherman holding a small boy by the hand and carrying a baby in his arms as he passes a low tombstone—which is considered by Israels's unqualified admirers to be one of the finest of his works. To others the sentiment is cheap and mawkish, but the figure of the man is full of life. It is to such paintings as these that apply the words of one of his critics: "I sometimes wonder whether Israels does not go to work with the Mosaic rule of the old Hebrew priests, who to the choicest incense added assafoetida in their offerings to Jehovah." But what truly pathetic eloquence in the old woman seated in front of a hearth, trying to get some warmth out of the few dying

embers. A simple story of privation lies in the right hand alone.

A strange anomaly was this man, this "child-like artist," as he has been called. He opened the eyes of his contemporaries in Holland to their having inherited a great tradition from the "little masters," but he himself followed none. The "little masters" painted for painting's sake. Israels, to quote Veth again, hardly knew what that was. He fumbled in a surface of paint, feeling after the mystery of life which spoke in the outward form of things. That to him was what painting meant. "There is something very like charlatanism in the way he works. There is no greater blunderer. He is capable of smearing over in a moment a painting he has been toiling at for months. What need of any technical skill on that bit of canvas? The grand expressive idea must be worked out in his head alone. And what of this painting which he treats as nought? Well, if it sighs or wails, pines and scourges, pants and sings, that is what often gives it such amazing power."

He had the gift of illuminating obscurities; he could get effects out of old bricks and rags; his figures lived and breathed. How he managed to do all this he probably could not have explained himself. It certainly was not produced by craftsmanship.

Whether one likes the work of Josef Israels or not, one must acknowledge that he resuscitated Dutch art. Throughout the eighteenth century it had been decadent. It had become conventional and unreal. Holland had not produced a single painter of any eminence from the close of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth, when Bosboom appeared with his exquisite interiors. But Bosboom was not the kind of man to place himself at the head of the reform. It needed one possessed of youthful vitality, energy, and optimism, such as Israels was, to lead the revolution against that romanticism with which Dutch art was saturated. And when he began to interpret contemporary life, Bosboom put himself under his ægis. Israels cannot be said to have founded a school. Bloomers, Neuhuys, Artz, and Keverer undoubtedly based their style on his, and he probably influenced Mauve. But Mesdag, the Marises, and many others worked independently, and even had there been no Israels, Jacob Maris would have lifted Dutch art out of the slough into which it had fallen.

BYRON P. STEPHENSON.

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THE NEW WASHINGTON

By Montgomery Schuyler

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO, AND PHOTOGRAPHS



THE authorization of three new department buildings, designed to be seen together, and accordingly harmonized in their architecture, is the longest single step thus far taken in the evolution of a Virginian village into a city worthy to be the capital and show-place of the second in population and the first in wealth of modern nations. (One excepts from the comparison, for different but obvious reasons, the British and the Chinese "Empires.")

He who visits Washington now after ten years, who has not seen it, say, since just after the war with Spain, finds so great a transformation that he is fain to take his bearings anew from the ancient landmarks and is relieved to find the Capitol and the Monument still predominant. Even after five years one finds the new monuments, architectural and sculptural, vying in interest with the old. But the decade is a more eligible period than the lustrum, for the purpose of comparison, because it is ten years since the Senate authorized its district committee to employ experts "for the improvement of the park system of the District of Columbia," and it is from that authorization that we may date the beginning of the New Washington.

A chief element of one's wonder is the costliness of the new erections. Probably the first thought of the average American, visiting or revisiting Washington, is that of Mrs. Carlyle's domestic at the sight of the engraving of the Sistine Madonna: "Lor', mum, how expensive!" The expenditure on all these new expanses of hewn granite or elaborated marble has been not only un-

grudging but lavish. The three new department buildings which form the immediate occasion of these remarks are estimated to cost eight millions, and the official explanation of the project accurately sets forth that its costliness is not its chief distinction, since that sum has been "not infrequently exceeded by single Federal or State buildings." It is worth noting that the cost of the Library of Congress, completed in 1897, the chief national monument erected between the civil and the Spanish wars, and a marvel of economical administration in the building, was six millions. That was the last important building projected and erected in disregard of the original plan of Washington, the last before the revision and extension of that plan so as to bring it down to date and adapt it to the probable growth of the capital for still another century. It is the last likely to be so erected. The marble palaces that have been built since are all contributions to the execution of that plan—the monumental Union Station, the House office building, the Senate office building, the new National Museum, the municipal building of the District of Columbia, and the two wings along the southern building line of the Mall with the gulf between yawning for a supplementary appropriation to erect the central pavilion which is to unite them and to complete the building of the Department of Agriculture. If our republic is by no means like Cicero's in "hating private luxury," it resembles it at least in "loving public magnificence." One wonders at the ungrudging liberality with which the capital has been amplified and adorned by a legislature from which other cities find some difficulty

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United States Treasury. Capitol. The new Post Office. New District Building. Department of Justice. New National Museum. South end of White House. Pennsylvania Avenue. Sherman Statue. Department of Commerce.

The three new buildings as seen from the roof

in obtaining suitable facilities and accommodations for their respective shares of the Federal service, and are fain, it is reported, to resort to the deprecable method of log-rolling in order to gratify their legitimate desires. Washington, one feels in Washington, is the spoiled child of the republic.

The reason is not far to seek:

"The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach."

If the representative in Congress of a city cannot perform the Herculean feat of obtaining an appropriation for its embellishment equal to its own appreciation of its own deserts, it at least behooves him to prevent its rival city from obtaining more. The competition is thus keen. But Washington is *hors concours*. The rivalry is at bot-

tom commercial, and Washington has no commercial pretensions. It is still strictly a political capital, with the social attractiveness for residence or for sojourn which that position gives. Alone among American cities, unless you choose to call Newport a city, it must live on its beauty, like Paris. More exclusively than Paris, for Paris is, incidentally to its political position, the first commercial city of France. Washington is analogous rather to Versailles, except that it is the plaything not of a monarch but of a nation, which here delights to celebrate itself, and which celebrates itself on so much larger a scale than that on which Louis XIV celebrated himself by how much the national resources of the United States are beyond the dreams of Colbert. They are lavished upon the capital. "The District" is the Danæ upon which Uncle Sam descends in showers of gold. It is only



the Labor

Department of State.

Washington Monument.

the present State, War, and Navy Building.

Washington upon which these pecuniary refreshments fall with anything approaching this profusion. And one may say of the burghers of Washington, disfranchisement and all, as Virgil said of his farmers, that they would be too lucky if they only knew their own good. As it is, some of them are so ill-advised as to agitate for the commercial "booming" of the capital by the encouragement of manufactures. That would be a suicidal operation. In the first place, manufactories are unsightly and incompatible with "the city beautiful," which the whole country by its representatives in Congress assembled has shown and is showing its determination to make of the capital. From any point of view from which the city can fairly be seen as a whole, from the Potomac, say, or from the portico of Arlington House, the chimney shafts of such factories as now exist are unsightly and incongruous

with the main purport and expression of the unique municipality, even the chimney shaft of so unquestionably necessary and pertinent an appanage of a political and uncommercial capital as that of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. As Mr. Muirhead puts it, in his "America: The Land of Contrasts":

"The absence of the wealth-suggesting but artistically somewhat sordid accompaniments of a busy industrialism contributes to Washington's position as one of the most singularly handsome cities on the globe."

In the second place, the encouragement of manufactures or of any "business" beyond what is strictly incidental and accessory to the primary purpose of the place tends to deliver Washington to the competition from which it is the very condition of its prosperity and one may say the very reason of its being that it shall be delivered. It

is only while Washington sits apart and aloof from the general industrial movement that no effective voice will be raised against the extraordinary privileges and immunities which are bestowed upon it in consequence of its detachment. The golden shower amounts to a mean annual rainfall of between five and six millions. The real entry of Washington into the interurban competition would startlingly reduce

pal planning and municipal administration which will be no less useful and exemplary to the cities engaged in the industrial competition from which it is exempted because the conditions of their existence put the complete attainment of it by them out of the question.

This function Washington is coming more and more perfectly to perform, and has extraordinary and even unique advantages



Tomb of Major L'Enfant at Arlington.

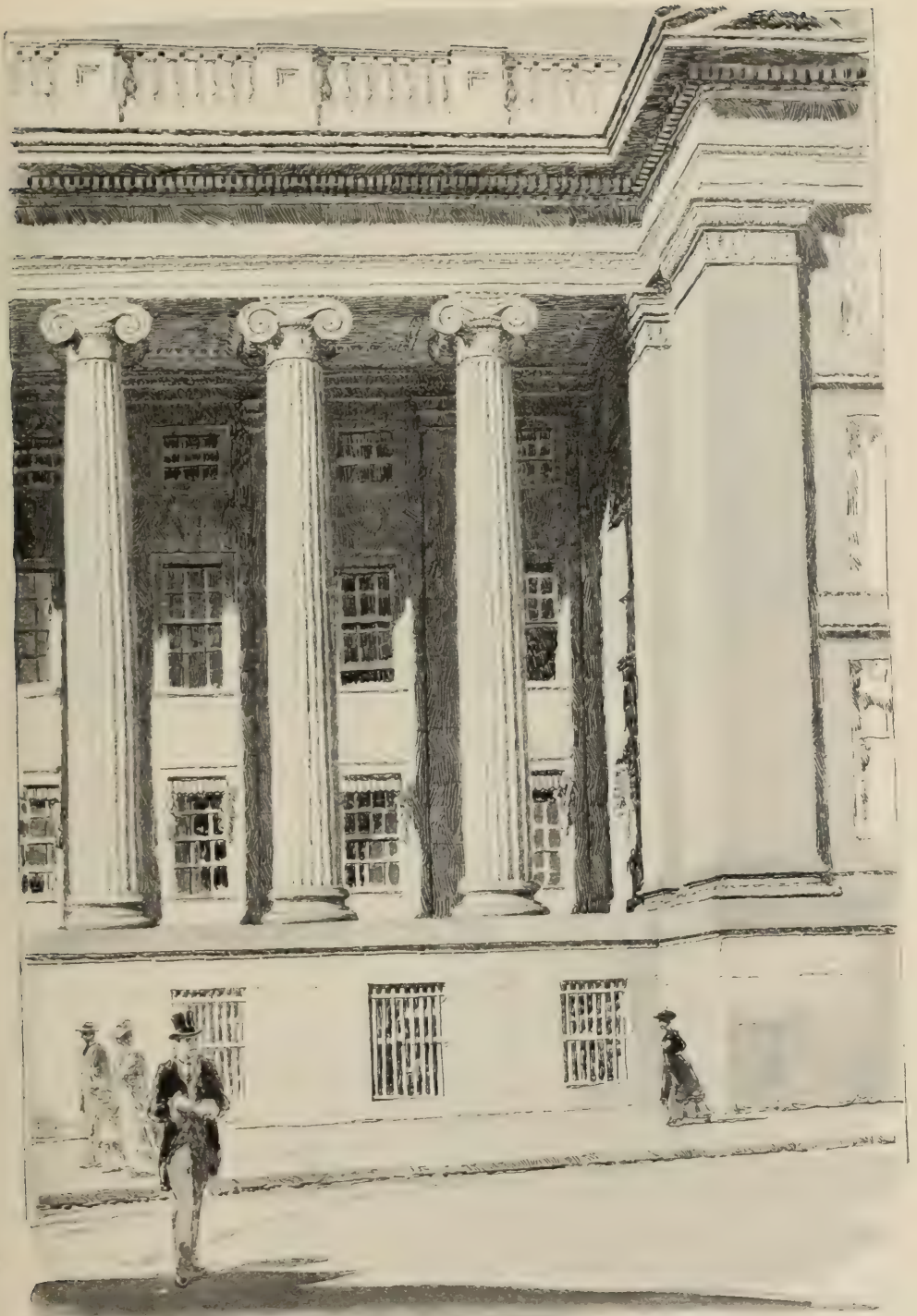
W. W. Bosworth, architect.

this precipitation and substitute aridity. The Washington "base-ball team," one of the "circenses" of the District of which the Congress, excepting in the individual capacities of its members as sympathetic playgoers, has nothing to do with defraying the expense, probably deems itself the victim of a cruel fate, but might be actuated by high policy, in maintaining a modest last or penultimate position in the competition of its respective "league." And yet it appears that there are business men in Washington who even claim the praise of public spirit in demanding that the capital shall enter the industrial competition. The story might be commended to them of that French Theodore Hook who interrupted a singer of the music-hall, successively announcing his desire to be a butterfly and his desire to be an angel, by asking him "Which?" and sternly adding: "You cannot cumulate; you must choose." The true function of the capital in respect of the other cities of the country is that of a "counsel of perfection," the furnishing of a model of municipi-

pal planning and municipal administration which will be no less useful and exemplary to the cities engaged in the industrial competition from which it is exempted because the conditions of their existence put the complete attainment of it by them out of the question. But a British tourist, John Davis by name, who visited Washington for the inauguration of Jefferson, and when there was little, indeed, of Washington to be seen, except on paper, was appreciative enough to note:

"From the Capitol, the President's house, and some of the important areas are to be diagonal streets, which will prevent the monotony that characterizes Philadelphia. We here perceive the superiority of taste in a travelled Frenchman over a home-bred Englishman. Penn was the founder of Philadelphia; the plan of Washington was framed by Major L'Enfant."

Washington, it is true, found Pierre L'Enfant "of an untoward disposition," but this may have been only on account of the engineer's stickling, to what the great man



E. C. Peixotto 1911.
Drawn by L. C. Peixotto.

Detail of the east colonnade of the Treasury Building.
Robert Mills, architect.



Portico of the Patent Office.
Robert Mills, architect.

thought an unreasonable degree, for his own notions of a capital city, although he was the only person in the councils of the new "Federal City" who had any detailed and specific notion of what a capital city was. If it be only just now that he has been appropriately commemorated by the tomb at Arlington, it is only just now, one may say, that the city of his design has earned the right to commemorate him by the execution of his design. No commemoration could be more appropriate than the erection of the engineer's tomb directly in front of the Arlington House which George Washington Parke Custis built at the beginning of the nineteenth century at the precise spot which commands the most effective bird's-eye view of the city, barring the top of the Monument and of the Capitol, and enables the best appreciation of the engineer's work. Thanks to that work it is that Washington has never had and never will have to be Haussmannized to fulfil its destiny. L'Enfant's plan fell, indeed, into neglect, fell into

oblivion. From 1830 to 1900, one may say, the gist and essence of it had faded from all minds. To be sure, the Shepherd administration, of mixed memory, had recurred to the original map for the making of the streets and the embellishment by planting of the squares and circles and polygons accruing from the intersections of the original plan. These were the services for which that administration is entitled to be remembered, along with the undeniable set-offs, inasmuch that it would take a very rigid and uncompromising moralist to regard the statue of Shepherd in front of the new District with the impulse of iconoclasm only. For all other purposes than those of sewerage, paving, grading, and guttering, the plan vividly summarized by Mr. Muirhead as "a wheel laid upon a gridiron" (in fact, there are three superposed "wheels") had lapsed, in a single generation, from the memories of men.

And yet how effectual were these humble reclamations. Recall Dickens's account of Washington in 1842, John Tyler *consule*:

"Plough up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought not to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble, anywhere, but the more entirely out of everybody's way the better; call one the Post Office, one the Patent Office, and one the Treasury, . . . leave a brickfield without the bricks in all central places where a street may naturally be expected; and that's Washington. . . . It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman."

The aspect of the city was essentially the same to and through the Civil War. During the war, indeed, the cupola of the Capitol was completed by the erection of the crowning figure of Freedom above the metallic

simulation of lithic forms. That soaring bubble makes its unfailing effect in any distant view. But close at hand, it has the overpowering effect of an extinguisher upon the structure beneath. Particularly upon the east front, for in the view from the west the terrace added by Fred. Law Olmsted finds an excellent æsthetic function in dissembling the architectural baselessness of the crowning dome. But on the eastward front it is so plain that the dome rather crushes than crowns the substructure that the projection of the centre, for which Thomas U. Walter, the author of the dome, made a design, is still an urgent architectural need of the edifice.

The Washington that Dickens saw was the Washington that another British tourist saw twenty years later, Sir William Russell, not yet "Sir," when he came out to do the war for the *London Times* and to receive his American nickname. Revisiting it twenty years still later, in the early eighties, he was



Order of the old General Post Office.

Robert Mills, architect.

astonished to find it "by far the handsomest of American cities." And yet, during this interval there had been no addition to the architectural attractions of the capital. Nobody, then or since, counted among those attractions Mr. Mullett's State, War, and Navy Building, or General Meigs's Pension Building, of which it is traditionally reported that General Sheridan bitterly complained to its author that he had made it fire-proof. The conversion of the Virginian village into the handsomest of American cities had been effected solely by the labors of the "Boss," whom one cannot too seriously blame old Washingtonians for delighting to honor.

L'Enfant himself had laid it down: "Lines or avenues of direct communication have been devised to connect the separate and most distant objects with the principal, and to preserve through the whole a reciprocity of sight." The three "principal objects" of the plan were the Capitol, the President's house, and the Washington Monument, at that time expected to take the form of an equestrian statue. The avenue which was intended to preserve "reciprocity of sight" between the first and second was Pennsylvania Avenue; between the first and third was the broad stretch of the Mall, bordered with trees and buildings; between the second and third the President's garden, or, as we say now, the White House grounds. The last alone has been maintained. The first was destroyed in the thirties, according to tradition, by the emphatic walking-stick of "Old Hickory," planted by his own hand at the spot he had determined for the cornerstone of the Treasury. The testimony of the architect of that building, Robert Mills, was explicit that the site was the President's per-

sonal selection. The selection showed how, within ten years after L'Enfant's death, a primary purpose of his plan had either been completely ignored or completely forgotten, probably the latter. In any case, the blunder is irretrievable. Pennsylvania Avenue is permanently deflected around the huge obstacle to "reciprocity of sight" between the White House and the Capitol. Equally forgotten or ignored, throughout the whole of the nineteenth century, was the primary purpose of the Mall, projected as a majestic and monumental promenade, or parade, between the Capitol and the Monument, a cisatlantic Champs Elysées on a much larger than the transatlantic scale, for L'Enfant's "Grand Avenue" is twice as long as the parked part of the Parisian promenade and four hundred feet wider. Washingtonians kept on calling it "the Reservation" without



Original design for the Washington Monument
Robert Mills, architect.

the faintest notion why it was reserved. The most active and importunate squatters obtained "pre-emptions" within it. Andrew Jackson Downing was invoked to magnify his office as a landscape gardener by dotting its unoccupied surfaces with plantations in the romantic taste, which would have been as appropriate to an environment in which the "place" was the chief attraction and the buildings subordinate to the landscape as it was inappropriate to an environment in which the landscape was auxiliary and conducive to the effect of formal and monumental architecture. The irregular and naturalistic scheme of plantation was in fact as much "from the purpose" of the Reservation as the intrusion into it of the tracks and the station of a great railroad. Already the Mall is freed from its chief obstruction, the railroad that traversed it having with-

drawn to find much more suitable and dignified accommodation elsewhere, while the unfinished buildings of the Department of Agriculture and the new National Museum, on opposite sides of it, exemplify its intended use, which will be even more imposingly exemplified by the main front of the new Department of State. The three new buildings will also find one of their main uses in redeeming the triangle of which the base is the line that has been chosen for the three façades, and of which the Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue are the other two sides. In the contemplation of the commission of 1901, this triangle was destined to the buildings intended to supply the local needs of the District. Of these, the "District Building" is already in being, and is imposing by its extent and its material, a fresh and glittering white marble, if not altogether by its architecture. It is in sooth a very busy and eventful front, in which the visitor accustomed to the tamer and more reposeful aspect of the older public buildings will be apt to find that there is altogether too much going on. He will be apt to prefer the unbroken colon-

nade of the side to the colonnade of the front, interrupted by the three projected pavilions, which are one, if not two, too many for its extent. Even in the side he will be apt to resent the competition which is set up by the attempt to make the intercolumniations as interesting as the colonnade, and will be likely to hold that this elaboration justifies the architect of the old department buildings in relying for his effect exclusively upon his colonnades, and treating his windows as necessary evils, as mere unmodelled and unadorned rectangular holes.

We come here upon the question of the style, the "Official Style," of Washington. This may fairly be said to have been fixed not by the Georgian version of Palladian architecture, which we call "Colonial," and in which the Capitol and the White House are composed, but by the style which succeeded it, the "Greek Revival" of England, the "Style Empire" of France, which was founded on the publications of the "Antiquities of Athens." Of this style Latrobe, the second architect of the Capitol, showed knowledge, proposing, in fact, a



The Union Trust Company Building.
Wood, Donn & Deming, architects.



Photograph by Harris & Egan.

The Masonic Temple.
Wood, Donn & Deming, architects.



New Senate Office Building, showing Union Station at foot of street.

John M. Carrère, consulting architect.

little Greek temple as the entrance to the west front, a proposition which we may be thankful was not executed. But it became really fruitful only in the hands of Latrobe's pupil, Robert Mills. He was the architect, in the late thirties, of the three original department buildings. He designed the Patent Office in the Doric of the Parthenon, the colonnade of the Treasury in the Ionic of the Erechtheum, but in the Corinthian of the General Post Office he divagated from the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the only Grecian example of Corinthian then accessible, to the examples of the Italian Renaissance. One may admire Greek architecture more than any of its derivatives, and still maintain that he was in the right in his divagation, seeing that in the engaged Corinthian order of the Post Office he attained much of the effect of the colonnade or the portico, without the necessary interference with the practical uses of a modern building which the projecting and umbrageous colonnade entails. The fact remains that Mills's Greek buildings and not his Italian building set the pattern for subsequent public architecture in Washington, and it is they which have been reverted to by the designers of the three new department buildings now authorized. The architect who brought about that result is

surely entitled to a memorial in the city which he embellished. The memorial which would do most to appease his manes is, doubtless, the completion of his Washington Monument according to his design. Twice did he attempt to adorn and enliven the base of an Egyptian obelisk with Grecian architecture, once in the Bunker Hill Monument, of which he complained that the decorative architecture, omitted in execution, was essential to the effect of his design, and again, upon a much larger scale, in this Washington Monument, and was both times baffled. In Washington he might reasonably have expected that his design would be fully executed, seeing that a picture of the entire design was the basis of the appeal in which the erection of the Monument was "earnestly recommended to the favor of our countrymen," during Taylor's brief administration, by the President and Vice-President, by all the surviving ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents, and by those citizens whose names commanded the largest measure of public confidence. Without doubt the omission was a misfortune for the Monument, since the crystalline shaft, so impressive from a distance, has now nothing to repay a closer inspection. Mills, in one respect, has suffered more grievously than L'Enfant from the neglect of posterity,

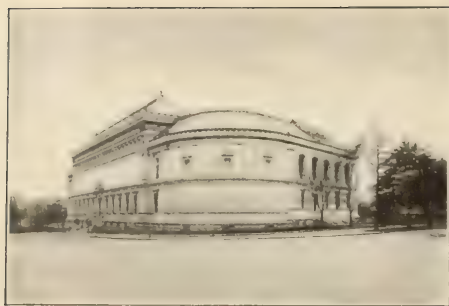
since the commission which rescued and extended L'Enfant's design not only did nothing for the execution of the most conspicuous of Mills's designs, but suggested another site and another plan for the patriotic Pantheon for which the peristyle of the Washington Monument purported to provide. The completion of the Monument, according to the intention of its architect, would without question be one of the notable embellishments of the Mall, when "reciprocity of sight" between the Capitol and the Monument is fully established, would be a pious recognition of services to the capital

of a Washingtonian so well worthy of memory. Dumas puts into the mouth of his historical favorite, that French Alcibiades, Nicolas Fouquet, in relation to the château of Vaux le Vicomte, which excited the envy and emulation of Louis XIV, and which furnished quite its quota of hints to the Washington commissioners of 1901, words which are as applicable to the builders of Washington: "Vaux is not mine: it belongs to Levau and Le Nôtre and Le Brun," the three being respectively the architect, the landscape gardener, and the decorator of the more than royal residence. That an



Entrance of the New Union Station

D. H. Burnham, architect.



Photograph by H. B. Rogers & Co., Ltd.

Corcoran Gallery of Art.
Ernest Flagg, architect.



Photographed by H. B. Rogers & Co., Ltd.

Carnegie Library.
Ackerman & Ross, architects.

artist has a vested interest in his work which does not determine with his death is a proposition repugnant and incredible alike in commercial and in Congressional circles; but the acceptance of it seems to be a condition of the most enduring public art. The extensions of all three of Mills's department buildings were intrusted to Thomas U. Walter in the early fifties, after he had won the competition for the extension of the Capitol and when Mills still survived, though superannuated. Mr. Walter showed in these works the same admirable deference and conformity and self-abnegation which he had showed in the greater undertaking. In extending the Patent Office and the Post Office, he simply repeated his predecessor's work, adding nothing of his own. In the Treasury, the extension of which Mr. Walter designed, though he declined additionally to burden himself by undertaking its superintendence, this modesty was not permitted. The Treasury Building, from 1840 to 1855, consisted only of the shallow east wing,

fronted by the Ionic colonnade which, like the painted stone centre of the Capitol, attested that it was built in the day of pecuniary small things, the columns being laid up in successive drums of sandstone. It is only within these last years that these have been superseded by monoliths of granite in conformity to the later work. What Walter did was to enclose the colonnade between powerful, pedimented pavilions containing an engaged order, "distyle in antis," of the same scale as the colonnade, to the great architectural advantage of the colonnade, and to omit the order on the other three fronts, excepting in a projecting portico at the centre and an engaged order at the ends, to the great practical advantage of the building as a place to do work in. It was not until the seventies that a violent departure was made from the examples of Mills and from the public architecture of the capital, in the design of the State, War, and Navy Building. Irretrievably misplaced as the Treasury Building had been by the ignorant



Photograph by H. B. Rogers & Co., Ltd.

The old State, War, and Navy Building.
A. B. Mullett, architect.



Photograph by H. B. Rogers & Co., Ltd.

The new District Building
Cope & Stewardson, architects.



Photograph by Hutton & Loring.

The Army War College.
Charles F. McKim, architect.



Photograph by Hutton & Loring.

The new National Museum.
Hornblower & Marshall, architects.

insistence of Jackson, there could be no question that a department building on the other side of the "White Lot" ought to conform to it, even to the extent of being a counterpart of it. Every public building up to that time, "colonial" like the Capitol and the White House, or of the Greek Revival like the department buildings of the thirties, had had as its architectural unit an "order" sufficiently similar to the others in dimensions to give a common scale, an order including two stories in every building excepting the Treasury, in which it included three. The innovator not only destroyed the scale by superposing orders of a single story each, but crowned the edifice with a makeshift Mansard by way of obtaining an additional story, and the resultant pavilions and chimneys torment the sky-line into the negation of dignity or repose. The huge building remains an anomaly in the public architecture of Washington, "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," for it did not occur to the next ambitious super-

vised architect, the designer of the new Post Office in the early nineties, to imitate it. He initiated another departure, this time in the Richardsonian Romanesque that then prevailed, to the current forms of which he brought nothing of his own. There is nothing in this to encourage imitation. Its sterility is the encouraging fact about it; its sterility and the circumstance that, standing where it does in "The Avenue," it compromises nothing but itself, and might be taken for one of the freaks of the private building of Washington more readily than for an example of the public architecture.

It is no wonder that these two horrible and Helotic examples of the danger of non-conformity should have sufficed for the succeeding architectural authorities, in those better days of our public architecture which are commonly dated from the "Tarsney act," allowing competitions for Federal buildings, but which really began with the appointment of a cultivated and competent



Photograph by Hutton & Loring.

The Memorial Continental Hall.
Edward Pearce Casey, architect.



Photograph by Hutton & Loring.

International Bureau of American Republics.
Kelsey & Cret, architects.

practitioner, in 1896, to be supervising architect of the Treasury, followed, in 1897, by the appointment of another architect of the same qualifications, who is in office still. One may be ever so firmly impressed with the inadequacy of classic architecture to general modern uses. He may hold ever so firmly that Greek architecture is a perfect and admirable style in which to build Greek temples, but not really available for any other use. He may insist upon the necessity of a manner of building which has a less meagre repertory both of "motives" and of details, which is more flexible and more variously and specifically expressive, and which gives more scope for the individuality and invention for which Greek architecture gives none at all. He may even both understand and sympathize with what Ruskin meant when he wrote:

"The choice of Classical or Gothic, using the latter term in its broadest sense, may be questionable when it regards some single and considerable public building; but I cannot conceive it questionable, for an instant, when it regards modern uses in general: I cannot conceive any architect insane enough to project the vulgarization of Greek architecture."

He may deplore the extension of the public architecture of Washington for any more practical purpose than the "court of honor" of a world's fair. And yet he may be compelled to admit that, for the public architecture of Washington, the case is closed, the capital is committed, and there is nothing for it but a reversion to the "official style." This is the view which the projectors of the competition for the three new buildings took, and which the successful competitors have adopted. They have welcomed the monotony which they have doubtless incurred as a refuge from the miscellany they have doubtless avoided. There is nothing in the architecture of the new buildings which smacks in the least of modernity, even of the modernity of the Beaux Arts, unless haply the interpolated attic or superpolated pediment of the Ionic Department of Justice be held to be a modern gloss, or the Roman instead of Athenian Doric of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The motive of the southern front of the Department of State is in effect the motive of the southern front of the Treasury, with the substitution of Corinthian for

Ionic. It is all the architecture of the thirties and the fifties, and would have no disturbing novelties for Mills or Walter, for that matter none for Pericles or Phidias. But, doubtless, the better part has been chosen. Doubtless there are, along with the monotony, the essentials of dignity and repose which more animation and variety would have been in danger of impairing. Doubtless the new buildings carry on, in an imposing manner, on an imposing scale, and in an imposing material, almost compulsorily white marble, the tradition of the public architecture of Washington, which is, in sooth, in civil architecture, the only tradition we can be said to possess.

Elsewhere, in the actual or projected public or quasipublic new buildings, the rigor of the precedents has been somewhat relaxed. The new building projected for the Supreme Court, being a counterpart in size and site of the Italian Renaissance of the Library of Congress, is almost necessarily its counterpart in exterior architecture. The Library, as has been mentioned, is an anomaly in its situation, and would not have been placed where it is and as it is had it been designed after the commission of 1901 had reclaimed and brought into evidence the original plan of Washington. For the "wheel" of which the Capitol is the hub had no fewer than twelve radial spokes of streets, of each of which the Capitol closed the vista. Two of these spokes were cut off by the Library of Congress, and, in the interest of conformity to that edifice, the projected Supreme Court cuts off two more. But the architectural duplication of the Library, which need not, of course, exclude such improvements in detail, and even, within limits, of composition and arrangement as the designer may see his way to, will form a noteworthy addition to the attractions of Capitol Hill. The Senate and House office buildings, virtually identical in their architecture, are entirely conformable to the Capitol, if they have not much individual interest of their own. Another recent building which undoubtedly has such an interest is the Union Station, and this is sufficiently conformable, though neither its conformity nor its interest depends upon the order, which is here a negligible and omissible detail. The power of the design resides in the simplicity and the largeness of its exterior and interior



Portico of the new Department of Justice.

Donn Barber, architect.

disposition, the arch being substituted for the column as the unit of the architecture, and the arcade for the colonnade as the means of emphasizing the horizontal expanse. This is the contribution to the execution of the plan of ten years ago, made by one of the architectural members of the commission. The Lincoln Monument, reserved to the other, the lamented Charles F. McKim, and represented in his sketch as an extreme example of classicity, being in fact the periphery of a Greek temple without the cella, is still, one learns, on the knees of the gods. Meanwhile, the only

executed work of the architect at the capital is the War College, which the casual visitor is liable to miss altogether, unless he be well enough advised to make his pilgrimage to Mount Vernon by the river. It is in the main an unpretentious and businesslike building of humble brickwork, which is classicized and architecturalized by a central feature at each end and on each side, an arched aperture enclosing a colossal order. The single and lonely statue in front of it indicates the War College as the most appropriate place which could be found in the capital of the American Republic for



The new Department of State Building.

Arnold W. Brunner, architect.

the imperial and somewhat elephantine gift of a statue of Frederick the Great.

The public buildings, other than Federal, which have been erected to the westward of the White House are attractive additions to the New Washington. The situation, purpose, and ownership of these dispensed the architects, it should seem, from adhesion to the official style imposed upon the government. Not all of the architects have lived up to their privileges. One is moved particularly to congratulate the architect of the Corcoran Art Gallery on his success in showing that the classical effect can be at-

tained, the effect of "magnitude, uniformity, and succession," in an "astylar" front which does not contain a single classical member, even while condoling with him on the imposed necessity of annexing the curvilinear and excrescental structure which so evidently does not "belong." The Memorial Continental Hall, which we owe to the piety of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was plainly indicated as "Colonial," and the indication might with advantage have been even more strictly followed. Similarly, the Bureau of American Republics offered an opportunity of

paying a graceful tribute to our Southern little sisters of "Latin" traditions by a much stronger suggestion than the exterior architecture offers of the Spanish Renaissance of the sixteenth century, though to be sure this "leading" has been followed in the interior patio, and to a very attractive result. But of all three buildings it may fairly be said that they execute variations upon the "style officiel" within permissible limits, and that the variety they attain is not gained at the expense of any quality more important than variety.

With much of the recent commercial building of Washington one has to quarrel upon the ground that it is too strictly in the "style officiel," that it comes altogether too closely into competition with the edifices which are national possessions. Directly envisaging the north front of the Treasury, for example, are two banks in granite, with "orders" effectively of the scale of that monument, designed with academic accuracy and scholarly sensibility and which one would be glad to meet almost anywhere else, but cannot help wishing away from where they are. Just to the north, again, is an office building in white marble of which the order outscapes that of the public buildings, old or new, since it includes five complete stories against their maximum of three. This strikes one as a kind of architectural *lèse majesté*, that the commercial hustler should thus domineer over the official edifices. It is related of a certain pope of the Renaissance that he enjoined architects and owners, on pain of the major excommunication, or equivalent penalty, from presuming to put a pediment on any building but a church. There were popes of the period whose deliverances *ex cathedra* on questions of taste are accepted by posterity as at least as infallible as their deliverances on questions of "faith and morals," and many moderns visiting Washington will sympathize with the prohibition and wish that it might be extended to the use of the colossal order by private and unauthorized persons, intent only on their singular lucre and profit. One would at any rate like to see the commercial competition with the official architecture prevented by a permanent injunction against using both the style and the material of the public monuments. White marble and the colossal order might very well be reserved for public uses. The

Masonic Temple, besides being in truth a quasi-public building, evades competition by its humble material, which is only baked clay, and escapes censure by the singular suitability to its site of the motive of its truncated end. Likewise the New Willard, both by its detail and by its renunciation of marble or granite in favor of a modest limestone. The architect of the Hibbs Building is entitled to congratulation for showing that an effective commercial front may be attained without the use of an order, and that of the pretty little office alongside, although his front is garnished with an order, for employing "such a little one" as by no means to challenge the government architecture on its own ground. But upon the whole, the recent commercial architecture of Washington shows that there are not one but many architects "insane enough to project the vulgarization of Greek architecture," many of the mind of Clough:

"I from no building, gay or solemn,
Can spare the shapely Grecian column."

The architectural Bacon would surely "note no deficiency" of Grecian columns if another were never to be set up in Washington. The three Grecian orders are already worked nearly to the limit of their capacity and are likely to be overworked, and the monotony which is the defect of their quality to degenerate into tiresomeness, in the official employment in which no eligible substitute for them has been suggested. It were greatly to be wished, in the interest of the New Washington, that they might be confined to that employment, if necessary, by some secular proceeding analogous to the papal injunction.

At this suggestion, naturally, all Anglo-Saxondom will be up in arms. The right of a man to do as he will with his own, so commonly held to be the palladium of our liberties, is assumed to be invaded if he be not permitted, in his office building, department store, or what not, to copy or caricature the public monuments. This impatience of restraint is often said to be an expression of "democracy." It is not so. It is the voice of an exclusively Anglo-Saxon individualism. Building restrictions are quite as rigid in Paris under the republic as they were under the monarchy or the empire. When the question is of the beauty of a capital which largely lives by its

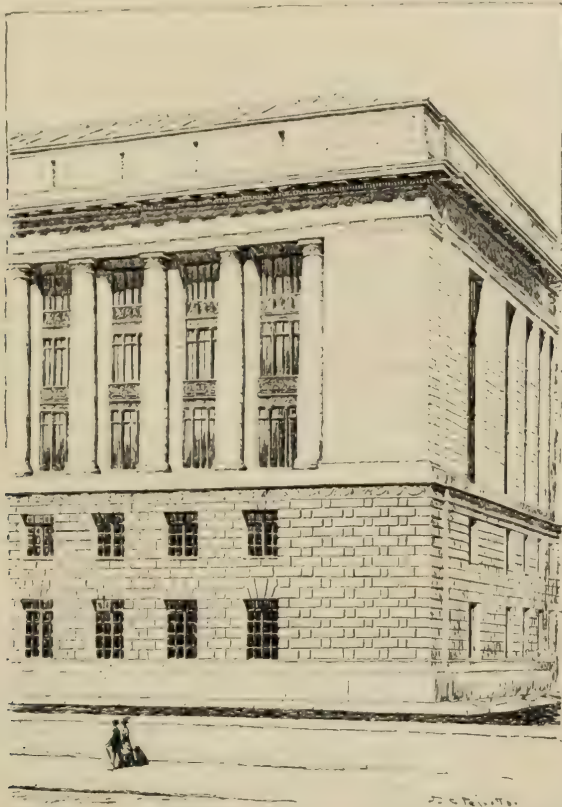
beauty, collectivism must prevail over individualism, and, after a civic education of some three centuries, this is recognized by the Parisian, and the necessary sacrifices of his individual preferences are cheerfully incurred. Why should it not be equally recognized by the Washingtonian? The beauty of the capital is a national object, but it is still more a local object. If Washington were to relapse to the condition described by Dickens, the first sufferers would be the business men of the District, who would also presumably be the first protestants against any curtailment of their right to build as they like. "The condition of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price." The Washingtonians can no more than other people eat their cake and have it. To have as a municipal partner an uncle of boundless resources and boundless liberality to divide your bills and even to advance your share of them, is a happiness that is worth paying for in some renunciation of your own devices and desires. Washington pays for it even to the extent of disfranchisement. It has its reward in being better governed than any American municipality of which the inhabitants govern themselves. Of what other municipality is the local taxpayer so sure of receiving a dollar's worth for his dollar? In fact, the Columbian taxpayer receives, through the liberality of his uncle, two dollars' worth. The budget of the District is highly satisfactory, the debt, in part a legacy from the days of the questionable Boss, is in process of steady extinction at the rate of a million a year. Largely, thanks, no doubt, to the moderation and forbearance of the benevolent uncle who is a principal creditor, and still more largely to his own contributions, the current revenues considerably exceed the current expenses. In return, the District does fulfil its function of a model for other municipalities in all points of municipal housekeeping. It is thirty years since the experiments of "Captain Greene, of the Engineers," now General Greene, upon street pavements inured to the benefit not only of Washington but of all the cities, for not one has failed in some measure to profit by them. The "engineer commissioner" of the District government has ever since worthily represented the corps to which the country owes so much, in peace and in war. The present engineer commissioner has made the liber-

ality of the general government the basis for an argument that taxpayers who contribute so largely to the prosperity of the District are entitled to something more for their money than mere maintenance, that they are entitled to see monumental betterments in progress. He accordingly has urged an annual appropriation "for permanent works of improvement," beginning in 1913 with \$1,230,000, and increasing annually thereafter by not less than \$100,000. The proposed use of the appropriations is the execution of such large designs as the reclamation of the Anicostia Flats and their conversion into a public park, the extension of the improvement of the Rock Creek Valley, the improvement of the harbor front by means of public wharves, and the completion of the park system—all works of embellishment as well as of utility. To these might be added the provision of such a special or supplementary supply of water as will enable the execution of the design of the commission of 1901 for a profuse use of that element for decorative purposes. The work which should answer that requirement would have no historical parallel since the aqueduct of Marly.

But it is upon the private still more than the public building that the general aspect of any city must depend, and the engineer commissioner has sought for the passage of a law that would mark a long stride in the direction of a collective control of individual rights. This will authorize the commissioners to designate such streets as may seem to them fit as "Class A" streets, preferring them for improvement in their discretion, and imposing "such requirements as to height of buildings, materials of construction, and architectural design as shall secure, in the judgment of such commissioners, the beautiful and harmonious appearance, as viewed from the public streets, of all structures to be erected or altered on the land to which such restrictions shall apply." The proviso is that the owners of nine-tenths of the property concerned shall convey to the commissioners the easements which will enable the enforcement of the special restrictions, taking compensation for the easements less deductions for the benefits. It is left to the discretion of the commissioners whether the "submerged tenth" shall be excepted from their operations of embellishment or included in them

after proceedings for condemnation; all in complete disregard of the palladium of our liberties, the right of the individual to do as he likes with his own—the grand old principle that the Anglo-Saxon's house is

twelve-story building meant a good deal more than it would mean now, aroused a sense of pain and outrage by no means confined to Washington itself, and a general hope was expressed that if this malefaction



South-west corner of the Department of Commerce and Labor Building

York & Sawyer, architects

his castle for offensive as well as for defensive purposes.

The enactment into law of this project would probably mark the greatest triumph of collectivism, as applied to civic æsthetics, in the legislation of any Anglo-Saxon community. It would be an effective set-off to Matthew Arnold's famous example of the triumph of individualism in the establishment of a truss-factory on "the finest site in Europe." Washington also has had its triumphs of individualism. Some fifteen years ago a private owner, doing as he liked with his own, erected a stark twelve-story apartment house in a quiet residential region—"N.-W." It was consolatory to remark that the erection, at a time when a

could not be undone, at least some means might be found of preventing its repetition. The means have been found. Under the complicated and minute building regulations of the District another "Cairo" would apparently be impossible. Even here, however, one must note the curious Anglo-Saxon prejudice according to which it is necessary to allege some pretext of sanitation or safety from fire in order to prohibit an outrageous erection. But what real necessity is there for thus whipping the cosmetic devil around the utilitarian stump? Why resort to any subterfuge? An offender against the auditory or the olfactory nerves of his neighbors can be called to account. Why not an offender against their

optical sensibilities? Why should a racket or a stench be justiciable and an eyesore not? Why, in a word, should not the official guardians of the "beauty and harmony" of the capital be clothed with the powers necessary to perform their function, with the powers, say, of a Roman ædile or of a French prefect, and thus enabled to protect the community from the ravages of individualism? It is certain that only by the lodgement of such a power somewhere can beautiful and harmonious cities be made, and that the power would be more safely lodged with the authorities of the District of Columbia than with those of any city dependent for its government on the suffrages of all its adult male inhabitants. Practically, the right of eminent domain inherent in the community can be exercised whenever the community considers that the object is of sufficient importance. Surely the beauty and harmony of their capital should be such an object to the people of the United States.

This view seems to be making its way into the minds of the representatives of the peo-

ple in Congress assembled. It is noteworthy and encouraging that, after many years, an "art commission" has been authorized and appointed for the Federal building of the capital, including the surviving architect-member of the commission of 1901. Considering the Congressional, which is to say the popular, dread and distrust of "expertise," this is a signal victory for "collectivism." It is true that the powers of this body seem to be thus far limited to answering, and possibly to asking, questions. But the camel's nose is in the tent. If the commission continues to commend itself to public confidence, there is every reason to hope that its powers will be enlarged to include a permanent and salutary check upon the public if not also upon the private building of the District of Columbia. With the enlarged powers which are also to be expected for the authorities of the District, it is not wildly unreasonable even to hope that the end of the twentieth century may see what is already recognized as "the handsomest city in America," recognized as the handsomest city in the world.



The Hibbs Building (J. H. De Sibour, architect) and its little neighbor (Paul J. Pelz, architect).

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOUNG

I.—UNHALLOWED GROUND



THE Witching Hill Estate Office was as new as the Queen Anne houses it had to let, and about as worthy of its name. It was just a wooden box with a veneer of rough-cast and a corrugated iron lid. Inside there was a vast of varnish on three of the walls; but the one opposite my counter consisted of plate-glass worth the rest of the structure put together. It afforded a fine prospect of Witching Hill Road, from the level crossing by the station to the second lamp-post round the curve.

Framed and glazed in the great window, this was not a picture calculated to inspire a very young man; and yet there was little to distract a brooding eye from its raw grass-plots and crude red bricks and tiles; for one's chief duties were making out orders to view the still empty houses, hearing the complaints of established tenants, and keeping such an eye on painters and paper-hangers as was compatible with "being on the spot if anybody called." An elderly or a delicate man would have found it nice light work; but for a hulking youth fresh from the breeziest school in Great Britain, where they live in flannels and only work when it is wet or dark, the post seemed death in life. My one consolation was to watch the tenants hurrying to the same train every morning, in the same silk hat and blacks, and crawling home with the same evening paper every night. I at any rate enjoyed comparatively pure air all day. I had not married and settled down in a pretentious jerry-building where nothing interesting could possibly happen, and nothing worth doing be ever done. For that was one's first feeling about the Witching Hill Estate; it was a place for crabbed age and drab respectability, and a black coat every day of the week. Then young Uvo Delavoye dropped into the office from another hemisphere, in the white ducks

and helmet of the tropics. And life began again.

"Are you the new clerk to the Estate?" he asked if he might ask, and I prepared myself for the usual grievance. I said I was, and he gave me his name in exchange for mine, with his number in Mulcaster Park, which was all but a continuation of Witching Hill Road. "There's an absolute hole in our lawn," he complained—"and I'd just marked out a court. I do wish you could come and have a look at it."

There was room for a full-size lawn-tennis court behind every house on the Estate. That was one of our advertised attractions. But it was not our business to keep the courts in order, and I rather itched to say so.

"It's early days," I ventured to suggest; "there's sure to be holes at first, and I'm afraid there'll be nothing for it but just to fill them in."

"Fill them in!" cried the other young man, getting quite excited. "You don't know what a hole this is; it would take a ton of earth to fill it in."

"You're not serious, Mr. Delavoye."

"Well, it would take a couple of barrow loads. It's a regular depression in the ground, and the funny thing is that it's come almost while my back was turned. I finished marking out the court last night, and this morning there's this huge hole bang in the middle of one of my side-lines! If you filled it full of water it would take you over the ankles."

"Is the grass not broken at the edges?"

"Not a bit of it; the whole thing might have been done for years."

"And what like is this hole in shape?"

Delavoye met me eye to eye. "Well, I can only say I've seen the same sort of thing in a village churchyard, and nowhere else," he said. "It's like a churchyard starting to yawn!" he suddenly added, and looked in better humor for the phrase.

I pulled out my watch. "I'll come at one," I promised; "when I knock off in any case, if you can wait till then."

"Rather!" he cried quite heartily; "and I'll wait here if you don't mind, Mr. Gillon. I've just seen my mother and sister off to town, so it fits in rather well. I don't want them to know if it's anything beastly. May we smoke in here? Then have one of mine."

And he perched himself on my counter, lighting the whole place up with his white suit and animated air; for he was a very pleasant fellow from the moment he appeared to find me one. Not much my senior, he had none of my rude health and strength, but was drawn and yellowed by some tropical trouble (as I rightly guessed) which had left but little of his outer youth beyond a vivid eye and tongue. Yet I would fain have added these to my own animal advantages. It is difficult to recapture a first impression; but I think I felt, from the beginning, that those twinkling, sunken eyes looked on me and all things in a light of their own.

"Not an interesting place?" cried young Delavoye, in astonishment at a chance remark of mine. "Why, it's one of the most interesting in England! None of these fine old crusted country houses is half so fascinating, to me, as the ones quite near London. Think of the varied life they've seen, the bucks and bloods galore, the powder and patches, the orgies begun in town and finished out here, the highwaymen waiting for 'em on Turnham Green! Of course you know about the heinous Lord Mulcaster who owned this place in the high old days? He committed every crime in the Newgate Calendar, and now I'm just wondering whether you and I aren't by way of bringing a fresh one home to him."

I remember feeling sorry he should talk like that, though it argued a type of mind that rather reconciled me to my own. I was never one to jump to gimcrack conclusions, and I said as much with perhaps more candor than the occasion required. The statement was taken in such good part, however, that I could not but own I had never even heard the name of Mulcaster until the last few days, whereas Delavoye seemed to know all about the family. Thereupon he told me he was really connected with them, but not at all closely with

the present peer. It had nothing to do with his living on an Estate which had changed hands before it was broken up. But I modified my remark about the ancestral acres—and made a worse.

"I wasn't thinking of the place," I explained, "as it used to be before half of it was built over. I was only thinking of that half and its inhabitants—I mean—that is—the people who go up and down in top-hats and frock-coats!"

And I was left clinging with both eyes to my companion's cool attire.

"But that's my very point," he laughed and said. "These City fellows are the absolute salt of historic earth like this; they throw one back into the good old days by sheer force of contrast. I never see them in their office kit without thinking of that old rascal in his wig and ruffles, carrying a rapier instead of an umbrella; he'd have fallen on it like Brutus if he could have seen his grounds plastered with cheap red bricks and mortar, and crawling with Stock Exchange ants!"

"You've got an imagination," said I, chuckling. I nearly told him he had the gift of the gab as well.

"You must have something," he returned a little grimly, "when you're stuck on the shelf at my age. Besides, it isn't all imagination, and you needn't go back a hundred years for your romance. There's any amount kicking about this Estate at the present moment; it's in the soil. These business blokes are not all the dull dogs they look: There's a man up our road—but he can wait. The first mystery to solve is the one that's crying from our back garden."

I liked his way of putting things. It made one forget his yellow face, and the broken career that his looks and hints suggested, or it made one remember them and think the more of him. But the things themselves were interesting, and Witching Hill had more possibilities when we sallied forth together at one o'clock.

It was the height of such a June as the old century could produce up to the last. The bald red houses, too young to show a shoot of creeper, or a mellow tone from door-step to chimney-pot, glowed like clowns' pokers in the ruthless sun. The shade of some stately elms, on a bit of old road between the two new ones of the

Estate, appealed sharply to my awakened sense of contrast. It was all familiar ground to me, of course, but I had been over it hitherto with my eyes on nothing else and my heart in the Lowlands. Now I found myself wondering what the elms had seen in their day, and what might not be going on in the red houses even now.

"I hope you know the proper name of our road," said Delavoye as we turned into it. "It's Mulcaster Park, as you see, and not Mulcaster Park Road, as it was when we came here in the spring. Our neighbors have risen in a body against the superfluous monosyllable, and it's been painted out forever."

In spite of that precaution Mulcaster Park was still suspiciously like a road. It was very long and straight, and the desired illusion had not been promoted by the great names which had been painted on some of the little gates. Thus there was Long-leat, which had just been let for £70 on a three-year tenancy, and Chatsworth with a C. P. card in the drawing-room window. Plain No. 7, the Delavoyes' house, was near the bottom on the left-hand side, which had the advantage of a strip of unspoilt woodland close behind the back gardens; and just through the wood was Witching Hill House, scene of immemorial excesses, according to this descendant of the soil.

"But now it's in very different hands," he remarked as we reached our destination. "Sir Christopher Stainsby is apparently all that my ignoble kinsman was not. They say he's no end of a saint. In winter we see his holy fane from our back windows."

It was not visible through the giant hedge of horse-chestnuts now heavily overhanging the split fence at the bottom of the garden. I had come out through the dining-room with a fresh sense of interest in these Delavoyes. Their furniture was at once too massive and too good for the house. It stood for some old home of very different type. Large oil-paintings and marble statuettes had not been acquired to receive the light of day through windows whose upper sashes were filled with cheap stained glass. A tiger skin with a man-eating head, over which I tripped, had not always been in the way before a cast-iron mantelpiece. I felt sorry, for the moment, that Mrs. and Miss Delavoye were not at home, but I was not so sorry when I beheld the hole in the lawn behind the house.

It had the ugly shape and appearance which had reminded young Delavoye himself of a churchyard. I was bound to admit its likeness to some sunken grave, and the white line bisecting it was not the only evidence that the subsidence was of recent occurrence; the grass was newly mown and as short inside the hole as it was all over. No machine could have made such a job of such a surface, said the son of the house, with a light in his eyes, but a drop in his voice, which made me wonder whether he desired or feared the worst.

"What do you want us to do, Mr. Delavoye?" I inquired in my official capacity.

"I want it dug up, if I can have it done now, while my mother's out of the way."

That was all very well, but I had only limited powers. My instructions were to attend promptly to the petty wants of tenants, but to refer any matter of importance to our Mr. Muskett, who lived on the Estate but spent his days at the London office. This appeared to me that kind of matter, and little as I might like my place I could ill afford to risk it by doing the wrong thing. I put all this as well as I could to my new friend, but not without chafing his impetuous spirit.

"Then I'll do the thing myself!" said he, and fetched from the yard some garden implements which struck me as further relics of more spacious days. In his absence I had come to the same conclusion about a couple of high-backed Dutch garden chairs and an umbrella tent; and the final bond of fallen fortunes made me all the sorrier to have put him out. He was not strong; no wonder he was irritable. He threw himself into his task with a kind of feeble fury; it was more than I could stand by and watch. He had not turned many sods when he paused to wipe his forehead, and I seized the spade.

"If one of us is going to do this job," I cried, "it shan't be the one who's unfit for it. You can take the responsibility, if you like, but that's all you do between now and two o'clock!"

I should date our actual friendship from that moment. There was some boyish bluster on his part, and on mine a dour display which he eventually countenanced on my promising to stay to lunch. Already the sweat was teeming off my face, but my ankles were buried in rich brown mould.

A few days before there had been a thunderstorm accompanied by tropical rain, which had left the earth so moist underneath that one's muscles were not taxed as much as one's skin. And I was really very glad of the exercise after the physical stagnation of office life.

Not that Delavoye left everything to me; he shifted the Dutch chairs and the umbrella tent so as to screen my operations alike from the backyard behind us and from the windows of the occupied house next door. Then he hovered over me, with protests and apologies, until the noble inspiration took him to inquire if I liked beer. I stood upright in my pit, and my mouth must have watered as visibly as the rest of my countenance. It appeared he was not allowed to touch it himself, but he would fetch some in a jug from the Mulcaster Arms, and blow the wives of the gentlemen who went to town!

I could no more dissuade him from this share of the proceedings than he had been able to restrain me from mine; perhaps I did not try very hard; but I did redouble my exertions when he was gone, burying my spade with the enthusiasm of a gold-digger working a rich claim, and yet depositing each spadeful with some care under cover of the chairs. And I had hardly been a minute by myself when I struck indubitable wood at the depth of three or four feet. Decayed wood it was, too, which the first thrust of the spade crushed in; and at that I must say the perspiration cooled upon my skin. I stood upright and was a little comforted by the gay blue sky and the bottle-green horse-chestnuts. I fear I looked rather longer at the French window through which Delavoye had disappeared.

His wild idea had seemed to me the unwholesome fruit of a morbid imagination, but now I prepared to find it hateful fact. Down I went on my haunches, and groped with my hands in the mould, to learn the worst with least delay. The spade I had left sticking in the rotten wood, and now I ran reluctant fingers down its cold iron into the earth-warm splinters. They were at the extreme edge of the shaft that I was sinking, but I discovered more splinters at the same level on the opposite side. These were not of my making; neither were they part of any coffin, but rather of some buried floor or staging. My heart danced

as I seized the spade again. I dug another foot quickly; that brought me to detached pieces of rotten wood of the same thickness as the jagged edges above; evidently a flooring of some kind had fallen in—but fallen upon what? Once more the spade struck wood, but sound wood this time. The last foot of earth was soon taken out, and an oblong trap-door disclosed, with a rusty ring-bolt at one end.

I tugged at the ring-bolt without stopping to think; but the trap-door would not budge. Then I got out of the hole for a pickaxe that Delavoye had produced with the spade, and with one point of the pick through the ring I was able to get a little leverage. It was more difficult to insert the spade where the old timbers had started, while still keeping them apart, but this once done I could ply both implements together. There was no key-hole to the trap, only the time-eaten ring and a pair of hinges like prison bars; it could but be bolted underneath; and yet how those old bolts and that wood of ages clung together! It was only by getting the pick into the gap made by the spade, and prizing with each in turn and both at once, that I eventually achieved my purpose. I heard the bolt tinkle on hard ground beneath, and next moment saw it lying at the bottom of a round bricked hole.

All this must have occupied far fewer minutes than it has taken to describe; for Delavoye had not returned to peer with me into a well which could never have been meant for water. It had neither the width nor the depth of ordinary wells; an old ladder stood against one side, and on the other the high sun shone clean down into the mouth of a palpable tunnel. It opened in the direction of the horse-chestnuts, and I was in it next moment. The air was intolerably stale without being actually foul; a match burnt well enough to reveal a horse-shoe passage down which a man of medium stature might have walked upright. It was bricked like the well, and spattered with some repulsive growth that gave me a clammy daub before I realized the dimensions. I had struck a second match on my trousers, and it had gone out as if by magic when Delavoye hailed me in high excitement from the lawn above.

He was less excited than I expected on hearing my experience; and he only joined me for a minute before luncheon, which he

insisted on our still taking, to keep the servants in the dark. But it was a very brilliant eye that he kept upon the Dutch summer-house, or pavilion, mentioned in certain annals of Witching Hill, that he had skimmed for his amusement in the local



He was less excited than I expected on hearing my experience. —Page 152.

chairs through the open window, and he was full enough of plans and explanations. Of course we must explore the passage, but we would give the bad air a chance of getting out first. He spoke of some Turkish

Free Library. There was no such structure to be seen from any point of vantage that he had discovered; possibly this was its site; and the floor which had fallen in might have been a false basement, purpose-

ly intended to conceal the trap-door, or else built over it by some unworthy successor of the great gay lord.

"He was just the sort of old sportsman to have a way of his own out of the house, Gillon! He might have wanted it at any moment; he must have been ready for the worst most nights of his life; for I may tell you they would have hanged him in the end if he hadn't been too quick for them with his own horse-pistol. You didn't know he was as bad as that? It's not a thing the family boasts about, and I don't suppose your Estate people would hold it out as an attraction. But I've read a thing or two about the bright old boy, and I do believe we've struck the site of some of his brightest moments!"

"I should like to have explored that tunnel."

"So you shall."

"But when?"

We had gobbled our luncheon, and I had drained the jug that my unconventional host had carried all the way from the Mulcaster Arms; but already I was late for a most unlucky appointment with prospective tenants, and it was only a last look that I could take at my not ignoble handiwork. It was really rather a good hole for a beginner, and a grave-digger could not have heaped his earth much more compactly. It came hard to leave the next stage of the adventure even to as nice a fellow as young Delavoye.

"When?" he repeated with an air of surprise. "Why, to-night, of course; you don't suppose I'm going to explore it without you, do you?"

I had already promised not to mention the matter to my Mr. Muskett when he looked in at the office on his way from the station; but that was the only undertaking which had passed between us.

"I thought you said you didn't want Mrs. Delavoye to see the pit's mouth?"

It was his own expression, yet it made him smile, though it had not made me.

"I certainly don't mean either my mother or sister to see one end till we've seen the other," said he. "They might have a word too many to say about it. I must cover the place up somehow before they get back; but I'll tell them you're coming in this evening, and when they go aloft we shall very naturally come out here for a final pipe."

"Armed with a lantern?"

"No, a pocketful of candles. And don't you dress, Gillon, because I don't even when I'm not bound for the bowels of the globe!"

I ran to my appointment after that; but the prospective tenants broke theirs, and kept me waiting for nothing all that fiery afternoon. I can shut my eyes and go through it all again, and see every inch of my sticky little prison near the station. In the heat its copious varnish developed an adhesive quality as fatal to flies as bird-lime, and there they stuck in death to pay me out. It was not necessary to pin any notice to the walls; one merely laid them on the varnish; and that morning, when young Delavoye had leant against it in his whites, he had to peel himself off like a plaster. That morning! It seemed days ago, not because I had met with any great adventure yet, but the whole atmosphere of the place was changed by the discovery of a kindred spirit. Not that we were naturally akin in temperament, tastes, or anything else but our common youth and the want in each of a companion approaching his own type. We saw things at a different angle, and when he smiled I often wondered why. We might have met in town or at college and never sought each other again; but separate adversities had driven us both into the same dull haven—one from the Egyptian Civil, which had nearly been the death of him; the other on a sanguine voyage (before the mast) from the best school in Scotland to Land Agency. We were bound to make the most of each other, and I for one looked forward to renewing our acquaintance even more than to the sequel of our interrupted adventure.

But I was by no means anxious to meet my new friend's womenkind; never anything of a lady's man, I was inclined rather to resent the existence of these good ladies, partly from something he had said about them with reference to our impending enterprise. Consequently it was rather late in the evening when I turned out of one of the nominally empty houses, where I had gone to lodge with a still humbler servant of the Estate, and went down to No. 7 with some hope that its mistress at all events might already have retired. Almost to my horror I learned that they were all three in the back garden, whither I was again conducted through the little dining-room with the massive furniture.

Mrs. Delavoye was a fragile woman with a kind but nervous manner; the daughter put me more at my ease, but I could scarcely see either of them by the dim light from

"I can't think why you've put them out there, Uvo," remarked his mother. "They won't dry any better in the dew, my dear boy."



I held it up while he crept through with his candle.—Page 156.

the French window outside which they sat. I was more eager, however, to see "the pit's mouth," and in the soft starlight of a velvet night I made out the two Dutch chairs lying face downward over the shaft.

"It's so tiresome of my brother," said Miss Delavoye, following my glance with disconcerting celerity: "just when we want our garden chairs he's varnished them, and there they lie unfit to use!"

I never had any difficulty in looking stolid, but for the moment I avoided the impostor's eyes. It was trying enough to hear his impudent defence.

"You've been at me about them all the summer, Amy, and I felt we were in for a spell of real hot weather at last."

"They won't make a hopeless mess of the grass, at all events!" he retorted. "But why varnish our dirty chairs in public? Mr. Gillon won't be edified; he'd much rather listen to the nightingale, I'm sure."

Had they a nightingale? I had never heard one in my life. I was obliged to say something, and this happened to be the truth; it led to a little interchange about Scotland, in which the man Uvo assumed a Johnsonian pose, as though he had known me as long as I felt I had known him, and then prayed silence for the nightingale as if the suburban garden were a banqueting hall. It was a concert hall, at any rate, and never was sweeter solo than the invisible singer poured forth from the black and

jagged wood between glimmering lawn and starry sky. I see the picture now, with the seated ladies dimly silhouetted against the French windows, and our two cigarettes waxing and waning like revolving lights seen leagues away. I hear the deep magic of those heavenly notes, as I was to hear them more summers than one from that wild wood within a few yards of our raw red bricks and mortar. It may be as the prelude of what was to follow that I recall it all so clearly, down to the couplet that Uvo could not quite remember and his sister did:

"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

"That's what I meant!" he cried. "By emperor, clown, and old man Mulcaster in his cups! Think of him carrying on in there to such a tune, and think of pious Christopher holding family prayers to it now!"

And the bare thought dashed from my lips a magic potion compounded of milky lawn and ebony horse-chestnuts, of an amethyst sky twinkling with precious stars, and the low notes of a girl trying not to drown those from the wood; the spell was broken, and I was glad when at last we had the garden to ourselves.

"There are two things I must tell you for your comfort," said the incorrigible Uvo as we lifted one Dutch chair from the hole it covered like a hatchway, but left the other pressed down over the heap of earth. "In the first place, both my mother and sister have front rooms, so they won't hear or bother about us again. The other thing's only that I've been back to the Free Library in what the simple inhabitants still insist on calling the Village, and had another look into those annals of old Witching Hill. I can find no mention whatever of any subterranean passage. I shouldn't wonder if good Sir Chris had never heard of it in his life. In that case we shall rush in where neither man nor beast has trodden for a hundred and fifty years."

We lit our candles down the shaft, and then I drew the Dutch chair over the hole again on Delavoye's suggestion; he was certainly full of resource, and I was only too glad to play the practical man with my reach and strength. If he had been less impetuous and headstrong, we should have

made a strong pair of adventurers. In the tunnel he would go first, for instance, much against my wish; but, as he put it, if the foul air knocked him down I could carry him out under one arm, whereas he would have to leave me to die in my tracks. So he chattered as we crept on and on, flinging monstrous shadows into the arch behind us, and lighting up every patch of filth ahead; for the long-drawn vault was bearded with stalactites of crusted slime; but no living creature fled before us; we alone breathed the impure air, encouraged by our candles, which lit us far beyond the place where my match had been extinguished and deeper and deeper yet without a flicker.

Then in the same second they both went out, at a point where the overhead excrescences made it difficult to stand upright. And there we were, like motes in a tube of lamp-black; for it was a darkness as palpable as fog. But my leader had a reassuring explanation on the tip of his sanguine tongue.

"It's because we stooped down," said he. "Strike a match on the roof if it's dry enough. There! What did I tell you? The dregs of the air settle down like other dregs. Hold on a bit! I believe we're under the house, and that's why the arch is dry."

We continued our advance with instinctive stealth, now blackening the roof with our candles as we went, and soon and sure enough the old tube ended in a wad of brick and timber.

In the brickwork was a recessed square, shrouded in cobwebs which perished at a sweep of Delavoye's candle; a wooden shutter closed the aperture, and I had just a glimpse of an oval knob, green with verdigris, when my companion gave it a twist and the shutter sprang open at the base. I held it up while he crept through with his candle, and then I followed him with mine into the queerest chamber I had ever seen.

It was some fifteen feet square, with a rough parquet floor and panelled walls and ceiling. All the wood-work seemed to me old oak, and reflected our naked lights on every side in a way that bespoke attention; and there was a tell-tale set of folding steps under an ominous square in the ceiling, but no visible break in the four walls, nor yet another piece of movable furniture. In one corner, however, stood a great stack of



"Lace and blood and diamonds!" said Delavoye. —Page 158.

cigar boxes whose agreeable aroma was musk and frankincense after the penetrating humors of the tunnel. This much we had noted when we made our first startling discovery. The panel by which we had entered had shut again behind us; the noise it must have made had escaped us in our excitement; there was nothing to show which panel it had been—no semblance of a knob on this side—and soon we were not even agreed as to the wall.

Uvo Delavoye had enough to say at most moments, but now he was a man of action only, and I copied his proceedings without a word. Panel after panel he rapped and

sounded like any doctor, even through his fingers to make less noise! I took the next wall, and it was I who first detected a hollow note. I whispered my suspicion; he joined me, and was convinced; so there we stood cheek by jowl, each with a guttering candle in one hand, while the other felt the panel and pressed the knots. And a knot it was that yielded under my companion's thumb. But the panel that opened inwards was not our panel at all; instead of our earthy tunnel, we looked into a shallow cupboard, with a little old dirty bundle lying alone in the dust of ages. Delavoye picked it up gingerly, but at once I saw him

weighing his handful in surprise, and with one accord we sat down to examine it, sticking our candles on the floor between us in their own grease.

"Lace," muttered Uvo, "and something in it."

The outer folds came to shreds in his fingers; a little deeper the lace grew firmer, and presently he was paying it out to me in fragile hanks. I believe it was a single flounce, though yards in length. Delavoye afterward looked up the subject, characteristically, and declared it *Point de Venise*; from what I can remember of its exquisite workmanship, in monogram, coronet, and imperial emblems, I can believe with him that the diamond buckle to which he came at last was less precious than its wrapping. But by that time we were not thinking of their value; we were screwing up our faces over a dark coagulation which caused the last yard or so to break off in bits.

"Lace and blood and diamonds!" said Delavoye, bending over the relics in grim absorption. "Could the priceless old sinner have left us a more delightful legacy?"

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked rather nervously at that. They had not been left to us. They ought surely to be delivered to their rightful owner.

"But who does own them?" asked Delavoye. "Is it the worthy plutocrat who's bought the show and all that in it is, or is it my own venerable kith and kin? They wouldn't thank us for taking these rather dirty coals to Newcastle. They might refuse delivery, or this old boy might claim his mining rights, and where should we come in then? No, Gillon, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but as a twig of the old tree I mean to take the law into my own hands"—I held my breath—"and put these things back exactly where we found them. Then we'll leave everything in plumb order, and finish up by filling in that hole in our lawn—if ever we get out of this one."

But small doubt on the point was implied in his buoyant tone; the way through the panel just broached argued a similar catch in the one we sought; meanwhile we closed up the other with much relief on my side and an honest groan from Delavoye. It was sufficiently obvious that Sir Christopher Stainsby had discovered neither the secret subway nor the secret repository which we had penetrated by pure chance;

on the other hand, he made use of the chamber leading to both as a cigar cellar, and had it kept in better order than such a purpose required. Sooner or later somebody would touch a spring, and one discovery would lead to another. So we consoled each other as we resumed our search, almost forgetting that we ourselves might be discovered first.

It was in a providential pause, broken only to my ear by our quiet movements, that Delavoye dabbed a quick hand on my candle and doused his own against the wall. Without a whisper he drew me downward, and there we cowered in throbbing darkness, but still not a sound that I could hear outside my skin. Then the floor above opened a lighted mouth with a gilded roof; black legs swung before our noses, found the step-ladder and came running down. The cigars were on the opposite side. The man knew all about them, found the right box without a light, and turned to go running up.

Now he must see us, as we saw him and his smooth, smug, flunky's face to the whites of its upturned eyes! My fists were clenched—and often I wonder what I meant to do. What I did was to fall forward upon oozing palms as the trap-door was let down with a bang.

"Didn't he see us, Delavoye? Are you sure he didn't?" I chattered as he struck a match.

"Quite. I was watching his eyes—weren't you?"

"Yes—but they got all blurred at the finish."

"Well, pull yourself together; now's our time! It's an empty room overhead; it wasn't half lit up. But we haven't done anything, remember, if they do catch us."

He was on the steps already, but I had no desire to argue with him. I was as ripe for a risk as Delavoye, as anxious to escape after the one we had already run. The trap-door went up slowly, dragging something with it into a kind of tent.

"It's only the rug," purred Delavoye. "I heard him take it up—thank God—as well as put it down again. Now hold the candle; now the trap-door, till I hold it up for you."

And we squirmed up into a vast apartment, not only empty as predicted, but left in darkness made visible by the solitary light



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

It was the madness of utter ecstasy.—Page 160.

we carried now. The little stray flame was mirrored in a floor like black ice, then caught the sheen of the tumbled rug that Delavoye would stay to smooth, then twinkled in the diamond panes of book-cases like church windows, flickered over a high altar of a mantel-piece, and finally displayed our stealthy selves in the window by which we left the house.

"Thank God!" said Delavoye as he shut it down again. "That's something like a breath of air!"

"Hush!" I whispered with my back to him.

"What is it?"

"I thought I heard shouts of laughter."

"You're right. There they go again! I believe we've struck a heavy entertainment."

In a dell behind the house, a spreading cedar caught the light of windows that we could not see. Delavoye crept to the intermediate angle, turned round, and beckoned in silhouette against the tree.

"High jinks and junketings!" he chuckled when I joined him. "The old bloke must be away. Shall we risk a peep?"

My answer was to lead the way for once, and it was long before we exchanged another syllable. But in a few seconds, and for more minutes, we crouched together at an open window, seeing life with all our innocent eyes.

It was a billiard-room into which we gazed, but it was not being used for billiards. One end of the table was turned into a champagne bar; it bristled with bottles in all stages of depletion, with still an unopened magnum towering over pails of ice, silver dishes of bonbons, cut decanters of wine and spirits. At the other end a cluster of flushed faces hung over a spinning roulette wheel; nearly all young women and men, smoking fiercely in a silver haze, for the moment terribly intent; and as the ball ticked and rattled, the one pale face present, that of the melancholy croupier, showed a dry zest as he intoned the customary admonitions. They were new to me then; now I seem to recognize through the years the Anglo-French of his "*rien ne va plus*" and all the rest. There were notes and gold among the stakes. The old rogue raked in his share without emotion; one of the ladies embraced him for hers; and one had stuck a sprig of maidenhair in his ven-

erable locks; but there he sat, with the differential dignity of a bygone school, the only very sober member of the party it was his shame to serve.

The din they made before the next spin! It was worse when it died down into plainer speech; playful buffets were exchanged as freely; but one young blood left the table with a deadly dose of raw spirit, and sat glowering over it on a raised settee while the wheel went round again. I did not watch the play; the wild, attentive faces were enough for me; and so it was that I saw a bedizened beauty go mad before my eyes. It was the madness of utter ecstasy—wails of laughter and happy maledictions—and then for that unopened magnum! By the neck she caught it, whirled it about her like an Indian club, then down on the table with all her might and the effect of a veritable shell. A ribbon of blood ran down her dress as she recoiled, and the champagne flooded the green board like bubbling ink; but the old croupier hardly looked up from the pile of notes and gold that he was counting out with his sly, wintry smile.

"You saw she had a fiver on the number? You may watch roulette many a long night without seeing that again!"

It was Delavoye whispering as he dragged me away. He was the cool one now. Too excitable for me in the early stages of our adventure, he was not only the very man for all the rest, but a living lesson in just that thing or two I felt at first I could have taught him. For I fear I should have felled that butler if he had seen us in the cigar cellar, and I know I shouted when the magnum burst; but fortunately so did everybody else except Delavoye and the aged croupier.

"I suppose he was the butler?" I said when we had skirted the shallow drive and avoided a couple of hansoms that stood there with the cabmen snug inside.

"What! The old foggy? Not he!" cried Delavoye as we reached the road. "I say, don't those hansoms tell us all about his pals!"

"But who was he?"

"The man himself."

"Not Sir Christopher Stainsby?"

"I'm afraid so—the old sinner!"

"But you said he was an old saint?"

"So I thought he was; my lord warden of the Nonconformist conscience, I always heard!"

"Then how do you account for it?"

"I can't. I haven't thought about it. Wait a bit!"

He stood still in the road. It was his own road. There was that hole to fill in before morning; meanwhile the sweet night air was sweeter far than we had left it hours ago; and the little new suburban houses surpassed all pleasures and palaces, behind their kindly lamps, with the clean stars watching over them and us.

"I don't want you to think the worse of me," said Delavoye, slipping his arm through mine as he led me on. "But at this particular moment I should somehow think less of myself if I didn't tell you, after all we've been through together, that I was really quite severely tempted to take that lace and those diamonds!"

I knew it.

"Well," I said, with the due deliberation of my normal Northern self, "you'd have had a sort of right to them. But that's nothing! Why, man, I was as near as a toucher to laying yon butler dead at our feet!"

"Then we're all three in the same boat, Gillon."

"Which three?"

It was my turn to stand still, outside his house. And now there was excitement enough in his dark face to console me for all mine.

"You, and I, and poor old Sir Christopher."

"Poor old hypocrite! Didn't I hear that his wife died a while ago?"

"Only last year. That makes it sound worse. But in reality it's an excuse, because of course he would fall a victim all the more easily."

"A victim to what?"

"My good Gillon, don't you see that he's up to the very same games on the very same spot as my ignoble kinsman a hundred and fifty years ago? Blood, liquor, and ladies as before! We admit that between us even you and I had the makings of a thief and a murderer while we were under that haunted roof. Don't you believe in influences?"

"Not of that kind," said I heartily. "I never did, and I doubt I never shall."

Delavoye laughed in the starlight, but his lips were quivering, and his eyes were like stars themselves. But I held up my hand: the nightingale was singing in the wood exactly as when we plunged below the earth. Somehow it brought us together again, and there we stood listening till a clock struck twelve in the distant Village.

"'Tis now the very witching time of night," said Uvo Delavoye, "'when church-yards yawn'—like our back garden!" I might have guessed his favorite play, but his face lit up before my memory. "And shall I tell you, Gillon, the real name of this whole infernal Hill and Estate? It's Witching Hill, my man, it's Witching Hill from this night forth!"

And Witching Hill it still remains to me.

THE PRISONERS

By C. C. Gregory

God pity them, the souls chained in unrest
 Whom helpless silence and inaction bind;
 The poet's vision, straining unexpressed
 Through the dim reaches of the ploughman's mind;
 The artist's eye, judging unerringly,
 That cannot guide the weak and impotent hand;
 And all the voiceless ones that, wordless, mute,
 Forever doomed, must hear and understand.

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

III



HOW does the rising generation compare educationally with its predecessors? How do American men and women compare educationally with those of Europe? What has been the effect of modern industrial fortunes on the minds and tastes of that portion of our community which enjoys the best opportunities for education? Do the material distractions of the present day tend to diminish individual culture?

These corollaries from Josephine's and my discussion concerning the influence of the really rich on the socially attractive young were propounded by me at the next meeting of my dinner club. The questions were scarcely out of my mouth before Dr. Henry Meredith, the eminent specialist on diseases of the nerves, a man still in his prime though past sixty, and an incisive reasoner on any topic, started off with a pungent fluency which suggested that here was a subject on which he had been longing to air very concrete opinions.

"The young men and women of to-day on the educational side? I am out of conceit of them. Well set-up, athletic, good-looking, young fellows—the girls, too, even better looking and just as good fellows—who do thoroughly and efficiently what they set out to do. I'm not quarrelling with their brains or their executive ability. It's their appalling ignorance concerning the things which every educated person ought to know; which every educated person in my day did know. Have you ever tested them on literature? They own up to Kipling and Stevenson; but what of the rest? Are they intimate—as we were forty years ago—with their Shakespeare, their Bible, their ancient classics, their Gibbon? It's not erudition I'm speaking of. I'm not referring to Thomas à Kempis or Sir Thomas More, but to the primary essentials. Inti-

mate I repeat. Ask, off-hand, the average man or woman of your acquaintance under thirty-five, 'What is the story of Jephtha's daughter?' 'Where exactly do you find the lines, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune"?' 'What do you know of "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" or "Vixi puellis nuper idoneus"?' The odds are they would be struck dumb; the certainty is (and here's the real tragedy) they wouldn't be troubled if they were. And as to poetry—can they quote it by the page as I could at their age? Ask one of them to recite Lycidas by rote. Now don't tell me," he protested, looking fiercely round the table, "that poetry is dying out—that there's no poetry written nowadays. It's the old poetry I'm referring to. No, when it comes to civilized social intercourse, I find myself out of touch with the younger generation for the reason that it has ceased to be familiar with and love the things I care about."

The ball thus set flying was promptly struck back by my spiritual adviser, Rev. Bradley Mason, who, though more rigid on dogma than I permit myself to be, has a large fund of human sympathy which tends to enlarge his outlook in spite of ecclesiastical fetters.

"It's merely, Meredith, that the symbols have changed. They talk a different language."

My pastor has a pleasant voice and he spoke ingratiatingly. But his remark elicited a caustic retort:

"Oh, yes, I know. You refer to that infernal science. I know something about science myself, thank you. I get my bread and butter out of it. But it can't supply me with culture." Whereupon Dr. Meredith added the portentous words, "So far as I can see, polite learning is being strangled to death by science and her foster child, modern philanthropy—social service as they call it nowadays."

His antagonist laughed amiably. "One thing at a time, Meredith, please." Then he carried the war into Africa with a vengeance, by remarking, "If I remember aright, you did not take honors at college in the classics."

"I stood about the middle of my class. I received the ordinary education which became a gentleman."

"Precisely. You will agree with me, I dare say, that the opportunities for advanced scholarship now offered at our colleges to the earnest student are fully tenfold greater than in our day."

"I will agree that the earnest student who intends to teach for a living can get a post-graduate degree which is worth having. But that isn't the point."

"The point is that the rest of us—the men not in the first flight, who stood about the middle of the class—in our time all learned the same shibboleth. Now the corresponding men learn a variety of shibboleths. You are deceived by glamour, Meredith. Don't interrupt me and I'll tell you why."

I noticed that the physician emptied his glass of port as a sop to silence.

"What is left to you and me of our Latin and Greek? Flotsam and jetsam. We were respectably proficient in them while at school and college, and I have no doubt that you, like myself, take down your Horace from the shelf every now and then and potter through an ode or two. It warms the cockles of the heart to find that we can still stagger along. When we hear a familiar mythological or classical allusion we prick up our ears, and nothing pleases us more than to drag one in, however trite. The triter it is the greater number recognize it."

"*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum!*" We hear the hoof beats of the galloping steed!

"*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*" What a timely commentary on modern social extravagance! How fondly our senses are titillated by any allusion to Falernian wine, Lucrine oysters, or Lalage. Even the dunces respond to the mention of the Trojan horse or the apochryphal 'Et tu, Brute.' Four-fifths glamour, dear Meredith. The classics have ceased to be a fetch to the young unless they are specialists."

"But what of Shakespeare and Milton? What of the Bible? Are they any more fa-

miliar with them? It is your affair, Mason, as a churchman, to deplore the growing lack of familiarity with the Bible as a stimulus to spiritual progress; it is mine, as a lover of literature, to point out that intimate knowledge with that reservoir of English undefiled has ceased to be the equipment of modern youth. Where did our great lawyers of the past seek their most pregnant illustrations? In the Bible and Shakespeare, because sure of striking a responsive chord in the hearts of their hearers. To-day 'a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' would make the jury stare. But at least we have a right to inquire, Mason, what they give us as a substitute. What are these new symbols? This different language? It isn't necessary for you to specify. I know well; I recognize them daily: the conservation of energy, the career of the morning star, the idiosyncrasies of the forest, the analysis of food supplies, the sovereignty of hydraulics. I admit their value—their infallibility if you like—but I dispute their title to be regarded as culture."

Here was a heated discussion already; almost a pretty quarrel. It so happened that we were interrupted at this stage by the entrance of one of my sons-in-law with the early election returns, indicating a political tidal wave, which substituted a new topic. I was not displeased, for I found myself, as the result of the argument, in the quandary of being on the fence and so unlikely, if questioned, to gratify either disputant. I was confident that my two friends were locking horns not merely to renew that oft-ventilated controversy of the classics against the field. That particular form of heterodoxy, which admits science and the modern languages to the same table with Greek and Latin, has ceased to be regarded as "insurgency" by progressive grandfathers; and it was patent to me from my previous knowledge of my physician and pastor that they were tilting not at college curricula, but at society at large.

Surveying the question from this broader stand-point my sympathies were divided, and I must admit that I felt puzzled. For, after making due allowance for what has been termed the change of symbols, and after discounting Dr. Meredith's arrant prejudice against regarding fundamental inability to forget whether the earth moves

round the sun or the contrary is true, as a badge of culture, the modern world—and I, as a grandfather—cannot successfully contend that either the Classics, the Bible, Shakespeare, or Milton are the household words among normally educated people (other than ripe scholars and specialists) which they once were.

When we seek the causes a variety suggest themselves in swift succession. There are so many more books to begin with, and so many more diversions. The time once reserved for familiarizing ourselves with literature is spent in the perusal of the ubiquitous illustrated magazine and the mammoth daily newspaper. Our people are so absorbed in golden industrial enterprises which put a premium on practical knowledge that they take for granted the world's masterpieces, but rarely open them. An increasing fondness for athletic sports—some call it mania—on the part of well-to-do young men and women begets a disposition to devote week-ends and holidays to open-air exercise in lieu of studying the great prose writers or committing poetry to memory. Lastly, democracy, harping on its plea for the brotherhood of man, invites the earnest soul to consider whether settlement work, city sanitation, and the prevention of tuberculosis do not present claims superior to those of what is termed, invidiously, self-culture.

Reflection certainly strengthens one's impression that the old-world evidences of cultivation are moribund. But a patriotic, progressive grandfather instinctively avoids the conclusion that we have less genuine culture as a consequence, and seeks for convincing substitutes. What are they? As I ask the question I find myself reminded of my friend Dr. Meredith's caustic taunt at social service. At present, as all of us know, the imagination of this country—indeed of the civilized world—is controlled by a glorious wave of humanitarian and civic impulse which tends to dwarf all ideals other than teaching hygiene to the masses and cleansing the Augean stables of municipal incapacity.

Let me hasten to exonerate myself—and Dr. Meredith also—of lack of sympathy with this world movement. He is one of the most stalwart champions in the noble war against tuberculosis. His anathemas concerning the prevalence of dust along our

highways as a vehicle for germs have been formidable. Similarly, all the branches of my own family are militants in this social crusade. There is scarcely a female member of either generation who is not lending a hand to the encouragement of tree planting, the care of alley-ways, the proper method of washing babies, the nutritive quality of foods or some one of the divers other absorbing civic needs which have suddenly become numerous as the heads of the Hydra. It is a source of considerable pride to us that my son David's wife—who is essentially what is termed a modern woman—has shown such marked aptitude in dealing with the milk problem that she has been chosen the President of our local Sanitary League; and it would be unjust to my granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins, not to allude to the active interest she has evinced in the recently established Federation of Girl Scouts.

It will thus be seen that Josephine and I recognize the essential importance and vitality of these united efforts to ameliorate social conditions. But such service can scarcely be regarded as a synonym for culture. Oddly enough, within six months of the meeting of my dinner club, when this subject was broached, my pastor, Rev. Bradley Mason, felt moved to point out in one of his Lenten talks that the beneficent purposes of social service must not be made a substitute for religion. I happen to know that some of his hearers were disposed to accuse him of jealousy and to insinuate that it was at least debatable whether the world is not at last on the right spiritual track. But I have no desire to renew at this time a dispute—sanctification by faith or works—so venerable that it dates back to the days of poor banished Anne Hutchinson, of whom, I dare say, none of my grandchildren has ever heard. But even though we agree that the basis of future religion may be inspired human sympathy, who will claim that sublime zeal and effective administration in the cause of social science are a satisfying substitute for all the graces of learning? Rather, on the contrary, is one not prompted to inquire how the earnest student of humanitarian progress can hope to avoid the slough of literalism unless his or her vision be aided by search-lights from the stored wisdom and beauty of the past?

If we take up the other substitutes col-

lectively, it is because they seem in large measure co-ordinate. Familiar terms all, and decidedly impressive: Practical knowledge and the apt skill to utilize it, energetic healthy-mindedness, spontaneity in revolt against introspection, well-oiled executive ability, noiseless and undeviating as an engine, and, chief of all, that complacent, unadorned god, common-sense. The modern world is proud of them; and the peevish grandfather who complains that they are not symbols of culture is likely to receive the cheerfully unconcerned retort, "What of it?" which is an intimation that they are something better. Very possibly they may be; but this acknowledgment does not leave the indulgent censor without missiles.

"Why is it?" I asked, speaking aloud, so that I might have the benefit of my wife's enlightening comment, "that in civilized society nowadays one so rarely hears any talk which savors of distinction? American men are earnest, moral, high-minded, sensible, shrewd, energetic, and capable. They certainly do not lack ideals or straightforward intelligence. But when they meet around a table for mutual entertainment, unless they become boisterous or tell easy-going stories, they are apt to be eminently dull. Of course, the stereotyped reason given is that every American man sits down at dinner tired."

"The men are dreadful—a disgrace," murmured Josephine. "As regards their fatigue, I mean. They don't try to conceal it; on the contrary, they plume themselves on it to oblige us to entertain them. An American woman never admits she is tired until the doctor tells her she has nervous prostration." It was evident that my theme interested Josephine, for she folded her hands across her knee, which requires more deftness, now that skirts are so narrow.

Thus suitably reminded that my sex is of small social account compared with the other in this country, and that, in thoughtlessly putting the cart before the horse, I had appeared to overlook that, but for the clever adaptability and fluent tongues of our wives and daughters, civilized Europe might still be stigmatizing us as "a nation of shopkeepers," I nevertheless ventured to say:

"We will consider the women presently, dear. I was speaking of the men."

"And you mean that fatigue may be a ruse to conceal how little they know outside their ordinary vocations?"

The bluntness of this was almost unkind, and loyalty to my countrymen bade me respond with dignity. "I was merely investigating, my dear; not formulating. Scarcely a ruse. American men are perfectly natural—too natural, perhaps. But I must admit," I continued, "that when they assemble to partake of excellent food they seem to avoid everything vital in the line of conversation. For the most part, they whisper amiable commonplaces to the equally exhausted men on either side of them. If any subject is broached around the table, as sometimes happens after a glass or two of champagne—the national social invigorator—has made the company feel less tired, it is sure to languish and expire within two or three minutes. Every one seems to be afraid of dwelling on it lest he or some one else be bored. I sometimes think that the educated American man is ashamed to talk earnestly on any subject except his political grievances due to a drop in securities. Or is it that he lacks the requisite equipment?"

"Am I not constantly urging you to encourage general conversation at our dinner parties?" answered Josephine, the sequence of whose thoughts is not always what the lawyers would term responsive.

"Don't I try?" I asked meekly.

"You sometimes try; but the result is not apt to be exhilarating. I admit though, dear, it isn't usually your fault. General conversation is horribly difficult. Now don't say I'm dragging women in again, for the same must be equally applicable to diners where there are only men. I know the French do manage it somehow; everybody talks at once, and yet everybody seems to hear the others and give them a chance; and nobody would dream of playing perpetual puss-in-the-corner with the person on his immediate right or left as we all do."

"That is partly race temperament. Though we Americans are said to have some of the mercurial traits of the French, we obviously lack their mental flexibility. But," I exclaimed, "compare ourselves with the educated Englishman of one hundred years ago—the worthies whose table-talk was famous. Undeniably there were bores among them, and some of their con-

versation would sound labored to-day. I grant that they prepared themselves in advance and occasionally edited their good things the morning after; but it was conversation, genuine conversation, not subdued social small talk between two exhausted dinner companions. They were interested in subjects, and they delighted to discuss them with ardor—often for a whole evening. Who does not weary of any subject now after five minutes? World politics, the last religious heresy, the newest philosophy, the important books or plays of the day—how strenuously they battled over them; with what conviction, ardor, and humor they assailed their opponents or supported their own theories. And the point to bear in mind is they were equipped for the fray. Their minds were arsenals of learning, supplying ammunition to the minute-guns of argument and wit with which they raked their adversaries fore and aft. Their opinions meant almost life or death to them, and they had on the tips of their tongues the stored wisdom of the ages, be it Plato or Sophocles, Juvenal or Lucretius, Dante, Pascal, or Don Quixote."

As I paused in my eloquence, almost breathless, Dr. Meredith's plea of a change of symbols seemed merely a sop to shallowness.

"Of course," said Josephine, who had listened respectfully, appearing to be impressed, "the world has changed very much since then. Even the modern Englishman hasn't time to be so elaborate."

"It is partly a world change, I admit. But the habit of the modern Englishman is still to talk of things which suggest culture. He doesn't read so much as formerly, but, nevertheless, he reads. Our wives keep our library tables piled with books—but how many do we open, except to run through the pictures?"

"There are such quantities printed nowadays that it's impossible to keep up," murmured Josephine. "And that doesn't include reports of committees and pamphlets. The world is more natural than it used to be," she continued, "but it hasn't nearly so much time. Both men and women are so occupied with doing things and recovering from doing things that they haven't leisure for the protracted discussions you spoke of. If women wish to know specially about a subject, we consult a magazine, engage a

timely topic lecturer, or attend a joint debate. But there are plenty of people still who insist on talking—who struggle to keep on when one tries to choke them off. Some, too, who come primed in advance and are terribly boring; for one can always detect them; they produce no illusion. What strikes me most, Fred," she added meditatively, "is that it is so rarely an æsthetic pleasure now to hear any one converse. One sign of a cultivated society ought to be the ability of a good many to express themselves so charmingly that no one wishes them to stop."

An æsthetic pleasure. Here was indeed a discriminating supplement to my own doubts. Who is not ready to listen indefinitely to the truly charming talker? But how few finished talkers or speakers we meet in private or in public! If we miss to-day the point of view and reserve power which emanate from a background of thorough knowledge, do not our contemporaries, who pride themselves on their conversational powers, lack also, in large measure, the graces of speech? It may well be that some of our social reticence in private proceeds from the dread of starting on the ramp page the guest across the table. The way in which things are said—the voice, the bearing—constitute half of the charm, and the mere unadorned desire on the part of a talker to air his words grates on our weary spirits, and, as Josephine said, we would fain choke him off. In our revolt from the formalism and studied eloquence of our ancestors, in our effort to be natural and direct, have we not lost much of the distinction which made public and private entertainments memorable?

What more tedious, for instance, than the average "banquet" to which we are so much addicted—the anniversary or special gatherings of educational, professional, and commercial bodies? How seldom we are rewarded. We go, lured by the hope of an occasion which will relieve the routine of our utilitarian lives and appeal to the spirit; we return in dejection, nursing the bitter colloquialism "never again." To what have we listened? The inspired homilies and florid platitudes of the official dignitary anxious not to offend anybody; the painful articulations of the diffident man of mark struggling to say nothing and sit down; the dismal hortation of the serious

speaker devoid of fancy or suppleness; to the complacent teller of anecdotes which bear the hall-mark of the drummer. So much of what is earnest is dreary; so much of what is jocose is commonplace or bourgeois. We possess a redundancy of people ready to rise to their feet and impart information—talk prosily without suspicion or concern as to their want of charm. In their eagerness to educate and preach, they disdain the sensibilities of their hearers. We have a few exceptions, of whom we are justly proud; but what we constantly miss in our public speakers is that felicitous compound of originality, conviction, courage, and scholarship which is best described by the word style. Ours is the era of graceless common-sense, monotonous sermonizing, and the warmed-over humor of the man of the street. Josephine is right; one can almost count on one's fingers the people whom it is an æsthetic pleasure to hear converse or discourse.

Having expressed myself to this effect, but somewhat more colloquially than is here written, I suddenly said, "And now it's your turn. Is the American woman a person of culture?"

My wife frowned as though the inquiry were unwelcome, then answered with a tragic air, "I have realized perfectly all the while that you were leading up to this, and I have been trying to consider. Is the American woman cultivated? Every one knows that the American man as a rule is not. It was scarcely worth while arguing the question. But is she?" Josephine paused a moment absorbed in reflection, then added, but more mournfully than her words seemed to warrant, "We are supposed to be. We have the reputation of being; at least among ourselves."

I felt the occasion to be one when silence on my part would be golden, and that the stern requirements of Josephine's conscience would not permit her to shirk the issue. Yet I could not refrain from egging her on, so to speak, by the basely specious words, "I have been brought up to believe that no foreign woman was to be mentioned in the same breath with her."

"Why not?" she retorted on the instant with the tenseness of protest. Then in a firm but plaintive voice she proceeded as follows: "Do we speak languages? In no city is there more than a sprinkling of

American women able to converse fluently with the visiting foreigner. We have to scurry around to find them. What permanent contributions have we made to scholarship? Virtually none. Are we proficient musically? We take lessons from early youth and flock to fashionable concerts to hear prima donnas; but, unlike the English or German girl, unless we are prodigies, we shrink from performing within ear-shot of any one but the family. Are we accomplished housewives? The young American woman of every class has never bothered her head about housekeeping until she had to. Now the educators are trying to bring her to her senses by schools of domestic science. Are we familiar with or adepts at politics? A fastidious few follow the ins and outs of European political parties, but as a sex we have always complained that our own politics are not interesting. The clever Frenchwoman has her country's affairs at her tongue's end, and the Englishwoman kisses the babies of the voters at election time. Where, after all, is our great superiority, Fred? In what way do we manifest our culture? Mind," she added imperatively, "I wouldn't say this to any one else in the world."

"I should hope not," I said gravely. "The women's clubs are suspicious enough already that I lack serious purpose; though I have become their genuine admirer since they renounced those stilted essays on literary criticism in favor of civic sanitation."

"Wait a moment, dear. Of course we are superior—there's no question about that. But I'm not sure we're cultivated—not yet, that is. The great possession of the American woman—which distinguishes her from every other woman in the world—is her point of view. She thinks for herself, and insists on thinking for herself. This explains her social adaptability. Not only does she feel free to have opinions on every subject without regard to masculine prerogative, but to express them with all the untrammelled brightness at her command; which makes the women of other nationalities appear tongue-tied in comparison, especially as there is no lack of refinement or modesty in those of us who please the most. We are socially attractive because we choose to use our wits and to be lively companions from the outset rather than worshipped at long range and then appropriated as dolls

or drudges. This was an innovation in Vanity Fair which gradually took civilization by storm. The American woman became the fashion—the cynosure of the feminine universe. With what result? Woman has waked up everywhere; we no longer have the field to ourselves, but have competitors. Our independence, our energetic self-reliance, our bright, voluble, spirited ways are being successfully imitated in every quarter of the globe. We are given the credit of discoverers; but, with that granted, when you ask whether we compare favorably in culture with our imitators, a dreadful doubt assails me. We have our point of view; but a point of view must have background and perspective. Sometimes it seems to me, Fred”—and here Josephine weighed her words in token of the enormity of her utterance—“that American women simply chatter. What do you think, dear?”

“I would not venture to express an opinion on such a delicate subject,” I answered promptly. “It is enough to have intimated that American men in general society are mum.”

In my effort to escape responsibility I must have seemed a craven had Josephine heeded. But she has a way of asking me questions in order to mark time for thought, not expecting an answer, and this was one of the occasions, for she continued as though I had not spoken. “It isn’t that we have no Madame de Staël or Madame Récamier. The world of feminine democracy, like that of men, is too busy to put up with elaboration. Yet the American woman at large has lately admitted the social bee to her bonnet and given it priority over the other bees. Thirty years ago the fashionable few who dressed for dinner were looked at askance—almost ostracized by the many. To-day the ambitious woman aspires under the flag of equal opportunity to belong to a social set and be mentioned in the society columns. With increasing wealth we’ve developed and are in the throes of a social renaissance, the outward signs of which are receptions, teas, Colonial or Revolutionary orders, leagues, readings, bridge, concerts, committee meetings, and conference lectures, from one of which she feverishly hastens to another. She is so afraid of losing something—that some other woman or family will get ahead of her if she

doesn’t appear at everything. There’s always some new problem confronting her on which she is expected to converse so intelligently that no one will be able to detect that she really hasn’t had leisure to consider it at all. The problems are even more numerous than the social functions, and are constantly changing. To hold her own she must appear familiar with everything—the newest books she hasn’t read, the latest abstruse theories which she has managed to skim in the current magazines. No wonder, poor thing, she seeks to hide her ignorance behind a metallic brightness born of a smattering and the fear of never catching up.” Josephine sighed, evidently from appreciative sympathy. “What I mean is this,” she resumed pleadingly. “Ought not the freedom and propensity to form a definite opinion on every conceivable subject have some stabler balance-wheel than feminine intuition and gregarious tact? Oughtn’t we to store our minds instead of perpetually draining them? Oughtn’t we to attempt fewer things and do them more persistently? Yes, dear, dreadful as it sounds, I fear that the American woman of to-day is apt to mistake chattering for culture.”

Josephine’s eyes were fixed dreamily on distance, not on me. “We are very quick and very adaptive; ‘lightning-change artists,’” she continued. “We all talk and talk; rather fast and, frequently, all at once. The saving grace is that every now and then, partly as the result of our talking, a commission is appointed, mostly composed of men, and some legislation is started. But that isn’t culture exactly.” She shook her head and was silent for a wistful moment, then turned to me and said, “The subject is—er—a ticklish one, Fred, and painfully perplexing. Don’t let’s discuss it any further.”

Like the dutiful husband I try to be, I promptly popped back into its box the imp I had unwittingly let loose, and secured the lid. The American woman chatter? Heaven forbid. This would imply an element of shallowness in her make-up deplorable in one whose ambition it is to guide human progress. As an indulgent grandfather I feel confident that the stricture is too harsh and that Josephine would have softened or qualified it on second thought had I ventured to disobey her and prolong the conversation.

And yet there is this to be said in connection with the broader aspect of the theme—the culture of both our women and men—that when one so loyal to her sex as my wife and such an earnest spirit as my friend Dr. Meredith voluntarily utter kindred doubts, even the most lenient of philosophers cannot afford to dismiss lightly the charge that our national civilization tends at present to produce but scantily those graces which are the symbols of genuine erudition and reserve power.

IV

You must have already gathered from the account given of Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote's conversion that our neighbor at Ocean-Lea, where we pass our summers, Hugh Armitt Dawson, far from being engrossed by money-getting and spending, is a man of refinement and public-spirited generosity. His benefactions to hospitals and colleges, not always heralded like those of some of his contemporaries, have been numerous and princely, and the ultimate success of several humanitarian projects is directly traceable to his discriminating support in the hour of need. I remember well that Mrs. Foote herself, within the month following that educational luncheon, flourished in my face a cheque, drawn by him in favor of one of her sociological hobbies, the amount of which made me open my eyes.

He is in the prime of life; an important figure in our industrial development, as some of you are aware; and a director in many corporations. Every one will concede that, though he inherited from his father a moderate fortune and the nucleus of a business, his present large wealth is the result of his own industry, enterprise, and able interpretation of financial conditions. He is known as a man of scrupulous integrity, incapable of feathering his own nest by means of knowledge derived in a fiduciary capacity.

He has been fortunate, too, on the whole, in his family affairs. His wife, who was of Knickerbocker extraction, and he are devoted helpmates. To be sure, their eldest son, though proficient as a polo player, graduated from a private sanitarium for dipsomaniacs prior to becoming a voluntary exile in Europe, where he oscillates in gentlemanly fashion between Paris and the

Riviera for the sake of his health. But another son is associated with him downtown and seems likely to follow in his footsteps and ultimately to become paramount in the management of a business which has crowded or bought out its rivals and desires to be known as a "good trust." Still a third, after marrying the belle of the New York season, who was also conspicuous for her wealth, has interested himself in the erection of model tenement-houses, and hopes, presently, by proper political influence, to enter diplomatic life as minister to one of the minor courts of Europe. Mr. Dawson was not altogether pleased that his eldest daughter lost her heart and fortune to Lord Humphrey Bale, who has since become the Earl of Batterbrook. He would have preferred an American son-in-law. But the match has turned out reasonably well. There were rumors during the second year, when the bride returned to this country on a visit to her parents, that she would never go back, and people who should know better busily circulated the scandal that a variety actress associated with Lord Humphrey in his salad days had reclaimed him.

The details of the subsequent reconciliation have never been divulged. One can only surmise how it was brought about. It is important to bear in mind that in England mere quiet infidelity on the part of a husband, unless coupled with abusive treatment, is not a valid cause for divorce, and it has never been suggested that Lord Humphrey beat his wife. I am inclined to think that the timely death of Lord Humphrey's father was the saving factor in a troublesome situation. A woman hesitating on the ragged edge of abandoning her husband for cause might readily find in a countess's tiara the magnet to divert her from the final step. To be Countess Batterbrook, with the right to a seat in Westminster Abbey at royal weddings and funerals, is a perquisite not to be lightly renounced, however hollow as a sentimental consideration.

At all events, the matter was hushed up, and it is generally agreed that the culprit has conducted himself with such decorum or discretion ever since that his wife has recovered some of her good looks, in recognition of which her latest Christmas gift from her father is said to have been in ex-

cess of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is almost the yearly habit of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson to participate in the gayeties of the London season and pay visits at English country houses before opening their own establishment at Ocean-Lea for the late summer and autumn. Their agreeable qualities, combined with his inside knowledge of what is going on in Wall Street, have made them social favorites.

It goes almost without saying that a man so successful has always had implicit faith in the material progress of his native country. But this is far from the limit of his patriotism. If his own opinion be a criterion, no citizen, however democratic and demonstrative, believes more firmly in her political destinies than Hugh Armitt Dawson. He thinks of her as the land of freedom and opportunity, an asylum for the down-trodden of foreign nations (if white), and the great exponent of republican ideals on which the eyes of the civilized world are fixed with envious admiration. While he deprecates the spread-eagle oratory of fire-eating politicians because of its effect on business, and favors arbitration as a panacea, I am confident that in case of actual war no one would be a more loyal and self-sacrificing supporter of the government. I have been told that at the outset he chafed at our retention of the Philippines; but he would not to-day entrust their protection to any one else; and he has learned to regard a powerful navy as the surest guarantee of peace. If it be said of him that he habitually refrains from slapping other men on the back in token of his democracy, and endeavors to screen his private affairs from the curiosity of the mob more closely than a greedy press approves, his demeanor toward people of every class is simple, direct, and conciliatory, like that of all sensible Americans, though he does not emulate a presidential candidate seeking the horny hand of the locomotive engineer. He is faithful to his political duties, attending caucuses in an emergency, and voting, irrespective of the weather; he used to contribute freely to campaign funds before publicity was required, and he gives freely of his time and money to all movements looking toward the improvement of our institutions and the furtherance of law and order.

I have given this detailed description of his claims to be regarded as a useful citizen

of whom we may be proud because I was somewhat taken aback when Luther Hubbard, who is my son David's brother-in-law, stigmatized him the other day as an inveterate reactionary. This, too, was after Luther had partaken of a propitiatory dinner at the Dawsons' and conversed with him at some length.

I have already indicated that David's wife is a modern woman. As Miss Lavinia Hubbard she entertained even more advanced views on social problems than my second daughter, Winona. Her brother Luther is just as radical—a lank, thin-lipped man whose appearance suggests both a college professor and a factory foreman. Until he begins to speak his effect is rather colorless, and so quiet is his demeanor that what he says seems dry until one suddenly realizes how incisive it is and what startling sentiments he is uttering with that unemotional voice which, like an imperturbable river, sweeps away all obstacles as if they were straws. I am told that on the public platform, where he has begun to figure, he holds his audiences spellbound by the clearness with which he marshals his statistics and anticipates the arguments of those with whom he disagrees.

"Inveterate reactionary?" I queried. "I had assumed that, as men of his class go, Hugh Armitt Dawson's sympathies were decidedly progressive. He is an authority, you know, on profit-sharing, and has put into practice in his own enterprises the doctrines which he advocates. Think of the money he gives to promote all sorts of social reforms. His manners, too, betray not a trace of condescension. It surprises me that you do not regard him as a rather fine type of American democracy."

Luther smiled as if amused, though I know he tolerates my opinions and has more than once intimated that, were I twenty years younger, we should agree on everything. "Oh, yes, I grant all that. Highly commendable and not to be discredited. But I dispute your use of the word 'democracy.' Mr. Dawson's idol is property, and modern democracy is ready, if needs be, to subordinate property to human welfare. That society should venture to limit the prerogatives of complete ownership—prescribe how much one may accumulate, bequeath, or inherit—will never be otherwise than repugnant to him. He

looks on all such measures as a species of piratical confiscation at the behest of the many against the fortunate few, and his opulent benefactions—spontaneous and commendable as they are—are, in part, a protest to show how much better equipped he is to dispose of his superfluous wealth than the State is to do it for him. There's the case against him in a nutshell. Every fresh interference with what he was brought up to term the vested rights of ownership, still produces the same effect on him as a red rag on a bull, with the result that he is blind to the fact that democracy left that flag-post in the rear half a generation ago."

Luther had certainly revealed with pitiless acumen the weak joints in the armor of my summer neighbor's civic righteousness. I recognized the essential justness of the criticism: Many times have I heard Mr. Dawson fulminate irately on this identical theme and lose all sense of proportion in the process. At the same time Luther Hubbard is apt to be so serenely sure of his conclusions that I instinctively seek grounds of dissent. I admire his earnestness; but in spite of his tranquil tones he has the air at times of preaching a gospel in the name of the American people, which is trying to those who remember that he failed in business at the outset of his career, has occupied a subordinate position downtown ever since, and is suspected of wearing, at times, celluloid collars as a badge of immunity from aristocratic contagion.

Do not misunderstand me. For all I know, his lack of commercial success may properly be regarded as another nail in the coffin of commercial competition. I have reason to believe that he performs his routine duties with scrupulous fidelity, and that his remaining energies are devoted without hope of pecuniary reward to the advancement of those social reforms on which he speaks so authoritatively. He is an eager student of current legislation, and no session passes without his frequent appearance before committees in behalf of bills to ameliorate existing conditions. If he is frugal in his wardrobe, he is always neat. I merely mean that if everybody were exactly like him we should be a rather dingy lot, however earnest and estimable.

Remember, too, that my sympathies with democracy are far from lukewarm. You may recall that Josephine has already ad-

mitted that, though I cherished doubts regarding airships, I have always lent a willing ear to those eager to promote the eventual brotherhood of man. It would have appeared to me trite to invite Luther Hubbard to change places in his mind's eye with Hugh Armitt Dawson. The inevitable reply would be, "Very likely I should look at the matter exactly as he does; but I should be wrong." The propensity to nurse the prejudices of one's own class is illuminating as a key to human nature, but not to human progress.

Luther's indictment was certainly well taken up to a certain point. There is no doubt that Mr. Dawson and many like him of equal prominence in the world of pecuniary affairs are in the predicament of one who busies himself with trying to set back the hands of the clock after the hour has struck. It is characteristic of them and their fashionable followers that they so rarely anticipate what is going on beneath the surface of society until it has been transmuted into concrete law. They awaken at the last minute with no resource but to calumniate the masses, who, as they claim, have nothing to lose. Within a year I have heard a fastidiously foolish American woman remark that the gift to every man of the right to vote was a fatal mistake, as if she cherished the hope that the privilege would some day be withdrawn. Similarly, any observant grandfather hears to-day in august circles on every side the horrified ejaculations of those who have suddenly discovered, through the death of relatives who have left them a windfall, that they must hand over a slice to the State for the privilege of entering into possession of somebody else's money. Tax the property which my uncle accumulated by his sagacity and bequeathed me of his own free will? Cut off twice as big a slice because he was shrewd enough to amass five hundred thousand instead of one? Compel me to pay at a higher rate than his son would have had to pay because I was so fortunate as to outlive his son? Require under the laws of conservative New York (as they stood until modified by the Legislature of 1911, in deference to fears of a general exodus) the wretch who comes unexpectedly by will into a million, but happens, poor man, to be no relation to the testator, to hand over one-quarter—twenty-five per cent—to the State?

The muffled cries of the wounded are heard through the land. I recall that even so sensible a woman as Josephine expressed horror when she was told a dozen years ago that it was constitutional for the State treasurer to appropriate by way of tax a sum equal to a year's income on the pittance (thirty thousand dollars) left her by her great-aunt, Rebecca, who was so eccentric that it was feared she would devise everything to foreign missions. Some of our very best citizens have found and still find difficulty in accommodating their sense of justice to the principle not merely promulgated, but accepted by the legislators and courts of law of every civilized nation, that the right to bequeath and the right to inherit are not, as a previous generation imagined, sacred white elephants on which no one may lay a finger. Put limits to the amount which an able financier may accumulate? Curtail his inalienable right to do what he will with his own? One would suppose from the gloomy way in which they wag their heads and murmur about confiscation that it was radicalism incarnate. Yet, as every one not an economic ignoramus is aware, legacy taxes and death duties are almost as old as the hills—dating back, certainly, to Rome and the Emperor Augustus in the year A. D. 6, who borrowed them from the Egyptians. We have imposed a tax on inheritances from time to time in the past to meet the requirements of war or financial stringency. The novelty is in the progressive feature—the social claim that it is equitable to cut off a larger slice for the needs of the State from the man who inherits much than from him who inherits little, and in such increasing ratio that at a certain point in the ascending scale the tax collector's knife will cut sheer to the bone and take collops of flesh instead of thin strips—especially in cases where the beneficiary had no reason to expect anything whatever.

In this more modern feature our legislators have been imitators, not pioneers. We have trailed behind, or certainly not anticipated, as those afflicted would have us believe, the other nations of Europe. The English Finance Act of 1894, the French highly progressive legacy tax laws of 1901 and 1902, and the German National Act of 1906 were already on the statute books when the phrase "swollen fortunes" added

a new form of nightmare to the slumbers of the multi-millionaire. From the point of view of what has been done already, the foreign nations have nothing to learn from us in this respect. Indeed, when one now a grandfather takes account of that new group of social-humanitarian measures which have been brewing for the last twenty years, and have suddenly become household words to every political aspirant—legacy taxes, workingmen's compensation acts, old-age pensions, industrial insurance and the like—the Fourth of July claim that this country leads the world in radical accomplishment is certainly not borne out by any comparison with legislation across the water.

How suggestive is that forbidding phrase "swollen fortunes"! It conjures up a dropsical condition ready to be pricked and which alienates sympathy. If it be said that we were not pioneers in adopting the progressive inheritance tax, no advocate of the principle can complain that we have not, under the spur of that blood-thirsty figure of speech, shown ourselves quick-witted imitators. It is essentially true of this nation that when its imagination is fired it takes suggestion as a cat laps milk. The economic query—"Why shouldn't the community tax the lucky inheritor of a million more than him who receives only a paltry twenty thousand dollars?"—was put in the nick of time to dazzle with rainbow hopes the treasurers of forty-seven States already at their wits' ends to provide fresh funds for the public improvements—parks, hospitals, recreation grounds, model school and court-houses—demanded by the sovereign people. It served to transform them from rather meek officials into eager butchers, and, as a consequence, I should not wonder if that inveterate reactionary, Hugh Armitt Dawson, is apt to awaken in distress under the impression that he is the dead carcass of a huge sperm-whale, surrounded by a flotilla of small boats, the ruthless crews of which brandish long knives.

Of all the reforms which as a grandfather I have lived to see instituted, none strikes me as more sane and meritorious than the progressive inheritance tax. It does not surprise me in the least that those directing our political destiny should argue that society can trust more safely to the au-

tomatic action of a law, which sequesters for the use of the State a liberal slice of every multi-millionaire's accumulations, than to the spontaneous generosity of the financially plethoric individual. For every half-dozen splendid philanthropists who would, by public donations, prove their sense of responsibility to the society which made such wealth possible, there would be a hundred who would hive and hand it over undiminished to their heirs. In spite of the libraries, hospitals, and endowed institutions of learning, which attest the scruples of a few with large possessions, the State would be sadly out of pocket were it to trust solely to the so-called vested right of testamentary initiative.

Yet at the same time I cannot help feeling considerable sympathy—and not altogether sneaking sympathy—for my wealthy neighbor, Mr. Dawson, and rather haunted by the analogy which I have drawn between him and a deceased leviathan. Were he to die to-morrow, he would lie literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. The news by telegraph of the death of so big a fish would be the signal for every tax collector to whip out his knife in the hope of being able to secure some portion of the spoil. Conditions change so rapidly in this country that what is strange doctrine one year becomes the political shibboleth of the next; and it may fairly be said that the spread of the progressive feature of the inheritance tax law has begun to resemble wild fire. Startling at first to the conservative instincts of legislators, it opens vistas of opportunity which broaden the more it is applied. As a producer of revenue the process is so simple, and the needs of our democracy inspired by large plans for social reform are so great, it is not surprising that those charged with the farming of the new plunder have lost their heads a little under the impulse of a phrase which seems to sanctify blood-letting.

I dare say that Luther Hubbard is right in his belief that Hugh Armitt Dawson still resents, as a long step toward anarchy, the legislation which will tax after death his ten millions (more or less) at a muck higher rate than the bare competency left by his neighbors; but I feel confident that he would presently resign himself to his plight, and perhaps even recognize the essential justness of the discrimination against him,

if he could look forward to a single deft operation instead of a series of protracted proddings. Every man's hand is against him, and he finds himself in much the same category with the gypsy moth and other noxious enemies of society. If his executors could only pay up at once and be done with it, he could afford to smile. But this consolation is denied him. They will have to reckon not only with a single set of authorities, but with those of every sovereign State where there is an inheritance tax law, the officials of which can succeed in planting a harpoon in his body. It may truly be said that the lure of booty has transformed the State treasurers of the Union into a company of free lances.

Were Hugh Armitt Dawson to die to-morrow, those charged with the settlement of his affairs would be liable to pay under existing laws, (1) an inheritance tax to the sovereign State of which he was an inhabitant on land within the State and on all his personal property wherever it happened to be; (2) a further tax to the several sovereign States within whose bounds any of his property was at his death; (3) a further tax to the sovereign State under the laws of which any corporation, the shares of which were standing in his name at his death, was organized; for otherwise the accredited agent of the corporation would refuse to transfer them; and, as a condition precedent to the transfer, he might be required to file an inventory to facilitate the discovery of something else to pounce on; (4) a further tax to the sovereign State where certain corporations in which he held shares owned property though organized elsewhere.

With this complicated prospect of being cut into slices, or collops, staring him in the face, is there any great wonder that my wealthy neighbor is disposed to remain an inveterate reactionary? Nor is this the limit. Over his head hangs, like the sword of Damocles, the impending dread of another slice cut off by a national inheritance tax—a measure constantly predicted. If to these levies after death be added liberal taxes on real estate and an income tax, both State and national, while he is living, one does not need to be a progressive arithmetician to wonder how long, at this rate, fortunes will remain "swollen."

Luther Hubbard would declare, I have no doubt, that he does not countenance this

orgy. He would assure you that the present rapacity is a natural consequence of the simultaneous working of new laws in twenty or thirty States all aglow with the spirit of human brotherhood, and eager to gather in all they can. He would assure you that comity will presently remedy the defects of the situation, and that two or three of the sovereign States have already passed laws remitting a tax on the property of any non-resident where there is reciprocal legislation in favor of the inhabitants of the State granting the exemption. But the momentary answer to this is that the reciprocity has thus far hung fire. For the time being at least the sovereign States have been too intoxicated by the "high jinks" incident to cutting up successive whales to consider relinquishing any portion of the oil on any such old-fashioned plea as abstract justice. Perhaps they will come to it presently; we generally do work round in the long run in this country to a living basis of fairness. But this new source of revenue has so strong a grasp on the imagination of those who believe in the supremacy of States' rights that, in the interval, Hugh Armitt Dawson may depart this life and find himself after death the hacked leviant than which his fancy depicts. This is why my sympathies go out to him when I hear him invidiously referred to as an inveterate reactionary.

There is one other point in this connection which should be touched on. In spite of being a progressive grandfather I approach it gingerly; yet it has a certain fascination, if only because it is so foreign to the ideals or fears, as the case may be, of the older generation. At what figure will those bent on the brotherhood of man draw the line? What sum will the lucky dog of the future be allowed to inherit without incurring the reproach of possessing a swollen fortune? Will our social law-makers agree with Josephine that no one with less than five million dollars is really rich, or insist that the maximum expenditure for any one should be the income derivable from five hundred thousand? "Any one with this has all that is good for him,"—I can almost hear Luther Hubbard say; yet, as a matter of fact, he has never committed himself in set terms. Though the subject is at the back of his mind and is one of which he now and then affords me a

glimpse by way of showing what earnest souls, not inveterate reactionaries, are meditating, he balks, so to speak, when I try to pin him down and tells me that this is one of the reforms of the future which has not yet been thoroughly worked out.

That boggy, complete confiscation—which like the hysterical plaint of the Southerner concerning the social status of the negro, "Do you wish him to marry your daughter?"—wears too much the semblance of a Jack-o'-lantern to be convincing, has no real terrors for a progressive grandfather. Our highest courts may be trusted to declare for many years to come that it would be unreasonable to deprive any man of the means of sending his children to private schools and owning a box at the opera. But when it comes to lopping off the superfluities by the automatic operation of a guillotine-like inheritance tax law, there is a certain fascination, as I have indicated, in forecasting the mandate of some Robespierre of excise—"everything over and above one hundred thousand to the State, and be thankful you are allowed that."

"How would that strike you?" I inquired of my wife by way of staring the future in the face.

Josephine looked grave. It was obviously a novel proposition to her and a little of a shock.

"To the State? All over one hundred thousand? One could manage on that if one were careful."

I hastened to reassure her by saying, "I am referring to the future, dear. It could hardly happen in our time."

Josephine meditated a moment. "What would the State do with the surplus?"

"Provide grand opera and round the world trips for everybody, coming-out balls for workmen's daughters, municipal airships, automobiles, and tiaras, and, in short, enable the multitude to enjoy the perquisites of life now reserved for the few."

Josephine looked at me a little reproachfully, though she recognized my banter as that of one at his wits' end for a reply. Sighing gently she said:

"If, Fred, the world could wipe out all its direst poverty and misery in exchange for half its beauty and elegance, could it not almost afford the exchange? And it would be only for a while. I believe that in the end the world would be more beautiful."

Coming from my wife's lips this radiant prophecy was wellnigh convincing, and I have no question that Luther Hubbard's distrust of inveterate reactionaries springs from a kindred humanitarian hope. At the same time, is it not too much to expect that a grandfather who has been taught to reverence as one of the bulwarks of the ages the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution concerning "life, liberty, or property," should adopt at one fell swoop the ultra limits of this doctrine of the future without consulting the political economists?

"A limit to the amount which any one may inherit is one of the grand hopes of the future," I heard a contemporary remark some years ago with such evident conviction that I was moved to inquire—knowing that he had an only son who would look to him for patrimony—at what figure he would fix the prohibition.

My friend reflected a moment, and then replied steadfastly: "At just a little beyond what I shall leave."

His face was so thoroughly sober as he spoke that I have never felt sure that he was not an unconscious humorist.

(To be continued.)

FOUR POEMS

By John Galsworthy

LOVE

O LOVE—that love who comes so stealthily,
And takes us up, and twists us as it will—
What fevered hours of agony you bring!
How oft we wake, and cry: "God set me free
Of love—to never love again!" And still
We fall and clutch you by the knees, and cling,
And press our lips. And so, once more are glad!

And if you go, or if you never come,
Through what a grieving wilderness of pain
We travel on. In prisons stripped of light
We blindly grope, and wander without home.
The friendless winds that sweep across the plain—
The beggars meeting us at silent night—
Than we, are not more desolate and sad!

WIND!

WIND, wind—heather gypsy,
Whistling in my tree!
All the heart of me is tipsy
At the sound of thee,
Sweet with scent of clover,
Salt with breath of sea!
Wind, wind—wayman lover,
Whistling in my tree!

AUTUMN BY THE SEA

WE'LL hear the uncompanioned murmur of the swell,
 And touch the drift-wood, delicately gray,
 And with our quickened senses smell
 The sea-flowers all the day!

We'll count the white gulls pasturing on meadows brown,
 And gaze into the arches of the blue,
 Till evening's ice comes stealing down
 From those far fields of dew;

And slow the crimson Sun-god swathes his eye, and sails
 To sleep in his innumerable cloak;
 And gentle heat's gold pathway fails
 In autumn's opal smoke!

Then long we'll watch the journey of the soft half-moon—
 A gold-bright moth slow-spinning up the sky!
 And know the dark flight—all too soon—
 Of land-birds passing by.

Through all the dark wide night of stars our souls shall touch
 The sky, in God's own quietude of things,
 And gain brief freedom from the clutch
 Of Life's encompassings.

TIME

BENEATH this vast serene of sky,
 Where worlds are but as mica dust,
 From age to age the wind goes by;
 Unnumbered summer burns the grass.
 On lion rocks, at rest from strife
 The æons are but lichen rust.
 Then what is man's so brittle life?—
 The buzzing of the flies that pass!





Painted by W. Herbert Dutton

THE MOST STRIKING AND INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT THE NEW CATTLE COUNTRY

ARE THE BIG RODEOS

— "The New Cattle Country," page 185



There is something primitive and picturesque in the very appearance and dress of the *vaqueros*.—Page 178.

THE NEW CATTLE COUNTRY

By F. Warner Robinson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

FIVE men rode into the foothills of the Sierras. Four of the riders were Mexican *vaqueros*; the fifth was an American. It was late afternoon. A purple dusk had already settled upon Babicora Plain far below; but beneath the limbs of the giant pines, which clothe the feet of the Rockies from Alaska to Panama, the day had faded into deep twilight. The men rode in single file, the Mexicans close together and in the lead, the American half a hundred yards behind. It was very quiet except for the creak and strain of leather and the soft thud of hoofs on the pine-needle carpet. Suddenly, the American stopped and gazed ahead, spellbound.

VOL. LI.—18

His companions had ridden out of the timber into one of those little cleared, rock-bound pockets of the hills, whose sheer beauty even the pines seem to respect, and stood at a distance to admire; and from one of the triple peaks of the Tres Picachos, against which the rays of the ebbing sun struck and splintered, pointed a giant finger of crimson light. It fell upon the four *vaqueros* with the illuminating force of a stage spotlight. The effect was theatrical far beyond the imagination of a Belasco or a Clyde Fitch.

The American was a cowboy. He had spent twenty years on the cattle ranges of the States without knowing the meaning of poetry or romance; yet, here he sat on his

big bay and gazed in wonder and admiration, touched a little, for the first time in his life, with that passion which makes painters and musicians.

This is Mexico—Mexico of the cattle country, the new cattle country. And the four men riding silently across the clearing in the glow of the sunset were Mexican cowboys. They sat gracefully astride mules, with their *serapes* (blankets) wound closely about them, each with a chunk of raw beef, bleeding and uncovered, dangling from his saddle. They were going into the mountains on the first night of the great *rodeo* (round-up) which would begin on Babicora Plain in the morning.

This mountain phase of the work is only one of the features of the Mexican cattle business that excites even the American cowboy's emotions. There are other things that greatly impress him—the immense sizes of the *rodeos* and *remudas* (herds of saddle-horses taken along by the *vaqueros* for use in the *rodeos*), and the extreme poverty, simplicity, and primitive, dare-devil fearlessness of the *vaqueros*. But after he has seen and pondered over these things, after he has lived for months on the Mexican range and has taken part in a dozen *rodeos*, his most lasting impression of it all is this picture in the foot-hills—these solemn, mule-mounted Mexicans riding at dusk through a pool of crimson sunset. And this is so, perhaps, not altogether because of the colors and the picturesqueness of the setting, but because he has never seen anything like it in his own country. In the States a cowboy on a mule would be a curiosity; and there is nothing in the table-lands and low, rolling hills of Montana or Texas that can compare with these rugged, steep-sided plains and valleys of Mexico. Then, again, there is something so wild, primitive, and picturesque in the very appearance and dress of the *vaqueros*, apart from the country itself and the brilliant colorings, that the stamp of commerce fades into the background. The mules and raw, bleeding beef, the short jackets, tight pantaloons, immense hats, and altogether fierce aspect of the riders, seem more like a part of some barbaric pilgrimage than a peaceful quest on a matter of honest business. It is probable that nowhere else in North America, possibly in the whole world, will one find greater contrast between outward appearance and inward purpose.

But sunrises, sunsets, brilliant colorings, and wild scenery are not for the *vaquero's* own enjoyment. For always before his eyes looms the big, round *peso* (Mexican dollar) which shuts out and obscures everything else in his life. It is his goal and his ambition, though it vanishes from him as does his natal day. And yet the *vaquero* is not mercenary; he is only poor, with a large family to support, and his wages are but twenty *pesos* per month, which is about ten dollars in American money. And this money he rarely sees; it goes to his account, or is supposed to, in the general store at the ranch, and his family draws against it for supplies. But no matter how much he may economize with respect to his purchases, he is fated seldom to realize a cash balance which he can put in his pocket and jingle like real money. In fact, *vaqueros* are so poverty-stricken that most of them cannot afford fire-arms, which fact often forces upon them the most primitive methods of self-defence against wild animals and each other—and which has developed and fostered fearlessness to a marked degree. It is no uncommon thing for them, or even their young male offspring, to attack a grizzly or a mountain lion with no other weapon than stones and a rope, pommelling the animals to death with the former or roping and strangling the life out of them with the latter.

Down in South-western Chihuahua in the summer of 1910, two boys were sent out by *El Padrón* (the general manager of the ranch) from Babicora to repair the telephone lines which had been blown down in a recent storm. When they returned to the ranch house, two days later, they carried the pelt of a young mountain lion. They had come across an old mountain lion and her three cubs; and while one of the boys made away with the cub, the other one fought off the mother with sticks and stones, and both escaped with the pelt as a trophy.

On another occasion when Pedro Avrieta, Pedro Morales, and his brother Fernando, and Savino Talavera were camping on the *Aguaqui* guarding the *remuda*, they saw the tracks of four bears (who had been feeding on the carcasses of some dead cows), and took up the chase. Morales and Talavera had guns but no ammunition; the others were unarmed. After an hour's ride on horseback, they suddenly came upon four



Painted by W. Herbert Dutton.

Fernando roped one of the bears and his brother caught another Page 186



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

When they returned to the ranch house, two days later, they carried the pelt of a young mountain lion.—Page 178.

big grizzlies, the ferocious aspect of which would have frightened even an American cowboy armed with a rifle, but had little effect on the *vaqueros*. Fernando roped one of the bears and his brother caught another. Avrieta and Talavera were not so successful, and, after standing off the bears for a few minutes, were finally forced to run for their lives, the bears following and leaving Fernando and his brother free with their strenuous prisoners. Then the latter had the greatest sport of their careers, jerking the bears off their feet one minute and being obliged to use all their spryness to keep away from the angry beasts the next. In the end, however, the grizzlies were choked to death, and the four men returned to the *remuda* with two fine skins.

It is not in encounters with wild animals, however, that the *vaquero* shows the greatest amount of that spirit of dare-devil fearlessness which is more a part of him than his dress or his surroundings. What really exhibits his primitive intellect is his love for posing, with his life in his hand, before a camera. He will face almost certain death for one word of commendation on his bravery. It is a common thing for him to jump into the corral before a "*locoed*" cow (than which there is no animal more dangerous) and run and dodge the charges of the infuriated beast for several minutes while some visitor at the ranch is taking a snapshot of him. And his exhibitions of recklessness on the range are not a bit less spectacular. But all his displays of bravery have the same child-like simplicity about them, and are always for the sake of praise.

His dress carries out the childish idea and his primitive delight in show. It consists of a short jacket made of some cheap coarse material, usually in colors, and tight-fitting pantaloons belled out at the bottom just enough to permit easy foot action. Down the outside seam of his trousers runs a broad strip of brilliant cloth. Instead of a belt he wears a *faja* (sash) which is wrapped around his body several times with the ends tucked in. It is always of some bright color, usually red or blue. His sombrero, of course, is an object of almost universal conjecture, often having a three-foot expanse of brim, which is dipped at a rakish angle, with a conical-shaped crown. It is made of braided straw and is invariably

decorated with bands of brilliant colors. Such a suit costs about five dollars. A *vaquero* dressed in a *charro* suit, which costs ten dollars, would feel like a Broadway dandy, it being his idea of the acme of sartorial perfection.

On the range he always has about him somewhere his beloved *serape*, which seems indestructible. He wears it thrown over his shoulder like a shawl, and how he keeps it on, in the thick of a round-up, always puzzles the American cowboy. He also uses it as his bed at night; and when it rains, one will see him stoically sitting his horse (he rides a horse on the plain but not in the mountains), enjoying the full glory of it like an Indian chief on dress parade. His foot-gear is almost laughable, for instead of the high-heeled graceful boot worn by American cowboys, he wears the *charro* shoe, which is low-heeled, thin-soled, and very pointed at the toe, resembling, in every respect but the toe, the old-style congress shoe. It is usually of russet leather of very soft texture. As a rule, he wears no kerchief round his neck, and his chaps fit tight and flare at the bottom like his trousers.

Strictly as a cattleman, however, the *vaquero* does not shine. He is too excitable and too nervous, and is wofully lacking in that subtle power which gave the old California cowboys, top-notchers of their time, such command over a restless herd. This mastery over cattle is like the effect of oil on a troubled sea, and is one of the qualities peculiar to American cowboys.

But here again the *vaquero's* reckless daring comes into play, and at the only place in his day's work where it has any show of merit. He will plunge into the very centre of a herd in his effort to break up a "*mill*," unmindful of the fact that the bright reds of his *serape* are very distasteful to the bulls. This is the one act that earns the American's hearty admiration, though he may feel, perhaps, that if such clumsy tactics had not been used in the beginning there would have been no need for such heroic display.

Aside from the differences in dress, temperament, and the mountain feature of the work, the thing that makes the biggest impression on the cowboy visitor, south of the Rio Grande, is the fact that here is a real cattle country. In Montana, Texas, and



Drawn by W. Herbert Dumas

It is a common thing for him to jump into the corral before a "loved" cow.—Page 120



W. Herbert Dunton

The *rurales* make life miserable for wrong-doers from across the border. —Page 185.

in fact all of the old-time cattle States of the West, the live-stock business, as it used to be, is no more. Civilization and sheep have pushed it into a corner, where, aided by the government, it is making its last desperate stand. Where vast herds once roamed at will, unhampered by fences, over the wild ranges, town sites have sprung up, flower gardens are flourishing, and trolley-cars and steam trains are running—or else sheep have been or are grazing. And where a sheep has been a steer can never go. For sheep will graze a range as clean as a floor, and no animal that comes after them, except hogs and goats, can grub enough to support life. On page 20 of the 1909 issue of the "Year Book of the Department of Agriculture" appears this startling state-

ment: "*In seventy years the per capita stock of animals for the national consumption of meat has declined to less than three-fifths of its former proportions*"—which opens up an interesting economic problem not within the scope of this article.

But in Mexico there has been no such shrinkage. On the other hand, the growth of the cattle business there in the past few years has been so marked that it has already become known as "the new cattle country." And from present indications it is destined soon to eclipse the glory of the old "Cattle Republic" on its northern border.

There are many reasons for this, but chief among them is the fact that Mexico is especially suited by nature for the breeding of live-stock. It is a country of plateaus



and mountain valleys so rich in soil and so well watered that there is an abundance of natural grass practically all the year round. Although the land is near the equator, most of it is at such an altitude that it has the climate of the temperate zone, without the severe winters of the latter. In this respect Mexico is a strange mixture of the tropics and the temperate zones.

Civilization has entered but timidly as yet. There are millions of acres, wild and unoccupied, where the "para" grass, so much relished by cattle, grows belly-high. An acre of this grass, if cut, will feed two head of stock the year round, and three acres of pasture will fatten four head. Weeds will not grow with it.

This wonderful grass, however, is more abundant in the southern Mexican states where it is always green and grows luxuriantly. The cattle business, on an extensive scale, has not yet reached this section, nearly all of the big ranches being confined at the present time to the high plains and northern states of Durango, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, and Neuvo Leon. These are the states that the American rancher strikes first—and then stops, astonished at the immense size of the herds. Here he finds single *haciendas* (ranches) that graze ninety to one hundred thousand head of cattle and as many sheep, some of the *haciendas* grazing herds so large that in many instances their owners have only an approximate idea of their exact number.

On the Mexican Central Railroad from El Paso, Texas, to the city of Chihuahua, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-five miles, one rides practically the whole way through the lands of one ranch owner, the property of General Terrazas, said to be the greatest live-stock baron in the world. It is estimated that his ranches (he has many of them) embrace an aggregate area of more than five million acres and supply nourishment for one million head of cattle and as many horses and mules. Ten thousand men are required to operate them, and the services of one thousand men are needed to "ride the fences." There is small wonder that the American cowboy, accustomed as he is to his herds of five to ten thousand head of cattle and his wire fences in the States, pauses here, appalled.

And yet, if he stops here he has seen but a very small fraction of the wonderful possibilities of the new cattle country. Down in the states of San Luis Potosi, Eastern Tamaulipas, and Northern Vera Cruz is a region known as the Huasteca Potosina, where the natural pasture-land of the foothills is as fine if not better than any in the world. The rains of summer and the heavy dews of autumn and winter, even in the driest months (April and May), are sufficient to prevent any noticeable deterioration in the quality of the pasturage; the native grasses are very rich and furnish abundant grazing all year round. It is a great feeding and fattening ground for cat-



And the great number of saddle-horses, frequently three hundred, in the *remudas*.—Page 185.

tle who have become lean during the dry season on the high table-lands of the interior. Yet, very little has been done in this region in the live-stock line.

Directly across the republic, on the Pacific slope, in the states of Tepic, Jalisco, Michoacan, Guerrero, and Southern Oajaca, is another wonderful cattle country. The dry season is a little severe here, but there is never a scarcity of pasturage. These ranches are just as accessible to the home markets as those of the Gulf states, but they are further away from the foreign markets, for which reason lands are held at lower figures.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the present size and rapid growth of the cattle business in Mexico, the surface has hardly yet been scratched, and it is safe to say that there are millions of acres of fine cattle lands awaiting the coming of the stockman.

The government endeavors in several ways to encourage stock-raising, and gives its patronage and assistance to the Coyoacan Exposition Company, which every year holds a cattle show at the village of Coyoacan in the Federal District. The Federal Congress has passed a law which was promulgated by the president of the republic on December 17, 1907, and of which the clauses are as follows:

"Art. 1.—The Executive is authorized to devote a sum not exceeding \$80,000 to the encouragement of agriculture and stock-raising.

"Art. 2.—The Executive is also empowered to offer prizes for agricultural expositions, horse

and cattle shows, and to enter into contracts with private individuals or associations for the development and encouragement of agriculture and stock-raising, whereby subsidies will be granted to such individuals or associations for a period not to exceed ten years, coupled with the necessary stipulations to assure the employment of such subsidies in improving the industries in question."

It is in fine harmony with the paradoxes of Mexico that the new cattle country was the *first* in the Western Hemisphere to receive cattle from the Old World. They were introduced there by the Spanish about 1525, having been brought over from some of the islands of the West Indies where their progenitors were deposited by Columbus in 1493. In the mild climate, and nourished by the rich and abundant forage, they multiplied rapidly and spread into the section now included in the States and Territories of California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas. From them came the breed now known as "Texas cattle." But during all the years that followed their introduction, up to a little more than half a century ago, very little, if any, effort was made by Mexicans to raise stock on an extensive scale—except in a very few instances.

It was the Cuban War of 1895–1898 that gave the industry its real impetus, because the stock-raising business of Cuba was almost entirely ruined, so that for some time after peace had been restored, cattle had to be imported by Cuba for local consumption. With the Cuban demand came the call for more beef from the United States, and now it is not unusual for fifty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle

to be cleared through the custom-house at El Paso in a single week. During the buying seasons the border city is filled with cattle buyers, whose former field of operation was Montana, Texas, and the North-west, which indicates the shifting of the scenes in the last act of the United States as the supreme cattle country.

There has naturally been a great rush of Americans of every description to this land. They are called "*Gringos*" and are looked upon with suspicion by the average Mexican; for while only a few of them are "bad men," the percentage is enough to give an undeservedly shady reputation to the whole lot. By far the greater number of immigrants, however, are worthy settlers—cowboys who have been driven by their narrowing field of labor to seek employment elsewhere, and Mormons who have found the republic a more congenial place in which to practice their religion. These latter, as is their custom, settle in communities and become industrious, hard-working farmers. Among the foreigners, however, there is a plentiful sprinkling of outlaws and fugitives from justice. Some of Bret Harte's characters, too, have drifted in, leaving their picks and shovels and their industry behind, finding shelter in the valleys and mountains when the need for such becomes pressing.

But the *rurales* are very efficient, and, aided greatly by the unfriendly, or, at least, lukewarm attitude of the *vaqueros* toward Americans of all classes, make life miserable for wrong-doers from across the border. In spite of this, however, outlawry and gun-play is very frequent.

Naturally, a country so wild and so rich as Mexico, and with such a wide range of climate, is plentifully stocked with game. Possibly nowhere on the American continent to-day is there a region which offers such temptations to the huntsman. Along the top and down the sides of the Continental Divide from the southern boundary of the United States to Panama, one will

find bear, both black and grizzly, deer and antelope so tame that one almost hates to shoot them. Ducks, mountain lions, wild goats, jaguars, wolves, wild turkey, quail, and pigeons are extremely plentiful. And the many streams which run down the mountain sides in both directions are alive with all species of trout. The several lakes are abundantly swarming with all kinds of ducks and geese in season.

The game is in season nearly the whole year with the exception of bear, although the sportsman will find that the best time for hunting here is between October first and April first. October, November, December, May and June, of course, are the best months for bear.

But by far the most striking and interesting things about the new cattle country, especially from the stand-point of the American cowboy, are the *big rodeos* (during which seventy to eighty thousand head of cattle are frequently rounded up) and the great number of saddle-horses, frequently three hundred, in the *remudas*.

Lastly, and most impressive of all, is this picture of Raisuli, Robin Hood, Aguinaldo, and Captain Kidd (mounted on a mule) starting for the mountains just at nightfall, with the raw freshly killed beef dripping blood from the saddle, the *maletas* filled with cold *tortillas* (bread) and *frijoles* (beans) and tobacco, and the little tin cup covered with dirt and dust dangling from the saddle strings. Early the next morning they will return with two to three hundred head of cattle, gathered from the little, richly grassed valleys of the mountains, to swell the already swarming *rodeo* on the plain. But at twilight, as they disappear into the gloom of the pines or cross one of the brilliantly illuminated sunset pools of open clearing high up in the foot-hills, the American cowboy shakes his head and waits for the creak of the curtain and the boom of the orchestra, for it is all too stagy and theatrical to harmonize with his previous experience in the cattle business.

THE INSURANCE OF PEACE

By John McAuley Palmer

(Captain, General Staff, U. S. Army)



It should be the policy of the American people to do all in their power to prevent war. It should also be their policy to be ready for war. There can be little doubt on the one hand that war is brutal and barbarous, but there can be no doubt at all that war is still a fact. While all good men must endorse the idea of international conciliation and must look with favor on the conception of the judicial settlement of international disputes, all wise men must recognize that international selfishness still prevails and that war is still the final court of international law. The wise course is to promote the spirit of international conciliation, to do all in our power to hasten the day when a supreme court of the nations may exist in fact, at the same time bearing in mind that the court of war is not yet ousted of its jurisdiction. Pleadings by battle-ship and army corps may be barbarous, but they are still the final pleadings in Nature's supreme court. By all means let us hasten the day when the Peace Palace at the Hague may replace the battle-field, but let us not in our practical statesmanship mistake hopes for facts.

It has been suggested within the past few years that an international court resembling the United States Supreme Court could settle all international disputes without resort to war. It is argued that whereas the Supreme Court is the judicial arbiter between the forty-six States of our Federal Union, it furnishes a model for an international court capable of adjusting the differences between the forty-six nations of the earth. It is insisted that the organization of such a court would end war by making it unnecessary. There can be no doubt that such a court would make in many ways for international peace, but there is very serious doubt whether it would put an end to war. A mere consideration of the history of the Supreme Court of the United States will tend to confirm this doubt. There can be no doubt of the

success of that august tribunal in other respects, but in the only opportunity ever given it to prevent a war, its failure was complete. It should not be forgotten that the American people appealed from the Dred Scott decision to Gettysburg and Appomattox. Before the war, lawyers and politicians might quibble as to whether our country was a nation or a voluntary association. After the war it was settled forever that our country is an indissoluble nation.

This most pertinent historical instance must raise some doubt as to whether the elemental forces in human nature can always be controlled from the wool-sack. It would seem that there might be conflicts of human interest and human passion so vast and so complicated that they cannot be expressed in terms of formal jurisprudence. Indeed, the assumption that the cause of a war can be reduced to an adjudicable dispute will rarely bear the test of historical examination. The fallacy seems to lie in the assumption that the parties to a war seek or desire *justice*. Historically, this is almost never true. Each party simply wants to impose its *will* upon the other party. Nature unerringly decides these conflicts in favor of the strongest, and it is questionable whether a human contrivance for insuring the survival or the supremacy of the weakest instead of the strongest would be a good thing for the world even if nature could be induced to tolerate it.

Perhaps the American people should have accepted the Dred Scott decision. It was handed down by the tribunal endowed by the Constitution with final authority in the interpretation of constitutional questions. Had the people accepted the decision there would have been no war. But they did not accept it. Certain insurgents like Abraham Lincoln did not hesitate to denounce the decision and the court that pronounced it and announced their determination to change both by political means. A majority of the people ultimately sided with Mr. Lincoln and clothed him with po-

litical power. The result was secession, which was nothing more nor less than a formal and deliberate appeal to the court of war.

It is therefore an indisputable fact that the Supreme Court of the United States could not and did not prevent the war between the States. And yet the problem of judicial prevention of war was presented here in its simplest form. The parties at interest were of the same tongue and race, their political traditions were derived from the same source, their legal institutions were of the same character, their religious and ethical conceptions were identical. There was a complete agreement between all parties as to the authority and composition of the court. The tribunal was supported by a co-ordinate legislature and executive, and behind its decisions were all of the powerful sanctions of regularly organized government. And yet it failed.

Is it reasonable to expect that a complex international tribunal, with none of these favorable conditions to aid it, could be relied upon to do what its simpler prototype failed to do? The idea of an international court of justice is a noble one, it will become an institution of beneficent import to mankind, it will further the undoubted evolutionary tendency toward world peace, but its organization will not put an abrupt end to war.

But our investigation of the causes of the Civil War would be unfruitful indeed if we should content ourselves with pointing out the incapacity of the Supreme Court to prevent it. A further consideration of the period may throw an instructive light on the general nature of war, its causes and possibly its prevention. As suggested above, the war might have been prevented if the people of the North had accepted the Dred Scott decision. There were plenty of peace-at-any-price men in that day who favored this solution of the problem. But the great majority of Northern men would have regarded such a peace as more iniquitous than war. To use Mr. Lincoln's famous image, if the occupants of the free half of the divided house could be induced to renounce their objection to having it become "all slave," it would cease to be divided and could stand in peace. Similarly if the occupants of the other half of the divided house would renounce their objec-

tion to having it become "all free," there would be another peaceful solution and the cloud of war could pass. But neither party was endowed with sufficient sweet-reasonableness to yield. On the contrary, iron will was opposed to iron will in irrepressible conflict. Later, when the people of the South were confronted by a hostile majority, they might have avoided war by timely submission. They might have accepted the fact of political minority and by a conciliatory attitude they might have made terms with the triumphant majority. But submission was not in their blood. They were not peace advocates, they were simply men. What they could not secure within the Union they determined to protect without the Union. And then when secession finally came, the men of the North again proved recreant to the cause of peace. Peace was so easy to have, but they spurned her from them. "Let the erring sisters go," was the voice of peace, but it fell unheeded. The choice was peace and disunion or the Union and war. Are there any of us who regret that they were not pacifists? Even the faithful lover of the lost cause has learned to thank God that the cause was lost, and that a real nation was born at last, as all other nations have been born, in the pains of war.

A study of the period immediately preceding the Civil War reveals that secession was a formal and carefully pre-considered act. It is also apparent that most of the advocates of secession regarded the step as a deliberate appeal to arms. Mr. Davis states in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," that he did not believe that there could be separation without war. There were indications that there might be dissensions in the North sufficient to prevent a vigorous policy. But the Southern leaders expected war, and preparations for war in most of the States preceded the act of secession. Before leaving the Senate, Mr. Davis was in communication with the authorities of his State and when he withdrew he returned to Mississippi to command the State army which was already in process of organization.

There can be no doubt but the Southern leaders considered that they were taking a step the legitimacy of which would be determined in the court of war. There are few instances in history of a more deliber-

ate resort to arms, and in view of this deliberation, an examination of the views and aims of the Southern leaders must throw an instructive light on the general motives that lead to an appeal to arms. The result of the inquiry is much more simple than might be expected. The Southern people took the step that meant war simply because they thought that they could win. It must be remembered that Jefferson Davis was not only a trained soldier but an ex-Secretary of War of the United States. As a trained soldier he knew what military institutions should be and as a Secretary of War of the United States he had learned what military institutions should not be. He knew that the United States was unprepared for war, he knew that it had no intelligent military policy, and he knew that know-nothingism in military affairs was cultivated as a positive civic virtue among Northern politicians. He knew that the North had greater resources of wealth and population, but he knew that the war must be a war of subjugation, and as a trained military expert he knew that a war of subjugation cannot be successfully waged by raw levies. He realized that the Southern armies must also be largely untrained at first but he was acquainted with the scientific fact that troops can be trained to defend long before they can be trained to conquer. He knew also that the military situation would impose a policy of invasion upon the North and that invasion would largely neutralize the advantage of superior numbers.

Mr. Davis and his associates also knew the military history of the United States to be a history of legislative incapacity. They knew that Washington considered the British army to be a much less formidable obstacle to success than the stupid military policy of the Continental Congress. They knew that the new government under the Constitution had rejected the wise military policy derived from Washington's experience and had adopted Jefferson's fantastic vision of a universal militia. They knew that in the War of 1812, a war conducted on Jeffersonian principles, 16,000 British soldiers had been able to prevent 500,000 Americans from conquering Canada. They knew that during the Mexican War, General Taylor was left with only 5,000 men to bear the brunt of Buena Vista,

and that when General Scott was within three days' march of the City of Mexico, with victory behind him and final victory within his grasp, he was deprived of half of his little army on account of an oft-repeated legislative blunder. They knew that in all of our wars the American soldier has been called upon to win in spite of an unintelligent military statesmanship, and they did not believe that with such military institutions as these the North could successfully undertake the conquest of 5,000,000 Americans.

Such was the logical estimate of the military situation. The appeal to arms was made by the Southern leaders because in all human probability their cause would succeed. And they were *almost* right. But they failed to estimate the marvellous endurance of the Northern people, who, spite of defeat, spite of unprecedented wastes of their blood and treasure and spite of an unenlightened military policy, clung to the fearful burden of the war and bore it to the bitter end.

The Civil War was a long and protracted struggle because it takes two years to convert armed mobs into armies and until that conversion is complete there can be no decisive scientific military action. It was indeed fortunate for the United States that in this war its antagonist also began operations with an armed mob instead of an army.

Our analysis of the facts of the Civil War has thus far led us to two important conclusions, first, that efforts to prevent it judicially were vain, and second that the undoubted proximate cause of the war was the military unpreparedness of the United States. It may now be interesting to consider to what extent the situation might have been modified if our statesmen had included sound military institutions in our political system. From the beginning of the government there had been two distinct schools of opinion on military policy. One of these schools included men like Washington and Hamilton, who were none the less good citizens because they also happened to be trained soldiers. The statesmen of this school advocated preparedness for war as the only effective insurance of peace, and pointed out that the military resources of a nation cannot be made effective for war unless they are at least partially

organized in time of peace. The other school of military opinion was led by men like Mr. Jefferson, who with no knowledge of the facts of war, preferred to substitute a speculative vision for the results of experience. Most of our statesmen have taken their place in one or the other of these schools. The school of Washington has included all of our public men whose military opinions have rested upon any basis of military information, but the school of Jefferson has always been more numerous and influential.

In laying their plans for an appeal to arms, the Southern leaders knew that the war against them would be conducted by the methods of Jefferson and not by the methods of Washington. They were able to accept odds of four to one because they knew that the war resources of the North were not in negotiable form. How would they have met the situation, if due to an intelligent military policy throughout the country, the odds of four to one had been immediately available against them? It is certain that under these conditions, the appeal to arms could not have been endorsed by prudent men on the ground of probable success, and, on the other hand, if the passions of the time had provoked a war in spite of prudent counsels it is certain that the contest must have resulted in a prompt and decisive victory for the stronger party.

In view of this conclusion it may be interesting to consider the economic aspect of the Civil War with the view of comparing its cost with the cost of suitable preventive measures. The inquiry is a pertinent one because the opponents of sound military institutions generally oppose them on the ground of alleged economy. At the close of 1860 the regular army of the United States comprised 16,367 officers and enlisted men. This force consisted of 198 companies and of these, 183 companies were stationed on the Mexican and Indian frontier or were en route to distant posts west of the Mississippi. The fifteen remaining companies were employed in guarding the Canadian frontier and the Atlantic coast from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

On October 29, 1860, in view of the "imminent danger of a disruption of the Union by the secession of one or more of the States," General Scott recommended that

Forts Moultrie and Monroe and other Southern forts be reinforced in order to prevent their capture by a *coup de main*, or surprise. In a postscript added to his letter to the Secretary of War, he stated that the forces of the United States available for the purpose were only five companies, stationed as follows: one company at Boston, one company at the Narrows (New York Harbor), one company at Pittsburg, one company at Augusta, Georgia, and one company at Baton Rouge. These five scattered companies, comprising about 400 men, constituted the total military force of the United States available for any sudden emergency.

On the 6th of December, General Wool, commanding the Eastern Department, wrote to the Secretary of War as follows: "So long as you command the entrance to Charleston, South Carolina cannot separate herself from the Union. Do not leave the forts in the harbor in a condition to induce an attempt to take possession of them. It might easily be done at this time. If South Carolina should take them, it might, as she anticipates, induce other States to join her." Continuing, General Wool recommended that, in view of the emergency, the Charleston Harbor forts should be reinforced by three or four companies at the expense of the small garrison at Fort Monroe. The propriety of reinforcing the Southern forts was carefully considered by Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet but the project was overruled, and thereupon the Secretary of War, General Cass, resigned.

But in its decision the administration of Mr. Buchanan should not be criticised without weighing the means at his disposal. The demands of the military situation were very clear. Prompt and decisive military action must have terminated the crisis, but prompt and decisive military action is not to be expected of a nation that has no military power. A vigorous national policy could hardly be supported by five scattered companies numbering 400 men. The tone of the Southern leaders at this time was one of contempt for the weakness of the Federal Government. Their contempt was justified by the facts and out of their contempt grew war.

Now the main defect of our military system in 1860 was the lack of a mobile military reserve available for sudden emergen-

cies. Troops that are absorbed in distant garrison duty are not available to meet new crises of any kind. Such a reserve need not have been large but it should have been readily expansible. If, in addition to the garrison troops in 1860, there had been a mobile field division of only 5,000 men, capable of prompt employment wherever needed, it is difficult to see how the Southern war movement could have enjoyed its initial success, and without this initial success there could be no mass with which to acquire momentum. If in addition to this mobile reserve there had been provisions for its orderly expansion and supplemental legislation for the organization of war volunteers under trained leaders, the South must have rejected South Carolina's invitation or must have joined her without reasonable prospect of success. In any event the proximate cause of the war was nothing more nor less than the unintelligent military policy of the United States.

The total cost of the Civil War to date has been over \$9,000,000,000. It might have been prevented by an appropriation of \$5,000,000 per annum from 1850 to 1860. But though it has already cost \$9,000,000,000 it is still costing over \$160,000,000 per annum for pensions on account of preventable military service, death, and suffering. In view of its consequences was the military retrenchment of the 'fifties' a true economy? For every dollar spared from the proper military budget of 1860, we have so far paid \$1,800 and we are still paying \$32 a year almost half a century after the war. And this is the traditional military policy of the United States. If Dean Swift had attributed such a national policy to Lilliput or Brobdingnag he would have violated the laws of good literary art, for even satire should rest upon a certain illusion of credibility.

Although our analysis of the causes of the Civil War has necessarily been brief, it throws a suggestive light on several phases of the profound problem of war and peace. We find that the controversies that led to the Civil War were first brought before a competent tribunal, but that judicial action even under the most favorable circumstances was unable to prevent the appeal to arms. We find, however, upon further examination that the war in all human probability was a preventable struggle and that

the proper preventive measure was simply Washington's classical remedy, preparedness for war.

We also find a remarkable illustration of the vast difference that exists between military retrenchment and military economy. Economy always demands efficiency no matter how much efficiency may cost and retrenchment at the expense of efficiency is never economy. Because our fathers ignored this truth, we are still paying thirty-fold for an unintelligent retrenchment of sixty years ago. We also find in the Civil War a test of the supposed efficacy of disarmament as a preventive of war. If military helplessness is the true insurance of peace, there should have been no possibility of war in 1860, for no government was ever more lamb-like and helpless than the Federal Government under President Buchanan. If we would know the probable effect of disarmament at Panama, history bids us ponder on the effect of disarmament in Charleston Harbor. And, finally, we find, as we shall always find when we consult history, that war is a fact, the most insistent and inexorable fact with which statesmen are expected to deal, and we are led to the conclusion that there can be no effective insurance of peace that does not rest upon a scientific comprehension of this great fact of war.

For war is Nature's court of last resort, the ultimate phase of politics. It is the final expression of that struggle for existence to which all living beings are committed. It is Nature's law that the weak must give place to the strong and the scientific observer will recognize that this biological principle governs as rigorously in the affairs of men and aggregations of men as it does in the relations of the lower animals. We may find fault with Nature's code of ethics if we will, but we know that she always decides in favor of the strongest competitor whether it be a nation, a man, or a new stag in the herd.

As the unoccupied reaches of the earth's surface grow smaller, the competition between nations and races must inevitably increase in intensity, and war power which is the ultimate form of competitive capacity must exercise even greater influence in the future than it has in the past. This is true because with the advance of civilization, the increase of population

and the absorption of waste places, the boundaries between national spheres of influence have lost their vagueness and flexibility and are becoming definite and tense. A few years ago there were vast "no man's lands" to attract national enterprise along lines of least resistance. To-day, however, the earth is pre-empted and in the near future only the strong can grow and the growth of the strong will necessarily be at the expense of the weak. But the issue between the strong and the

weak will be determined not by numbers, nor by wealth, nor by culture, nor by creed, but by effective and available war power. It does not follow from this condition that wars will be more frequent. On the contrary, the development of the war power of the more enlightened nations is the best guarantee of peace, just as the neglect of war power by any state invites encroachments upon its territories and spheres of influence, defiance of its policies and curtailment of its national aspirations.

"MY LOVE DWELT IN A NORTHERN LAND"

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



ALL day the rain had been beating down on the roofs of the log shacks of Residency Number Eight. All day the Frederick House River had surged in leaden listlessness under the futile bullets of the musketeering clouds. All day the white birches and the shadowy arms of the stunted pines had drooped in the dejection of overweighted burdening, while the muskeg soaked in the flooding waters. Now in the late afternoon the stretch of ground between the shacks and the grade of the railroad shimmered in brown lakes of brackish water. Sudden, silent, and stern, the Bush compassed the clearing, merging the dull ochre ribbon of the Right-of-Way of the Transcontinental in its own oppressive grimness of universal gray. So infinitely dreary with the dismal finality of the flat forests of the North Country was the picture of sky and river and wood that Kenyon gazed upon from the window of the Residency office that he sighed with utter weariness of spirit. O'Hara, the only other occupant of the dim room, looked up in quick surprise at his chief.

"Bored?" he asked. He was huddled up in front of the drum stove, his cardigan jacket over his coat, his old slouch hat well down over his ears, and his pipe firmly held in the corner of his mouth, as he pored over the dramatic section of

a four-week-old New York Sunday newspaper.

"Oh, no," said Kenyon. "Where are the boys?" he asked presently. "I can't see them in the shacks."

"The Feroux is sulking." O'Hara talked through his teeth that he might retain his grip on his pipe. "He's grouchy as Achilles after he lost the beautiful Briseis, or as a Hudson Bay trader after he's met a Revillon trapper—and all because he had to use force on a subcontractor who wouldn't accept his estimate of a station-job. The rest of the lads went down to Groundhog with Steve. He's determined to have that express box to-day, though I warned him that robbery of an express office along the Right-of-Way is treason, that he will be shot at sight, and that if he died in Canada on Sunday, he'd have to wait till Monday to go to heaven."

"What's in the box?" Kenyon asked, without interest.

"Edibles, I've no doubt. Steve's father is sending it to him as a birthday token. Wrote him it was something we'd all enjoy. Noble old man!"

"I hope those boys won't tear up Groundhog again," Kenyon worried. "The last time MacDonald led an expedition we had the sergeant down upon us. And they'll be waterlogged on the corduroy just above the Fauquier."

"Don't be fretting over them," O'Hara soothed.

"I'm not," said Kenyon. There fell a long silence through which O'Hara read and Kenyon kept watch at the window. Then Kenyon sighed again. O'Hara frowned as he peered over the edge of his newspaper.

"'Tis the weather," he said, as if in answer to a question. "For five days it's rained till I've felt like old Noah himself as I've stood out there at the End of Steel directing the sons of Calabria how to lay rails in straight lines."

"Five days of rain?" Kenyon's voice stretched tense in spite of his drawl. "I feel as if it had been raining forever and this were the only place left in the world. No outside, you know."

"This is the Sabbath," explained O'Hara.

"Six days in the week the Transcontinental is as good a service as I've ever been in. But Sunday! Faith, though, what could ye expect of a government that won't let a wee drop of mountain-dew to the firing lines without making it a crime for capital punishment? No wonder ye're homesick for that terrible town on the Thames."

"I fancy," Kenyon mused, "that we've all much the same feeling for whatever place was home to us; but, somehow, I feel that longing for London is the most homesick longing in the world."

"There's not much difference in degree between London and Port Huron, when you and Ran are both in that pleasant state."

"Oh, but London!" Kenyon breathed. "All the silly places you never think about when you're there, and that you go mad thinking of when you've been away from them five years"

"For me own part," said O'Hara from behind the shield of his paper, "when the black flies drive me crazy, I get thinking of Montmartre. That's a tidy spot for an anchorless man, Ken. And when I'm perishing with the cold and the loneliness while I keep bridge-guard on your timorous trestles, I've a memory of Moscow that's worth a dozen of your grimy Londons. I'd a beautiful time in Moscow when I was in me prime."

"I never knew you were in Moscow." Kenyon moved away from the window, and seated himself across from O'Hara on the other side of the stove.

"Didn't ye now?" O'Hara had retired to the depths of the paper. Kenyon rescued a tattered magazine from the coal-box and essayed to read. In another moment he had flung it back impatiently. "Rot," he announced. "Did you know any people in Moscow?" he inquired.

"Didn't I say I had a golden time?" O'Hara retorted.

"Russians?"

"Mostly."

"Know any of the musical crowd there?"

"Some of them. There was a queer little man who used to tell me that he'd inspired Tschaikowsky. One day he——"

"Did you ever happen to meet Stenowa?"

"The singer? I didn't, though I heard her. By the way," he remarked, "I see in this relic of dear, dead days—and isn't it enough to drive a man mad when he reads 'to-morrow night' with the knowledge that the same to-morrow was three weeks last Monday?—that Stenowa——"

"What about her?" Kenyon's drawl snapped in eagerness.

"—is to sing in 'Thais.' Sumptuous pagan sugar-cake, isn't it? All the students in that Moscow boarding-house used to be playing that 'Meditation' till I longed to slaughter the man who wrote it—what was his name?"

"And so she has come," said Kenyon.

O'Hara looked over the rim of the paper.

"Ye knew her?"

"Very well."

"Moscow?"

"Gretz. On the Siberian survey."

"Was she playing one-night stands?"

"She wasn't playing at all." Kenyon's gaze was bent on the fire that glowed dully through the open door of the drum stove. "Her father was a minor official of the government. She came up there to visit him the summer she had finished her study. She was going back to Paris to start in the opera. What does it say about her?"

He read slowly the paragraph O'Hara showed to him. "She's won, then," was his comment as he ended the reading. "I was sure that she would. She has a voice a man doesn't forget."

"Faith, it must have been a treat in Siberia."

"Siberia isn't so bad."



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

There fell a long silence through which O'Hara read and Kenyon kept watch at the window.—Page 192.

"I never appreciated its beauties," said the Irishman. "I suppose you and she were the English-speaking population?"

"I taught her English," Kenyon said. "You see, I was the only music-mad man in that part of the world just then."

"I see," said O'Hara. Kenyon went back to the window, where he resumed his stare at the edge of the pine woods across the river. "Brian Boru," he said at last, "did you ever love a woman?"

"Too many," said O'Hara.

"I don't mean that," Kenyon explained. "I mean—just one."

"Yes," said the Irishman, "that's how I found out I'd loved too many." He flung the paper down.

Kenyon came back to the stove and faced it rather than his companion while he began: "There had been a few girls at home that I might have fancied a little, but Maryska Stenowa has been the only woman I've—remembered. She's all gold. I don't mean because of her wonderful voice. There came a time when I hated that gift as much as I'd loved it when I first heard her sing. You see, she was a woman with genius and I loved just the woman in her."

"Perhaps 'twas the genius of her that made the woman great," O'Hara suggested.

"No," said Kenyon. "Her voice was a gift, something added to her. Oh, I couldn't describe her so that you'd understand. She did everything well. She could run the hand-car down the track as well as I could. She could even run the engine. She did it, too, one night when the men went wild with vodka and tried to kill me. Some one shouted their purpose as they rushed past her father's shack and she took out the engine with two steel cars attached. Didn't know how to uncouple them and couldn't wait. You should have seen her coming into camp, leaning out of the cab window with her revolver in her hand, shouting threats in Russian to kill the first man that moved toward me."

"Amazonic," O'Hara criticised. "What were you doing?"

"Holding them off," said Kenyon.

"And the last act brought——"

"There was no last act," said Kenyon. "She gave me a wonderful summer and you know how a man may dream in the long sapphire twilights over there, but I wasn't fool enough to think that she cared enough

for me to bury herself in wilderness after wilderness, just for my sake, when she might be having the world at her feet."

"If ye'd known as much of the world as I do," said the sage, "ye'd always give a woman the chance to decide for herself. Women sometimes choose the men, ye know. One of me friends is a homely, red-haired lad from home, without much money and with mighty little prospect of more, who works for a mining company in the American Rockies. And his wife, who cooks and sews and mends for him in a little house up near the clouds, is a girl who had all Berlin raving over the way she could play the piano. And now all her music goes to teaching the little Donaghans the Bach exercises."

"But she must have cared," broke out Kenyon, "and I never knew that Maryska did."

"If that isn't the English of it!" moaned O'Hara. "If ye'd only come from the other side of the Liffy, ye'd have known her mind the first time she looked at ye."

"Oh, well, it's too late now," Kenyon said. "Maryska Stenowa isn't likely to have more than a casually pleasant memory of an English engineer who—" He broke off suddenly as his Bush-trained ear caught sound of a step on the soggy muskeg. "It's Jean," he explained. O'Hara threw more wood on the fire. The drum stove blazed to a glow as Jean Feroux opened the door of the shack, slammed it shut with decisive fervor, tested the strength of a leather-thonged chair, and tilted it back against the wall before he climbed into it.

"Lovely weather," the new-comer muttered, thrusting his hands deeper into the pockets of his mackinaw. In the face of no answer he pursued his topic. "Rain—more rain! Look at these boots—ever see worse ones? Oh, I say, of all the God-forsaken places and all the God-forsaken days this is the worst! There isn't a sound but the rain on the roof over there in my shack. I wouldn't mind just seeing nothing but the Bush if I could hear a sound of real life. Did you ever feel as if you'd give everything in the world to hear the voices of your own people again?"

"I never shall. Shut that door, will you?" O'Hara's voice exploded. "Man alive," he amended, "ye're in a sentimental mood, and that's the worst time to take cold."



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The three were wading recklessly through the muskeg that oozed to the tops of their elk-hide boots.—Page 196.

"Do you know, fellows," Feroux went on, while Kenyon slammed the door that the winds had blown open, "that it isn't sights you want to see as much as voices you want to hear? Oh, why doesn't one of you say something?"

"Go with God, brother!" From behind the stove O'Hara flung out at him the unfriendly Russian farewell.

"I won't go with God," said Jean Feroux.

"Then linger awhile with His servants," the other teased.

"Let him alone," said Kenyon.

"What's the matter with you, Ken?" Feroux demanded with scowling curiosity. "Oh, if you don't want me—" he began, struggling to rise from his tilted chair.

"Don't be silly, Jean," said Kenyon.

"There's never been a time we didn't want ye." The conviction in O'Hara's tone settled the boy's doubt. "Only don't talk about rain or home. If you do, I'll duck ye in that pond out there."

He went back to his reading, leaving Feroux staring at the stove, and Kenyon gazing at the ceiling. "Play cards, either of you?" Jean asked at last.

"Wait a minute," said O'Hara. "We may have better entertainment. Isn't that the hand-car pounding down the track, Ken?"

Kenyon listened. "They're past the construction camp now. They'll be at the bridge in a moment."

"I wonder if Steve has the box," O'Hara mused. "Thank God he's such a generous soul." He rose from his post behind the stove and with Jean following joined Kenyon at the window. "There they come!" he exulted. "Wouldn't ye know that Steve would keep his slicker on, and let the others use theirs to cover his property? Wouldn't ye know that Don Ferguson would bear the heavy burden for his beloved Steve? And wouldn't ye know that Randall would lead the parade? Now what is that weird contrivance Randall has under his arm? There must be cake in that box Don has. Do ye suppose it might be chocolate, Jean? I was no gourmand till I came to the Bush, but I hope it may be chocolate. There, now, isn't it like Randall to fall in that puddle? No, he didn't. But what has he?"

"H-yi!" Steve MacDonald's call came to them across the marsh. Jean Feroux

flung the wide door. "Can't you come across?" he cried.

"Sure, we can!" the three shouted back.

"Oh, you fellows," Steve's big voice boomed out. "You'll never guess in seventeen years what my old man sent me. It's the best ever, and you'll be proud of the day you met me."

"What is it?" Feroux yelled.

"Guess!"

"Can't."

"Then wait. We'll be there in a second." The three were wading recklessly through the muskeg that oozed to the tops of their elk-hide boots. Steve MacDonald's raincoat flapped as he strode forward, occasionally giving a lift to the heavy burden that Donald Ferguson held under his protecting slicker. Just as they reached the logs at the edge of the marsh Randall stood on one foot on the slippery base and melodramatically flourished a huge horn.

"It's a—say, Steve, it's a—" Jean Feroux's voice broke in excitement.

Steve came across the logs in two bounds, pushed Feroux back into the shack, summoned Randall and Ferguson with a magnificent wave of his arm, included Kenyon and O'Hara in a sweeping bow, and announced:

"It's a phonograph!"

"Three cheers for your old man!" cried Randall through the horn.

"Say, but that box was heavy," mourned Ferguson.

"Isn't it great?" beamed Jean Feroux.

"Did you boys get into any trouble at the station?" Kenyon asked.

"Grandmother, we did not," Steve assured him. "We merely opened the window, identified our property, and removed it. There were no charges. Here, you, set it up there on the table. Who knows how to work it?"

There was no answer. The six of them stood looking at the box as if it were the shrine of the Eleusinian mysteries. "If you opened it," Kenyon suggested, "you might find instructions."

"Bright thought!" cried Steve. "Come on, you lazy loafers of the National Transcontinental!" He pried open the cover without waiting for the hatchet that Ferguson was seeking. "Oh, look here! Records, scores of them. We'll have a

concert that'll drive the wops down the line pistachio-green with envy."

"We will when the machine works," said Randall. "I can put on the horn."

"Leave it to Ran to have the megaphone," Steve laughed. "Say, let's have a party up here, and ask all the girls."

"We'll see if the machine works," said O'Hara.

"No danger," Steve declared. "My old man's no infant in buying machinery."

"I remarked that he was a noble soul," said O'Hara. "Let me try. I know a bit about handling this sort of a piano. We had one on the Trans-Siberian that had only two records, but the principle's the same."

They crowded close about him as he bent over the arrangement of the delicate mechanism, plying him with suggestions till he finally threatened to leave them in the darkness of ignorance unless they allowed him to finish his self-appointed task without further molestation from them. Steve danced around the shack in wild excitement. Randall kept jumping up and down. Feroux started to sing a French-Canadian chanson. Ferguson, swinging his long legs from the table where he sat, whistled blithely. But Kenyon went back to the window.

"It's together!" exclaimed Steve as O'Hara set a record on the cylinder. "Bully boy. What are you going to play?"

"In honor of your father," said the Irishman, "we'll give ye 'The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon'."

"Oh, play something lively," said his father's son. "There are enough banks and braes right here on the Frederick House."

"Start it with anything," begged Randall. In the dusk O'Hara was carefully examining the superscriptions on the records. "'Tis a grand lot your father sent," he remarked in the course of his critical survey.

"He must have sent the order to the music house," was the unfilial comment of the younger MacDonald.

"Then 'twas an exceptional clerk," persisted the critic.

"Is our song there?" Randall queried.

"No," said O'Hara.

"You don't mean," Steve demanded, "that they've sent a big box of records without putting in 'I Wish I Had a Girl'?"

"That clerk, being a city youth of limited imagination, doubtless had no conception of the desire," O'Hara explained. "Anyhow, 'tis missing, but there are a few 'just as goods.' Here goes!"

More than his words the whirl of machinery, as the needle started across the black disk, brought the other five engineers close to the table. After the instant's rasping harshness, there came the clear tones of a band playing a vivid two-step. Filling the shack with its swinging rhythm, it fired the brains of the men who listened to it till MacDonald and Ferguson, Randall and Feroux were dancing like mirth-mad children. "Keep it going," they cried, as the music neared its end. "Wind her up again." O'Hara wound the crank almost to the snapping point again and again as he placed on the phonograph records of marches and waltzes and galops and of strange Hungarian music that stirred the blood feverishly and kept the feet in wild whirls. And all the time he kept up with it a running comment on the music of the many lands he had known. "Aren't ye tired yet?" he coaxed the four after a time. "Can't we have a turn on the songs instead?"

"Start 'em," agreed Steve, "but go back to the dances."

Hot with the exertion and the weight of their steaming wet clothes, they gathered around the stove. "Want a light?" asked Randall. "We'll have the gloaming for a bit," said the director of the concert. Carefully he replaced needle after needle, tirelessly he kept winding the crank as the four demanded playing after playing of the old ballads and of the popular songs that he brought out of the record-box. There was hardly a song that did not have some association for each one of the men of Eight, associations of homes that they had left to take up their work in the wilderness; but, rejoicing in the mere fact of the music, not one of them allowed the recognition of sadness in the association till O'Hara, with the quizzical smile that always preceded his sardonic mischief, selected one song. "For the special benefit of Stevie," he explained.

The verse meant nothing to any of them, though all of them but Kenyon hummed it vigorously in unison with the singer whose voice floated out through the

horn. They swung into the half familiar chorus:

"I wonder who's kissing her now,
I wonder who's teaching her how,
I wonder who's looking into her eyes,—"

Then Jean Feroux rose without a word, walked to the door, opened it with a jerk of fierce passion and dropped into the dusk of the storm outside. Then Steve MacDonald strode to the phonograph, seized the disk before O'Hara could stop the whirring machinery, raised his knee and across his great thigh broke the black circle in twain. "That'll do for that one," he said. "Play 'The Banks and Braes'."

"'Twould be safer to play classics," sighed O'Hara, "and foreign ones at that." Awed by Steve's outburst, all of them were silent as the Irishman started record after record of Italian. "Oh, give us English," said Ferguson at last.

O'Hara was bending down in front of the stove to read the lettering on the remaining disks. "Here's a particularly appropriate one," he said, and, in the tension that seemed to have caught all of them, no one remarked the significant strain of O'Hara's tone. They listened with tepid interest, for they were growing a little weary of their gulping greed for the music, as the sound of an organ prelude swelled out to the eaves of the rude log-house. Only Kenyon gripped the birch frame of his chair and leaned forward, staring at the machine with questioning eyes of wonder that filled with awe as the soaring notes of an exquisite soprano, seeming to come not from the mechanism, but from the darkness of the Bush around and about the shack, rose, thrilling in such loveliness that even Randall caught his breath. Wonder and pain and exaltation mirrored themselves on Kenyon's face in the firelight as the voice thrilled on:

"My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between;
And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day."

The voice died away in the organ interlude, but still Kenyon strained forward till

again the words came, rising above the Elgar harmonies of the accompaniment:

"And oft that month we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell and flamed in a wild dawn.

"I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay."

"Who sang that?" Steve MacDonald's voice broke the stillness harshly.

"Maryska Stenowa," O'Hara said. "Let's end it there till after supper. Ye might go down and stir up our latest cook, Steve. 'Tis clearing now."

With that understanding of each other that made the men of Eight comrades, Randall and Ferguson and MacDonald seemed to know that O'Hara wished to be alone with Kenyon. They went out quietly, though the sound of their cub-like struggles came back to the shack after they had gone. Kenyon sat forward in the birch chair, elbows on knees and chin on hands, looking into the phonograph as if expecting some presence to evolve from its Pandora box. For a long time only the sound of rain on the roof and flaring of wood in the stove came on the silence. Then Kenyon spoke.

"That was the one song I taught her," he said.

"What will ye do?" O'Hara watched him intently.

"Do?" queried Kenyon.

"Aren't ye going to New York? She's there yet."

"Why? Oh, Brian Boru, you don't think that her singing of that song means anything?"

"Means anything?" There was a tremor in O'Hara's voice. "Did ye hear the way she sang it? Whenever a woman sings like that the one song a man has taught her, what more of answer does he want? Across the world that came to you to-day. Can't you cross the world on such a chance?"

"It's her art," said Kenyon.

"What's art but the gift of telling the thought in your heart? 'Tis a great song,

old man, because she sings it with a great love. Can't ye be big enough to believe it when it comes home to ye?"

"Sometimes it seems," Kenyon puzzled, "as if there were something much greater than our will that lifts us out of our ruts as the crane lifts the clay. I can't explain——"

"No need," said O'Hara. "I'm Irish."

"What do you call it?" Kenyon asked. "Fate or destiny or higher law?"

"Being what I am," said O'Hara, "I call it God."

"I think you're right," said Kenyon.

"And the answer?" O'Hara's question was wistful.

Kenyon walked across the shack to the high desk near the wall, sought along the

top for something, then returned to the fire with a folder in his hand. "If I take the Steel Train down in the morning," he speculated, "I'll make connections with the Buffalo express from Matheson, and I'll be in New York Tuesday night."

"Go with God, brother," said O'Hara again. But his two hands went out to Kenyon in a clasp that swore eternal friendship in the very moment that comradeship died. For he knew that he was sending Kenyon to a woman who loved him, and even better he knew that this was the beginning of the end of that brotherhood who had stood shoulder to shoulder for the glory of Residency Number Eight.

THE PASSING OF THE UNSKILLED IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts



THE industrial spirit of the German people seeks to prepare the growing generation for achievements in production as imposing in contrast with the present as the work of to-day compares with that of the eighties. Faith in work, the resultant of things done, drives forward in a many-sided preparation for greater things to be done. The German, with a past of extraordinary hardship and suffering, in a land poor rather than rich in natural resources, has by thought and contrivance, by sea transport and exchange, availed himself of the resources of other peoples. Compulsory sanitary living and other legislation requiring a minimum of social well-being have lengthened the average life and increased the height and bodily frame of both sexes. The German mind has now a stronger physical instrument with which to work than the generation that fought with France. The training of that instrument is expressed intensely in relation to skilled production by the work of the continuation and trade-schools.

The explanation the German generally gives of the sudden and immense industrial

expansion beginning in the seventies is the compulsory elementary education of the whole people. The Germans were ahead of any European people in primary mental training and possessed, therefore, material more easily converted into machine builders or metal workers or electrical instrument makers than the untaught laborer. The German workmen, not so capable probably as those of the United States or of the United Kingdom, achieve (through training and through obedience to authority, also trained finely in the higher reaches of scientific technic) results that seem individually beyond their strength. The observer from abroad sees the military system reproduced in the factory. It is rather that the character of the German is disclosed with equal clearness in mine and factory management, the military system, the civil administration, and by the organization of labor upon landed estates. The disciplined life at home, in the school, in the workshop, in the army, and again at work, are all designs in the same weave. The same threads run through all patterns. How these character threads were spun in the hard centuries of struggle and persist-

ence and are now beginning to show in strangely interesting design, is a high study. The endeavor of this writing is only to indicate one of the figures running through the loom—the making of the labor unit more efficient by special training in his youth.

The son of a day-laborer, who, within the view of the national policy, should be more useful to himself and the commonwealth than his father, is the subject of careful expert observation. His teachers, the school physician, and the parents endeavor to determine the handicraft to which the boy is adapted. The physician takes note of the body. The strong boy of average build is classified as suited to become a brewer, a smith, a carpenter, a mason, or a worker in iron construction, or some other calling requiring at least average strength. The undersized or weaker boy is considered as being better adapted to become a tailor, a bookbinder, a basket-maker, a wood-carver, a locksmith, a jeweler, a glazier, a joiner, a cabinet-maker, a potter, a brush-maker, or a confectioner. The boy with weak lungs is excluded from trades where there is a good deal of dust, such as that of the wood-turner or the paper-hanger. The boy with pulmonary weakness would also not be allowed to become a shoemaker or a tailor, because of the bent attitudes in which he would have to work. Should the boy have a weak heart, he would be classified as unfit for the heavy work of the smith, the butcher, the miller, or any of the building trades. The youth who has chronically perspiring hands is deemed incapacitated for gold-work, clock-making, book-binding, or lithographing. The boy with inflamed eyelids is as fully excluded from work in colors as though he were color-blind. Within the view of the school medical counselor, the boy must be saved from entering upon a trade in which he will always be at a disadvantage physically, and his whole life be a struggle on unequal terms with those better qualified to deal with the peculiar conditions of that trade.

The teachers undertake to measure the mental capacities of the boy. If he is generally a dull pupil, he will be indexed as being better adapted to a trade not far removed from unskilled labor. The bright pupil, especially if he should show manual delicacy in the systematic tests to which he

is subjected toward the end of his school period, would have a choice of some fine handicraft, such as that of instrument-making, engraving, or jewel-setting.

Painstaking effort is made to determine the boy's inclinations, so that the great misfortune may not happen to him of being deprived of the joy of work, of the satisfaction in the thing done. Within the view of the Prussian school administration, and this is equally true of Bavaria and most of the other German states, the skilled worker ought to find in his calling one of the great satisfactions of life—a certain artistic pride, the disposition to do his work not alone as he has been taught, but to add to it something of his own individuality, because he loves the work and puts something of his spiritual self into it. No boy is compelled or unduly forced into the choice of a calling. He is handled temperamentally and sympathetically. The endeavor is made to stir the boy's ambition. Masters and parents confer. The parents working at common labor almost always want their children to do better in life than they have done. They readily co-operate in getting the conviction fixed in the boy's mind that he ought not to be an unskilled workman, that when he finishes his school work he ought not to be content to be among those at the bottom of society doing the coarse labor of the ditch, but that he ought to choose a trade and fit himself for one of the higher levels where intelligence counts for something and where wages and opportunities are larger. The germ of the whole system of manual training is considered by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Industry to be in the awakening of the boy's aspirations for a life above the ordinary. This awakening is much more of a problem for the children of the unskilled or the nearly unskilled classes than for those of the higher artisan class. The surroundings and the tone in the home life of a superior workman usually settle the inclination of the boy to be at least equal to his father.

The Munich administration has added an eighth year to the usual seven of compulsory primary education, which is given almost entirely to drawing, card-board, and wood-work training. The school authorities have two objects in view. One is to start the boy in the direction of a particular trade, his studies to be completed in com-

pulsory continuation trade-schools. The second object is to give the boy who has not selected a trade a distaste for unskilled work, so that he may later feel impelled to choose a skilled occupation. This policy has been worked out by Dr. Kerschensteiner, whose name is international and whose ideas are well known in the United States. Of 2,200 boys who left the highest class of the elementary schools in Munich in 1908, 2,150 went into handwork or other skilled occupation at once. Thus two per cent only were lost to skilled industry. Not one boy from the school has allowed himself to fall into that ugly classification, "the unemployable."

The teacher tries to impress on the youthful mind the worth of labor, how labor will win all things, that pleasure in making, producing, creating may be one of the truest joys of life, that in it may be found for most persons the service of Heaven, the country, the community, and one's self. The elementary reading-books include a variety of such stories as this one, entitled "The Gentleman in England." "When the celebrated philosopher and printer, Benjamin Franklin, came to Europe he had with him a negro servant. Franklin, as is well known, was very inquisitive and travelled through the whole of England in order to see factories and other objects of interest. His servant went with him and also saw everything. They finally returned to London. The following day Franklin said to the negro: 'Now that you have seen all of England, how does it please you?' The negro shook his head and said: 'England is a very strange country; everybody works here. The water and the smoke work, the horses, the oxen, and even the dogs work. The men, the women, and the children work. Everybody works except the pigs. The pig does not work; he does nothing but eat and drink and sleep. The pig alone is gentleman in England.'"

It has long been a house law of the Hohenzollerns that each should learn a handicraft. The prince, it is considered, is only in this way able to understand the qualities in a subject that make him a good artisan. The prince also gains that feeling of confidence in his own powers that comes from skilled handwork. The Emperor is a book-binder. Among the Emperor's fine collection of bindings are specimens of American

work, chiefly from Philadelphia. He probably appreciates no product of American industrial art so highly as that of the book-binder. The Crown Prince is a turner, another of the Emperor's sons is a blacksmith, the third a brass-worker. The teacher who seeks an illustration for competence in any trade can usually find a royal example, either present or past. The Empress and her daughter Viktoria are excellent sewing women, and have gone through courses in cooking. It is a pleasantry in the diplomatic corps that to interest the Empress one must have something new to say about household management, the children, or the church. The psychological part of the method is to make the boy believe really that virtue, happiness, and the rewards of life are derived from work, that neither a prince, a member of the cabinet, an officer, nor a millionaire can escape work, or indeed that he wishes to avoid it. All this seems very much like Sunday-school instruction and parental platitudes. That is true. It has been noted by an economic writer in the *London Times*, after a study of Germany, that the German is brought up on just the kind of moral nourishment that was made common in England thirty or forty years ago by Carlyle, Ruskin, and Kingsley. The commonplaces appear to be driving power, to put moral energy into the ordinary task. In a trade-school shop, where forty or fifty boys are at work, intent and earnest, one seems to feel the spirit of Germany of to-day—duty, work, skill.

The continuation trade and commercial schools are not cubes in a rigid, finished structure. They are germinating, flourishing, growing in immense variety out of local conditions, moulded by local individualism. Some schools are owned by the states, some by guild municipalities, trades-unions, manufacturers' associations, and by private societies and persons. The school or group of schools in any industrial district has been founded ordinarily to train workmen for the specialties produced there. The pupil is usually a beginner in one of the factories, and he is dealing in the school with the difficulties and problems that arise day by day in the factory. The instruction is of the best. The master-workmen, up-to-date and capable men of the neighboring works, serve in the school-

room. The equipment, the tools, the machinery, are usually of the latest design, so the youth feels that he is getting the best that can be learned. The trade-school is in such close working co-operation with the adjacent manufacturers that, besides borrowing some of the best workmen for short periods for instructors, the advice of the manufacturers is sought or voluntarily given.

The learner, if the school is compulsory, may be punished by public reprimand, a two-hours' confinement, or by expulsion. Expulsion is infrequent because the school opinion is so strong that any boy does not like to put himself outside of his fellows' good-will. An essential fact of the primary technical continuation school in Germany is that, under an imperial law of June 1, 1891, as corrected by the so-called industrial law of June 30, 1900, employers are required "to grant to those of their employees under eighteen years of age, including female clerks and female apprentices who attend a continuation school arranged by the government or a local authority, the necessary time for school attendance as prescribed by the authority in question." Any one contravening these regulations is subject to a fine of twenty marks for every offence, and if this is not paid, to three days' imprisonment. The compulsory system has been in operation in Berlin four years; and in the beginning the administration had difficulty with business houses regarding the times of attendance, rather than with the principle. The trades-unions and Social Democrats were energetic for compulsion. Penalties have been resorted to reluctantly, a representative of the school management usually having been able to win voluntary compliance by pointing out the clear conditions of the law and the advantages to the young persons concerned. A good many instances of resistance were fined in the second year. Now that the employers and parents understand that resistance is useless, there are few refusals to give the necessary time. Some employers are of the opinion that compulsory continuation schools tend to raise wages and to make employees unwilling to do menial work and the automatic machine operations of subprocesses in production. Probably four-fifths, or even a higher percentage, of opinions which have

been gathered by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce at first-hand from employers in all branches of production indicate goodwill toward the schools.

Prussia, which is five-eighths of the empire, has roundly 3,000,000 persons from fourteen to eighteen years old. Of this number 1,483,000 are youths, 1,527,000 are girls. Two-thirds of the whole, or about 2,000,000, are working—1,250,000 boys and 750,000 girls. Agriculture takes 813,000, about equally divided between the sexes. Industry employs 650,000 boys and 191,000 girls; 70 per cent of the boys have been trained in some variety of continuation school, and 48 per cent of the girls. In trade and transportation 114,000 were employed last year, and of that number 56 per cent had gone to some sort of commercial school; of the 67,000 girls within the ages of fourteen to eighteen in trade and transportation, 52 per cent had been instructed in commercial schools. In Berlin 89 per cent of the workers between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are taking continuation courses, 55 per cent in Hesse-Nassau, 48 per cent in Hanover, 50 per cent in the province of Posen, 70 per cent in the province of West Prussia. Under a Prussian law giving subsidies to municipal trade-schools, provided they are compulsory, the number of pupils increased during the five years preceding 1909 by 54 per cent. The continuation trade-school administration works with the official labor exchanges of the empire in the endeavor to direct the choosing of trades into those callings where the greatest opportunities exist for employment. The central labor bureau for Prussia draws up a sheet at the end of each month which shows exactly the number out of employment in all trades. Taken over a period of years, it is thus easy, of course, to determine relatively the chances of employment. Thus, if the stone-working trade is overdone, the endeavor on the part of the school administration is to guide boys who might otherwise be adapted to stone-working into some related building trade in which opportunities for work would be greater. By co-operation among the German states it is expected that the supply and demand in individual callings will be understood so completely that a continuous process of adjustment will maintain the equilibrium between supply

and demand in all trades. The design is to replace the haphazard distribution of workers by a balanced system. The boy, who can know nothing accurately about the position of the labor market, owing perhaps to the operation of international causes, will be spared the tragedy of going into a dying trade. The effort will be to place him in a trade in which he will have an equal chance with others to obtain employment and keep it.

The German governmental theory of the collective responsibility of society to the individual, and of exacting from the individual proportionate service to the whole works out in industrial education, as we have indicated, in two principles of action, intelligent persuasion and compulsion. One is intended to be the complement of the other. Compulsion is congenial to the German. The discipline of the home and the elementary school is naturally extended to the workshop. The merits of compulsory attendance are summarized in an old decree of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, that of 1899, thus:

"There are still some who think that voluntary attendance at industrial continuation schools is preferable to compulsory attendance. I consider it my duty to draw attention to the recognized fact that, according to all experience known to the present time, the continuation school only flourishes and fulfils its purpose if attendance is made compulsory by a local by-law. The opponents of compulsory attendance maintain that it lowers the standard of the schools. It is contended that the voluntary pupils are willing and ready to learn, whereas those who are compelled to attend are refractory and lazy, and thus impede the progress of the better pupils and make it difficult to maintain school discipline. I admit that among the number of industrial laborers under eighteen years of age who are brought to school by compulsory attendance, there may be some undesirables who cannot be brought under school discipline. But this drawback can be obviated by a proper classification of the pupils, especially by rigorously enforcing the grading system and by employing suitable teachers. Moreover, the difficulty can be overcome if, in the initial stage of the compulsory system, those young persons who have been out of school for several years

are not admitted. In the earlier stages, the by-law should only be enforced for the lowest stage of the continuation school, and should be extended in operation year by year. Experience shows that attendance at the continuation school will soon be regarded as a matter of course, just as is the case with attendance at the elementary schools. This plan has the further advantage of gradually building up the school stage by stage. This meets another objection, viz., that any sudden increase in the number of pupils would make too great a demand for school places and that the expense of providing them would be beyond the means of most of the communities. The critics of the compulsory system further maintain that schools with voluntary attendance show better educational results. This statement is certainly wrong, and the tests lately instituted by me prove the contrary. Irregular and unpunctual attendance is a standing complaint with nearly all the schools when attendance is voluntary. In some instances it has happened that schools with voluntary attendance have had to waste half the time appointed for a lesson because sufficient pupils had not arrived to make it possible to begin."

The pressure to turn the unskilled into the skilled is applied to both city and country in a broad sense. It is in the municipalities that this pressure takes the form of artisan training. In the country the laborers on the farm, in the dairy, and in forestry are trained, to be sure, but are trained experimentally, only those intended for foremen and managers being sent to special schools. In the percentages that have been given all farm and mine laborers have been taken to be unskilled. The government does not consider that the laborer on the land might be a source of danger to the commonwealth because he is not trained for what is commonly called skilled work, but that, on the contrary, he is one of the soundest units of the community. The government does consider that the presence in cities and industrial centres of great numbers of unskilled laborers is a weakness that must be overcome.

Who, then, will do the coarse work of Germany if the present ideal of converting every German into a skilled workman is attained? The landed proprietor complains now of the scarcity of labor, largely

due to the migration to the towns of the young people from the country. The land-owners last year employed 565,000 foreign laborers between January 1 and October 1, as is shown by the number of special passes issued to foreign agricultural laborers from Russia, Poland, the Austrian states, and Italy. Twenty per cent of the miners in Westphalia are foreigners, and 8 per cent are Italians. The number of foreigners employed in industry as common laborers was 440,000, of whom 18 per cent were from Italy, 10 per cent from the Netherlands, and the remainder largely from the states to the eastward. A vast movement of foreigners to and from Germany increases yearly. The foreigner laborer is attracted by the higher wages that he can earn there over those paid in his own country. He is able to pay transportation both ways each year, for under the German laws the foreign laborer may not remain in the country longer than one year, and the field laborer usually remains about nine months. The state puts obstacles in the way of foreigners doing skilled work. The police, under the close registration system, take note of a foreigner holding a workman's pass who engages in higher manual employment. The employer's attention is drawn to the fact that the man in question is a foreigner; and under the statutes of various states the employer is obliged to discharge a foreign workman. Obstacles are also placed in the way of ordinary workmen becoming German

subjects. Naturalization is refused to working men, except under special conditions. Many workmen from the eastern European countries who might otherwise settle in Germany emigrate to the United States.

The son of a common laborer or of a farm hand takes up a trade and goes to the city. The son of the artisan becomes a bookkeeper, a minor civil servant, a shopkeeper, or a draftsman. The daughters of artisans refuse domestic service and go into shops, counting-rooms, or industrial art-work. The children of those in turn strive for social position and better wages by studying in the higher technical schools and becoming engineers, illustrators, or factory chemists. While the ministries of education and of commerce and industry seek to stimulate the children of those on the lowest levels to become skilled workers, the effort is also made to prevent too many from going into the higher technical fields, because Germany cannot give opportunities to the thousands graduating yearly from the technical universities. The surplus scientific proletariat is obliged to find employment in other countries, England, France, the United States, in competition with Germany.

The processes at work tend to convert the whole population into the users of tools and machinery. The theory of those directing the artisan training is that the time is not remote when all common labor will be done by the machine user who will bring to his work knowledge and zest.

SLUMBER SONG

By John Hall Ingham

SLEEP, while the planets move
And in the welkin suns are gleaming.
Starlight of hope and love
Keep vigil o'er thy dreaming!

Sleep, while the surging sea
Intones its psalm unborn, undying.
Strains of eternity
Resound where thou art lying!

Sleep, till on earth and air
The golden glow of dawn is breaking.
Life, joy, and all things fair
Attend and bless thy waking!

CUZCO, THE SACRED CITY OF THE INCAS

By S. S. Howland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



CUZCO, in Peru, the sacred city of the Incas, their capital, and for many years after its conquest by Pizarro, in 1534, the capital of the Spaniards, is undoubtedly the most historically interesting city of South America. It lies on a hill-side, at the head of and facing a beautiful valley. At its back a range of low mountains; in front, as if closing the valley, Mount Blancopala (altitude over twenty thousand feet), the snows and glaciers of which rank among the finest in the Andes. Its population of some twenty-six thousand is mainly (four-fifths) composed of Indians, whose habits and customs differ but little from those of their ancestors of the Inca days. Richer than any other in the remains of walls and palaces of Inca construction, the cathedral, churches, convents, and palaces built during the Spanish occupation are the best specimens of colonial architecture extant.

When we awoke in the private car which had been furnished us for the journey from Lake Titicaca, the sun was brightly shining upon the city and upon the fortified hill behind, on the top of which came out now clear and distinct the grim cross that marks the spot where once stood the altar of the sun. A broad road, partially shaded by a few trees, leads up from the station. Shortly after breakfast, two diplomatic friends who joined us at La Paz, Alexander and Lucien, and myself took this road in order that we might deliver our letters of introduction and arrange for horses and guides.

At the quaint and narrow city gate the road contracted into little better than a lane, its open drains clogged and choked with refuse and filth. The houses on either side were two stories in height and quite modern in their stucco and gaudy decorations. After all we had heard and read of Cuzco, these our first impressions were most disappointing, but as if by magic

all save the filth was changed, for the street quite suddenly and unexpectedly opened upon the centre of the three large plazas of the town, and we found ourselves in the midst of the ancient city itself.

On our right was the quaint church and convent of San Merced, built in part on the old Inca walls. On the opposite side of the square was the Prefecture, a very old palace, while the other sides were also faced by buildings of unquestionable antiquity. The plaza itself was large and well planted with shade trees and flowers, while in one corner was a bronze head of the Christ attached to a low stone column, a stream of pure water constantly flowing from between its lips.

To left and right opened up narrow streets containing houses the foundations of which were unchanged from the day the stones were laid by the Inca masons. Here and there over a door-way the eye was caught by a great carven coat of arms that told more plainly than words how in the days gone by it had been the home of one of the Spanish conquerors. The whole effect was most singular, for one could not but feel that here was a city but little changed from the days of Spanish rule, the days of the Inquisition, when church and state were indeed one.

Crossing the plaza we presented ourselves at the Prefecture, which was also the police-station. Unfortunately the Prefect was out, but his secretary was most kind, and made careful note of our various needs and requirements. The building inside was part palace, part fortress, for the stone walls were loop-holed for musketry. The patio was large and sunny, with a policeman here and there napping in a warm corner. Nothing had been done to preserve the structure, which but for the care with which they built in the old days would long since have been a ruin.

From the Prefecture we went to the offices of the largest mercantile house in

Cuzco, that of Signor Lomellini. These occupy another of the old Spanish houses. The signor was absent in Europe, but we were received by his partner, Mr. Franz Post, a graduate of one of the German universities, who, having come to this country for his health, had been forced to remain for the same reason. Mr. Post was most kind and placed himself and all the resources of his firm at our disposal. He insisted, furthermore, that none other than himself should be our guide during our stop in Cuzco, and promised to come down to our car early in the afternoon to begin sight-seeing with us.

After all these preliminaries were attended to, we were at liberty to return to the station. As it was still early in the day, however, we decided to take our first view of the cathedral.

This is the most important colonial building in Cuzco. It faces the great plaza of the town, a very large square, which is absolutely bare except for a fearful cast-iron fountain in the centre surmounted by the figure of a North American Indian! The cathedral, raised on a paved platform, is an enormous and massive building constructed entirely of a dark stone shading on brown. Its front is more like a fortress than a church, save around and over the central doorway where a wealth of twisted columns and elaborately carved panels, rising in tiers to the architrave, produce an effect of such richness as to command the eye at once. Two belfry towers, their columns of squared masonry, relieve the roof, though perhaps too low for the proportions of the building.

On either side of the cathedral and connected with it are chapels, their façades richly carved and decorated in the same style as the central portion of the church. The effect of the whole is grandiose and impressive in the extreme, and while the architectural details may be faulty, one cannot but class the edifice among the great churches of the world.

As we stood admiring it there was strongly brought home to us the religious side of the little band of Spanish conquerors who braved hardship and privation to cross the mighty ranges of the Andes and wrench this city from the Inca armies. They conquered, but before the blood of their victims had been washed from the stones they

laid the foundations of a temple to their God, a temple which would, if possible, out-rival those of the pagans they had destroyed. In this they surely spared neither spoil nor toil.

While the foundations of the cathedral of Lima were laid before the Spaniards left that city on their journey to the interior, the cathedral of Cuzco was entirely completed long before work upon the other was seriously begun.

The church of the Jesuits, on the same plaza as the cathedral, is nearly as large, and on much the same architectural lines. Its façade, however, presents none of the sternness of the cathedral, for, as it is all most elaborately carved, the decorations seem too florid for good taste. The church has been closed to the public for some years because no other order has seen fit to reopen it since the nominal exclusion of the Jesuits from Peru.

The building alongside, once a convent, is now occupied by the university, the second oldest in the South Americas. The carvings on the front of this edifice, in contrast to those on the church, are exquisite, far the best in Cuzco, and well worthy of close examination.

Along the other sides of the square run graceful colonnades lined with the shops of the smaller tradesmen. In the centre, in odd canvas booths or under gaudy umbrellas, the daily market was being held. It was Sunday and the crowds of Indians were particularly gay in their best "bibs and tuckers," causing the scene to fairly reek with color, while the general effect was heightened by the perfect blue of the sky and the fringe of dark brown hills that framed the picture.

Retracing our steps we passed through the central plaza again, and on to the third, the least interesting of all. It is bare and unkempt, and the buildings about it are quite unimportant, with the single exception of a long, low convent.

Continuing on we passed beneath an old colonial city gateway. It stood alone like a triumphal arch, and, indeed, that is practically the use now made of it, for busts of the heroes of Peruvian independence, and tablets of marble and of bronze commemorating their valorous deeds, are plastered over it wheresoever a ledge or a panel permits.

The street was now bounded on one side by a long and superb piece of the Inca wall, beautifully laid as are they all, upon which, built in the long ago, is a row of houses with wrought-iron balconies that are worthy of Italy. On the other side is a long low church, old and weather-beaten, but still uncompleted. Adjoining this is the high white wall of a convent garden. Convent, I say, though probably it was a monastery, but the latter word is not used out here.

Beyond, at the end of the garden, on a little plaza of its own, stands the church of San Pedro, the third largest of the churches of Cuzco, and originally a very handsome one. Unfortunately it has been allowed to go unrepaired and is rapidly becoming a ruin. In many places the roof has fallen in and the handsome ceilings and carvings of wood are for the most part beyond restoration.

Before luncheon was over our escorts arrived on the scene, saddled and ready, in the charge of a lieutenant and corporal of the gendarmerie. The animals and himself, the officer explained, had been placed at our service for the duration of our visit by his excellency the prefect, who hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us later in the day. Shortly after this Mr. Post appeared and assured us that he too had no time that was not our time.

Our escorts took us into the town by a different route from the one we had taken in the morning. At times we rode between stern old Inca walls, made of great blocks of stone, laid without cement or mortar, their carefully dressed surfaces as smooth and polished as the day they were set up. The stone itself, close-grained and of a rich brown hue, must have been brought from far, like the stone of Tiahuanaco, as none resembling it is found near by. In some localities the regularity of the squared blocks is varied by stretches of limestone boulders from the hills, but even the many angles of these are trimmed and fitted together like a picture puzzle and the whole face of the wall hewn smooth.

In one place where a little spur of the hill projected over the valley, the wall was particularly high and crowned by the church of San Domingo, unimportant and uninteresting. This church is supposed to cover the site of the most revered of all the Inca temples, the one erected to the glory of the

sun and moon. No situation could have been finer for such a purpose, for, overlooking the valley as it does, the first rays of the rising sun must have touched and gloriously illuminated the great altar of silver and gold and precious gems. But we know of that altar only through the descriptions in some of the old Spanish histories.

A little farther on, in a small square, we dismounted at the church of San Blas, an unattractive structure, its façade a mass of wretched frescoes. Within, however, is one of the most exquisite specimens of wood-carving I know of. In fact, I doubt if its equal exists anywhere. It is a large and high pulpit of some native wood resembling walnut. Its form and design are in perfect taste and the work marvellous. The figures of the apostles and saints in their niches stand out boldly as statues, though of one piece with the rest, while the decorative work represents hundreds of birds, butterflies, flowers, and leaves, and the whole is joined by tracery so graceful, so delicately fine, as to look as if it were suggested by some old missal.

The canopy is as carefully and as richly made as the pulpit and bears on its top far back a whitened skull, that of the artist, an Indian, who not only designed but executed the masterpiece. His name has been lost but the eyeless sockets seem to look down approvingly upon the admirers of his handiwork. Fortunately this gem is in perfect preservation and well cared for. The other ornaments and decorations of the church are tawdry and valueless, and although the priest declared some of the pictures to be by old Spanish masters, they were at best but wretched copies.

Through more narrow streets and beside more Inca walls we rode until suddenly we came out on the great plaza, close by the cathedral, which had so impressed us in the morning and which appeared even more imposing now.

Although protests were made that it was not the proper hour, our soldier guides insisted that the prefect's guests had the right to visit where and when they chose. Accordingly we disregarded the protests and entered. We were at once struck by the noble proportions of the church and of the columns that supported the well-conceived ceiling. The nave was spacious and the general first effect was grand and impressive.

As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom the richness of the decorations became visible and fairly startled us. In front stood the great high altar and reredos, very wide and reaching almost to the roof. It is made entirely of pure silver, carved, embossed, and chiselled in most beautiful designs. The life-sized figure of the Christ and the statues of the apostles were of the same precious metal and in places heavily gilded.

The pulpit and stalls of dark carved wood served to frame this exquisite, if huge, specimen of the art of the old silversmiths. Gorgeous is the only word that can be used; in fact the whole effect was almost theatrical, for the light from the dome above was so arranged as to fall directly upon the face of the Christ.

The dark stone walls were covered by pictures of every size and style and of an endless variety of subjects. Bishops in their robes, knights in armor, huge canvases showing processions of the church with the Indian converts always in the foreground, and then some fearful ones representing the ghastly rites of the Inquisition.

Little need be said of their artistic merits, but their color and their great gold frames certainly added materially to the general richness of the interior.

We had thought that we had exhausted all the chief wonders of the church, when Lucien called us to follow him over a pile of rubbish, behind the high altar. There, to our great surprise, he showed us what, after the silver altar, was the most beautiful object in the cathedral.

Quite hidden from view was another reredos of carved wood with twisted columns and figures of gigantic size. It was perfectly proportioned and on a large scale of workmanship that recalled the pulpit of San Blas. It had evidently been covered, until quite recently, with colored stucco and gilding, for only about half of it had been cleaned though the good work was still going on. The restoration was being carefully conducted and great care taken not to injure any of the fine traceries, the wood of which fortunately had been well preserved by its covering of lime. It was a most remarkable specimen of seventeenth-century carving, and on beholding it any artist would feel that the long journey to Cuzco had been more than compensated.

The choir of the cathedral is by some considered the gem of its treasures. It is of large size, very spacious, and entirely of carved wood. The stalls and screens are rarely executed, while the life-sized statues of the apostles and saints are sculptured as charmingly as they could have been by any of the great Italians of the period. Indeed, the amount of detail, most minute detail, in all the carvings, showed the knowledge of design and the harmony of decoration possessed by the draughtsmen and workmen, most of whom are said to have been Indians.

In the centre of the choir stood a huge music-stand, exquisitely carved, as is all the wood-work. On this stand lay in confusion great psalters of vellum richly illuminated in gold and color, and even more ancient, perhaps, than the church itself.

The wealth of gold and silver dishes, cups, chalices, and other sacred vessels, and the gems set in them, still preserved in Cuzco is according to all reports fabulous. Only a short time before our arrival there had been stolen from the cathedral a monstrance which was valued by the government at over £150,000. Thanks to the connection between church and state in Peru, these treasures are far safer than they appear to be on first thought.

Unfortunately the church of San Merced was closed, and even our escort could not find the keys. So we passed on to that of San Paulo which, as I have said, is inside little better than a ruin. There are some very good bits in the church, however, particularly carvings, but the elements have had too free a hand, for many of the side chapels are actually exposed to the storms. The ceiling, more Gothic than any we have seen, is in a most ruinous state and in places positively unsafe. The front of the high altar is of silver repoussé and is an exceptionally good piece of work, but what makes it remarkable is the large Inca sun that occupies the place generally filled by the representation of a saint or an I. H. S. The old friars used every means possible to attract their unstable converts. In this instance they openly combined the worship of God and that of the sun.

As it was getting too late to go farther, regretfully we returned to our car. The morning following we made an early start for the old Inca fortress back of the city

upon the hill, to which I have several times referred. This hill is of considerable height, projects out from the main range, and dominates the valley.

Once out of the town the road led along a narrow ledge, a section of the wall on one side and a cheery stream on the other. There our guides led us rather abruptly through an opening to the left, beyond which was a terrace of some three or four acres cut out of the hill. Upon this plateau stood a small and unimportant church in front of which was a row of stocks for the punishment of criminals. These were made of stone. Mr. Post told us they were Inca relics.

The view over the valley was delightful, and marred only by a great black wood cross which was erected close to the edge and cast its shadow over the little plain and the wall behind. This wall, of the best Inca workmanship, supported another platform above. In its face were several entrances. All of these had been filled in, but from one of these the stones and rubbish had later been removed and through this we rode up an incline to the second terrace. It was covered by a grove of young eucalyptus, and in the centre was a charming little villa in the Italian style, with a pretty garden about it, the residence of Signor Lomellini, Mr. Post's partner. The whole acreage was once the site of the palace of the first of the Incas, Manco Capac;* the wall through which we had just come had been a part of the foundations.

A particularly interesting fragment of the old palace, a portion of one of the entrances to the building, stands in the garden near the house. It is of stone smoothed on both sides. In the centre there is a perfect gate-way; a small window is close by it.

The whole is in excellent preservation. The holes for the hinges and bolts are clearly visible, and nothing is lacking save the great door that once closed the portal.

Retracing our steps as far as the mountain road we continued our upward climb, while constantly before us were reminders of the old days. On the left was a huge wall, part of the line of outer fortifications. On the right a steep

bank led down to the rushing stream which here and there was crossed by an aqueduct and bridges of masonry, solid but very graceful.

An hour's climb brought us to a fairly level plain at the top of the hill. Between us and the valley lay the fortress, its first line of defence rising on our left. Very large and strong walls we had already seen, but they were pygmies compared to the one which now confronted us. To form it boulders of granite and of limestone, some of them as large as a house, had been brought together. No matter how large they were, however, their edges were as carefully trimmed and fitted as bricks in a house. How these masses of rock were ever brought to where they are, raised in position, no one can say. All round the mount the great wall runs, forming a half-circle, ending toward the town. There are but few entrances through it, and those



At the quaint and narrow city gate the road contracted into little better than a lane.—Page 205.

*Sir Clements R. Markham in his "Incas of Peru," p. 287 declares it could not have been built by Manco Capac, but probably was constructed for the Inca Pachacuti.

are most carefully guarded by flanking masonry.

I have seen the Great Wall of China, the pyramids and temples of Egypt, the fortresses of Japan, and the ruins of Baalbec, but none of them are more wonderful than this cyclopean structure. Within this first line of fortification were two others which, if not quite as imposing, still were of a height and strength amply sufficient to keep at bay any army not provided with gunpowder.

Between them the ground was levelled, supposedly for a moat. If this supposition is correct, the course of the little stream along which we had ridden must have been diverted far back in the hills, for certainly there was no other water obtainable in volume large enough.

Inside the lines was a large plain formed by grading the top of the hill. On the edge of this and overlooking the valley rose the gigantic crucifix that is so plainly visible from Cuzco and beyond. The view is simply magnificent. The city with its narrow streets and numerous churches lay mapped before us. Beyond it the rich valley and in the distance the snows of Blancopala.

This was a perfect natural position for a fortress temple. The hill absolutely commanded the town and consequently was inaccessible from that side, while the right and left had valuable protection from the deep ravines, and at the back the triple line of walls was entirely ample to guard against attack from the mountains.

We left the fortress, passed out by the way we had entered, and rambled over the plain in the rear, and there we found curious and interesting remains. There were great stone seats, shaped like those of an old Greek theatre and cut in the solid rock.

Some were single, some in pairs, while in one place they were terraced. "The seats of the Incas" is the popular name for them, and none better could have been selected. Arranged on no fixed plan and facing in all directions, the object of their construction is a mystery. It may be that after fine blocks of stone had been quarried the holes were made and trimmed into seats to remove the unsightliness.

Cuzco was the capital of the Incas. It was not only their civil but their religious centre. Their treasures were enormous and required safe-keeping, and what place so appropriate as this almost inaccessible hill? They worshipped the sun.

Could any more beautiful site have

been found for a huge temple in the sun's honor, a temple that could be seen and revered for miles and miles around? The Inca himself was regarded as of divine origin, a son of the sun, and as such his palace must have been behind the sacred altars. Assuredly, then, these great walls were not simply those of a fortress, but were built rather to protect a series of magnificent palaces and temples holding all the dearest possessions of the Incas.

If further proof of the correctness of this theory were wanting, it is found in the con-



An old house, Cuzco.



Cuzco, the sacred city of the Incas.



The cathedral, the most important colonial building in Cuzco.
The vertical walls are distorted by the tilting of the camera upward.



The church of the Jesuits and university on the right.

dition of the ruins themselves, for while the walls of the fortifications are practically intact, not one stone of the buildings has been left standing by the Spaniards in their mad search for the stores of gold and silver and jewels known to be concealed within them, lest by chance some hidden hoard be overlooked.

a part of the city that was in existence when the Incas arrived on their march of conquest.

The Spaniards did not change the plan of the town, and the streets of to-day are the same as they were before the fall of the Incas.

So carefully were the old Inca walls constructed, and that, too, without cement or



The third plaza.

The following details regarding the city of Cuzco itself may not be amiss. The original city, or rather the city as reconstructed by the Incas, was composed of a series of parallelograms each not quite the size of an ordinary city block. These were surrounded by a wall of dressed stone inclined toward the centre as those of a pyramid. These were of different heights according to the locality, but averaged some fifteen to twenty feet. The space inside these walls was filled in and formed a terrace upon which the principal residences, temples, and public buildings were erected. The streets between the parallelograms were very narrow, not more than fifteen feet wide, thus preventing the gathering of any considerable number of persons or troops at any one point. While most of the walls were built of a brown stone, carefully squared and dressed, there are some that are formed of boulders hewn so that their many edges fit closely together. These undoubtedly are of pre-Inca origin and formed

mortar, they stand now as firm and solid as the day they were put up. Various tales exist as to the means employed to hew and dress the great blocks, but the one most credited by the Indians is that far back in the mountains a plant grows, the juice of which, spread upon the surface of a stone, will cut it through as with a knife and not deviate from the line that has been painted with it, and also that a little of this juice rubbed upon the surface will smooth it like a pebble in a brook.

To support this story they declare that in the mountains lives a bird that makes its nest in holes on the sides of steep cliffs. To do this he brings in his beak a bit of a peculiar shrub which he holds against the stone, until in a very short time it has eaten away enough to furnish the space required. They also insist that many, many years ago some Indians working among the ruins of Tiaguanaco discovered a great closed cistern. Forcing off the lid, it was found full of a thick, greenish-colored liquid. In their

anxiety to utilize their find as a place to keep their grain in, they ladled out the stuff and threw it broadcast over the great stones and columns amid which they were working. What was their wonder and surprise on re-

gardens, could only have been to bring out in greater relief the majestic grandeur of the great buildings towering above them in the fortress enclosure. Their golden plates glistened under the rays of the sun and formed a picture as striking as the hill of the Acropolis if not more imposing, even, than that. Certainly before the conquest Cuzco must have been a wonderfully beautiful city.



The church of San Domingo, erected to the glory of the sun and moon.

turning the following morning to find that everything that greenish fluid had touched was broken and split up into small fragments.

Whether the Incas had knowledge of some such wonderful agent or not, one thing is certain, no tools or weapons had ever been discovered that possessed an edge that could have carved these stones.

The hill at the back of the town was for a part of its height cut out in a series of terraces similar to those we visited. The effect of these, with their palaces, their groves, and

of considerable size. It is devoted entirely to relics of the Inca and colonial days. It was particularly interesting for the reason that everything in it, with few exceptions, had been found or obtained in Cuzco or its neighborhood.

As we entered, a row of grim mummies, their elbows on their knees and hands bent to hold the head, stared down upon us from the top shelves. The skin looked like old parchment and the hair was black and long. According to tradition it was the custom

After luncheon we all went over to the Prefecture, where the prefect and his wife were waiting for us. Leaving our ponies there we started out afoot for the house of Signor Don José Lucas Caparó Muniz, to whom the museum belongs. He lives on the hill-side, and on the way up we passed a very curious fountain, one of the sights of Cuzco. It is a carved stone bust of a woman from whose breasts flow two streams of mountain water, which from its purity is very popular with the townspeople. Unfortunately, this is covered with paint, which detracts from its sightliness. A crowd is always about and strings of llamas waiting to fill themselves before taking the long journey to the warm country.

We found the museum installed in three rooms



General view of the three walls of the fortress.

to take the dead up to the top of some high mountain, and there leave them until the rarefied air had thus withered them up. The bodies were then brought back and carefully broken and bent into the sitting position. Then, finally, together with their most valued clothes and belongings, they were placed in baskets made to fit them.



The outer wall of the fortress.

Of baskets and bits of woven cloth there were many fine specimens, mostly from the graves. The cloths were especially curious, some of them very beautiful, with very fine weaving and colors as bright as when originally dyed. Most of them were dec-

as we were particularly anxious to see the cloisters of San Merced that face the central plaza.

The church is built on a part of the walls and is quite plain outside. Within, it has been completely redecorated. The walls



A street with the greatest walls.

orated with bands of figures of men and llamas. There were some fragments of stone carvings, but they had been brought from other ruins, as none were ever known in Cuzco. The Incas kept all their records by means of bundles of silken threads of different lengths and colors, the mystery of the interpretation of which was known to the priests and nobles alone.

From the museum we went back to the Prefecture for a few moments. Then we started off to do a little sight-seeing on our own hook,

and ceiling are covered with plaster painted in strong and vulgar colors, evidently the work of local artists, so that there is nothing left to commend save the proportions.

The cloisters attached to the church and belonging to its convent have not been restored and are exceedingly beautiful. The central court or patio was filled with lovely flowers in wild profusion, while a fountain that was actually playing seemed to have attracted all the birds in the neighborhood.

A stone colonnade, well and richly carved,



Great stone seats, shaped like those of an old Greek theatre.—Page 210.

extends around the court and supports a ceiling in wood of exceptional beauty and artistic value. It is made of a mosaic of wood fitted in squares with heavy mouldings, and is more what one would expect to see in some old French or Italian château than in this far-away convent. Alas! it was in bad repair, however.

The floor above was reached by a strange but beautifully proportioned inclined way made of stone and built like a staircase and bifurcating half-way up with a charmingly carved balustrade. Here another row of columns, similar to those below, sustained the roof and a ceiling as charming and in as bad a condition as the one on the patio floor. Connected with the cloisters on this floor was the choir of the church, considered by many to be finer than the one in the cathedral. Like it, it is entirely of carved wood and in very good preservation.

Certainly none of us ever expected to see in Cuzco such wonderful wood-carvings as it possesses, and we were deeply impressed by the skill of the old workmen, who, as I have said, were mostly Indians.

The majority of the white residents of Cuzco are either government officials or

small tradesmen. They are not over educated, perhaps, though they consider themselves the "cultured class," and believe in their hearts that because there flows through their veins a drop or two of old Spanish blood the strength and brains of the conquerors as well belong to them. Bumptious people and great politicians are they, always ready to support some child-like revolution. In consequence, Cuzco is looked upon by the powers in Lima as a storm-centre.

The Indian population is most attractive in every way save cleanliness. Cuzco is considered without exception the dirtiest city in South America, and no effort is ever made to clean it. A gentle, child-like people they are, very poor, but always laughing and merry under their heavy burdens. As they are fond of color and bright costumes, they are a delight to the eye, the women many-skirted, the men in their jackets and fantastic hats, with the ever-useful poncho thrown carelessly about them. Only one vice do they possess, like their Bolivian brothers, that of a fondness for the vile liquor sold them under government protection. Practically they are the same race that for thousands of years have lived and died on this plateau, isolated completely



"The seats of the Incas "

from the rest of the world. Strange to say, their numbers are increasing rapidly, a most fortunate circumstance, for Peru depends upon them as much, if not more, than Bolivia.

After luncheon we finished up our sight-seeing. First of all we went to the church of the Jesuits, of which we had obtained the key. This church having been closed for a number of years, we expected to find it in bad repair, but never for a moment did we imagine it could be as absolutely neglected as we found it.

Second only to the cathedral in size and richness of decoration, its façade, as I have mentioned, is the most elaborate of all, being composed of a mass of twisted columns, carved panels, niches with figures of the saints, and flowery scrolls binding the whole. It is in the very worst style of the Renaissance and shows conclusively that the church is of a much later date than the cathedral.

Upon entering we were at once struck by the same excessive ornamentation and wealth of carving and gold. In its prosperous days the church, if not in the best of taste, must at least have been very effective. The shrines of carved and gilded wood,

though now shattered and broken, were huge and massive. The walls were covered with enormous pictures, many of them now almost dropping from their elaborate frames. Though painted by artists only in name, many of them were rich in color.

The university is next door to the Jesuits' church, and occupies what was evidently a convent connected with it, though from the style of the decorations of the frontal it would seem older.

This is the most ancient university in both Americas, that in Lima alone excepted. Strange to say, its president is a young American who takes the greatest pride not only in the institution, but in his pupils. The class-rooms are, unfortunately, bare and most scantily furnished, and the library possesses hardly a hundred volumes, and those of doubtful value. Still he hopes for better things and better days, and contends that the students are as hard-working and industrious as any at Harvard or Yale. The cloisters are absolutely plain, though the colonnade is graceful and was most refreshing to us after the gaudy dilapidation in the church alongside from which we had but just come.

While the inside of the building is simple,

the outside is not, for there we have unquestionably the most beautiful façade in the city. While in style it resembles the portals of the other churches, the detail and execution are far superior. In fact, the greatest care and taste have been used by architect and artisans to produce a gem.

The president of the university is of the opinion that the old convent should be very carefully examined, as he firmly believes that it was used by the Spaniards to store much of their treasure.

Stories of concealed hoards of gold and jewels are plentiful in Cuzco, and almost every one you meet has some tale of this description. Undoubtedly there is some foundation for them, as when the Spaniards captured the city the inhabitants had no opportunity to remove much of their wealth and were forced to bury it. The greater part was undoubtedly found by the conquerors, but it is likely that many of the caches still remain undiscovered.

From time to time pieces of old Inca gold are brought in by Indians, and it is possible that they know of many hiding-places they are afraid to reveal.

Cuzco is the Mecca for South American travel that it should be; but, interesting as it

is, it is wofully destitute of hotels, for those that masquerade under the name are bad beyond words.

Strangers are rare in Cuzco, for not only is it a difficult place to reach, but to many who would not hesitate to brave the long journey and submit to the discomforts, there is the dread of an attack of *soroche* that in so many cases proves fatal. The climate, too, while delicious, is treacherous, and particularly for foreigners. Those that are forced for one reason or other to live in the city commiserate with one another at a little "mess" which they have organized and which is their only excitement.

All the boxes had been put on board our train and our guards dismissed with *pour boires* that seemed to more than satisfy them. The police, who had watched over our car, run our cook's errands, and served us as general men-of-all-work, were perhaps more loath to have us leave than the others, for to them our visit had meant three days of vacation.

We sat over our coffee until quite late, as Mr. Post hated to make the move that necessitated "good-by," but it had to come at last, and with a "Good luck to you all," he disappeared in the darkness.



Llamas on the plaza.

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON



It was Friday afternoon, and half-past one to the tick by the placid, round-faced clock above the black-board. Forty pairs of blue and gray and dusky eyes marked the downward-pointing black finger, and straightway forty fond little hopes of the nation sprang to "position" in their primary seats, folded forty pairs of grubby paws neatly behind their backs, and trained their bright gaze toward Teacher's desk. Behind it, focussing all these ardent beams, stood Miss Life, smiling a winged smile out of her eyes—"laughin' on her insides," Joe Cady called it—and holding in her hand a small package.

Miss Life was not her real name. It had come to her in the dawn of her career as a public school teacher in the purlieus of Abingdon Square, when, one day, in a fit of black despair, she flung overboard the stereotyped course of Nature-study, root and branch and bugs, designed another off her own bat, so to speak, better adapted to the little denizens of Jane Street, and enclosed it, with a spirited defence, to the powers that sit in light in Fifty-ninth Street. Something in the tone of this home-rule letter, crackling with defiance, touched a responsive chord in an Irishman on the Board, and moved him to save the contumacious young writer from the wrath that waits upon initiative.

"Let that Miss Life alone," he said, coining the name which made her famous. "And if by any means she can put the mystery and beauty and sacredness of life into those little water-front rats, and 'long-shoremen's kids, in God's name, give her a free hand, gentlemen, and I'll take off my hat to the lady!"

Which he did the very next day, invading Jane Street, and Public School Number Nine for the purpose. And from that one visit—but this is not the Irishman's story.

It was the hour marked on the programme as Nature-study, and Miss Life had elected to instruct her charges in the gentle art of gardening.

"To-day, children," she began, then halted, and threw a puzzled, questioning glance toward the door. From behind it proceeded strange sounds of muffled strife, of scratchings and scufflings, attended by heavy footsteps and an irate voice, as if an animal were being dragged, protesting, across the floor.

"It's that dog!" said Miss Life. "Hennie, you *must* tie him up better! Run out now and help the janitor."

"Hennie," a tiny mulatto, with a voice like a silver lute, a face finely powdered over with freckles like a quail's egg, and surmounted by an impenetrable jungle of inky kinks, bounded from his seat. But before he could reach the door, it was torn open from the outside, and stalwart Officer Kelly, who each morning saluted Miss Life with extreme *savoir faire* at the corner of the block, and who was known throughout the district as the sworn adversary of truants, burst violently into the room.

The gallant copper looked flushed and dishevelled. His helmet was askew, good red blood dribbled from a trinity of scratches which clove their ragged, crimson way down the line of his resolute jaw, and his Celtic eyes coruscated with rage. More terrible than ever, in his disarray, he looked to the awe-stricken ranks of his Liliputian foes like the veritable bright god of destruction, and they quaked in their dusty little boots.

Behind him pressed the Principal, with a worried countenance, and between them, at the extreme end of the strong arm of the Law, and firmly gyved by the Law's huge fist, hung a panting, wild-eyed atom of a boy.

"Why, Officer!" exclaimed Miss Life. "You are—wounded! What is it?"

"What is it?" stormed the wrathful guardian of the peace. "Well ye may ask

what it is!" From his seventy-two inches he glowered down at his diminutive captive, who, from narrowed, blue-black eyes gave him back, balefully, glare for glare.

a wild-cat, and clawed a piece of me face off!"

Officer Kelly lifted the imprisoned member of offence, and regarded with strong dis-



From his seventy-two inches he glowered down at his diminutive captive.

"'Tis a little devil out of Hades—a hot little spark out of h—" He stopped abruptly, realizing his gentle environment, and proceeded more judiciously, though a groundswell of Celtic r's still marked the depth of his resentment.

"Three times to-day has he played hooky. The last time, I caught him red-handed, as it were, by the slack of his pants, just as he was skedaddlin' over the back fence. And, as I hauled him down, the young daymon whirled on me like

gust the black-rimmed nails, beneath which resided fragments of his own fairepidermis.

"But, Officer," protested Miss Life in bewilderment, "I'm sorry about your face—but that boy is not *mine*! I'm full. Look here." She swept a hand over her densely populated kingdom. Every small seat was indeed occupied by a passionately interested spectator.

The Principal beckoned her aside.

"I wish you would take him," he urged. "He is a new boy, and a bad one, I'm

afraid. What Kelly says is true. I've tried him in three rooms to-day, and each time he has 'hooked it,' as he would say. This morning Miss Lacy attempted to restrain him, and he wrapped himself round her like a cuttle-fish and bit a hole in her knee."

"He seems of a spirited disposition," murmured Miss Life. She stole a glance at the officer's lacerated jowl and her face bubbled.

"That's one name for it," remarked the Principal dryly. "His mother, who has just moved into the district, is like the old woman who lived in a shoe. The father—" Here followed the chronicle of one whose Road was so beset with pitfall and with gin that a long-suffering community had been forced to sequester him in a country-house on the Hudson.

"It's good American stock," he concluded, "but just—petered-out! The boy is headed for the same place as his father, I suppose, but if we could get him interested——"

"I'll take him," said Miss Life briefly.

The Principal breathed a sigh of relief. "Good! The main thing is to give him the school-habit. He can read," he added encouragingly, "—if he wants to! And he writes like copperplate."

He turned back, laughing, at the door.

"Ask him what his name is!"

Miss Life, thus left in charge of her own quarter-deck, quietly took command.

"Release him, Officer," she ordered. She dropped into a low chair, the better to study her latest acquisition.

He was a slender wisp of a child, with a thin, dark, hard face, blue-gray eyes that had a trick of gazing steadily, and a crest of tar-black hair finer than spun silk. His clothes were foul with mud and in wild disorder. One coat-sleeve had been torn bodily from its socket, and hung, dismembered, by a drab lining; a precarious suspender had permitted the escape in the rear of a small rakish shirt-tail; and battered and rent stockings exhibited a pair of red bruised knees. But despite these signs of dirt and bloody war, there was something about him which Miss Life approved, a look of race, of stamina.

"Come here," she commanded gently.

He backed, sidling off like a hermit-crab, bright, hostile eyes fronting the foe.

"Naw, ye don't!" he muttered between immobile lips.

Miss Life's throat constricted. "Poor babe! He thinks I am going to beat him."

The officer looked at her with pitying contempt.

"Babe nothin'!" he scoffed. "Look at them saffron-tipped fingers. He's a cigarette fiend already."

For the first time, the boy opened his mouth and hurled a word like a rock at his adversary.

"*Youreadamnlir!*"

At this patently unjust charge, Officer Kelly made a swift lunge, plainly bent upon annihilation, when Miss Life intervened.

"What is your name?" she asked.

The sweet bell-tones of Teacher's voice and the soft beams of Teacher's eye had been known to pierce the joints of the armor of more seasoned, though not more fiery warriors, but it was a full minute, during which the new boy stared at her from under piratical, black brows, before he gave up the answer.

"Cappin."

"Cabin?" questioned the amazed, incredulous teacher.

"*Cap'n!*"

"Oh—Captain!" exclaimed Miss Life, beginning to "laugh on her insides." "I see!"

"That's the hell of a Christian name now, ain't it?" demanded Kelly—who himself bore the title of an archangel—speaking the simple thought of his mind. (Fifteen minutes later, over a foaming stein of beer, to the gallant officer's credit be it said, he remembered that fell break and drank deep of remorse.)

"It is a splendid name!" affirmed Miss Life warmly. "There was once a wonderful man called that." She quoted softly:

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Slowly, lured by the magical spell of words and voice, the young commander drew nearer, until one hand rested lightly on



"Git out o' the road!" he howled in fierce, anguished tones, uprooting in his path sundry pairs of shoes.—Page 224.

Teacher's knee, and his wide, deep eyes were fastened on Teacher's face.

"Did your Cap'n t'row a fit on his ferry-boat?" he demanded. "An' 'fall down cold an' dead'?"

Miss Life laughed, albeit unsteadily and with a bright mist in her eyes. Never was she able to repeat those matchless lines with composure.

"No, dear. He wasn't captain of a ferry-boat. He was the Big Captain of our country, and saved it from shipwreck. He was very fond of little boys, too! Monday I'll bring you his picture."

She stood up. "And now, Captain, my Captain," she said blithely, "choose the man you'd like to sit with to-day, and next week I'll fix you up regularly."

Captain ranged a judicial eye over his forty hosts, some of whom, in their passion for hospitality, had vacated their seats, and were sitting invitingly in the air beside them. His eye fell upon the diminutive black boy with the marvellous kinks and freckles—and there rested.

"Him!" he pronounced, pointing imperially.

"Hennie" sprang to the extreme outer edge of his seat, his soft dark eyes shining with delight.

The Captain sat down.

Miss Life's smile was a pleasant thing to see.

"I think the Big Captain would like that!"

She turned to the officer. "Thank you so much!" she said sweetly. "I think we needn't detain you any longer from your duty. And, Mr. Kelly," she added in a low voice at the door, "don't go after Captain if he should take another notion to run away. Let him run. He'll come back to me."

"Who could help it?" murmured the gallant officer. He closed the door and opened it again.

"Will I leave you my club?" he inquired grimly.

"You may leave it with the Captain!" she allowed, smiling.

The enemy withdrew, discomfited, and she returned to her belated Nature lesson.

But the afternoon was not destined to pass in uneventfulness. Glancing at the clock, Miss Life saw that she must abridge the talk on seeds if the children were to plant them in the window-boxes prepared for the purpose. So, with a few explanatory words, she delivered the package of seeds to the monitors for distribution.

"Three to each one, boys," she said, "and be careful. For if you should drop one of those little spots of life on the floor without noticing, it would die and lose its chance to become a radish."

Due precautions were observed, each moist and grimy palm received its proper quota, and the mystical ceremony began. The monitors marshalled their respective hosts past the miniature garden-plot, the seeds were separated with some difficulty from sticky fists, and buried with lingering solicitude. Teacher, standing by in the rôle of sexton, marked each spot with a neat stick whereon were inscribed the date and the owner's name.

Last of all came "Hennie," proud leader of his line. Suddenly his decorous band broke rank, scattered like leaves before the first rude rattle of the gale, and in the open space thus cleared was revealed the Captain, down upon all fours, rushing about like a demented young quadruped, and pawing wildly at the floor.

"Git out o' the road!" he howled in fierce, anguished tones, uprooting in his path sundry pairs of shoes so that their owners toppled over backward. "Maybe you're trompin' on the top of it now!"

Miss Life reached the storm centre swiftly.

"Why, Captain—dear lad!" she exclaimed, bending over him in deep concern, "whatever is the matter?"

Captain pushed back a straggling elf-lock, wiped his nose upon a swarthy wrist-band, and lifted a hot, quivering face.

"I—I lost one of them little s-spots o' life," he faltered.

"Oh, well, dear," soothed Teacher, "I'll give you another this time."

Captain sat back on his haunches and looked at her long and piercingly from under frowning brows.

"Won't it die if it's lost," he demanded, "an' never git no chanct to grow up into a reddish?"

"Why—ye-es," admitted Miss Life weakly; "I'm afraid it would."

Captain began grubbing at the floor again.

Feeling the falseness of her position, Miss Life dropped down beside him to assist in the search. She had a vision of herself hunting madly throughout the night, scanning feverishly each speck of dirt by the dim light of a candle, in order to sustain her reputation as an idealist. By rare good fortune the lost seed was found, resting serenely between Captain's third and little fingers, and, together with its two fellows, hastily entombed.

One would like to record that from that day henceforth, never again was our hero guilty of "hooking it" from scholastic halls; but that he took prizes in deportment and cleanliness, and the bright yellow hue faded from his finger-tips, to be seen no more; that he graduated at the head of his class, grew into an honored and upright citizen, and, eventually, such is the privilege of our great democracy, became himself a President. And, in later years, looking back across the past, he was wont to ascribe all his success to the potent influences of Miss Life, and the Big Captain, whose dark brown face, worn and tired, with its expression of goodness, and tenderness, and deep latent sadness, looked down on him daily from the wall where Miss Life had placed it one memorable Monday morning—but such was not the road our Captain took.

In one particular only is the above history veracious. On Monday, according to her plighted word, Miss Life brought the picture of Lincoln. Captain was conspicuous by his absence. In the middle of the morning, however, when Teacher was inducting her B-2 Class into the mystery of "carrying" in addition, the door-knob was softly turned, the door softly opened the width of a crack, and Captain stood fearfully upon the threshold, holding his path of escape clear, and poised for rapid flight. But Teacher's back, at that psychological moment, was elaborately turned, and Teacher's attention, though there straightway arose a forest of wildly waving palms, eager to apprise her of the stranger's advent, remained stubbornly engrossed, and so, after an uncertain pause, the Captain slipped quietly into haven beside "Hennie."



Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

At that moment a shaft of pale morning sunshine illumined the room and caught within its radiance the two commanders.—Page 226.

Miss Life breathed a sigh of thankfulness, and, turning presently, threw him a warm, radiant smile.

Captain's response was instant, deep answering unto deep.

"Where's my picture?" he demanded. "The Big Cap'n what fell down that day onto the deck?"

"Here it is," replied Teacher, "just waiting to be unwrapped." She lifted from behind her desk a large, flat, brown-paper parcel. "Come on, Captain, and help me undo it."

Thus bidden, the Captain stepped forward and, bending over, unfastened the knots and tore away the coverings, until the picture stood revealed. It was a beautiful, clear print, simply framed.

Miss Life lifted it upon the desk in view of all the children. At that moment a shaft of pale morning sunshine illumined the room and caught within its radiance the two commanders—the small Captain, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and with lifted chin gazing steadily, and the Big Captain, upon whose rugged face, beneath its furrows of vast responsibility, of deep demands of life and death, there appeared to lurk an expression of quizzical tenderness.

"Do you like him?" questioned Miss Life softly.

The Captain tore his reluctant gaze away. "Is he mine?" he answered.

"All yours, my Captain, and for keeps. But wouldn't you like me to hang him on the wall, where we all may see him—just as a loan, you understand? I'll write your name underneath."

"I kin write it," retorted the Captain. And with Teacher's pencil, and bending above Teacher's desk, in clear though childish script, he signed himself. After which proprietary rite the picture was hung, but distinctly understood as a loan exhibition.

The rest of the morning, though not so specified upon the calendar, became a Lincoln's Day. Teacher told simply the story of the great Commoner's life and death; a black-board lesson upon the subject won hearty approbation; "The Star-spangled Banner" was chanted lustily, after which the exercises concluded with the Captain's poem, which Miss Life repeated by request.

Throughout the following weeks, Teacher strove valiantly to attach the Captain as

a permanent satellite to her pleasant system. But, although he listened with unflagging interest to her stories, and spurred her on for more, she had presently to acknowledge her inability to hold him. He was as erratic as a wandering star, visible one day in his place, vanished the next. Which only meant, Miss Life argued rather acutely, that her rowdy little star revolved about another centre. Something else attracted him more strongly. She wondered. . . . But a heavy programme, and the presence of another satellite which threatened to demolish her system, diverted her attention from the runaway, and the days passed.

Came March, turbulent and wild-browed, with mud underfoot, passionate scuds of rain above, and all Jane Street blew its nose on mangy little hankeys and snuffled. April brought a warm, radiant lull, and suddenly, almost overnight, as at the touch of a mystical wand, the world burgeoned. But not the Jane Street world. Across the wide, shining reaches of the river, on the Palisades, the earth wore a filmy, translucent robe of green which grew brighter with the days. Violets, white or faintly blue, breathed forth their fragile incense; the pale pink of arbutus gleamed shyly along dim, leafy trails; maidenhair hung its feathery fronds over hidden springs; the dogwood flung its starry white branches to the soft embracing air; a talking wind moved gently among the boughs of pines and maples; and above all arched the far clear sky, with one smoky segment veiling the spot where lay, battened down with steel and stone and mortar, the next-to-the-biggest town on earth.

Every Saturday Miss Life was afield, usually with some of her small constituency, and scientific research was pursued with a fine ardor. All Nature was looted for Jane Street.

Occasionally, however, she gathered her specimens in the company of a certain Irish Member of the Board, in whom the proximity of Spring and Miss Life had evoked such a dire, compressed, and trussed-up feeling, such a poignant aching of all the senses, as threatened speedily to burst all bonds. It has been said, wisely, that a little Irishman is a dangerous thing. Consider, then, how much greater the danger if the Irishman is big. It was, indeed, like walking abroad with a tall stick of dyna-



Every Saturday Miss Life was afield, usually with some of her small constituency.—Page 226.

mite stalking at one's right side which might explode at the lightest touch—say, for example, if Miss Life should stub her toe and stretch forth a lovely hand for aid. (At such sweet catastrophe, one might well imagine the distraught Irishman crying, "Havoc!" and letting loose the dogs of war!) So that at every moment Miss Life stood in imminent danger of being blown bodily out of the landscape—into another, rosier one, perhaps, with wide, ineffable horizons, but which, being unknown, she feared. Therefore, she went softly, with a faint smile in her eyes like that in the eyes of Raphael's Cardinello Madonna, and wished for an eternal *status quo*—as if one could stop the advance of summer!

One morning, with an intuition that it was going to be warm, she arrayed herself in a cool dimity dress, sprigged all over with forget-me-nots. And then, feeling particularly gay of heart, and because the month was May, she finished off with a

pair of open-work silk stockings and black pumps strapped across neat ankles.

"Who cares?" she murmured defiantly to her unpedagogic reflection. "The kiddies like it."

The day proved hot beyond expectation, thick, blowsy, and oppressive. The children were pallid and cross. To complete her distress, the Principal dropped in after lunch, to announce that the monthly reports must be in that afternoon. It was a loathsome task at any time, and, with wrath in her heart, she prepared some desk-work.

Papers and pencils were languidly distributed, and then Teacher enquired guilefully:

"How many of you have little baby brothers or sisters?"

Something like thirty-nine hands testified to the fact that the human race was not becoming obsolete.

"I've got twins!" announced "Hennie" with shy satisfaction.

"That's nice," replied Teacher hastily, "but don't tell me any more! You see, I want you to write me a letter about the baby. Tell me his name and the color of his eyes and if he can talk or walk—a nice long letter all about the baby."

Pencils were eagerly gripped and the epistolary labors begun. Miss Life turned wearily to her roll-book. Since the Captain's advent in their midst the average of daily attendance had tumbled from excelsior heights of perfection down to the dead level of mediocrity. Opposite his name ran an almost uninterrupted line of sinister black checks. Which meant that the Captain had been absent or tardy or both nearly every day in the month. Miss Life frowned and hardened her heart. Something really must be done.

"Captain," she asked severely, "why were you absent this morning?"

The Captain, who was screwed up in his desk, composing furiously, raised his black crest, and bent an absent eye upon her.

"You gimme leave," he replied vaguely.

"Gave you leave to stay away from school? Nonsense!"

"You gimme leave yestidday in the middle of the afternoon to 'Scuse me please!'" he explained patiently, "an' I saved some of the leave over for this mornin'."

Teacher looked at him helplessly, and then her face bubbled.

"I think we'd better talk that over, my Captain. Can you spare a minute after school?"

He nodded. His glance rested dreamily upon Teacher, lifted for a second to the picture above her head of the immortal Materna standing with the Babe upon trailing clouds, and dropped again to his earthly Lady. What were his thoughts? His look travelled from her face where the smile still lingered, down the pleasant, flowered dress, down below the hem, until there swam into his ken the neatly shod feet, incased in lacy stockings.

The Captain's eyes brightened. He leaned far out of his desk, staring fixedly. Then he sat back, reached briskly for his pencil, and added another line.

Ten minutes later, when the letters were collected and Teacher tapped the bell for dismissal, she found him gazing pensive-eyed at the face of the Big Captain.

After school, with Captain leaning easily against her desk, Miss Life sorted her epistles, stopping occasionally to read a line or gasp at some astonishing statement.

"That's mine," said the Captain suddenly. He laid a restraining hand over hers. "Read him."

And Miss Life read:

"Dear teacher the culler of his eys they are purpl. His name is QT you got to be very careful of one thing about a baby on the top of its head that is its skul for if you was to press that dinge it would die in a ours time they must not walk befor they are so old or they will get bolleged. When I am 21 I will get maried and live on a fram I will have lots of childern, hoping you will do the same

CAPTAIN.

Privut dear teacher I like them ventalated stokins your

CAPTAIN.

Controlling a wild desire to laugh, for the young author's blue-gray eyes were fastened absorbingly upon her face, Teacher turned up her palm and squeezed the grubby paw lovingly.

"It's a beautiful letter," she assured him, "and I shall take it home to read aloud. What is Cutie's other name?"

"Jeff—an' his eyes are purple."

"But, dear," remonstrated Teacher, "children don't have purple eyes,—not really purple, you know."

"Yes'm, Cutie he has," insisted Captain. Through narrowed lids he was blinking at a jewel upon Miss Life's left hand which flashed dazzling, rosy lights into his eyes. "He ain't got any sights, either," he added meditatively.

"Of course he has. Everybody has sights."

"Cutie hain't," returned Captain absently. He laid his head on one shoulder to catch the elusive pink glow of the gem, and this time it was green.

"But Cutie couldn't see if he didn't have sights!" cried Teacher, almost cross with her beloved black sheep.

"He don't," said Captain, simply. "He's blind. But he's awful cute!"

"Why—why!" gasped Miss Life. "Are you sure he is blind?"

The Captain nodded. "Yep—out o' both of his eyes he's blind. But he c'n hear all right. An' when mamma goes off an' leaves him all by hisself, he gits lonesome, an' that makes him mad, an' he kicks an' hollers. It's fierce——"

"Um-hm!" The Captain stirred restively and disengaged himself. It disturbed him to be handled.

"He likes me," he confided, "best of all! I'm learnin' him to turn a hand-spring."



"'Scuse me, please!"

"Does mamma leave him alone all day?" interrupted Teacher very gently.

"If she gits an all-day job, she does. An' Cutie he bangs on the door with his fists an' yells 'Ca'a! Ca'a!' That's me," he explained, "he wants to play horse with."

"I see," said Teacher. Her eyes fell upon his card and the condemnatory black line of demerits. Suddenly illumination flashed upon her. She drew him close within the warm circle of her arm.

"And is that what makes you run away—to play with lonely little Cutie?"

Miss Life stared out of the window with unseeing eyes. Her mobile lips quivered. She had a vision of little Brother "Cutie," enraged (as who is not?) by loneliness, toddling blindly to the door, beating puny fists against the panels, and, with brief listening spaces in between, "hollering" ardently. And, at the same time, she saw the Captain in his seat at school, begin on a sudden to fidget, to stare vacantly and give off-hand replies, and finally, raising a signal of distress, mumble, "'Scuse me, please!"—and bolt.

The grand secret was out!

Miss Life turned back to him with shining eyes.

"You—*lamb!*" she murmured unsteadily.

The Captain took ruthless advantage of this sign of weakness.

"Tell me that story 'bout the Big Captain," he commanded, "an' his little boy named Tad."

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XVI

WORDS OVER THE TELEPHONE



THE next two hours were for Rames of the tissue whence nightmares are woven. Rames was conscious that he made speeches and still more speeches and yet others on the top of those, until speech-making became a pain in the head for which there was no anodyne. He made them from windows—one at that very window where Taylor, the lily-fingered democrat, had by a single sentence won immortality and certain defeat—he made them from tables in club-rooms which he no longer recognized; where men, packed tight as herrings, screamed incoherencies in a blaze of light and the atmosphere of a Turkish bath, or standing upon chairs beat him, as he passed beneath them, on the top of the head with their hats in the frenzy of their delight. For two hours Ludsey went stark mad and Harry Rames had reached exhaustion before a gigantic captain of the fire brigade lifted him panting and dishevelled out of the throng, and drawing him into a small committee-room locked the door against his votaries.

"Better wait for a little while here, sir," he said; and it was one o'clock in the morning before he ventured to return to his hotel.

By that time the madness was already past. There was still noise in the blazing rooms of the clubs. But the streets were empty and up the climbing hill the city was quiet as a house of mutes. A placard in the window of the newspaper office recorded the figures of the election, and the boarding which protected the shops opposite to his

hotel shone white in the light of the lamps. But for those two signs, even Rames might have found it difficult of belief that so lately this very hill had rung with cheers and seethed with a tumultuous populace. Tomorrow, however, the sirens of the factories would shrill across the house-tops at six and the work of a strenuous industrial town begin. Ludsey had no time to dally with victories won and triumphs which had passed.

Nor indeed had Harry Rames. He rang the bell at the door and entered the hall quickly. There was something which he should have done before now, though only now he remembered it. With a word to the porter, he went into the office and switched on the electric light. He crossed to the corner where the telephone was fixed and called up the White House. A woman's voice, very small and clear, came back to him over the lines. He recognized it with a thrill of satisfaction. It was Cynthia Daventry's.

"Oh, it's you yourself," he cried eagerly, and he heard Cynthia, at the other end of the telephone, laugh with pleasure at his eagerness.

"Yes," she answered. "I thought perhaps you might ring me up."

So she had waited—just that they might talk together for a few moments. Harry Rames, however, did not answer her. It seemed to him from the intonation of her voice that she had more to say if she would only make up her mind to say it. He stood and waited with the receiver at his ear, and after a little while Cynthia spoke again upon a lower note.

"I am glad that you did. I should have been disappointed if you hadn't."

"Thank you," said Rames.

He spoke very gently. There was no smile of triumph upon his face. It had become of vast importance to him within the last two hours to know how her thoughts dealt with him; and he was not sure. There was friendship between them—yes. But how far on her side did it reach? He had no answer to that question.

"You have heard the result?" he asked.

"Yes. Mr. Benoliel telephoned to me at once from the Mayor's parlor."

"I ought to have done that," said Harry Rames.

"Oh, no. You were making speeches," replied Cynthia with a laugh. She was at all events not offended by his omission.

"And you are glad that I have won?" he asked. And again she waited a while before she answered; and when she did speak it was with that little spirit of resentment which Rames had heard before in her voice.

"Well—since your heart was so much set on winning—yes, there you have your triumph—I am glad that you won."

Cynthia meant what she said, but she was reluctant to mean it. She spoke, too, under a constraint to speak. She had a picture before her eyes of the man at the other end of the line quietly waiting upon her, certain perhaps of what she would say. And the picture and the sense of compulsion were both an offence to her.

"Good-night," she added curtly and with a sharp, quick movement she hung up the receiver. The little clang of metal travelled along the line to Harry Rames and emphasized her resentment.

But he was not disturbed by that. On the whole he looked upon it as a favorable sign. So definite a resentment implied that she was interested and set a value on their friendship. Rames went upstairs to bed, but he was too tired to sleep and his thoughts raced ahead and scouted in the future. He had leaped the first obstacle in the race, but that once leaped and looked back upon became a tiny thing compared with those which lay ahead.

"Will she? Will she not?" he asked. All hung upon the answers to those questions. He was poor. He must marry. He must marry money and even money was not enough. Other qualities were needed to help him to the great career. But they were all there, a few miles away, possessed by the young mistress of the White House.

She had looks and manners and a distinction of her own. You could not be in a room with her, however crowded, and be long unaware that she was present too. Only—would she?

He had very little to offer her—beyond this earnest of future success which he had won to-night. And six hundred and seventy others would have won just the same opportunity before the year was a fortnight older. Moreover, Cynthia was romantic and he was not. For all her friendliness he was a bitter disappointment to her. He recognized it and began to regret that he had not donned the glittering cloak of romance which so often she had held out to him. But his foresight came to console him.

"I could never have lived up to it," he reflected. "She would have found me out. I have been honest with her and she likes honesty."

Certainly there were points in his favor. Rames took heart. She had run the gauntlet of the drawing-rooms through a London season. Men had gone down before her satin slippers, men ancient and modern. Mothers of daughters had frowned upon her, mothers of sons had smiled. Young Lord Helmsdale, adored of the ladies, had pursued her, and it was his habit to be pursued. Yet she had come out of the throng to Warwickshire heart-free. Of that he was sure.

Besides, she had waited up to speak to him. That was something—not very much perhaps—but surely something. Also, since he had wished to win, she was glad that he had won. Rames's memories took him back to the night when they first met at the Admiralty. Not thus had she spoken then. She had moved toward him since that night—reluctantly, slowly. Yet she had moved.

He was still casting up this ledger of his chances when a lonely booming sound broke upon the stillness of the night and penetrated through the open window like some melancholy siren of the sea. It was repeated and repeated, growing louder with each repetition yet hardly more articulate, and without any change of intonation. And every now and then it was interrupted for a few seconds by a dull crash. Rames tried to thrust it from his notice.

"Will she? Will she not?" he asked himself. But the booming sound would not

be denied. It was as the wail of some utterly friendless man who cared not whether his fellows slept or waked. It was utterly pitiless. Nearer it came to the hotel, and now wavering, heavy feet could be heard to beat an irregular accompaniment. The occasional thud was explained. A very drunken man was staggering up the hill and from time to time he fell upon the pavement, unconscious that he fell, barely aware only that his long-drawn cry had ceased. Rames thought of him as a malignant creature determined to inflict torture—until the sound at last sifted itself into definite words. "Vote for Harry Rames!" the nightfarer cried aloud to a city which had already done so; and at times he dropped the Harry and inserted an epithet of color common no doubt in his vocabulary. He passed beneath the windows and with many a tumble faded into distance, invoking the unresponsive gas lamps.

Rames turned over on his side with relief.

"My dear," he whispered, "take his advice and vote for Harry Rames! I shall owe you much, but I'll make it up to you. I'll not ask you till I am sure I can. I must risk Helmsdale carrying you off."

He fell asleep and even the tune the clock chimes in Ludsey church played at four o'clock in the morning did not make him stir. But at the White House just at that hour Cynthia waked. It was not the clock which waked her. It seemed to her that she had heard a step in the corridor. She sat up in her bed and in a few seconds was sure of it. Some one was moving very stealthily about the house. For a moment her old horror gripped her. Here was her father come at last with authority to claim her. She sat staring wide-eyed into the darkness, flung back to the days when she was a child. Then her reason reasserted itself. Her father was dead. The blood flowed again to her heart. But the stealthy sound continued. She heard a door gently latched. She sprang out of bed, opened her own door, and switched on the light. The corridor was empty to the edge of the shadows. She peered into them. She saw nothing, and no sound reached her now.

"Who is it?" she asked in a loud voice, and no answer came to her. She waited in her doorway with a hand to her breast. The plank of a stair cracked loudly, close

to her: but no footsteps made it crack. She went back into her room.

Yet she had not been mistaken. Any one in the road that night might have seen a light ascending past the windows of the staircase and then moving through the upper rooms, until at last in one it remained for a long time. The light was carried by Diana Royle. She passed up the staircase to an unfurnished room used for the storage of old boxes and discarded things. From the corner of this room she rolled out a great bale, dusty with years, and tied up like a carpet with an old piece of rope. She cut the rope and spread it out upon the floor, cautiously and silently. Then lowering her candle she examined it. With a smile upon her lips she stood up again. She fastened the bale and dragged it back into its corner. The smile did not leave her lips. Chance had led her up here some weeks ago. She had discovered the bale and had wondered what it was. An old carpet? A disused curtain? Now she knew. In an attic of this old house she had discovered the lost strip of the Ludsey tapestry.

XVII

A REFUSAL

"So you have refused young Helmsdale."

Three months had passed since the Ludsey election. The air was warm and golden and already the world whispered of summer, yet not too loud lest it should seem to boast and so be balked of its desire. Parliament had met, London was full, and in the country the foxes and the pheasants had leisure to attend to their own affairs. And with the rest Cynthia had come to town. She rode on this morning out of the park, where the buds were running along the branches of the trees like delicate green flames, about eleven o'clock, and turning out of South Audley Street into Curzon Street, she saw Mr. Benoliel waiting upon the pavement in front of her new house. As she stopped her horse before the door he reprimanded her:

"Cynthia, you have refused him."

Cynthia blushed. Then she exclaimed:

"But how in the world could you know! It isn't half an hour since I refused him." Then she bent down over her saddle and

gazed at him in the fulness of admiration. "But you know everything. It wouldn't be of much use trying to keep things from you, would it?"

Mr. Benoliel smiled grimly.

"Yes, that's the way, Cynthia, and no doubt a neater style of doing it will come in time."

Cynthia sat upright, swift as a spring, and remained so, with her nose in the air, haughty for five complete seconds. Then curiosity restored her to her sex and she swooped again over her saddle.

"How did you know?"

"He borrowed a horse from me this morning," said Mr. Benoliel—"a good horse. He was very particular that it should be a valuable horse. So I gathered that he wanted to make on this morning of all mornings a specially favorable impression."

Cynthia's lips twitched.

"You lent him a very good horse," she said. "But the horse didn't tell you."

"That's where you are wrong, Cynthia. The horse did," said Mr. Benoliel. "Ten minutes ago, as I was turning out of Grosvenor Square, I met my very valuable horse being led by a ragged beggarman whom I had never seen in my life before. I asked him what the dickens he was doing with it and he explained that as he was standing by the rails in Hyde Park a young man rode up to him in a violent rage, dismounted, tossed him the reins and a shilling and told him to lead the rotten beast back to Grosvenor Square. Just fancy that! My horse! I might have lost him altogether."

Cynthia tried her best to look indignant at so treacherous a return to Mr. Benoliel's generosity, but she could not and she ripped suddenly into laughter.

"He was horribly angry," she said.

Mr. Benoliel turned his wrath again upon Cynthia.

"And no wonder!" he said. "Helmsdale's not used to being refused. He is young. He is good-looking. He has a social position——"

"And he has a profile," added Cynthia. "Please don't forget that. But you can't if you know him, or even if you don't, can you? Have you ever fixed your eyes steadily upon him, Mr. Benoliel? Do the next time you see him, and within twenty seconds he will show you his profile. He will

turn his head quite slowly and show it you, just like a man at the music-halls disclosing the newest sensation. I couldn't marry a profile, even though it was mounted on your horse." Then she bent down to him again coaxing him: "You didn't really want me to marry him, did you? You see, I don't love him."

Mr. Benoliel seemed to think this answer insufficient.

"Love would come," he answered.

"That's what he said," exclaimed Cynthia.

"And you?" asked Benoliel.

Cynthia bent her eyes steadily upon him.

"I answered, 'Lovers would come.'"

Mr. Benoliel looked up at her with a wry face.

"You know too much, my dear," he said, and Cynthia threw back her head, with her face suddenly clouded and sullen.

"Oh, yes," she cried bitterly. "I have eaten of the tree—and lately—very lately."

And at the sight of her distress all Mr. Benoliel's indignation vanished.

"I know," he said gently. "That's why I wanted you to marry, Cynthia."

"Is that the remedy?" she asked. And she shook her head slowly. "I am frightened of it."

She called to her groom, dismounted from her horse, and taking Mr. Benoliel by the arm cried:

"Come in. You haven't seen my house since I bought it. You shall tell me what you think of it, now that it's finished."

She ran up the steps and turned to him at the top with a look of compunction in her face:

"I talk to you of my troubles," she said. "I have no right to—no, neither to you nor to any one. I am ashamed of myself. I have food to eat, clothes to wear, money to spend, and friends. Yes, I am very fortunate," and her mind winged back to a dark night on the estancia when she had crouched in a big chair, listening to horrors set ready for her. "I ought to be grateful," she cried with a shudder at her memories. "Come in!"

She led him through the rooms and claimed his enthusiasm for this or that rare piece of satin-wood or mahogany. It had been a great joy to her in the early days of the year to ransack the dealers' shops and grow learned of Hepplewhite and Chippen-

dale. She told Mr. Benoliel stories of her researches, seeking to recapture some savor of that past pleasure. But her sprightliness became an effort and in her own sitting-room she turned abruptly to him:

"But I have a distaste for it all now," she said and sat down in a chair. "I have no longer any pride in the house at all."

Mr. Benoliel stood over her and nodded his head in sympathy. She was distressed. She had a look of discomfort.

"Yes, I understand that, Cynthia," he said.

She took off her hard hat. It pressed upon her temples and made her head throb.

"How much do you know?" she asked.

"That Mrs. Royle is leaving you."

"Yes," said Cynthia moodily. "We have agreed to separate. Do you know anything more?"

"Yes. The missing panel of tapestry hangs again in Ludsey Town Hall."

"Yes. It was lying in a lumber-room under the roof of my house in Warwickshire. How long it had been lying there, or how it came there, I can't discover. Diana ran across it by accident. It was tied up in a bale like an old carpet. She didn't think it of any value—until she went one morning to the Town Hall with an American millionaire who was anxious to see the tapestry and buy it if he could."

"Yes. I took Cronin there myself. He was staying with me and I drove him into Ludsey and met Mrs. Royle in the street. That was the day before the election. We all three went into the Town Hall together. I remember Mrs. Royle saying that she had never been in the building before. I pointed out the tapestry and explained that a wide strip of it was missing. I think I suggested that it would one day be turned out of some old cupboard."

Cynthia nodded.

"That no doubt helped her to the truth. Anyway, she tried to persuade me to sell it. She merely told me that it was valuable and that I could get two thousand pounds for it. I didn't connect it with the Ludsey tapestry. I thought that it might be worth while to bring it up to this house; and I refused to sell. Diana urged me again, however, and but that I don't like selling things, I would have let her sell it, just because she was getting tiresome about it. Then Hartmann, the Bond Street dealer,

called on me a month ago and told me what the strip was."

"Why did he call?" asked Benoliel.

"He was in the deal with another man. Both apparently were selling to Mr. Cronin, and they quarrelled over the division of the profits. So Hartmann came to me in revenge. He told me that Diana was to get eight thousand pounds if she could persuade me to sell and that they meant to sell the tapestry afterward to Mr. Cronin for twenty-five thousand pounds. It's not a pretty story, is it?"

"No," said Benoliel. "So you gave it back to Ludsey?"

"Yes."

"Does Mrs. Royle know that you are aware of her share in the transaction?"

"Yes. We haven't ever talked of it, but she knows and proposed of her own accord that we should separate. We couldn't go on living together, could we? It would be too uncomfortable. I couldn't trust her."

"When does she go?"

"In a week or two, now," said Cynthia. "She has taken a little house on the north side of the park. Of course, for my father's sake"—thus she always spoke of Mr. Daventry—"I am looking after her"; and she suddenly struck her hands together. "Oh, but it's all rather sordid, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Benoliel. He was troubled and perplexed. "And what are you going to do?" he asked.

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders.

"I must engage a companion."

"That doesn't sound very satisfactory."

"What else can I do?"

"Marry!" said Mr. Benoliel.

Cynthia rose petulantly to her feet.

"No," she cried. "That I won't do." She turned away and looked out into the street, a storm of rebellion at her heart. Why should every one want to marry her off? Even her friend, her adviser, who should have stood by her, had turned, it seemed, against her. She came back to Mr. Benoliel, but he stood with so distressful a countenance that her indignation died away, and with a pretty compunction she made her apology:

"I know that you are thinking of me. I am sorry if I seemed to forget it. Forgive me! But you can't really want me to marry just so that I may not be alone."

"My dear," said Mr. Benoliel gently, "It's a very good reason."

Cynthia shook her head.

"For a girl?—I am little more. No. I may come to that belief in the end when I am older. But not yet. I must have a better reason now. There are too many years ahead of me."

Mr. Benoliel smiled, with a little wistfulness in the smile.

"Dreams, Cynthia, dreams," he said.

"I am losing them," she returned, and with a smile too, the smile of humor, not of amusement. "I am making haste to lose them against my will. But this one I'll keep for still a little while. I'll still dream that while I am young I must have a better reason for marriage than the fear of being alone."

"Very well, Cynthia," said Mr. Benoliel disconsolately. "I'll hope you are right."

He left the house and Cynthia sat for a long time in her room. She had run to the extreme of melancholy with the determination of youth to make the very worst or best of life's daily provision. She had never felt so keenly the vanity of her illusions. She had seldom felt so lonely, she was sure. Even Harry Rames nowadays left her severely to herself. Why doesn't he come to see her? She asked the question with indignation. She had never seen him since the supper-party at his hotel in Ludsey on the night before the poll. She had never heard his voice since he had spoken to her over the telephone just after his election. Very likely he had grown tired of her appeals to him to be different from what he was. No doubt she was a bore. Sadly Cynthia admitted it. Yes, she was a bore, and Diana Royle was treacherous, and Harry Rames never came to see her, and, take it all in all, it was a gray and dismal world.

XVIII

A MAIDEN SPEECH

YET to her astonishment Harry Rames came that very week on the Friday afternoon. Cynthia received him with an elaborate dignity. There was no acidity in her welcome, neither was there any joy. She seemed intensely unaware that she had not seen him for three months. Her nose was

perhaps a trifle too high in the air, but she was not conscious of it. On the whole she was greatly pleased with her demeanor. She was behaving as a woman of the world to whom one acquaintance, more or less, is a matter of complete indifference. She offered him tea, and seating herself upon a sofa in front of the table poured it out. Harry Rames took his cup with humility. Cynthia was quick to notice it, no less quick to be gratified by his exhibition of a quality which hitherto he had lacked. He was abashed. He was ashamed. He was uneasy. No doubt he had come expecting the flattery of questions. Her unconsciousness of the length of his absence put him at a loss. When he spoke, it was with difficulty. And then, suddenly, Cynthia saw his lips twitching at the corners. He was not abashed at all. He was simply trying not to laugh. Cynthia grew hot. Alas! her great dignity had barely sustained her in contentment for five minutes! The old indignation shone in her eyes. The indifferent great lady vanished. Almost before she was aware of it she was talking in broken, resentful sentences—as any other ordinary girl might have done who had been wounded and whose wound had betrayed her into speech.

"People who insist on making friends with other people who didn't at the beginning want to be friends at all, haven't the right afterward to drop being friends calmly, without a word of explanation. Of course, if people are bored—but even then they should have guessed they were going to be bored before they perhaps made other people count a little—oh, not so much, of course, but just a little—on their friendship. No, I object to that. It's hateful—and then you saunter in as if—No." Cynthia oppressed with a sense of utter isolation in a most neglectful world, which probably hated her when it stopped to think of her at all, was perilously near to tears. She took refuge in sarcasm of a crude kind:

"You probably wouldn't understand that suddenly to stay away after you have been friendly is rather humiliating to a girl. But you will take it from me, won't you, that it is so?"

She spoke as one giving a kindly lesson in tact to a boorish person. But her lips shook. Harry Rames rose from his chair and crossing the room took up the *Times*

which lay still neatly folded in its original square upon a table.

"You have not opened your paper to-day," he said; and once more he saw Cynthia flinch as though he had struck her a blow—flinch and sit dumb, with her great eyes full of pain.

"Oh, please don't make any mistake," he said quickly, and with the newspaper in his hand he came back to her side. "I wasn't taking what you said carelessly. But if you had read your *Times* to-day you would have understood, I think, why I have stayed away till now. You might, perhaps, have guessed why I have come this afternoon."

Cynthia took the newspaper from him and unfolded it, with her eyes resting in doubt upon his. Then comprehension came to her. She turned the pages quickly and stopped at one particular sheet of closely printed columns. "Oh," she cried, "you have made your maiden speech."

"Yes, last night."

In a second her resentment was forgotten. She was all smiles. She reached out an eager hand to him. "It was successful? But why do I ask? I have watched the newspapers ever since the House met. I thought you were never going to speak."

"I always meant to hold back at the beginning," said the wise Harry Rames. "There were new men tumbling over one another to speak on the address; I let them get that start of me without any fear. I wanted to learn the way of speaking which carried you home in the House of Commons."

Cynthia laughed and made room for him on the sofa at her side.

"Yes, there I recognize you."

"Besides," Rames continued, "the address fights the election over again, sums it up, and parades its consequences—consequences already known to all. It's very difficult to make any real mark in the debate on the address. So while the other men talked I sat quiet. Night after night through the address, through the two months which followed it, I sat in the House, listening and watching. And I learned my lesson."

"Yes?" said Cynthia.

"I learned that the House scoffs at oratory and has no use for perorations; that it won't listen to leading articles; that it won't

tolerate conceit, except in the biggest men, and hates it in them; that it is conscious of dignity and requires the same consciousness in the members who address it. It requires too that the man who intervenes in a debate should contribute something out of himself."

"Does it always get that?" asked Cynthia in bewilderment.

"No, indeed. But, on the other hand, it goes out into the lobby, or it talks. Smale's a wise man. He told me once that hardly ever did a Parliament produce more than three new men. Just think of it! For five or six years, for six or eight or ten months in each of those years, there's one perpetual flow of talk during eight hours of the day in that Chamber; and yet out of all that sludge of talk only three men emerge of any account. I want to be one of the three men in this Parliament. Otherwise you are right and I am wrong. I have mischosen my career. So I sat quiet and learned my lesson."

"Until last night," said Cynthia.

"Yes, my opportunity came."

"With a subject on which you could contribute?"

"Well, on which I thought I could," said Rames; and once again Cynthia wondered at the patience with which he had sat night after night awaiting his moment, and yet counting calmly as among the possibilities of failure his own incompetence. "It was Asiatic immigration."

Cynthia made a grimace.

"Sounds dull?" asked Rames. "Very likely. But it's an important question for us and one that's going to be still more important in the future. You see, as a power, we are in a queer position. We are at once the white people resisting the Asiatic immigrant, and the Asiatic immigrant wanting the outlet of immigration—but I won't make my speech over again to you. I raised the question myself on the colonial vote, and here is what I said,"—he took the newspaper from her hands, folded it, and gave it back to her. Then he sat quietly by her side while she read the speech through. She appreciated the labor and thought which had gone to its making; the half column which the *Times* gave to reporting it enabled her to realize that it had been delivered with a vivid economy of phrase which gave his meaning aptly and never

frittered it away. If only the trouble had been taken and the speech delivered for the sake of the question! The question was a big one. Cynthia understood that through the spectacles of Harry Rames's speech.

"You made a great success?" she asked turning toward him. She noticed that he was sitting very still beside her; as though he set great store upon her judgment. And in a voice of greater warmth she said:

"But of course you did."

Again Rames took the newspaper and again he folded it. He pointed to the first leader, from which his name stood out in bigger type than the rest of the text.

"It doesn't so very often happen that the *Times* takes the subject of its chief leading article from a man's first speech in the House of Commons."

Then he folded the paper again at the parliamentary report and pointed to a paragraph here and there. "That's what the leader of the opposition said. Here's the reference the colonial minister made when he wound up the debate. You see, both dealt with my speech."

There was a note of quiet elation in Harry Rames's voice. He had taken another step along the chosen path. He had passed through another of the ordeals.

Cynthia did not answer. She sat with the newspaper on her knees, gazing forward with perplexed eyes. She looked almost disheartened.

Rames noticed the look and smiled.

"I know what's troubling you, Miss Daventry. You are wondering whether it isn't, after all, the horrible truth that a desire to get on and excel can achieve quite as much, and be quite as useful to the world as enthusiasm for a cause, the pure genuine enthusiasm to make the world better."

Cynthia turned to him with a start.

"Yes. I was wondering just in that way."

"Well, I'll answer you," said Rames firmly. "The desire to get on achieves more and better things than enthusiasm for an idea."

"I can't believe it," cried Cynthia in revolt.

"Think it over," continued Rames. "Enthusiasm for causes blinds you to the harm, the injustice which you may do in furthering your cause. The desire to get on makes you appreciate the cause, and weigh

it, yes, but it makes you weigh also the methods of advance."

"No, no," cried Cynthia. "You push a garden roller over all my frail illusions. Some day, I think, you'll pay"; and she turned suddenly toward him. "Yes, I'm afraid you'll pay."

She glanced down at the paper and suddenly swept it off her knees. His were ignoble views; she was sure of it. But none the less he was her friend, and she took refuge from his views, as was her wont, in her friendship. After all, he had come hot from his little triumph to tell her of it. She recognized that she was making him an ungenerous return.

"Tell me what you felt when you got up to speak! Were you nervous?" she asked, and Rames relaxed from his attitude of vigilance and leaned back with a laugh.

"I should have run away if I could," he said. "But I couldn't. I had taken the trouble to make flight impossible. The House goes into Committee over the estimates. I had asked Smale to speak to the Chairman of Committees. He had done so. An opportunity had been made for me. I had to make the best of it I could."

"Tell me," Cynthia insisted; and as more than once he had done before, having lost ground in her thoughts, he marched forward and unconsciously regained. For he drew for her with humor and a vivid truth the picture of a man in one of the ordeals of his life. He neither posed as the triumphant hero for whom there are no difficulties, nor did he exaggerate his terrors or apprehensions so that his ultimate success might glow the brighter. He was true to himself, as he had always striven to be with Cynthia. The labor of forethought, the stress of fear, the strain upon the nerves, and the tiny victory won as the consequence were set before her in their due proportions. He ceased to be a thing of cold calculations and inevitable triumphs. He became a man, stiffening his knees against tremors and alarms.

He had walked down to the House early on that Thursday. For his speech had been thought out, and there was nothing more for him to do, and now he must keep moving. He went down on to the broad terrace over the Thames and there, during the hour of questions which precedes debate, in a cold wind he wandered miserably. One

tall and burly policeman was the calm guardian of that deserted place. Harry Rames walked from the Speaker's house to the House of Lords and back again, trying to repeat over to himself the argument of his speech. But the policeman loomed too large between him and it. Rames detected something supercilious in his imperturbability. No doubt he knew that Rames that day was going to make his maiden speech. He must have seen so many pace this terrace during the hour of questions with the same apprehensions. The signs would be visible.

Rames turned his back upon the policeman and leaned on the parapet. But the speech would not come. He had left the opening sentences to the moment when he should be upon his legs. For he must link what he had to say on to what already had been said, lest he should lose altogether the effect of spontaneity. The rest he had prepared and rehearsed, and rehearsed again, with the intention to know it so well that he should be free to twist into its scheme the speeches made immediately before. But now that he tried to say it over on the terrace it lost altogether its continuity. The argument halted; the chosen words failed him; he stumbled from unconnected epigram to inappropriate metaphor; he clung to half-remembered phrases, and with a sinking heart repeated them, and repeated them—and repeated them. He shut his eyes. The great effort was going to be just a failure of fine talk—the mere scrap-heap of a speech.

He looked down at the brown water, followed it eastward below the bridge; and then his eyes were caught by a small torpedo-boat lying opposite at a mooring in front of St. Thomas's Hospital. And the aspect of this familiar thing smote him down to the depths of abasement. But for presumption he might now be in command of a great battle-ship doing the things he had been trained to do, and doing them with confidence. And his thoughts swept him away to Spithead; and the vision of the great, dark battle-ship, sitting steadily in a tumbled sea between Southsea and the Isle of Wight, clear of the Solent fairway, and west of the checkered forts, rose up and drew him for a moment as with chains. He hated his ambitions; he thought of this dreadful hour to which they had lured

him. He saw the day pass and the evening come up out of the sea and the lights begin to glow upon the foreshore, a cluster at Southsea pier, a little chain running up the hill of Union Street, at Ryde, and close down by the water's edge tiny lights in cottages and houses like glow-worms in a forest.

Then another step sounded on the pavement and he turned away from his vision. After all he might be laughing at all these fears in an hour's time, he took the courage to reflect; and he went up the stairs and across the lobby into the Chamber itself. He looked for a seat on the second bench below the gangway, but the House was full.

Colonel Challoner, again passed over in the choice of under-secretaries, looked up at him from the corner seat, and noticed the blue-book and a volume of Hansard under his arm.

"Are you going to speak?" he asked.

"If I can get called," said Rames.

Challoner made room for him at his side.

"I mean to say a word or two myself," he said, "but we shall probably neither of us get a chance. Those front-bench men think it beneath their dignity to take less than an hour."

Certainly, so far as the first speech was concerned, Colonel Challoner was right. It was delivered from the opposition bench by an ex-minister, William Kenway, a man of a kindly and generous disposition who yet managed by some perversity of tact to rasp the temper of the House from wall to wall. For a full hour he stood there now, saying the wrong thing with determination, giving little lessons with the air of a school-master, irritating by a certain priggishness his friends behind him as well as his opponents in front.

Rames sat and listened. He realized that the very opportunity which he wanted was being given to him. Kenway, with a white paper in his hand, came to the problem of Asiatic immigration. Rames was no longer trying to remember the consecution of his speech. He sat waiting for the long speech to end, making a note or two, grasping at a beginning for his speech, and clinging firmly to it.

When Kenway sat down, he found himself standing upon his legs. He was aware at once that some one was standing

beside him, Colonel Challoner. Both men had risen. Almost he resumed his seat, and then he heard his name called by the chairman and from a very long way off an encouraging cheer reached his ears.

He was conscious of the lack of a table in front of him or the barrier of a platform—something on which he could rest a hand. He felt strangely defenceless without it. He faltered through his opening sentences in a voice which sounded to his ears weak and thin as a ghost's. He saw a member take off his hat on the opposite benches, rise, and make his way out; and at once he was certain that he was making a dismal failure. Suddenly he remembered one member who had risen to speak, had been called upon and had sunk back in his seat without uttering more than a few unintelligible words. Was his to be the same fate, he asked himself? And asking himself he lost the thread of what he was saying and with a gasp retrieved it.

"It seemed to me," he said in describing the scene to Cynthia, "that I stood there dumb and helpless for twenty seconds. As a matter of fact, the interval was so short that not even my neighbors noticed it. I suppose that I only paused for the fraction of a second, really."

"Yes," said Cynthia and the trifle remained in her mind.

He was speaking too with a haze before his eyes, and his hands clutching at the edges of his coat. But he went on and then quite suddenly the haze cleared so that he saw the House and he heard his voice ringing out clear and firm, not loud nor arrogant, filling the Chamber and with just that note of deference which he had planned to strike and had struck because the deference was sincere. He turned in his place. He was no longer conscious of the need of a table in front of him; he looked down the House toward the clock above the entrance door, and he saw that the bar was thronged with members. Curiosity, no doubt, had brought them in from the library and the smoking-room and the lobby when his name went up on the tape—he had, after all, a reputation. He, the least romantic of men, had some aura of romance about him in that assembly; enough at all events to invite a momentary interest. But they stayed, and as he spoke

in a voice that went steadily forward with the rhythm of marching men, he saw now one, now another come out from the throng at the bar and slip into a seat. With a throb of joy he realized that he was not failing, that now he was not going to fail. The House had filled since he had risen and on all the benches there was a great quiet. He turned toward the speaker's chair. The space at the sides of it was crowded too. He saw more than one cabinet minister standing. Above, behind the grille, he saw the big hats and shadowy forms of the ladies in their gallery, and here and there the gleam of an ermine stole against the light behind them. That happened to him again which had happened in the Corn Exchange at Ludsey. He turned over the consecutions of his argument like the pages of a printed book. He was master of himself. He worked in his predecessor's points and replied to them with force and without offence because they were just the points he had foreseen. He provoked interruptions from his opponents; he had foreseen them and was ready, and the cheers broke out from the benches about him and behind him. He spoke for just twenty minutes. The applause, generous and friendly, came from both sides of the House when he resumed his seat. The Prime-Minister leaned across the gangway and shook him by the hand. And as for the great battleship at Spithead anybody could have it as a gift.

Rames leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. So the third step of the great career had been taken. He had been chosen candidate, he had been elected member, he had made something of a small triumph out of his maiden speech. Now he would wait without any hurry. He would make one speech more later on in the session, perhaps two—not more than two, certainly. And next session he would plunge boldly and take up his part in the impromptu debating on the Committee stages of Bills. In that work lay the real test of parliamentary capacity.

Thus he planned, and content with his plan he opened his eyes again. At once he was made uneasy. He met the eyes of a small, white-haired man with a deeply lined, brown face who was watching him fixedly from the benches opposite. This

was Albert Coulter, a man of many expeditions in untravelled countries, when there were countries still untravelled, whose name had become a signal for dark whispers. A callous selfishness, when selfishness might mean the life or health of his companions, and a relentless severity with his natives, was rightly or wrongly imputed. The survivors of his expeditions came back with queer stories. But he had never failed until the moment, when at the age of fifty and with the looks of seventy, he entered the House of Commons. There, an interesting yet ineffective figure, he sat day after day, solitary, disliked, with brooding eyes under a bristle of gray eyebrows which seemed to be haunted with sinister memories of deep tropical forests and days long past. His eyes rested upon Harry Rames now, not enviously, not encouragingly, but without expression, almost indeed like the eyes of a dead man. Their fixed gaze chilled the blood of Harry Rames and all his satisfaction was marred. He had to move from his place and beyond the reach of those brooding eyes before he shook the impression off. And even now so distinct was it in his memories that he omitted it altogether and deliberately from the story he told that afternoon to Cynthia Davenport. He related in its place another incident which had happened later in the evening.

"We had a division," he said. "I was walking through the lobby and just at the turnstiles where the clerks tick off our names, I found Henry Smale in front of me. The R's and the S's go through the same turnstile. He turned round as I passed through behind him, and said to me in a low voice, 'You have the ear of the House now. Keep your eye on the treasury bench.' That from Smale, who was dissuading me to enter Parliament, means a good deal."

Harry Rames turned and looked at Cynthia.

"Yes," said Cynthia.

There was a smile upon her face rather wistful, rather ironic.

"So you have turnstiles in your House of Commons," she said slowly.

"Yes," said he, "of course. Turnstiles where a clerk stands and registers your votes for publication. Otherwise where would party government be?"

"You mean if the votes weren't published men would vote according to their convictions?"

Rames nodded.

"But it's a superficial view," he said. "You have got to take the sum of your policy. As a whole, is it better than the other fellow's? That's what you have to ask yourself when you are going to register a vote upon some particular point which may help to turn your government out and let the other fellows in."

"Yes, I see that," said Cynthia; and once more her eyes fell upon the *Times* and she was suddenly conscious of a queer pride. Others to-day were aware of the success which Harry Rames had made; probably she alone was aware of the thought, and the apprehension and the tribulation of soul which had gone to the making of the success. To the others he would just be one of the inevitably successful—what indeed she had herself been wont to think him. To-day, however, he was to her human as he had never been. He had shown himself to her, bleating with fear like an ordinary man at the approach of the fateful moment which was to put him to the test. He had drawn the picture with a sense of humor, but he had not blurred it. Would he have drawn it for any one else, she asked herself? She turned impulsively toward him:

"I wanted you to come to me this week," she said impulsively. "And I thank you very much for telling me not merely that you succeeded, but how near you were to breaking down. But," and she hesitated for a few moments, "I should have been still more grateful if you had come to me the day before you made your speech."

"I almost did," said Harry Rames.

XIX

AND A PROPOSAL

CYNTHIA smiled, but she did not believe.

"I think," she said, "that this is the very first time you have gone beyond the truth to say a pleasant thing to me."

"It is the truth," he insisted. "I almost did more than come to you. I almost asked you to let me inflict my speech on you before I made it in the House."

"Oh, I wish you had!" cried Cynthia. "It would have made a difference to me this last week—a great difference." Then she turned swiftly toward Harry Rames with a glance of distrust. "Why didn't you come, then?" she asked coldly. "There was nothing to hinder you. You knew that you would have been very welcome. I should like to have known beforehand what you were going to say"; and once more a gentle wistfulness crept into her voice. "I should have liked also to have heard you in the House. I should have liked, in a word—not to have been shut out."

"You weren't shut out," Harry Rames exclaimed. "You mustn't fancy that! It's not true. If I did not come, it was really because I had you in my thoughts. Yes. I stayed away deliberately because of a saying of Smale's which I know to be true, which I quoted to you at Ludsey."

The distrust grew stronger in Cynthia's mind. What had Smale to do with the matter? Her face hardened. Harry Rames had, till this moment, at all events, been honest, had always stood apart in her eyes by reason of his honesty. Must she strip him now of that quality even as she had had to do of those imagined ones clothed in which he had once long ago walked with her amongst the flowers of her enchanted garden?

"What saying?" she asked.

"That many a man may cut a great figure upon the platforms who will never get the ear of the House of Commons. I wanted to be sure that I was not one of those—before I came to you."

A particular significance in the intonation of the words warned her—and then troubled her. She looked at him swiftly, and as swiftly looked away. The blood mounted into her face and flushed her throat.

"I wanted to be sure that I should come not quite empty-handed," he continued.

Cynthia made no pretence to misunderstand him, and no answer. All was explained to her now: why he had stayed away, why he now returned—all those particulars which he had told her she might have guessed, and not one of which had to this moment entered her head. She had never stepped beyond the border-line of friendship in her thoughts of Harry Rames—never once. She was startled now that

she was asked to. She needed time to adjust herself to the new point of view. He had been honest with her, after all. That was her first instinctive recollection.

"So I am here now to ask you to marry me," he continued. He spoke very quietly and simply. He did not simulate any passion, and again in her heart, comparing him with that other wooer in the Row, she thanked him for his honesty.

Still she made no answer, but calmness had returned to her. She sat looking out of the window, straight ahead of her, with her chin propped in the palm of her hand. She was quite still, and the stillness of her attitude was no greater than the stillness of her mind. There was no throb of joy at her heart. But Harry Rames had been honest with her, and she had been taught not to expect so very much.

"I think you know whom you will be marrying," he resumed. "I have tried to make what I know about myself clear to you as well as to me. You once agreed that I left you no illusions about me."

"Yes. On the platform at the Corn Exchange in Ludsey," Cynthia replied. "I remember quite well. I remember your answer too: That you did not mean to."

"Yes," said Harry Rames. "That was my answer."

Cynthia paused for a few seconds. Then in her turn she began to question him.

"So even then you were thinking that if you succeeded in Parliament—this afternoon would come?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps even before then?"

"Yes, even before then."

Cynthia nodded her head. With a smile in which there was irony and a little of her old resentment, she remarked:

"Yes, you have always looked ahead."

Harry replied simply and gravely:

"Always."

"Thank you," said Cynthia.

She thanked him because he was so perfectly honest with her. He admitted—for his words were no less than such an admission—that he had deliberately thought of her because she had money. On the other hand, it was true that he had stood by and left the opportunity open for any one to snatch until he could himself bring something into the partnership. That weighed with her in his favor.

"Will you tell me when you first began to think of me in this way?" she asked with an earnestness which to Harry Rames appeared quite singular. To his direct mind the one question which needed answering was whether she meant to marry him or no.

"Does the exact date matter?"

"Very much."

Rebellion again broke out in Cynthia. "I believe it is quite a usual question for maidens to ask on these occasions. But no doubt I ought to have asked it with a deeper bashfulness."

Harry reflected. Here was one of the nice subtleties of the feminine mind which somehow he must satisfy.

"It was after I had driven out once or twice from Ludsey to see you. That is as near as I can put it. It was after I had got to know you a little."

"As soon, in a word, as you concluded that I would suit the place." Though the sentence was phrased still in the ironical form, the irony had suddenly gone from her voice. She was so relieved that a smile trembled about her lips. Her next words gave the reason of her relief.

"So really and truly you want me personally—as well."

The question would have sounded vague to a stranger, but these two understood that it was her fortune which she omitted to name. Cynthia knew, as she could not but know, that her wealth had first set his thoughts running toward her. But it was some personal quality which in the end had decided him to ask for her. He must have money—yes, but other help than money as well. It was a satisfaction to her pride that he found it in her.

"Yes" he returned. "A wife can do so much for a man in politics if she is the right wife. I should be very glad if you would marry me," Rames resumed. "I think that we should get along together very well, and together we might do important things."

"Be important things," Cynthia corrected.

Harry Rames smiled.

"That's an old quarrel of ours, Cynthia. I mean 'do' this time."

Cynthia looked at him quickly. She was in the mood to find in that hope the strongest of appeals.

"You really think so?"

"I do. I should owe so very much to you. I should be conscious of my debt. I should try with all my strength to pay it back."

Cynthia gave him her face frankly now. A smile of confidence quite lit it up.

"I have no doubt of that," she said; and then the smile faded, and there came a look of longing.

"But I would rather, of course, that it were work for love of me, than work to repay me. There's a difference, isn't there? But I suppose one can't have everything, and—perhaps—I might be content to help you on."

She fell again to a wistful silence, pursuing the vision of a happiness which might have been down an avenue of bright imagined years. The happiness did exist. She had seen the evidences of it often enough. All men were not *tant soit peu cochons*, as she had once heard an unhappy French lady describe them, nor were all women neurotic. She had heard of lovers who felt that they had been waiting for one another since the beginning of the world. But it seemed that such happiness was for others, not for her.

"Tell me!" she said, "when you were making your speech, after the agitation had passed and when you were master of yourself, you looked up to the ladies' gallery, you said, and noticed the women behind the grille?"

"Yes."

"Well—it is a little difficult to ask the question—But"—she stopped for a moment or two, and then went on with an appealing timidity, while the color once more mounted into her face—"but I suppose that then—when you knew you were making a success—it never came into your mind that you would have liked to have got me up there in the gallery while you were speaking?"

The temptation to lie was strong upon Harry Rames now. The very timidity of her appeal moved him. It taught him that the truth would hurt her much more than he had ever dreamed. He hesitated. For the first time in her company he was at a loss.

"The truth, please," she pleaded earnestly. "You said that your mind was free, that you could stand outside yourself and look on at what you were doing, as artists do. It never once occurred to you that you

wanted me up there in the ladies' gallery too, at the moment of your success, to witness it—to—yes, to share it with you?"

The word was out at last—the word which she had been striving with her modesty to reach.

"Be frank, please," she prayed.

Harry Rames was at a loss how to wrap the brutal truth up so that it should not hurt overmuch. He had no other intention at this moment. He was for once not considering what effect his answer would have upon his own prospects and future.

"You were in my thoughts," he said. "That's true. For I was thinking that now I could come to you. But, yes, I wanted to be sure of myself first."

"Yes," said Cynthia slowly, and with humility she analyzed the meaning of his words. "You never thought of me as a kind of inspiration to an even greater success in the future if you succeeded now, or as a kind of consolation if you failed. It may be vanity to say so, but I think that is what a woman in whom you were interested, and who was interested in you, would have liked you to have thought. I was, after all, shut out, wasn't I? I was to hear of the achievement after it was done and over, and I was neither to share the preliminary fears, nor feel the revulsion when the triumph came."

"Yes, but look at it from my point of view. There are many who want to marry you—men with something to offer. It wouldn't have been fair if I didn't bring something in my basket too."

"Fair!" cried Cynthia scornfully. "Oh, I know that's the point of view of the man—at least," and as she realized that she had been unjust, her face dimpled to smiles, "of the men one rather likes." For it occurred to her that Lord Helmsdale would have been troubled by no such scruples.

"No," she said. "You wouldn't have borrowed another man's thoroughbred so that you might cut a dashing figure while you proposed."

Rames had no idea of what she meant, and he behaved as he usually did when unintelligible things were said to him by women. He asked for no explanations and just took no notice of Cynthia's words. He sat quietly at her side and waited.

The clock struck the hour. He put his hand into his pocket, and at the movement Cynthia started.

"There is no hurry," said Harry Rames. "I was only getting out my cigarette case. May I smoke?"

"Of course," replied Cynthia; she was relieved that she need not answer upon the moment. She was still in a great perplexity; and while Harry Rames smoked his cigarette she sought this way and that for a light to guide her. Here was not the marriage of which she had dreamed. No. But he was honest. It was possible, too, that she might be able to help him on, as he had said. And it might be well worth doing. It might be true that the ambitious men are the world's best servants, and not the men possessed with ideas. Ideas, she remembered, with a bitter little smile at her folly, had once given the right of entrance to her enchanted garden. But she had travelled far from its gateway, and the flowers were all dead in it, and its pathways overgrown. It might be that the fixed idea meant the narrow vision. Harry Rames might be right; and if he were, by helping him on, she would make her money of real and great value. It was a gray world anyway—and Harry Rames was honest. She could trust him—though he wounded her.

She turned suddenly toward him.

"Do you remember the supper party at Ludsey?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "And the little Frenchman, Monsieur Poizat."

"I was not thinking of him," said Cynthia. A sentence or two spoken at that table by Colonel Challoner had leaped into her memory. Politics meant color in the lives of men. It was the craving for color which fired enthusiasm in the towns of the provinces. Well, she herself craved for bright colors in her life too. Might she not get them out of the paint-pot of politics just as men did?

"If I were to say yes," she remarked, "I would not be content to be merely the witness of your success. I must share the fears which go to make it. I could not sit quiet and twirl my thumbs, shut out from the hopes and apprehensions and endeavors, and just smile admiringly at the result. I must share everything."

"Of course," said Harry Rames. "From the moment you say 'yes,' you share everything. I meant that too when I said that I needed your help."

He spoke gravely and sincerely, and again Cynthia said: "Thank you."

She sat for a little while longer, hesitating upon the brink. To say yes would solve the question of a companion. Oh, certainly, there were practical advantages in the acceptance of Harry Rames's proposal. She would have to abandon the hope of beauty in her life. Color, excitement, interest, she might get. But the beautiful life would not be for her. Still, under no circumstances, perhaps, might it have been for her. No one, she reflected, and with some sadness—no one by his approach had ever set her heart beating to a quicker tune. Perhaps there was some defect in her, some want of human passion, she reflected, which placed her in the second rank of women. When Cynthia was humble there was no girl so humble as Cynthia. And, after all, Harry Rames was honest. To that one stable point all her questions brought her back.

She moved at last, and Harry Rames rose and stood before her.

"Well?" he asked.

Cynthia dropped her hands loose at her sides and answered with a smile:

"Why not?"

It was in those words that she accepted him. There was no spirit in them, and very little of expectation. But she had come to expect not very much; and she had travelled a long way from the garden of her dreams.

"After all, there's a Turnstile in this affair too," she said, with a note of bitterness. "A very important one too. For it leads not into a garden, but straight to the Treasury bench."

Harry Rames was bewildered. But he made no comment. Women were queer, and it was good to disregard their moments of excitement. Cynthia sprang up the next moment and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, yes, we'll follow Mr. Smale's advice, Harry," she cried, "and we'll keep our eyes on the Treasury bench. Why not? Now go, and come back to-morrow."

She was laughing a little wildly, and Harry Rames had the sense to take her at her word. He went out of the room, and Cynthia flung herself down upon the cushions and cried for an hour by the clock.

"Well," she said to herself at the end, as she rose and dried her eyes, "Mr. Benoliel will be satisfied. That's one thing." Almost she seemed to blame Mr. Benoliel for the fact of her engagement.

XX

AT CULVER

THE odd thing in the affair, however, was that Mr. Benoliel did not seem satisfied. Cynthia asked him over the telephone the next day to come to her, and when he came she told him of her engagement.

"But no one knows of it as yet except yourself," she added; "and no one is to know, for the present. I want it kept a secret."

"Oh?" said Mr. Benoliel, looking at her curiously. "And why?"

"There will be a certain amount of ill-natured talk," Cynthia returned in a confusion. "And I want the time for it to be as short as possible. It will cease after we are married."

"People will say that Rames is an adventurer, who is marrying you for your money," said Mr. Benoliel bluntly, and Cynthia turned on him with spirit.

"Lord Helmsdale's mother will, and other mothers would have said the same of Lord Helmsdale if I had married him."

"So it's to spare the feelings of Harry Rames that you are keeping your engagement secret," said Mr. Benoliel with an ironical wonder. "I should never have suspected him of such delicate susceptibilities."

"Well, I should be uncomfortable too!" cried Cynthia, bending puzzled and indignant brows at him. "I think you are quite horrid."

Benoliel sustained her indignation unabashed.

"Is that the only reason, Cynthia?" he asked.

"You wanted me married," Cynthia continued. "You ought to be very, very pleased."

Mr. Benoliel, however, was not to be lured from his question into a discussion upon the propriety of his feelings. He repeated it.

"Is fear of gossip the only reason, Cynthia, which makes you keep your engagement secret?"

Cynthia again showed signs of confusion. Mr. Benoliel wore his air of omniscience. She sat down upon a chair.

"What do you mean, Mr. Benoliel?"

"This," said he. "I have noticed that the young ladies who keep their engagements secret are not, as a rule, very much in love with the men they are engaged to. They leave themselves a loop-hole of escape."

Cynthia's cheeks flamed. Mr. Benoliel had hit shrewdly. Certainly she had intended to spare Harry Rames and herself some uncomfortable weeks. But would she have minded those weeks had she cared for him? The question came swiftly, and as swiftly was answered. Had she cared for him she would have wanted to wear him like a ribbon on her breast for all the world to see. She realized it with a pang. She would have run quickly forward to meet the gossip and do battle. But she had not run forward. It was true that she had left herself a pathway of retreat, and rather by instinct than from any deliberate plan. Her wariness had prompted her. Once more she had wanted to be safe. But nothing of this was she going to acknowledge to Mr. Benoliel.

"I think you are very horrid," she said again with a cold dignity, and hoped that her stateliness would crush her inquisitor.

"When do you propose to marry, then?" he asked.

"Just before Whitsuntide. The House will rise for ten days, I hear, at the least. We shall announce the marriage just before the House rises"; and that indeed was the plan upon which she had agreed only that morning with Harry Rames.

"Then there is no hurry," said Mr. Benoliel. "Perhaps you and Captain Rames will pay me a visit in the country before Whitsuntide comes."

He spoke as though he accepted the situation, and turned to other subjects, fearing to confirm Cynthia in obstinacy by any show of opposition.

"Certainly," she said; "we shall be pleased to come"; and a month later she and Harry Rames came one Friday afternoon to Culver.

The house stood within hearing of the bells of Ludsey, but on the side of that city opposite to the white house. Benoliel had built it himself, and to those who knew the

man but slightly it was an astonishing production. Captain Rames, for instance, whose taste was not very meticulous, never ceased to marvel at it. Even this Friday afternoon, as the car swung round a turn of the country road and the thing stood before him, he contemplated it with amazement. It was nothing but a monstrous new villa of red and yellow brick, a pretentious ghastriness of towers and flashing glass rising from the middle of a small bare field within twenty yards of the roadway. An avenue of fir-trees not yet shoulder-high wound to the front door, and there was no need for it to wind. Circular beds of glaring flowers disfigured the new lawns, and little bushes of evergreens, which would one distant day make an effort to be shrubberies, gave to the house a most desolate and suburban look. It seemed wonderful to Harry Rames that so nice and delicate a person as Mr. Benoliel could bear to live in it at all; and still more wonderful that with a dozen of the most beautiful houses in England bosomed in deep meadows and whispered to by immemorial elms, within an easy motor-ride to choose from as his models, he should have devised this unconscionable edifice.

Sir James Burrell, the surgeon, however, who was sitting opposite to Harry Rames in the car, and next to Cynthia, took a different view. He gazed at the house with satisfaction. For it would add yet another subtle paragraph to his character sketch of Mr. Benoliel.

"How extraordinary," he cried, "and yet how like the man! That's just the house which Benoliel would have built. Only one had not the insight to guess it. I love it!" and he leaned his head out of the window and chuckled at the building's grotesqueness. "Yes, I love it. The fitness of things appeals to me." And he turned to the astonished Captain Rames. "You don't see the exquisite appropriateness of that—let us not call it a house—that detached residence to Isaac Benoliel?"

"Well, I don't," said Harry Rames. "He always seemed to me to set up as a lover of beautiful things."

"And the love is genuine," said Sir James, fairly off at a gallop upon his hobby. "He doesn't set up. The love is almost a quality of his race. Yes, but his race doesn't always know what things are beau-

tiful. There's the explanation of that building—*race*, which confounds logic and is quite untroubled by inconsistencies. There's Benoliel's race in every line of it. He's of the Orient. He loves flamboyancy and gaudiness. He may conceal it carefully from us. But every now and then it must break out, and it has run riot here. Does the East repair and mend? No, it lets its old buildings decay and builds afresh. That's why Mr. Benoliel passes by your stately houses all up for sale in their parks and builds this villa. Remember, Captain Rames, though Mr. Benoliel talks with you and walks with you, he doesn't think with you. Behind those old tired eyes of his, he thinks as the East thinks."

Thus Sir James Burrell, and the car stopped at the front door before he could utter another word. He was not sorry, nor indeed were the other occupants of the carriage. He was merely trying his new paragraph on the dog, so to speak. He needed time to eliminate the unnecessary, and make it vivid with the single word, and fix it up with a nice juxtaposition of paradoxes and altogether to furbish it for presentation.

"He does talk!" said Harry Rames to Cynthia.

"Yes, doesn't he," she replied with a laugh, and then grew serious. "But I wonder whether he's right. I wonder whether Mr. Benoliel thinks and judges from principles which are true to him, but not true to us." Her eyes rested with a strange and thoughtful scrutiny on Harry's face.

"Why should you trouble?" said Harry Rames.

"It makes a little difference to me," said Cynthia. "Perhaps more than a little."

For old Daventry's last words weighed upon her. He had bidden her in troubles and difficulties to seek advice from Isaac Benoliel. He had thought much of his wisdom. She had herself accepted it as a thing beyond question, and a timely help. Now, she began to ask herself, was his wisdom, if it was born of the East and tempered by the instincts of his race, fit for service in her generation and for her people? She pondered the question during the next two days, and leaned more and more to Sir James Burrell's way of thinking from a trivial reason; the inside of Culver agreed so completely with its exte-

rior. Its flamboyancy set the eyes aching. Its wall papers were indigestibly rich with colored flowers, and never was there a blue so vividly blue as the blue of his velvet curtains and triple-pile carpets. It is true that there were treasures of art in Culver, glowing pictures of the early Flemish school, with their crowds of figures, each one a finished miniature, and behind the crowds the clear sky and translucent air; there were marvels of jade, and glorious little statues of silver and marble, but their delicate beauty was spoilt and lost in the riot of gorgeousness which framed them.

One homely place alone there was in that building. The great hall, all colonnades and galleries, occupied the centre of the house. But on each side of the wide chimney, where of an evening, even in the summer, a fire usually burned, a great screen was drawn; and these screens enclosed a space before the fire set about with comfortable chairs, a sofa or two, and little mahogany tables, and made of it a place of comfort. In this space on the Sunday night Cynthia came to grips with Isaac Benoliel, and understood at last his life, and something of his philosophy.

It was eleven o'clock, or a little later. The ladies were retiring for the night. Cynthia herself had her foot upon the lowest step of the stair, and was thinking that after all she was to be spared an argument, when Mr. Benoliel came from the corridor of the smoking-room where he had left the men.

"Will you give me a few minutes, Cynthia?" he asked, and she turned at once and walked to the fire. She stood with a foot upon the rail of the hearth and a hand upon the mantel-shelf, quiet but mutinous. Mr. Benoliel followed her and sat down in a straight-backed arm-chair, facing the fire, and a little way behind her.

"You have not yet announced your engagement, Cynthia?" he began.

"No."

"Yet Whitsuntide is very close. Perhaps you have thought better of it?"

"No."

Mr. Benoliel looked at her as she stood, aggressively showing him her back, and smiled at her, with some amusement, a great deal of affection, and a little pity.

"Of course," he said, "I have not much right to interfere, and yet I should like you

to hear, Cynthia, what I have to say. Otherwise I shall fail your father."

Cynthia turned about at once, and her manner toward him changed with her movement. The appeal of his voice and words had its effect upon her, and not that alone. Mr. Benoiel was so neat and supple, he sat with so upright a figure in his chair, his hair was so black and sleek and thick that she was seldom really conscious of his age. But at times, as now, when by chance she looked straight into his eyes and noticed their fatigue and their patience, and how the light had quite gone out of them, it came upon her almost as a shock that this was an old, old man; and because she was surprised she exaggerated his age, and gave to him in return for his pity the cruel pity of youth. She was in the mood almost to admit his right to interfere. But her gift of silence and the wariness which had become instinctive checked her. She moved forward to him with a gracious deference—that was all—and said, standing in front of him:

"I am glad of course to hear anything you have to say, Mr. Benoiel. You disapprove of my marriage."

"Yes."

"Yet you wanted me married."

"To the right person."

"Lord Helmsdale," said Cynthia, with a little pout of disdain.

"Youth should marry youth," returned Mr. Benoiel.

He looked the girl over from head to foot. She stood in front of him in her delicate frock of soft white satin and lace, long-limbed and slender, with the gloss of youth upon the heavy curls of her fair hair, and the rose of youth on her cheeks, and the sheen of youth upon her white and pretty shoulders. She was the color of a flower, and had the freshness of a flower upon a morning of dew. From the tip of her slim satin slipper to the ribbon in her hair, she was dressed with a daintiness which set her beauty proudly off. To Mr. Benoiel she was radiant and wonderful with youth.

"Yes," he repeated, "youth should marry youth, Cynthia, especially when it is such rare youth as yours."

Cynthia was pleased. She knew a compliment when she heard it.

"You have shifted your ground, Mr. Benoiel," she said, smiling down at him.

"No," he answered.

"It was social position, which you wanted me to marry in Lord Helmsdale."

"That, too. Yes. I don't make light of it. I am old enough not to blow a trumpet round the walls of Jericho in these days," he said. "But I did not tell you all my thought. I am an old man, and there are certain things I am shy of talking about. I am like you in that, Cynthia, eh? We neither of us wear our hearts upon our sleeves or are fond of talking sentiment. But I am compelled to to-night. I think the most beautiful thing in the world is a couple of young lovers facing all the unknown future, hand in hand, high of hope and courage, and serious with the uplifting seriousness of love. Now you are not in love, Cynthia, and he's not young. So, from my point of view, on both sides this marriage falls short of the marriage which should be."

"Captain Rames is not old," replied Cynthia. She omitted all reference to the point in which she herself failed according to Benoiel's standard. Isaac Benoiel noticed her admission, and, though he made no comment, he became still more determined to prevent the marriage if by any means he could. He had drawn his bow at a venture. With that touch of charlatan-ism which made him delight in posing as omniscient, he had stated as a fact what he only suspected. But she would have denied the suggestion, and indignantly, had it been false. He was sure now that she did not care for Harry Rames as a young woman should care for the man she is to marry. Moreover there had been a note of involuntary regret in Cynthia's voice as she had answered him. It seemed that she too agreed with him as to what should have been, and grieved that it was not to be.

"No," he conceded, "Captain Rames is not old. But neither is he young. He is forty, or thereabouts. He has lived by eighteen years longer than you have. And so—I will tell you the truth, Cynthia"—and he leaned forward with his hands upon his knees and his eyes shrewdly watching her face—"and so I am afraid. Yes, I look forward into your future, and I am afraid."

He saw Cynthia wince. So often had she spoken just such words to herself. Ever since she had crouched by the door in the dark room at the estancia, fear had

walked at her heels with its shadow thrown upon the road beyond her feet. Was it to lie in front of her all her life? Here was her chosen adviser thinking her thoughts. She was not to be comforted by Sir James Burrell's reasonings. Mr. Benoliel might be altogether compact of the Orient. None the less his words knocked shrewdly at her heart. She sank down at the end of a sofa close at Mr. Benoliel's side, her face all troubled and discouraged.

"But I accepted Harry so that I might be safe," she cried tremulously, "so that I might no longer be afraid," and then sat with her cheeks afire, conscious that she had betrayed herself.

"I mean—" she corrected herself hastily.

"Just what you said, Cynthia," rejoined Mr. Benoliel. Once more he had shot his arrow at a venture and reached the mark. He had now for the first time the key to her. Much was explained to him. But he spoke as though the explanation had long been known to him.

"Yes, ever since I have known you, you have lived in fear, Cynthia," he said.

Cynthia did not again deny the truth. She found a better argument in her recollection of old Mr. Daventry's death-bed.

"But there was no reason for the fear,"

she cried. "It was groundless. I tortured myself for nothing. It was all due to a foolish mistake." She hesitated, choosing her words, so that they might carry some sort of conviction and yet reveal nothing. "The mistake arose because—people—were silent—and they were silent because they wished to spare, and thought that knowledge would hurt. It was the silence which hurt."

"This time," said Mr. Benoliel, "silence shall not do harm. Nor shall a thought to spare. I will be frank with you as to why I am afraid, if you will listen to me. I shall have to tell you a little about myself. I shall not spare myself."

He spoke with reluctance. For he was reticent about himself. Cynthia realized suddenly how very little she knew of him, though she probably knew him more intimately than any one else, except the separated wife in Eaton Square. He had kept his secrets better than she had kept hers. Now he was going to reveal himself, and certainly to open old wounds for her sake.

"Thank you," she said gently. "I shall know of what you are afraid, of something perhaps which I may now be able to avert. But I ought to tell you at once, that nothing which you say can change me."

(To be continued.)

AWAKENING

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE tender glamour of the dreamy days
 Before Love's full effulgence was complete,
 Dwells in my soul. The dim untrodden ways
 That wooed our eager, yet reluctant feet,
 The mute communion of our meeting eyes,
 The hand's elusive touch, when still no word
 With its supreme, significant surprise,
 The pregnant passions of our beings stirred.
 The shadowy dawn of unawakened pain,
 Love's counterpart, with its evasive thrill,
 Haunted our hearts, and like the minor strain
 Of some great anthem ere the sound is still,
 Mingled, with all the rapture yet to be,
 A note of anguish in its harmony.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

SEVERAL years ago I was told of two clergymen, distant relatives of mine, who had just given up their chosen calling to go into real-estate business. The fact lingered long in my mind, with a certain discomfort, making me scan past and future with dim misgivings. Real estate versus the realm of the spirit—I did not like the antithesis. So,

Real Estate

they had forsaken the Heavenly City for Long Island, the exposition of the charm of golden streets for the new boulevard! But is the Pennsylvania Railroad, I asked indignantly, any true substitute for the narrow way? For a time I felt bankrupt, as one does when some great crisis has caused panic, subverted values, made worthless the priceless securities of yesterday. My inheritance seemed to depreciate rapidly, for my ancestors had staked their all upon that invisible reality which is now being quoted lower and lower in the markets of the world. Did they, I asked myself, who turned their faces heavenward with so rich a sense of possession, after all die intestate? From the innermost corner of my soul came the echoed answer, "No!" and again I hugged my old cloak of dreams about me, resolving that, whatever befell, I would never join the rank of those who could misinterpret the word "real" as meaning mere things.

That was three years ago. Now, alas! I have fallen from my high estate of the invisible. I, too, have come to traffic in so-called "real estate," not with a view of providing other people with homes, but to providing myself. I have deserted my sky-chamber, and have purchased a small piece of ground. No longer have I the right to scorn those who mistake finite things for reality. The earth has laid hold upon me. I understand now the greed wherewith men have clutched and held it, from earliest savage days to the Oklahoma scandals of land-grabbing. The curse of property has descended upon me; the selfishness of the landed gentry which I have so scorned as I have driven past high English walls, set with jagged glass, is no longer un-

intelligible to me. My pleasure in touching my small bit of land betrays me akin to those I have censured. I could put an English county into my pocket! Remembering the vast acres of Sherwood Forest, at present ironically embodied in the "dukeries," I wonder whether I should now, as always of yore, be on Robin Hood's side. There is strange delight in standing upon your own plot of ground; I color with displeasure when a wrong foot is put upon it. In moments of compunction I realize how fully it possesses me, instead of my possessing it, and I become, for a mood or so, converted to the doctrines of Henry George, not because ownership of land is unfair to other men, but because it is unfair to one's self. I grow limited, selfish. One not good at bargains might as readily change his inner self for a hundred and twenty foot lot as for the whole world, perhaps.

Real estate! There is the house and all the to do of building it. For months my soul has gone howling in a wilderness of things. It has been as if, for an awful season, the world of the materialists had come true, and there existed only a universe of objects, hard, tangible, impenetrable. Even the sense that my own fierce resentment disproves such a theory, that I could not so rebel if there existed nothing but length and breadth and height, does not do away with a dismayed feeling that it is so. My universe is bounded by a long tape-measure; my mind is a mere wood-pile, a brick heap, a collection of paint-pots. I used to think that within me dwelt an immortal spirit—they taught me this when I was young; nothing dwells there now save bath-tubs and fire-places, and dormer-windows. A quick, electric flash of thought used sometimes to thrill through me; now, idea meets idea as wood knocks on wood, and my thoughts jangle one on another like our new hardware. I am oppressed by fears of flood and fire, and of thieves that may break in and steal. I, who worry about the silver, never used to worry lest some one had stolen my aspirations. My hopes were burglar-proof; my thoughts where

moth and rust do not corrupt. Busy all my life with airy nothingnesses, from the point of view of the real-estate agent, with the eternal verities, from my own point of view, I count over my increasing material possessions with an increasing sense of loss. We are insured from injury by fire, but who can insure the middle-aged from the loss of their ideals?

FOR it is not only my anxieties but my content that alarms me. There are moments when I look at this little white house, child of so many sleepless nights and haggard days, with a feeling that desire could go no farther. It fills up the measure of my affection; it is just as high as my heart. If, following the suggestion of Queen Mary, you should open this organ, you would find engraved there not "Calais," but "pergola." I might add that a short grass path leads to it from the butler's pantry door, and that we mean to dine there on spring evenings, while the hylas call from the brookside below, and on late autumn afternoons, while crickets chirp near by. At times I struggle with a sudden sense of limitation; my soul used to be more than thirty-eight by thirty-two! I would rather have it back. I was not in the old days walled about and roofed in. Now I have but windows and a skylight through which I can see, faint and far, a few of the stars that used to seem so near above my wandering head.

But, more than in the house, in yard and garden I fatten on a low content. As I work, upon my knees—a posture that once, alas! served other ends—my hands touching the cool, crumbling clods, I can feel all my inner self creeping down in roots and fibres, changing into those small seed grains that will quicken into the misty blue of the delphiniums, the pale gold of the iris. The curving gray walk shuts off all glimpse of the far trails on the heavenly hills; the ripple of the birch leaves, the hum of the bees, keep all more distant music from my ears; the oriole wins me from desire to hear the angels sing; subtle, penetrating fragrances from fern and grass and clove pinks close the door to that inmost me where thought and aspiration used sometimes to enter hand in hand. Now come only dim wonderings, as I watch the sunlight, golden-green through grape-vine leaves: has the soul color? Will anything beyond make good the loss of the touch on cheek and nostril of the deep-red

rose that bends above my work? Earth to earth—will going back to the great all-mother be a wholly pleasant feeling, like this?

From such moods I waken with a start, tugging at my chain of sense, conscious of a lost domain. Where are my old sympathies, and the remembered wrongs that were not mine? I cease to mourn, among these fragrances, for St. Bartholomew and the burning of the Slocum, for the hurt of suffering children and maimed animals. In this insidious content I lose myself and the only real me, that desire to know all and share all, which is the seed of immortality. I rise in quick resolve. Grass shall no longer grow through the inner part of me. I will not barter my kingdom of the air for a mess of dirt, however full at times of that wet fragrance that takes me back to my earth-worm days. It is dragging me down, this bit of earth, to what I was before my soul was born when yet I wriggled, through moist, reedy things, in the grateful coolness of mind. The grain of dust wherewith one starts, the six feet one needs at the last, are all the real estate that one may claim. I will arise and sell my plot of ground, and put the gold-pieces in my pocket, for mine and others' use. The endless road for me!

A DISCRIMINATING study of fiction proves beyond a doubt, that there exists no deadlier foe to romance than the early acquisition of friends. How understandingly does the Grandisonian school of the eighteenth century treat this matter! When Arabella, or Melinda, in either case the loveliest and most delicately nurtured of her sex, is cast upon a heartless world, it is a foregone conclusion that she finds no other place of refuge than the cottage of her old nurse.

But what a cottage, and what adjuncts! Thatched roof and rose-embowered lattices, rustic arbors, babbling brooks, clotted cream, honey fresh from the hive, and, in the background, the manor-house of Lord Lovelace or Sir Wiloughby! Let us for a little follow the fortunes of one of these fair disconsolates, who, in spite of every known charm and virtue, possesses "not a friend in all the world."

"Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy!" It is Amanda, in "The Children of the Abbey," apostrophizing the lowly cot of her nurse. "Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy! Content and innocence reside beneath your humble

The Hold
of the Earth

The Friendless
Heroine of
Romance

roof, and charity, unboastful of the good it renders. Here surely I shall be guarded from duplicity—here unmolested may I wait till the rude storm of sorrow is overblown, and my father's arms are again expanded to receive me."

"Such were the words of Amanda, as the chaise (which she had hired at a neighboring village on quitting the mail) turned down a little verdant lane, almost darkened by old trees, whose interwoven branches allowed her scarcely a glimpse of her nurse's cottage till she had reached the door."

Here we stand on the threshold of real romance—rustic innocence, humble roof, the rude storm of sorrow, verdant lanes and interwoven branches; and soon we are fairly started on the labyrinth of misapprehensions, jealousies, cross-purposes, plots, tears of sensibility, languors, swoonings, post-chaise abductions—the latter on the part of a certain profligate Belgrave—all of which Amanda, sustained solely on occasional sips of tea, is forced to endure uncounselled, unassisted. And yet, from the charms and graces of the lovely girl, we marvel the whole world does not rush to her aid.

"Her large blue eyes were half concealed by their long lashes, but the beams which stole from beneath those fringed curtains were full of sweetness and sensibility. Her fine hair, discomposed by the jolting of the carriage and the blowing of the wind, had partly escaped the braid on which it was turned under her hat, and hung in long ringlets of glossy brown upon her shoulders and careless curls about her face, giving a sweet simplicity to it, which heightened its beauty."

Almost shamefacedly, at this juncture, we pause to count over our own list of intimates. If beauty, innocence, piety such as Arabella's go unappreciated through a callous generation, may not the cultivation of friendship presuppose, on our part, some bread-and-butter commonplaceness of nature?—some damning lack of distinction? How, one questions, in deep perplexity, do these creatures of more than mortal loveliness escape the lot of average humanity in the gathering to themselves of congenial spirits?

Amanda's one essay in companionship with a certain Lady Greystock proving disastrous, she is brought to the lowest straits.

"Her painting and embroidery still went on. She had executed some elegant pictures in both, which, if obliged to dispose of, she was

sure would bring a good price; yet, whenever compelled by reflection to this idea, a tear of tender melancholy would fall upon her lovely cheek—a tear which was ever hastily wiped away, while she endeavored to fortify her mind with pious resignation to whatever should be her future fate."

It is to the adventures of the story that the only heretical observations on conduct are attributed.

"I always, my dear," says that arch fiend, Lady Greystock, "make use of the friendship professed for me, and thus endeavor to render the great road of life delightful!"

When have sentiments of a like nature ever sullied the lips of our Amanda! We are at once prepared for any perfidy on the part of Lady Greystock, and are not surprised to learn, in the general summing up of events, that, despite all her friends, she dies of a lingering illness, brought on by "vexation, disappointment, and grief." Our heroine, however, we leave shedding tears of "sweet sensibility," as Lord Cherbury folds to his bosom "his own Amanda."

And now, to take an example from a very different school, how discreetly careful is Jane Austen, in her incomparable vignettes of English life, never to let the high lights fall on characters that should be kept subordinate. Even her most charming and original heroine, Elizabeth, in "Pride and Prejudice," must content herself, in the way of an intimate, with the dull respectability of a Charlotte Lucas. Yet it is well she did, for who but a Charlotte Lucas would have married a Mr. Collins, and had Elizabeth not visited the Collins's she might never again have met the superb Darcy and received from him that patronizing and memorable offer of heart and hand.

In Dickens's time the friend is already an established fact to be reckoned with, but even here is he by no means permitted to push his claims to the detriment of the true romantic interest of the plot. When the delightful Nicklebys come up to London, they leave apparently not one tie behind them, and Nicholas—for hero as well as heroine is subject to this same devastating blight—Nicholas, all fire, devotion, chivalry, talent as he is, has, after his flight from Dotheboys Hall, not one fidus Achates in England to apply to by letter or word of mouth, but poor, unfortunate Newmannoggs.

"I have not so many friends," says Nicholas to Noggs, "that I shall grow confused among

the number and forget my best ones." It is true, this same social leper then proceeds to endear himself right and left to every one who crosses his path, and we might ask of so alluring a youth what he had been about all these years not to have laid up a few well-wishers against a rainy day. When, however, we meet the Cheeryble brothers and their lovely ward, Madelaine Bray, we are aware how wise Nicholas had been in holding his best affections in reserve for the prize fate had been keeping up her sleeve for him.

In the present day and generation, it is solely in the pages of some obscure novelist of news-stand fame, some writer uncontaminated by the craze for realism, that one finds the friend relegated to his proper obscurity. In "Snatched from the Poison Cup," the exquisite, golden-haired Gladys Montravers, who has up to her sixteenth year led the ordinary life of a New York girl of means, "never had a friend." This is stated quite simply, and no explanation offered. To the student of romantic fiction none is needed. It is entirely obvious, that if she had even had one or two calling acquaintances she would never have resorted to the extreme measures so graphically narrated in chapter forty-three. The step-mother—a baleful vampire—tries to poison Gladys, and the poor girl flies in the dead of night to a castellated mansion on the Hudson, to throw herself on the protection of its master. She had seen this gentleman but once, and that quite cursorily as he tore past her window on his foaming roan. Nevertheless, it all ends comfortably and with decorum; there is a wedding

dress of ivory satin, and a frosted cake, and Gladys none the worse for "never having known a friend."

Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not pretend to deny to fidus Achates his legitimate place in fiction, and admit that a judicious and discriminating introduction of him may be countenanced. How innocuous a figure, for instance, is "the confidant" of the old drama. It is only among the realistic novelists of to-day that the alter ego with his common-sense advice, his zeal in hunting up work, his hospitality and ever-ready check-book, has grown a stubborn and intractable menace, irretrievably blocking the pathway of romance. For, despite the solitary struggles of the old-time hero and heroine, how brilliant, after all, are the prospects that on the last page of their adventures invariably open out before them. Dare our modern pair of lovers ever hope to realize such bliss?

Furthermore, to transfer the theme to the pages of our own life histories, is there any chance that we, behind our bulwark of devotion, may attain a like dramatic picturesqueness of calamity or triumph?

No, we are forced to admit, not for us the rose-embowered cot, the clotted cream, the honey from the hive, the flattering, if too pressing, attentions of a Belgrave; the shimmer of a coronet upon our ringlets. Above all, let us keep hidden away in the secret recesses of our hearts, the furtive, the guilty, the ungrateful suggestion whether, but for the cherished incubus of friends, we ourselves might not have figured as heroines of romance.



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

DECORATIONS IN THE HUDSON
COUNTY COURT-HOUSE BY
FRANK D. MILLET

FOR the corridors on the third floor of the new Hudson County Court-House, on the heights overlooking Jersey City, Mr. Millet, having charge of the interior decorations, elected to paint, himself, two large historic lunettes on two of the walls, and commissioned Mr. Charles Y. Turner to paint the other two. These corridors, on the upper floors, surround the great central opening under the dome. Practically on the same level as these wall paintings, but directly under the dome, are Mr. Blashfield's four great figures of Fame in the pendentives of the arches, somewhat larger in scale and in a completely different field of the decorative art—as, indeed, their position requires. Mr. Millet's and Mr. Turner's paintings, set on the flat spaces of the long, low walls, without direct daylight, and within the spectator's reach if he so chooses, required other inspiration and rendering. For the first of these the subjects selected were from the very early history of the commonwealth of New Jersey, the skirmish between Henry Hudson's crew and the natives in the bay, off Bergen Point, September 3, 1609, and the purchase from the Indians, in 1658, of Pavonia, the site of the present towns of Jersey City and Hoboken. Mr. Turner's two episodes are much later in date, the first representing Washington, with his staff, watching from the heights of Fort Lee the attack on Fort Washington on the Manhattan shore, November 16, 1776, and the

second, the first passage of the steamer *Clermont* down the Hudson, August 17, 1807. All four paintings are semicircular in shape, about thirty-six by twenty feet, the corridors are about ten feet wide, and the bottoms of the paintings three feet from the floor. The diffused illumination from the great circular skylight in the

top of the dome is sufficient on a clear day, and is increased by the numerous electric globes. Owing to the narrowness of the corridors, the pictures can be seen to the best advantage from the opposite side of the building, and they also look well from the mezzanine floor below, though the lower portion of each is then cut off by the white marble balustrade protecting the corridor.

Under these circumstances the two painters selected somewhat different theories and practices—Mr. Millet, to seek the requisite distinction of tone and color by a tapestry effect, and Mr. Turner, by a greater brill-

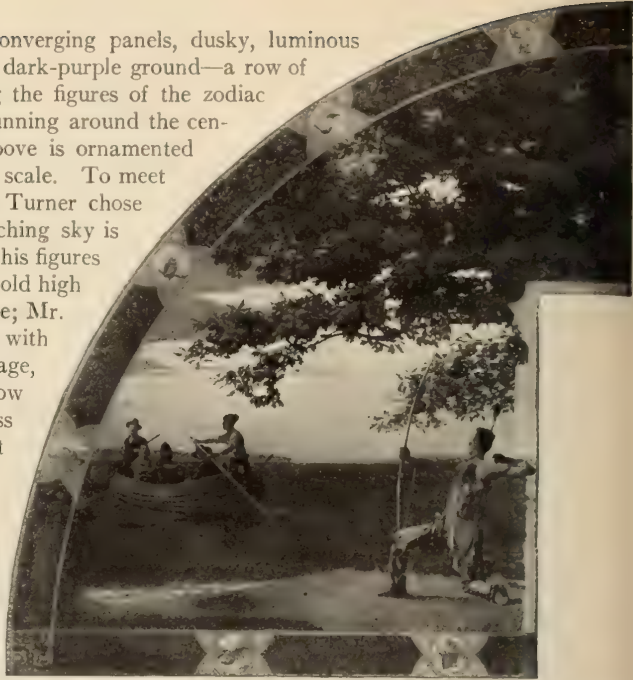
iancy and forcefulness which would hold its own in the absence of strong lighting and at the same time be not unmindful of the white marble walls and columns. Both of them gave their canvases a sufficient degree of finish and detail to please the too proximate spectator. All the architecture around them is of white marble with the exception of the walls of the mezzanine floor below them, which can be seen from this floor, and the interior of the dome above. The former are finished in rather brilliant, flat tones of buff and orange (on which are hung portraits in bronze frames of distinguished New Jersey jurists); and the curve of



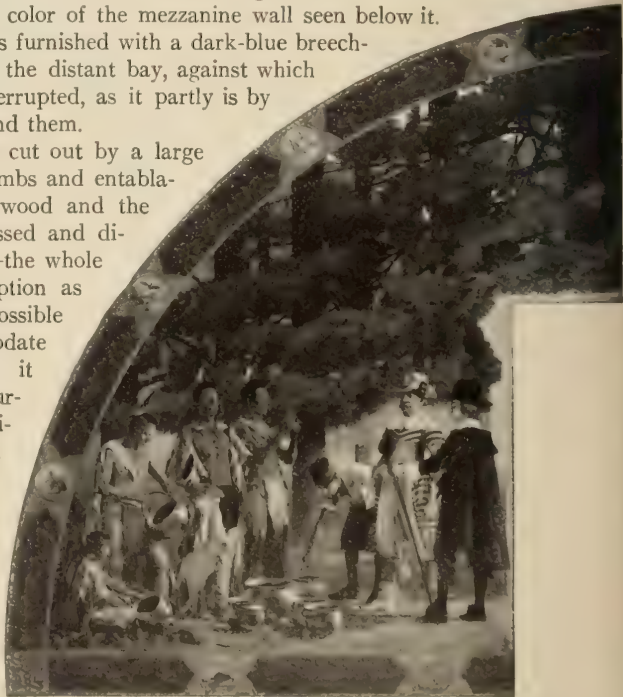
Study for a figure in lunette.
Repulse of the Dutch group.

the dome presents long, upright, converging panels, dusky, luminous figures, arabesques and border on a dark-purple ground—a row of circular and oblong panels carrying the figures of the zodiac in white on a grayish-red ground running around the centre. The circular glass skylight above is ornamented with a delicate pattern on a smaller scale. To meet this white marble environment Mr. Turner chose sunny summer weather—his overarching sky is pale blue with rosy white clouds and his figures strongly relieved—warm tones with cold high lights—against this cheerful landscape; Mr. Millet filled the tops of his arches with monumental masses of sombre foliage, pines and oaks, and his figures below in lighter and warmer tones but less positively defined. His sky, where it is seen, is a deep and luminous blue, the clouds alone—very white—seeming to consider the white marble; the waters of New York Bay, seen in the background in both cases, also deep blue in color. The warm light reddish-brown of the Indians' naked bodies and their gray leather leggings harmonize in the color scheme; the reds are confined to occasional accents and high notes, the most brilliant being in the broad scarf of the patroon in the land-purchase scene. Standing in the opposite corridor and looking across at it this brilliant spot carries up the color of the mezzanine wall seen below it. In this same scene the central chief is furnished with a dark-blue breech-clout that the long, dark-blue line of the distant bay, against which they are seen, be not too much interrupted, as it partly is by their figures and the tree stems behind them.

In all four paintings the centre is cut out by a large doorway with heavy white marble jambs and entablature, the doors themselves of dark wood and the large transom lights above them crossed and divided up by very positive mullions—the whole constituting as disturbing an interruption as could well be desired. As it is impossible for the pictured scene to accommodate itself to this unmannerly intrusion it wisely ignores it. Both artists have surrounded their paintings with appropriate borders—Mr. Turner's light and graceful, the title modestly appearing at the bottom on each side of the doorway; Mr. Millet's border, wider and heavier, carries intertwining wreaths of autumn leaves on a grayish-blue ground interrupted by circular medallions on which are painted in neutral tones representative species of the fauna of the locality. In the centre of each of his arches at the top a light-blue tablet with the



Repulse of the Dutch,
Lunette by Frank



Paying for the Land,
Lunette by Frank

title carries the eye upward, as seems to be required. In both cases, it may be added, the painters, working out their respective theories at a distance from the building and in totally alien surroundings, found their canvases when mounted on the walls to justify themselves, very much as they had been seen in the painters' prophetic mental visions.

For the tragedy of the death of one of Henry Hudson's seamen, slain by an Indian arrow, Mr. Millet did not consider it probable that the savages had pushed out into the open bay in their canoes and surrounded the *Half Moon*, but rather that they had resented the landing of the invading strangers.

So he represents a group of their warriors, five or six in number, under the shade of some spreading oaks, bending their bows against a boat-load of sailors pulling away from the shore, but without undue haste, though an arrow is already sticking in the stern of their boat. One of them, standing erect in the bow, with a musket, makes no effort to return the fire. The Indians are nude to the waist, like those on the oppo-



September 13, 1866.
Millet.

site wall; the necessary touches of scarlet are introduced by a red vine creeping up one of the tree trunks and the trimming of the quiver of the stooping archer at the left of the group. The red cap of the steersman in the boat also makes a ruddy spot of reflection in the water. The death of this unfortunate seaman, John Coleman, by an arrow in the throat, is recorded by some of the New Jersey historians as the first homicide in the long and bloody intercourse between the Europeans and the natives.

This painting occupies the north wall; facing it on the south wall is the peaceable scene of the purchase of the site of these two adjoining towns from the red men in 1658 for a certain number of fathoms of wampum, of cloth, of brass kettles, blankets, and a half-barrel of strong beer. The exact locality of this transaction is said to be at the corner of Grand and Washington Streets, Jersey City. In the painting the land seen dimly across the bay—tree tops, occasional houses and windmills, and a square-rigged vessel at anchor—is the lower end of Manhattan Island. At the left of the central doorway appears the principal group: the patroon, richly dressed, with his clerk in black, stands facing a group of four savages, the three men of which are naked to the waist, with black and white feathers stuck upright in their partly shaven heads. The chief in the centre, impassive and very upright, seems to regard the white man's commodities with disapproval; one of the others, equally



January 30, 1858.
Millet.

upright, is making a calculation on his fingers; a third has picked up one of the kettles and is examining it; the woman, seated on the ground on a little couch of pine leaves, is also inspecting a pot, probably with a more practical interest. The costume of the Dutch merchant offers the richest color of the whole composition: his jerkin and breeches are striped blue and yellow, round his waist is a broad scarlet scarf, the front of his breeches is protected by a sort of riding overalls in yellow leather, his high boots—gray in color—have falling tops lined with scarlet leather, his gray felt hat has a blue cockade, and round his neck is a broad white linen collar. On the right of the central doorway two men bring up the half-barrel of strong beer from their boat, beached behind them. To the pictorial narration of these two not very important historical incidents is given a most unusual dignity—a sort of pomp—by the towering masses of very dark foliage and the long stretch of “the wine-dark sea” beyond.

In other fields of art, differing widely from these great mural paintings, there is one in which Mr. Millet—among his numerous avocations—has peculiarly excelled; the rendering by very skilful but unassertive technique of mellow, restful, picturesque, human situations—incidents and conditions in which there is a touch of humor, possibly of quaintness, cheerful, subtle, suggestive. The heroic and the passionate are far away—the theme may be nearly commonplace, but the rendering must be with that selection and rejecting and refining which makes art; there may be a little pathos, or sentiment, mingled with the humor, but the work must be mellow and the workman must have excellent instincts. These qualifications, naturally, greatly restrict the production; but it is difficult to put in words the impalpable charm of these works for the truly appreciative. In several of his easel paintings, as in the “Between Two Fires,” purchased from the Royal Academy of 1892 by the Chantrey Fund, in the admirable “Piping Times of Peace,” in that most cheerful and ingenious

satire on a certain period of United States history, called (first title, changed afterward) “The Expansionist,” Mr. Millet has done this very thing excellently. If a little speculation be permissible, the question may be raised if certain types and things are not unadaptable, in both the intimate and the grandiose, as the red North American Indian. The big-breeched Hollander of our early colonial days is good material for both the painter and the historian, but the aborigine—through his inevitable limitations—can probably remain outside the real temple of art, as do other savages and the beasts of the field—horses excepted.

The human temperament not being amenable to rules, we are, of course, not entitled to much surprise at discovering mellow and restful pictures in the baggage of a painter who has exhibited so very many other qualities in the course of a long and singularly active and varied career—war correspondent, commissioner-general, manager, vice-president, director, secretary, special newspaper artist, medallist, juryman, and painter both by land and by sea of many and diverse moods. In other large historical mural decorations, not unlike these New Jersey lunettes in theme—as in the series of long panels for the Cleveland Trust Company Building typifying the pioneer movement in the great West—he has presented simply and directly, in very ingenious compositions, a picturesque synthesis of the representative incidents; for the Post Office Department of the Cleveland Federal Building he was commissioned by the Treasury Department to paint a frieze, in some thirty-four panels, representing the various methods of carrying and delivering the mail throughout the world “from the reindeer, or dog, sledge to the turbine liner”; in the vast ceiling of the call-room of the Baltimore Custom-House he has rendered, in a long space, a great line of sailing vessels, covered with canvas, stretched out over a long, rolling sea and advancing through the morning mists—a most stately presentation of Navigation.

WILLIAM WALTON.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthur

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE *CLERMONT*

— "Early Steamboat Days," page 207

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NO. 3

THE AUTOMOBILE IN AFRICA

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN, M. P.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



The stork's nest by the wayside.

To two people who have learned what the possession of an automobile may mean, the year, apart from its daily duties and its daily dust, is divided into three parts: One, the anticipation; two, the execution; three, the retrospect, of its motor journey. No other event of their year, again, of course, excepting grave affairs of public

history—at last the decision, made, unmade, remade, a dozen times, emerges final and fascinating. Then one of us sets to work on books and maps (with intervals of hats and frocks), while the other dons his overalls every afternoon and riots in a fortnight of mechanics, till each single part of the car has been separately handled and approved, scraped and replaced, adjusted or repaired, and the machine is perfect at every point for its task, with everything on board for anything that may happen.

Whither, then, this year? The answer is a word of purple promise. To the south, to a continent almost unknown to the motorist, to the land of the camel and the palm, to the desert and the oasis, to the Garden of Allah—to Africa! “Si l’on demande où je vais, tu répondras que je suis en Afrique: c’est un mot magique qui prête aux conjectures, et qui fait rêver les amateurs de découvertes.” So we drove in four December days across France, from Havre to Marseilles, and thence took ship to Algiers.

and private life, demands so much delightful preparation, brings so much keen enjoyment, imparts so much solid knowledge, affords so much precious memory as the month or two they spend together upon the flowing road. The world is theirs—wherever it is civilized enough to have roads. All races may become their intimates, every range of mountain-peaks their companion, every river their winding guide, every historic civilization their atmosphere. Vine-land and pine-land, palm-land and snow-land, the hot plain and the cold *col*, the comfortable certainty and the untried adventure—which shall it be this time? So from the long discussions on winter evenings—first, the wide expanse of the small scale map, then the puzzles of the large scale, then the study of topography, of climate, of

When in the brief chronicle of a long automobile journey one comes to an historic city, the result must be an impression, not a description. This is fortunate for me in the case of Algiers, for almost all writers about it begin by saying that it cannot be described. The difficulty of the task may be judged from the vocabulary to which one enthusiastic French author has recourse, in a desperate effort to compass the impossible. “Peut-on décrire Alger? Quelle palette ne faudrait-il pas pour rendre le ton, la couleur, la chaleur des teintes, dont l’in-

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tensité est parfois presque douloureuse et dont les crépuscules rapides et ombreux et les aubes clarteuses font tièdes, douces, intermédiaires, les opalescences diaphanes, nimbées d'auréoles violettes ou bleutées?"*

The Arabs call Algiers *El Bahadja*, "The White," and compare it to a diamond set among emeralds. It appears to one writer like a quarry of rosy-veined white marble. Another sees in its rising terraces a giant's staircase. Fromentin, "the poet of the Sahara," compares the lonely cypress rising from its castle, where the Janissary has given way to the Zouave, to an aigrette upon a turban. The fact is that Algiers is a spectacle of extraordinary charm. Seen from the sea by night, when the mail-boat from Marseilles arrives, it is an amphitheatre of stars, with a great sparkling band—the lights along the modern Boulevard de la République, which cuts across the native city and forms the communication between old and new. In daylight it is seen to be a semicircle of terraces, rising from the deep blue of the sea to the deep green of the hills, beyond which again are the snow-tipped mountains, the dazzling white of the houses broken only by the exuberant tropical foliage, the modern suburb of Moustapha Supérieur on the left telling of Western luxury by its embowered villas, the old city wholly Eastern in its houses crushed together in the press of humanity, crowned by its famous citadel, the historic Kasbah, with its one tall aigrette cypress. The first view of Algiers, too, reveals the secret of its perfect climate. It lies wide open to the sun, a thousand miles south of Paris, with the sea before it to warm and refresh the cold, parching winds from the north, and the two Atlas ranges and the wooded Sahel behind it to cool the hot south wind from the Sahara.

The merely picturesque has few attractions for me. In my travels it is always the ghosts that move me. The walls of Constantinople live for me in the pages of Gibbon. In Central Asia I saw Skobelev's army bombarding Khiva and himself going alone to the native bath an hour after he had passed as a conqueror through the corpse-strewn streets. Sofia was haunted by Stambuloff, for his wife showed me his chopped-off hands in a vessel of spirit. In

Athens I remember the exquisite figures of the Panathenaic festival moving in stately procession round the Acropolis. I once went to Harper's Ferry to see John Brown and his sons, rifle in hand, holding the bridge. I know Richard Cœur de Lion chiefly through the wonderful Château Gaillard he built above the Seine, where I saw his men-at-arms carousing in the vast halls, and the ladies of his court leaning over the high battlements. I enjoy the snowy Alp, the rolling landscape, the scented gardens largely at second hand—in the pleasure of others, but *nihil humani a me alienum*. The places I seek and hold in memory are those where men have thought and fought and women have loved and sung and wept. I know just what the poet meant when he wrote:

"The living are the only dead;
The dead live, never more to die;
And often when we mourn them fled
They never were so nigh."

Any guide-book will tell you of the mosques of Algiers—there are but four, the others being *koubbas*, prayer-houses built round the tombs of Moslem saints. I will only say that the most beautiful thing in Algiers—apart from the old jewelry, if you are lucky enough to find it, and sharp enough not to be taken in by imitations—is the collection of tiles and plaques in the Zaouia of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman, who died in 1471. My lady readers will possibly like to look in at a woman's bath. I am assured it is a remarkable spectacle. The Kasbah, the citadel of 1516, mounted two hundred guns and had two million pounds' worth of treasure in its vaults, when the last Dey struck with his fan the French consul in the tawdry little painted wood summer-house above the court-yard—an act which made Algeria into a French department. And every writer is struck, as you will be, by the spectacle of East and West—the Arab in his *bourous* and the Maltese tramway driver, the Moor in his gay *gandoura* and the smart French officer, the veiled Arab woman, whose aim is to hide herself beneath her *haik* and swaddling-clothes, and the corsetted lady from the Champs Elysées, whose object is to exhibit herself, jostle each other in the streets of Algiers.

For my own part, I was almost stifled there by the throng of ghosts, and it seemed

* G. Saint-Paul, "Souvenirs de Tunisie et d'Algérie," p. 91.



Photograph by Em. Fréchet.

In mysterious Algiers.

as though I must push them aside before I could move. Has any other place so many? Lybians, Numidians, Phœnicians are too old to be recognized. The centuries of Roman conquest have left little beyond the name "Icosium" in an inscription in the rue Bab-Azzoun. Genseric, the Vandal, at the request of one of a pair of Roman rivals, seized all North Africa, afterward sacked Rome (A. D. 429), and then Rome avenged herself by ruining him through the luxury he had stolen from her, and from Constantinople came (A. D. 533) the Byzantine general, Belisarius, who took it all. But the European domination was doomed and the African Church, which had produced Tertullian, Cyprian, and the immortal

Augustine, went down (A. D. 647) before the conquering host of the Kaliph Othman, and for thirteen centuries the followers of the prophet fought only amongst themselves for Africa, until the cup of iniquity overflowed in 1830, and the French began their African development by the conquest of Algiers. But the remarkable ghosts of the White City are those of the tens of thousands of Christian slaves—chiefly English, French, Spanish, Dutch, and American, and their pirate masters, who for centuries set Christian Europe, and later the United States, at defiance, and not only defied these nations, but at one time or another defeated them all.

Ships were seized in all European waters, even off the coast of Ireland, and their crews



How France conquered Kabylia. The great road and Fort National. —Page 206.

taken into slavery. So were the crews of vessels which came to trade. When any State attempted punishment, the consul of that country was sent to the galleys, and Sir Lambert Playfair, British consul-general and erudite author of Murray's "Handbook," tells us that in one instance, on the approach of a French fleet, their representative was blown toward them from a mortar! Cervantes himself was a slave there in 1555. The British ambassador at Madrid wrote in 1616: "The strength and boldness of the Barbary pirates is now grown to that height, both in the ocean and the Mediterranean seas, as I have never known anything to have wrought a greater sadness and distraction than the daily advice thereof." In the seventeenth century the Algerine pirates held prizes worth twenty million francs. Again and again the Christian powers of that and the next century failed to inflict a lasting defeat upon this "scourge of Christendom." The British Parliament passed an Act to "undertake that Christian work of the redemption of the captives from the cruel thralldom they lay under," but its intention exceeded its power, for not long afterward three hundred and fifty English ships were captured and six thousand English slaves brought

into Algiers in the space of seven years, and when, after five years' war between England and the pirate State, a peace was signed, the Dey refused to surrender a single English slave, and the treaty contained a clause to the effect that "the King of Great Britain shall not be obliged by virtue of this treaty to redeem any of his subjects now in slavery"—probably the most degrading treaty, as Sir Lambert Playfair remarks, ever signed between England and a foreign power. At one time forty thousand Christian slaves were in bondage in Algeria, of all the nations of Europe, many of them men of rank, learning, and piety, and all of them suffering daily the most cruel hardships, starvation, and torture. One would have expected the Christian nations to join forces for one object at least, and wipe this puny pirate State off the earth, yet for five hundred years Barbary held them at bay. Just as the old sailors' chanty about "the coast of the wild Barbaree" took its origin in the terrors of that coast, so the religious order of the Fathers of the Redemption was originally founded to collect alms for the ransom of the Algerian slaves, and many of its members, with perhaps the noblest Christian charity on record, voluntarily shared the lot of the



Stopped by snow in upper Kabylia.—Page 267.

captives for the comfort they could give, and the services they could render in negotiations of ransom.

One ghost of all these unhappy thousands takes literally concrete shape. An Arab Christian named Geronimo, taken as a baby by Spanish soldiers and educated by the vicar-general, was captured by the pirates during a raid. As a renegade he was of course the subject of the utmost persecution, and when no inducement or suffering could make him apostatize, he was at length offered by the Dey the choice of being thrown alive into a mould of concrete which formed part of the foundation of a new bastion, or of embracing Islam; he chose the martyrdom and was flung into the mould, with his hands tied behind him, and the concrete poured over him. This was in 1569.

In 1612 a Spanish Benedictine father wrote a history of Algiers, in the course of which he narrated at length the martyrdom of Geronimo, and described particularly the situation of the bastion in which his body lay. In 1847 a translation of this passage was published in an Algerian newspaper, and in 1853, when the old fortress was destroyed, search was made. Exactly as had been described, the skeleton was discovered, and on plaster of Paris being poured

into the impression in the cement, the figure of the martyr emerged, the hands tied behind it, much as he had been three centuries before. This plaster cast is to-day in the Bibliothèque Musée. As we stood silent beside it one evening the old days seemed very near, and the ghosts of Barbary peopled the twilight.

To walk from the French town to the Arab town in Algiers is to be brought sharply up against the racial problem, always the most vital matter when East and West meet, with the significance of its contrasts and the uncertainty of its future. The Arab town is a rabbit-warren of interlaced streets, a maze of stairways, narrow gateways, twisting streets, and blind alleys. You would quickly be lost without a guide. And all the houses turn their backs to you—that is the Eastern way. Till the French came, the streets had no names and the houses no numbers. Why should they have? There was no postman or tradesman's messenger; the owner expected no visitors; he knew his own house and he did not want other people to know it. To-day there are street names and house numbers, but the life of the Moor goes on behind those blank walls and heavy doors exactly

as it did centuries ago. The French authorities tolerate no flagrant scandal, and an Arab who is found maltreating his wife is arrested and punished. But all the foreigners can do touches but a thread of the fringe of native life. No foreigner knows what the Arab does; to few has it been given to understand what he thinks; within his house he is as much master in Algiers as he is in Mecca, so long as he avoids the appearance of what the infidel

about the impenetrable mystery of these silent houses. Things happen there, and human nature assumes aspects there, of which the Western world never dreams. I confess to being uneasy when I see careless and ignorant Westerners—certainly when I see Western women—walking alone in the native quarters of Eastern towns. Suppose one of those dark doors should open suddenly, the stranger be dragged quietly within, and the door shut? That stranger might



One of the many hairpin corners on the great road into Kabylia.

calls evil, and so long as he complies with certain demands, equally foolish and outrageous to him, in respect of registration, vaccination, sanitation, and the like. There is no sharp boundary between the two communities: if you follow a street far enough you pass the imperceptible frontier. "After so many years," says M. Fromentin, "there are no barriers between the two cities except those of suspicion and antipathy existing between the two races, but those suffice to separate them. They touch one another, they live in the closest companionship, but neither meet nor mingle except in the worst of each—the dirt of their gutters and their vices." To any one who has ever seen for a moment behind the veil of native life there is something almost terrifying

disappear forever without leaving a single trace. It would be useless to search, unless the authorities were prepared to ransack every house, to its most private apartments, in a whole district, and to do that would be, if not to provoke a revolt, at least to stir up such dangerous unrest and hostility as to make it impossible. What might happen to that stranger is best not considered. If his or her captors so chose, there would be no more trace than marks the spot where a stone has fallen into the sea. Such an event is, of course, very unlikely, but it has horribly happened, and might happen again. The Western woman is happily ignorant of the tyranny of sex in the Eastern temperament.

If a century of Western domination has left the Eastern mind thus unaffected, is



A Kabylia hill-village under the snows.

there any reason to suppose that another century will be different? That is the question prompted by this native town, within rifle-shot of the governor-general's palace and the luxurious European villas on the opposite side of the amphitheatre. It is the question of Calcutta and Cairo, just as of Algiers. Opinions differ here, and there, as to the answer. "There are attractions as impossible in *moral* as in chemistry," says M. Fromentin. "All the

politics of the centuries will not change the law of human hatred into the law of love." On the other hand, the author I have previously quoted, a French army surgeon who has lived long in Africa and studied the Arab intimately and with sympathy, asserts positively that the present relationship cannot last. "French domination in North Africa will either be arabophile, or it will not be at all. To wish to govern the country without those, or against those, to whom

it belonged is a form of madness which cannot last." And, curiously enough, the last two books upon North Africa that I have read, this one of Dr. Saint-Paul and the account by M. Visscher, of the British Niger Political Service, both speak of the great and growing influence of the Young Turk party in this portion of the Mohammedan world. The victory of Japan over Russia set the Eastern world heaving and moving, and some of these movements, like the Chinese revolution, will develop fatefully for the West. Among them Panislamism found a rebirth. The re-



The unveiled women of Kabylia in their scarlet and yellow homespun garments.—Page 266.

nascence of the East will probably be the phenomenon of the twentieth century.

Algeria consists, roughly speaking, of a series of zones running parallel with the latitude. First come the town and the long

till we should strike the north and south road leading to Biskra and the Sahara.

There is a magnificent mountain road leading in one direction, but we could not take it, as at the time we left it would be blocked by snow. So on a brilliant warm



The coast road between Bougie and Djidjelli.—Page 270.

suburbs of Algiers; then to the west, behind the town, a wooded country called the Sahel; then a district known as the Tell, containing the great plain of the Metidja; then one broken chain of the Atlas Mountains; then a wide bare plain, enclosed to the south by the other chain of the Atlas; and finally the Sahara Desert. Our route lay first due east, parallel with the Mediterranean, then south-east past Constantine,

January day—remember, we were a thousand miles south of Paris—we took our last look at Algiers, clustering without disfigurement or interruption right down to its little bay, and looking innocent alike of its strange population and lurid history. A shocking road through an uninteresting country, but the ditches were full of green asphodels and the fields of artichokes, bordered with hedges of cassia and orange-



The evergreen cork oak.

trees, and dotted over with eucalyptus and planes and olives and myrtles and castor-oil trees. Upon the top of a low pole by the road-side stood a stork upon its big nest. "What a pity we 'aven't got a gun!" sighed my cockney chauffeur as we stopped to photograph it. The thin cattle were looking carefully for a living among the lentiscus and wild cork scrub on the sun-browned hills, and the huddled shepherd leaned on his stick beside his ragged flock, which he harangues and whacks all day long, and at evening, after his prayer, takes home with him. After sixty miles we rise gradually to a considerable height and find strange hills spread out before us, smooth and bare, with rain-washed channels, the bare earth having been cleared of one crop and another not having yet showed sign—a curious prospect of rolling, red-ploughed earth, sun-baked, greenless, stoneless, furrowless, weedless.

The country looks as though it were moulded in red clay, and the mountains rise out of it without a tree or an "accident," without vegetation, without woodland. For the first time in our lives we looked upon a hill made of the same material from bottom to top, its russet surface only broken by the shadows where a fold of earth occurred. In Italy, in order to cultivate such

a slope, it would have been made into terrace upon terrace. One wonders how they can possibly till and sow and reap it here. One other reflection: in the plains of any hot country the roofs are flat; as soon as the mountains are reached, pent roofs begin, and the higher the mountains the steeper the pitch of the roofs. So it was here. Through these strange hills we glide down to Tizi-Ouzou, the capital of Kabylia, built upon the side of a conical hill with a white fort on its apex. A few miles farther the snow-peaks of the Atlas burst upon us. This first afternoon brought us one of our most superb views, below us the purple undulations of the ploughed plain, a splendidly engineered road before us, leading to the wooded foot-hills, with the jagged snowy peaks beyond.

As almost everywhere, these mountains also have saved a race from absorption or extinction, and have preserved the human qualities which perish in the plains. It is the story of Switzerland and the Caucasus again. Nobody knows the origin of the Kabyles. Their fair complexions, blue eyes, red hair show that they are not Asiatic or African. They came under Okba, a lieutenant of the Khalif Omar, in the seventh century, and conquered the human débris

left in Roman Africa—negroes, Phœnicians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans. They were civilized, and possessed a culture and institutions of their own, and ruled till savage Turkish hordes came from Arabia and swept over the country, save the mountains, in which the Kabyles took refuge and lived an independent life till the French, not without great difficulty and heavy loss, subdued them, but left their institutions little modified, in 1857. Their religion is a pale Mohammedanism, their government democratic, their language Coptic, their original caligraphy extinct; their women, who enjoy a well-deserved reputation for beauty, go unveiled, and are covered with the silver and coral jewelry which sells dear in the shops of Algiers, and their most interesting product a curious varnished yellow pottery, with quaintly traditional Roman and Phœnician designs in red and black. Good specimens of this are becoming difficult to procure, our only find being a quaint and treasured camel which we brought home, through many ups and downs, packed in a tool-box.

Hitherto we had motored through a country of men, where all the women were hidden or unsexed by veils and swaddling-clothes. But now we were in a country where the population was complete, and women both see and are seen, and share alike in the labor and its reward.

We liked the Kabyles, and planned some day to follow them into their remoter homes. They are handsome and friendly and intelligent and gay. In the village of Adeni they sat perched like red-headed white birds under a clump of gnarled old olive trees, with a background of purple mountains, lit up by a golden sunset; and with great enjoyment and laughter they helped us to photograph two tiny girls in red, with the blackest and velvety eyes ever seen. Just when the mountains seemed to block our way and the difficulties of such an ascent loomed threateningly ahead, the road became a perfect piece of engineering, and up and up we mounted, to the walled little town of Fort National, three thousand feet above the sea, our goal for the night. This was built by the French to hold the conquered country, but the Kabyles did not yield up their independence without one more struggle, for in 1871 they rose, destroyed Tizi-Ouzou, and

besieged for sixty days the little garrisons in the forts there and here. The insurrection was marked by a massacre of French colonists and desperate fighting on both sides, but the conquest was final, though the old spirit which drove out the Romans and kept back the Arabs still looks out through the eyes of these upright and proud mountaineers.

Our first hundred miles and our first day of Algerian travel ended in a miserably cold and uncomfortable inn, but we were more than glad we had come to Africa.

If my sole object were to persuade the reader to take his automobile to Algeria, I should stop here with the one word "Go!" Go next March, or next October, stay as long as you can, and penetrate as far as you can—only go. Take my word for it, without further narrative, that your enjoyment will be vast and your memories vivid and life-long. But as most readers, for one reason or another, may not go, let me now tell of two of the days upon which the above promise is founded.

From Fort National the road runs straight over the Djurdjura Mountains, crossing them at the Pass of Tirourda, five thousand seven hundred and seventy-two feet high. This would certainly be blocked by snow in January, so we determined to go as far as we could with safety and then return to rejoin the coast road we had quitted at Tizi-Ouzou. Soon we were running through such a land as we had never seen before. The road leads along a narrow ridge forming the upper edge of a great valley extending for many miles. On the left are the mountains, their dark, perpendicular crags alone rising clear of the snow; on our right the valley is filled with innumerable conical hills, each having a Kabyle village perched upon its top. The hills and the villages are all exactly similar—red, unterraced slopes and closely grouped earthen houses with tiled roofs. There seems nothing to distinguish one from another as we look down upon a hundred of them, and we wonder how a man finds his hill and his home, and again how on earth he tills these precipitous slopes so well. It is as though one looked down upon a colony of great African ant-hills from an aeroplane, or like a small-scale relief map of Switzerland. "The view of this strange relief is unforgettable," truly



The rock rampart on which Constantine is built. — Page 270.

says the French guide-book. In summer the whole country is carpeted with wild flowers, but now the sunnier slopes bear only fig trees and pollarded ash, and where rocky the ground is covered with scrub of wild olive, stunted cork, evergreen oak, wild thyme, and heath. A dozen miles on is the little white French town of Michelet, inhabited chiefly, we are told, by “functionaries,” of whom French administration

everywhere, here just as in France or Tongking, produces such an abundant crop; but a mile or two beyond the town the snow became too deep for our car, so we left it by the road-side, an object of vast interest to the natives driving their laden asses down to market, and walked on to the top of the pass.

The view is certainly superb, and a French traveller hardly exaggerates in call-



The mounds of carbonate of lime at Hammam Meskoutine —Page 275.

ing it "unique in the world." For more than thirty miles the Djurdjura forms an almost vertical wall of rocks on the horizon, the highest being Lella Khadidja, nearly eight thousand feet, while shielded by them and extending for miles on each side below you is the strange valley of hills, dotted with white villages like clutches of eggs. Algeria is an unworked gold-mine for a daring landscape-painter.

The market was in full swing when we got back to Fort National, but though the town was crowded with natives, we could see nothing to buy except oranges and one heap of second-hand European clothes. I noticed, however, two unmistakable symptoms of civilization. Every native seemed to go into the wine-shop and filled a bottle he produced from under his *bourrous*, and then into the post-office to buy stamps. The road down was made memorable by groups of charming Kabyle women in red and yellow—apparently the favorite colors of Kabylia—bedecked with great clasp-brooches of silver and coral. They were willing enough to be photographed, and to sell their ornaments, but they ask too much for them. All were carrying on their heads bright jars of water or oil, or bundles of cork-wood, and one—a queenly creature—was crowned with a load of manure!

So, back through the red hills, now turning violet and purple in the sunset, causing

needless anxiety to the youthful shepherds driving their cattle home, we came under a pale full moon into Azazga for the night, after a day's run of sixty miles—"one of the most interesting days I have ever spent motoring," says my lady's diary. But the first entry for the next day surpasses it: "Another superb day, and I think the finest run we have yet had—so varied in character and striking all the way, and perfectly beautiful at intervals." Our road lay between two great cork forests, till, with dramatic suddenness, on turning a corner, we reached the top of the Col de Tigdint, three thousand two hundred feet, and an exquisite panorama of hills broke into view, so unexpected and unannounced as to be positively startling. Countless peaks lie before us—all bare and blue, with the sea behind them. Neither pen nor photograph can do justice to this prospect. "The prospect is quite unearthly," says my faithful diarist. "We seem behind the scenes, as though we looked down from heaven. It is perhaps the finest view I have ever seen."

Down again, along an admirably engineered road, through apparently boundless forests of cork and oak, with wide fire-belts cut at intervals—all government property and scientifically worked. The road is bordered with smilax, arbutus, and white clematis, and over the tree-tops the snow-capped Djurdjura appear constantly.

Great wagons of timber and cork bark often block the way, and we chat with the foresters till we can pass them. After the forests, tilled land again, dotted with magnificent gnarled old olive trees, round which the native plough, a rough wooden implement with one plain spike, is scratching the rich soil. At El Kseur we find two things: a *déjeuner du pays*, consisting of cold wild asparagus, a duck from the farmyard, a dandelion salad, and fat walnuts, and second, the high-road to Bougie, the seaport of Eastern Kabylia, a flourishing town, equally picturesque in situation and in history. French candles, by the way, used to be made from wax imported from here; hence their name of *bougies*.

This town, perhaps, even more than Algiers, combines in itself the beauty and the varied story of North Africa. It is built upon an amphitheatre formed of the lower slopes of the Mount Gouraya (two thousand one hundred feet), part of the Djurdjura range, with again other hills, six thousand five hundred feet high, behind this, bearing forests of cedar and pine. More rain falls here than anywhere in Algeria, and the vegetation is therefore most luxuriant.

The jagged snow-peaks behind, the great cedar slopes, the amphitheatre, the precipitous streets, the sweeping bay, the blue waters, and across them the glowing hills, render Bougie one of the most theatrically picturesque places we have ever seen. I begin to fear that my enthusiasm for Algerian prospects will appear exaggerated, so in defence I borrow the description of Bougie from a poet's pen. Thomas Campbell, well known for his "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Hohenlinden," visited the town in 1834, and this is what it moved him to say:

"Such is the grandeur of the surrounding mountain scenery that I drop my pen in despair of giving you any conception of it. Scotchman as I am, and much as I love my native land, I declare to you that I felt as if I had never before seen the full glory of mountain scenery. The African Highlands spring up to the sight not only with a sterner boldness than our own, but they borrow colors from the sun unknown to our climate, and they are mantled in clouds of richer dye. The farthest-off summits appeared in their snow like the turbans of gigantic Moors, whilst the nearest masses glowed in crimson and gold under the light of the morning."



We pass two shallow salt lakes and waste time by trying to get near enough to the rosy flamingoes to photograph them.—Page 276.

I thought the Georgian Road through the Caucasus bore signs of the passage of more races of men than almost any other spot. But Bougie runs it close, for Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Berbers, Arabs, Spaniards, Turks, and French have possessed it in turn, and have all left their plain footprints on its rocks. Its history begins as a Carthaginian emporium; then the Romans took it, and Augustus founded a colony of veteran soldiers there, calling it *Saldae*, and his watercourse, with its rocky tunnel three hundred and fifty yards long, is used to this day, and we walk upon his pavements, though his fortifications, palace, baths, and mosaics are ruins. Then the Vandals took it, and in the eleventh century El Nacer, the Berber chief,—doubtless one of those whom Gibbon describes as “Barbarians, in religion and manners the countrymen of Mahomet, who emerged from the bloody factions of a palace to a provincial command and an independent throne”—filled it with his blond Hamites, and called it *Bedjaia*. These were the days of its splendor and its now rare Hispano-Mauresque pottery, when it counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and out of its abundance endowed learning and religion in many famous mosques and colleges, and out of its pride committed piracy far and wide. This was its undoing, for the husband of Isabella sent fourteen ships of war—with the result that this inscription in Latin may still be read on the wall of its citadel: “Ferdinand V, illustrious King of Spain, has taken this city by force of arms, from the perfidious children of Hagar, in the year 1509.” So the town became Bugia, and seventeen years later Leo Africanus, the Moorish geographer, wrote of it: “Wonderful is the architecture of its houses, its temples, colleges, and palaces.” The Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, Ferdinand’s grandson, took refuge here after he had failed in an attack upon Algiers, but the Algerians followed him, stormed the castle below and the citadel above, and forced its Spanish governor back to Spain, where he lost his head, while Bugia lost all its wealth and its wonders. I came by chance upon its epitaph in the acrid pages of Gibbon: “A remnant of trade still adheres to the commodious harbor of Bugia, which, in a more prosperous age, is said to have contained about twenty thousand

houses; and the plenty of iron which is dug from the adjacent mountains might have supplied a braver people with the instruments of defence.” The decay of centuries followed the Turks, and when the French appeared before it, in 1833, even the ruins of its proud past were long overgrown, and its last act of war was the prompt surrender of its handful of defenders.

Now, as Bougie, with its railways, harbor, quays, industrial schools, and excellent *Hôtel de France*, it is commercially prospering once more, as indeed it ought to do, with so rich and fertile a land behind it.

Constantine, the second city of Algeria, was our goal, and the ordinary way (except the roundabout railway route) is by diligence over the *Kerrata* Pass to Setif, and thence by train. But the road on the other side of the pass was blocked, and the diligence had not come through for several days. And we preferred to see the coast road by *Djidjelli*, but on no account to miss the *Chabet Gorge* which leads to the pass, so in pouring rain we splashed along the coast past Cape Aokas to the fork of the road and then turned due south and inland. “Almost any amount of inconvenience,” says Sir Lambert Playfair, “will be repaid by the magnificence of the scenery between *Kerrata* and Cape Aokas, which is hardly to be surpassed in any part of the world.” This is certainly true, and the French, the greatest road-builders since the Romans, have constructed no finer road than that which, since 1873, connects Setif with the sea. The Georgian Road from *Vladikavkas* to *Tiflis* is the only one I know to compare with it in solemn grandeur, and that is commonplace beside this amazing feat of engineering. So difficult was this route to find and keep that it is stated an Arab could not traverse it on foot before the road was made. A gorge five miles long, so narrow that you could throw a stone across it at almost any point; a road half cut, half built, hung upon the rock-side, first on the right, and then, crossing it by a seven-arched bridge thrown across the abyss, on the left; a hundred feet or more below the road the rushing river which in geologic time has worn this huge cleft through the mountain range; above the road perpendicular cliffs, a thousand feet high, sometimes actually overhanging it;



Ruins of the Roman City of Timgad.

On the main road is the African Pompeii, certainly among the most interesting Roman remains to be found anywhere.—Page 275.

great rocks seeming on the totter overhead, and tumbled breaches in the stone parapet and the débris of recently cleared landslides, showing that they often actually fall; a tunnel under a roaring stream; a misty twilight all day long. Such is the Chabet-el-Akra, "the defile of death." I leave the reader to imagine the impression it produces on the mind. Suffice it to say that, though the rain fell in torrents, we lowered the hood of our car with the idea that if anything did fall from the disintegrating rock, we might, perhaps, see it coming; and we drove very quietly, recollecting the Alpine warning that a loud word may loose a trembling avalanche.

In two places in all Algeria there are monkeys—a strange topographical survival—one of them a ravine here, and despite the downpour we were lucky in seeing them—little brown, tailless fellows with rusty muzzles, running easily up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, occasionally grasping a bush for a swing upward, and disappearing in the holes. Great flocks of

pigeons have their homes here, too, and overhead in fine weather we might have seen the eagles soaring.

I have said nothing of the hotels of Algiers. They are for the most part comfortable and clean, the landlords genial, and the food more than good. At the Hotel Chabet, at the summit of the Kerrata Pass, the proprietor welcomed us jovially, spread all our soaked things round the great stove in the common room—it was bitterly cold up there—gave us his own sitting-room, showed us with pride the signature of King Edward in his visitors' book, and prepared us a dish of crayfish à l'Américaine such as we have not enjoyed before or since.

By noon next day we had renewed these impressions and were on the coast road once more; again a fine piece of road-making, battered every mile or two by a landslide, and cut up by the great cork wagons with their eight horses, dodging round these; or the five-horsed diligence on the one side, and huge fallen rocks on the other, left little chance of admiring the scene, but my pho-

tograph shows its picturesqueness. Of the famous cave we passed I will borrow my diarist's description: "As a rule I hate caves, but this was really a nice one. It was not dirty or stuffy or too hot, the Arab guide did not look murderous, nor did candle-grease ruin my gloves. He had a fine acetylene lamp. Nor did we have to walk miles bent double. No, it is the best cave I have ever seen, the white stalactites and stalagmites being of wonderful diversity, some big and hanging like curtains or fun-guses, some like macaroni, hanging in tubes all over the ceiling like white fur, but all curious, the whole cave being completely covered, floor and roof, with this extraordinary limestone deposit. It is both beautiful and remarkable." Splashing through seas of mud, plastered with it and soaked by the rain, we came in the late afternoon to Djidjelli, to find the only hotel on the eve of closing for good, with its proprietress rooted to her chair with rheumatism, her son gone to his military service, only a stupid, dirty Arab boy to wait on us, no food to be had without going out to the only little restaurant for it, and no fire without sending out for wood, which arrived soaked. During the night the storm became a wild gale, and in the morning we learned at the diligence office that the Kerrata Pass had been blocked by snow after we left, that the way back to Bougie was cut off by a landslide, and that the road on to Constantine was rendered impassable for wheels by wet sand several metres deep blown on it from the hill above. We were prisoners.

The three days that followed were made up of delay, mishap, and discomfort. For two days the storm kept us miserably in Djidjelli. Then the break in the road was reported mended, and we reached the spot at 10.30 A. M.; till four we watched the Arab gang shovel the sand-mud away, getting a quaint lunch of wild-boar soup and boiled wild boar at a little canteen near by. Then in trying to get round two great chariots, loaded with oak bark and deserted by their drivers, which were stuck fast in the middle of the road, our back wheels sank in deep mud, and in trying with all our forty horse-power to force a way we strained the clutch, and had to be hauled out by a team of mules. It took us three hours and a half, by the light of our electric lamps, to

take down the transmission and replace the buckled clutch plates by new ones we had, of course, among our "spares."

At midnight we reached the village of El Milia, where no accommodation was to be had. My official letter from the governor-general secured us the help of the gendarmerie, who, luckily for us, had a barracks there. Some hospitable people turned out of a bedroom for us and provided an impromptu supper, the car was left in the barrack yard, and the chauffeur given a bed in the hospital, whence he emerged in the morning smelling antiseptically. It was a hard day, but, as my diarist sagely remarks, "After all, the joys of travelling are the overcoming of difficulties, and the greater the difficulties the greater the joys." And how could anybody remember delays and dirty hands and aching back and tough boar and stuffy bedroom after they had seen marvellous Constantine towering impregably above the plain?

First through a shady valley betwixt luxuriant cork forests. Then past tracts of grazing ground and blue-gray seas of asphodel. We stop to dig up roots of these, and squills and colchicums, which now thrive in our garden by the Mediterranean. The road leads ever up, now across brown, rolling, tilled but furrowless fields toward where we see a far-off train winding its way among the hill-tops.

At last we cross the line and reach the top of a pass, the Col des Oliviers, one thousand three hundred feet up, whence a superb view stretches before and behind. Good-by now to the mountains and the forests, the sea and the snows, the proud men and beautiful women of Kabylia—we mean to visit you again some day—and on along a splendid road through what was vine-land till the phylloxera devastated it, now bare and dry, to the summit of another pass three thousand feet high; and soon there appears before us, emerging from the plain ahead, a city set upon a hill. Straight up from the level fields rise the rock walls of an amazing natural fortress crowded to its edge with white houses. There is no hint of any approach, and we wonder how this great road will ever curl itself up to that citadel. But we give our car its head, and by and by we pass the town and circle up at the back, ever rising, till at last, at the sweetest hour of the Eastern day, when night



El Kantara—The Gate of the Desert.

Road, railway, and river run side by side through the cleft.—Page 277.

draws near in a mantle of purple and gold, we cross a fine modern stone bridge into a busy square and pull up before a Grand Hotel. Whatever else is forgotten, Constantine will live in our memory always.

What a history the place has! Was there ever such a century of names of kings as those of the Numidian rulers of Con-

stantine two hundred years before Christ —Narva (Hannibal's brother-in-law), Syphax (Hasdrubal's son-in-law), Micipisa, Adherbal, and Jugurtha? Julius Cæsar took it from Pompey's ally Juba I, in 46 B. C., named it Cirta Julia, and for nearly three hundred years it was a Roman colony. Then a revolt overcame and destroyed the place, but Constantine retook

it and renamed it after himself. Three hundred years later the Arab invaders fell upon it and destroyed it barbarously, like every other place they overran, and the subsequent Turkish rule left it a prey to corruption and disorder, where the acclaimed Bey of to-day was to-morrow the victim of the sword, the bow-string, or the prison of his successor, as brief as himself in authority and as miserable in his end. In 1836 a gallant French army perished in assaulting it, but the next year another force was successful, though with fearful loss. The defenders disputed desperately every yard of the advance, and when at last they could no longer hold even the castle itself they sought escape by climbing down long ropes into the ravine; but these broke under

his Vandals, found it the only place in northern Africa that successfully defied him. The town is modern in parts, without much distinction in its buildings, and almost untouched East in other parts. The native quarter and the Jews' quarter are full of color and variety and smells, and a guide is necessary to thread the labyrinth safely. The chief industries are leather and native cotton and silk goods, and probably most visitors bring away a pair of the soft red slippers and a white-hooded *bourous* or an embroidered *gandoura*. But what dwarfs every other interest in Constantine is the pathway through the gorges of the Rummel, executed with skill and daring by a French engineer, and prosaically called "le Chemin des Touristes." A long wind-

ing road leads down into the abyss, and a payment of two francs passes you to a path following the windings of the river between the high cliffs, which sometimes almost meet over your head. The pathway runs along rocky edges, is carried on planks over iron bars driven into the rock, or slung on wire, up shakky steps, around abrupt corners, and through two or three tunnels. On the edge several hundred feet above are the houses in brilliant sunshine. The ravine is dark and damp, and the river roars beside you or beneath your feet. We were the only persons in the gorge that day, and the loneliness



El Kantara oasis.—Page 278.

the excessive human burden and left men, women, and children lying in dreadful heaps in the dark gorge below.

Constantine, as the French guide-book quaintly observes, was marked out as a fortress "from the very origin of humanity." It is a quadrilateral plateau of rock about a thousand yards long, sloping from two thousand five hundred feet on the north to one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet on the south. On the north and east its rocky sides rise sheer a thousand feet from the bed of the river Rummel, and only on the west is it connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. A Quaker could hardly have helped making a fortress of such an eagle's nest, and Genseric, with all

made the experience more thrilling. The ravine itself, the view through the last tunnel where the river pours itself into the open plain, the fantastic natural moat as seen from the bridge above, the whole illuminated by one's thought of the wonderful history which developed inevitably from nature's architecture here, form one of the most striking and interesting spectacles I have seen in any part of the world. It is surprising that so little is heard of Constantine and the Rummel gorge. "No rhapsodies," says Sir Lambert Playfair, "are too exaggerated to describe its beauties," and I may add that no one can properly see or appreciate the wonder of the place who does not first approach it from the plain.



The Garden of Allah from the desert — Page 279.

Seventy miles from Constantine there is a little motorist's paradise—an ideal place in which to do nothing for a while, and bathe luxuriously after dusty days, and thither in due course we went. It is called Hammam Meskoutine, "the baths of the damned," doubtless because of the temperature of the great springs which issue from the limestone at boiling point. There is a railway station and a hotel, but no town. The hotel consists of separate buildings surrounding an exquisite garden of orange trees, and the springs have made the landscape one of the most curious in the world. When the water has poured over a low cliff into a little river it has deposited a petrified cascade of snow-white carbonate of lime, from which rises always a silvery cloud of steam. Where it bubbles up through the ground it forms in a few years a snowy mound, ever growing as the carbonate is deposited layer upon layer, until at last, when the mound is sometimes thirty feet high, the orifice is choked up and the water finds an issue elsewhere. There are hundreds of these mounds scattered like druidical menhirs in a few acres of land, giving a most fantastic aspect to the country. The water has remarkable medicinal properties, and a bath in one of the swimming tanks connected with the hotel is an exhilarating experience. Here we spent delightful days, and

I can imagine no better place in which to rest a while. The hotel is charming, the food and attendance excellent, and if you are as fortunate as we were, to make the acquaintance of M. Rouyer, a charming man and wealthy colonist, Parisian half the year, who owns all the land thereabouts, and farms it himself, he will, perhaps, invite you also to shoot partridges among the olives and hunt the wild boar with him in the mountains.

One other excursion between Constantine and the south I cannot omit, though my reference to it must be brief. Twenty-three miles to the east of Batna, on the main road, is the African Pompeii, certainly among the most interesting Roman remains to be found anywhere. It was the city of Thamugadi, and was founded where six roads met, in 100 A. D., by Lucius Gallus, by order of the Emperor Trojan, to serve



The gate of The Garden of Allah. — Page 279.

as a nursery for the famous Third Legion—*Ulpia Victrix*, so called from Ulpus, the family name of Trojan himself. In the seventh century, after a period of great prosperity and even distinction, the city fell under the devastating Arab invasion, and then sand, earthquakes, soil washed down from the northern slope of the Aurès Mountains, at the foot of which it lies, and wild vegetation buried it until the French came and devoted forty-five thousand francs a year to its disinterment. Now you can walk along its perfectly paved roads and gain a wonderful notion, from its theatre, its great baths, its elaborate latrines, its shops, its market-place, its temple, its splendid triumphal arch of blue limestones, its stone aqueducts, its forum, with the orator's tribune, and even the lines of the games scratched on the pavement, of what life was in a flourishing Roman city nearly two thousand years ago. A human touch is the simple inscription, roughly drawn by one of the players:

VENARI LAVARI LUDERE RIDERE OCCEST VIVERE—"To hunt, to bathe, to play, to laugh, that is life." Happy the soldier of the legion who knew no other side of it! But the victorious Ulpians who laughed and bathed and hunted in Thamugadi have passed away, leaving nothing behind them except this deserted city, many Latin words in the language spoken by the mountaineers, and the striking beauty of the Aurès women.

The note given out by a motor running at high speed is, by the number of its vibrations, the lower C of the piano.

That is one fact—which has nothing to do with this journey. The tempo of an Algerian motor journey is *crescendo*. That is another fact—which has everything to do with it. We looked forward eagerly to Constantine and were not disappointed, but we left it *accelerando* and more eagerly still, for our car's hot muzzle pointed at last straight for the desert. The road was what we have come to call a "fat" one; that is, it was broad and flat and straight, over which our rolling rubber feet carry us fast and unad-

venturously to our goal. The country is gently undulating, and the hills keep at a respectful distance on either side of the plain. Suddenly we run into a patch of soft mud and stick fast. The road had evidently been washed away, and repaired with soft earth, which the recent rains had turned to deep mud. Friendly natives push us out backward, and after some misgiving we take to the ploughed field at the side and regain the road farther on. The next break is worse, and once more we have to drive into the fields, where a diligence driver is vainly trying to get his four horses to take a stream at full gallop. After half a dozen attempts he gives way to us, and we get through it at full speed. Gradually the road rises, till we come across patches of snow, the hills grow stonier and more snowy, corn-growing has ceased, and the flocks of sheep increase in number and decrease in fatness. It is hard to imagine how they live on these few terebinth patches



In the Diskra oasis.—Page 279.

and juniper bushes. We pass two shallow *chotts*, or salt lakes, and waste time by trying to get near enough to the rosy flamingoes to photograph them. The road crosses a river-bed, but the bridge was washed away three months ago and has not been replaced. (The kind prefect of Batna, we learn later, warned by an official message from Constantine, sent a native to sit here all last night with a lantern, his idea being that a mad English motorist would drive at full speed in the dark.) This means



Photography, L. M. Freelon.

In Sidi Okba, near Biskra.

a very slow and muddy détour, where we only just manage to pass, and it is four o'clock when we have done seventy-seven miles and reach Batna, a town of forty thousand people, at a height of three thousand three hundred and fifty feet, in the midst of a well-watered plain. It dates from 1844, when the French expedition to Biskra founded a camp here—its name means "We have spent the night"—and its barracks will hold four thousand men. I call on the prefect to ask about the road, and we push on at once, along a twisting way, cruelly stony, in the dark, the dusky outlines of the mountains seeming to close in upon us to block our way. Suddenly, when our speedometer shows one hundred and thirty miles, a long, brightly lighted wooden house, standing back in its garden, springs up on our right. It is the excellent and most hospitable Hotel Bertrand, and we are at El Kantara—a name of rich promise to us ever since we planned this memorable journey.

Calceus Herculis, the Romans called it, tradition declaring that the God cleared

this way through the mountains by a kick, and as

"In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three,"

they garrisoned it amply by a company of bowmen from Palmyra. The Arabs call it *Foum-es-Sahara*—the mouth of the Sahara. It is a V-shaped cleft through the mountains which hem in the rocky plateau up which we have come. Here they are about three hundred feet high, and the cleft is as clean and conspicuous as if cut by the blow of an axe. El Kantara ("The Bridge"), after a Roman bridge, restored out of recognition, consists only of the hotel, a post-office, and a couple of houses, but few of the crowded cities of the world produce so sudden or so unforgettable an impression. It is the exact point of division between two countries, two climates, one may almost say two civilizations. It is the only gate between the agricultural land of plain and high plateau and the boundless wilderness of sand, barren but for its innumerable palmy oases. The native belief, quoted by

all writers as a quaint fancy not wholly destitute of scientific basis, is that at El Kantara the hills stop all the clouds drifting south; that, as Fromentin says, "the rain comes there to die, and winter never passes this wonderful bridge," and in proof they allege the fact that on one side the hills are black, the color of rain, while on the other they are rosy, the tint of sunshine.

Road, railway, and river run side by side through the cleft, and just as you reach the nick of the pass the superb spectacle of an

des Gazelles, and beyond it along a finely engineered road we ran at top speed across the weed-spotted pink plain. The one remaining chain of hills was soon reached, and at the top of the low pass, the Col de Sfa, there lay stretched out as far as eye could reach a vast sea—the Sahara. We have come unto its yellow sands at last. One's first sight of the sea, one's first sight of the prairie, and one's first sight of the desert—three similar and uneffaceable impressions. We stop and gaze long at it—in silence.



The Sahara as it is.

oasis of ninety thousand palms, the first naturally grown ones to be seen, with its villages of sun-baked clay houses, bursts upon you. It is said that when the head of the Duc d'Aumale's column, in 1844, reached the bridge, the men instinctively halted, and in a sudden impulse of enthusiastic admiration the band saluted with its music this "amazing vision" of sudden sun and sand and south and verdure.

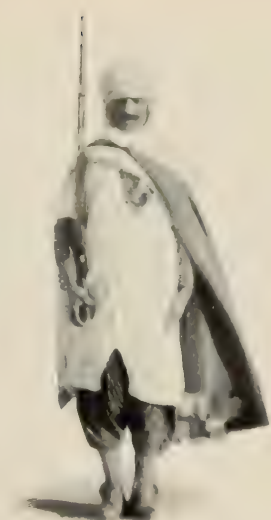
During the morning we strolled happily through the oasis and about the village, with an Arab lad for guide, and after lunch we drove again through the narrow pass over a sandy track rather than a road, across dry river-beds, crossing the railway twice, and soon met a fine drove of camels, which we photographed copiously—the first I had seen since that quarter of a mile of them, tied nose to tail by the great Chinese Wall, bringing coal to Peking from Mongolia. The next oasis is called La Fontaine

Biskra is the southernmost point of the tourist in Algeria, four hundred and forty miles from Algiers. He arrives in a luxurious train and stops at the luxurious Royal Hotel; he purchases Eastern curios manufactured for him in Paris or Birmingham; his arrival always fortunately coincides with a native baptism, marriage, or funeral—the fact being that the guides arrange any of these to order; he goes on the sly to see the dancing girls of the Ouled Naïl tribe—which spectacle, to adopt Lincoln's phrase, for those who like that sort of thing, is just about the sort of thing that they like; and if he is unusually perspicacious for a tourist, he discovers finally that, in the words of a frank French guide, "the chief native industry is the exploitation of the visitor." I should like to have seen Biskra when it was the Roman Vescera, when the Turks captured it four centuries ago, or when the French took it in 1844. To-day

it is the least interesting town in Algiers. But it has one of the driest climates on the globe, for the sun always pours down upon it, and rain never falls. Its oasis, three miles long, contains one hundred and fifty thousand date-palms and thousands of fruit trees. And it is the last outpost of civilization before you reach that incomparable natural phenomenon, where luxury can never penetrate, and where the price of experience is silence and thirst, heat and ague, marvels of sky and terrors of earth, and slowly but surely all-devouring sand—the millions of square miles of the Sahara Desert, of whose origin man is ignorant, and of which all he knows is that as it has been from the beginning, so it will be to the end.

Every one has read "The Garden of Allah," and the comparatively small part of it which exists outside Mr. Hichens's luxuriant imagination is here, half a mile from the hotel. It was originally an old garden of the Biskra oasis, and was walled around and artificially elaborated at great cost by its eccentric owner, Count Landon. It consists of a mass of date-palms, with sunk beds containing small palms, oleanders, hibiscus, and a few other ordinary plants, countlessly repeated and jumbled together into "shrubberies" of dense green. It is marvellously kept up, the innumerable paths, which wander in and out aimlessly, being of a fine pátelike surface of mud, perfectly level, and all of exactly the same width, bevelled off sharply at the edges, and strewn with fine sand. No house exists, but a number of small buildings of little individual interest, scattered among the trees at long distances apart. One consists of bedrooms, another is the kitchen, another baths, another—far from the kitchen building—a dining-room, and one charm-

ing little doorless and windowless pavilion is furnished with leather cushions and beautiful old carpets and Moorish lanterns. Clearly, the whole place was designed for a life as remote as possible, in every respect, from the Western world. It is for sale, but we have no wish to buy it, as we know and love a far more beautiful garden on the shore of the Mediterranean.



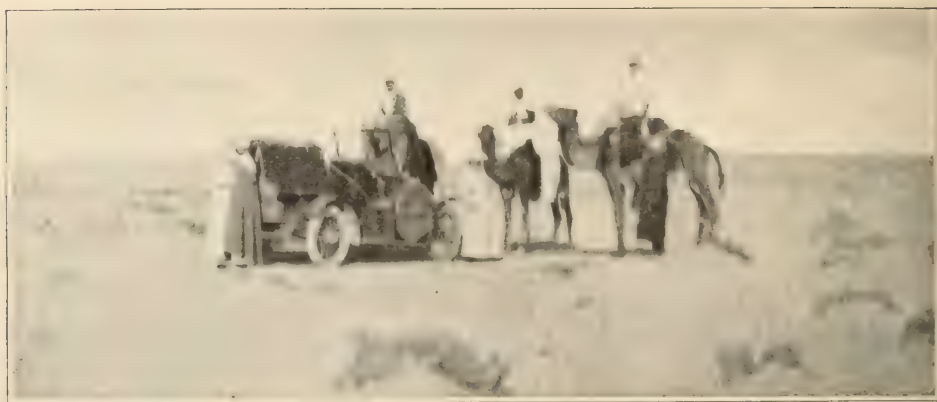
Abd-el-Kader, our native escort.

We stood on the edge of the desert and looked out over it. Then we looked at each other. Then we talked of other things, neither wishing to be first to suggest the mad idea. Then we read in the guide-book: "Biskra to Touggourt, about one hundred and thirty miles; a track possible for wheeled traffic, but sandy in parts, and swampy in places in bad weather; it would

be imprudent to venture upon it on a bicycle or in an automobile." Next day we looked again, and at last one of us put the thought of both into words: "Well, I suppose we shall have to try it!" We had seen enough of the precious "track" when driving to Sidi Okba and the negro villages, inhabited by poverty-stricken mongrel herds of every black race of Africa, and from what we had been told, to know that to plunge into the



Lieut. Clerget de St. Leger on his *Mehari*.—Page 282.



"Good-bye!" Where we turned back in the Sahara.—Page 283.

desert on an automobile would at the best be a rash thing to do, and not a little dangerous. But it was the "call of the wild," and we simply had to go. So we looked no more, but set about our preparations. These consisted of as many cans of petrol as we could possibly pack in and upon our car; a big sand shovel strapped on behind; a couple of dozen bottles of mineral water, a few loaves and some tins of little fishes; some ropes of goats' hair, light and extremely strong; and by the kindness of General Ropert, commanding the French forces of southern Algeria, a staff map, several letters of introduction, and, as escort, a native Spahi, in a long blue cloak, called Abd-el-Kader—"nom grandiose et difficile à porter comme celui de César," according to the historian of Africa. Our chauffeur and escort climbed up on the petrol cans, the latter with his rifle upright between his knees, and when we started we had the appearance of travelling peddlars, and were accorded the solemnly enthusiastic farewell of a forlorn hope. Our automobile journey in the Sahara was short, but it was what the French call accidented.

A few words first about the Sahara itself. One learns at school that its area is three and a half million square miles and its population two and a half million people—both of which statements, for all I know, are correct. But one gathers also the impressions that it is a vast flat plain of sand, which was once the bed of an enormous shallow ocean, and both these are incorrect. It is not a plain, but an undulation, varying in height

from considerable depressions below sea-level to heights of thousands of feet. The average height of the Sahara is one thousand five hundred feet above sea-level—more than five hundred feet higher than Europe. And it has not been a sea since the materials of which it is composed were deposited by the primeval waters of the world. The latest and most careful student of its problems, M. Henri Schirmer, who relinquished with regret the theory of a Saharan sea, "which had accompanied me on my journey like a scientific axiom," writes:

"Instead of alluvial deposits recently deposited by the waters, we find land of every age, some as old as the oldest continents of the globe. . . . The Sahara has its granites like Brittany, its Devonian sandstone like England, its Cretaceous chalks like Champagne, its chalky Eocenes like the London basin, its volcanic soil like Auvergne. Thus it does not differ geologically from the other parts of the globe."

And the most modest traveller, like ourselves, soon discovers that it is not the sandy plain of his school-days. He finds, from time to time, great or little spreading mounds, or dunes, of golden sand—called "barchans"—in which only a camel does not sink ankle-deep, and these, wind-created and wind-impelled, move forward almost like live things. Engineers employed in laying our desert railways have made costly, and even fatal, mistakes by not recognizing the fact, now established, that "desert dunes are not anchored or stationary hills of sand, but mobile masses, ad-

vancing at a very appreciable rate in a definite direction." These dunes begin to move, according to another scientific observer, as soon as a light breeze blows; the air is perceptibly charged with sand in a moderate breeze; and during storms their progress may be nearly two inches an hour, while their average advance is fifty feet a year. Many a once flourishing oasis is now buried forever beneath the great sand-dunes, which, "ever slowly widening, silence all"; nothing stops their insidious advance; "in some localities extensive and prosperous settlements have been overwhelmed and blotted out of existence." They form, however, but a minute part of the surface of the desert. This is a mass of gypsum, clay, and stones, dotted over every few yards with mounds from six inches to three feet high. The origin of these is a tough bush of a kind of succulent samphire, with a small cream-colored acacia-like flower, and tamarisk with woody stem and gray leaf. These grow very slowly in dense close bosses, and the sand drifts and packs into them, forming a solid mass. But for these an automobile could travel fast in almost any direction. As it is, to go a hundred yards, a score or more of them have to be levelled, and since it takes five minutes' hard labor with the shovel to level a single one, any lengthy progress is very slow and fatiguing.

Finally, what has made the Sahara a desert? Let M. Schirmer answer:

"The sterility of the Sahara is due neither to the form of the land nor to its nature. The alluvium of sand, chalk, and gypsum, which covers the Algerian Sahara, constitutes equally the soil of the most fertile plains of the world. What causes the misery of the one and the wealth of the other is the absence or presence of water. . . . Deserts are what they are only through lack of humidity. . . . It is the climate which condemns them to sterility. It matters not whether they are formed of rock or alluvium or sand, if the sky does not pour down upon them the necessary water. Take from a fertile country a few inches of annual rainfall and you will have a steppe; a few inches more, and you will have the desert."

The date-palm alone makes human habitation possible. Its fruit is an almost sufficient food, and its shade protects life and cultivation and allows of the collection of

water from a subterranean trickle. There are said to be four million date-palms in the Algerian oases alone, and to cut down a palm is the greatest crime or the cruellest punishment. Thus it is truly said that the Sahara dies of thirst in sight of the sea, and the unchanging sky of cobalt by day and indigo by night is at once its glory and its curse. And over it blows the all-destroying sirocco, bringing the sand which buries the hard-won refuges of human life, and, in the words of a medical investigator, "that irritation of the nervous system which is so pernicious to morality." "Calvinists and Puritans," he adds, with solemn quaintness, "will be found to resist the baleful effects of this wind better than persons of other persuasions"—a comforting reflection for intending automobilists from New England.

The idea, once popular in France, of turning the Sahara into an inland sea, at a cost of one hundred and fifty million francs, is wholly chimerical. The population of the Sahara is decreasing and its routes are disappearing year by year. No ray of hope illumines its eternal future. It is, indeed, alike for those who are condemned to sojourn and wander in its waste places and for those who venture there for a time, what the Arabs call it, *Blad-el-Khouf*, "The Land of Fear."

After a few miles the road already became almost impassable, so cut up was it with dangerous holes and slants, with no possible way of escaping them, owing to a deep ditch and dust-bank on either side. At last we manage to leave it and dodge along comfortably for a while, till we begin to tumble about in indescribable holes and ditches, feet deep, and have to take to the track again. At fourteen miles we strike the first sand-dune and stick fast. By tying the ropes round our back wheels we are able to reverse out, and by choosing a zig-zag route round dunes and bushes, and getting Abd-el-Kader to strap his rifle behind, and arm himself with the shovel to cut away the sandy humps of tamarisk, we manage to avoid the worst places and rush the rest. After an hour there was no more sand, but we had perforce to return to the track, which had now become a deep sunk course with high cuttings on either side—"the most dangerous and horrible road I

have ever seen," writes my lady in her diary, and she has seen many bad ones. It is roasting hot, and deep-tinted glasses are an essential protection against the glare. The car rolls and lurches like a light ship in a beam sea, and our chauffeur declares he is sea-sick, and utters a throaty ejaculation of horror as the underworks of the car bang against some stony projection. But just when it seemed impossible either to go on or back, we saw our first halting-place ahead, and, thus encouraged, we desperately reached it.

This was Borj Saada, a strongly walled caravanserai, with no palms or shade or houses—just a square of walls entered by a gate and containing a filthy yard, stabling for beasts, a few bare rooms with matting on the floors, and the quarters where a numerous native family lived in dirt and squalor. In our room was a table and three chairs—that was all this rest-house provided for the traveller. We lunched off our own provisions, left some tins of petrol for our return, with many admonitions to take care of them, and started south again. For a while we got on better, but later the difficulties all came back, and we were seriously considering whether we should not turn back for good when a pleasant incident occurred.

Over the horizon behind us, and a mile to our left, a solitary camel with its rider came in sight, rapidly overtaking us. As soon as the rider saw us he turned in our direction, and proved to be a handsome young French officer riding a beautiful *mehari*, one of those thin, slender Touareg trotting camels with fine coats, small hump, and long neck, the aristocrats of their strange race. The officer, in scarlet coat, blue-and-gold cap, loose corduroy trousers buttoned round the ankles, with bare feet which he tucked into white canvas shoes before he dismounted, was Lieutenant Clerget de St. Leger, starting, after a period of leave, to join his regiment in the far south. He had sent his baggage on ahead, and was accompanied by an orderly and a native servant on two other camels. He would ride thus forty days, living on native food, having neither alcohol nor tobacco with him ("What is the use of beginning with them," he said; "they would so soon be finished"), sleeping where he could, often in the open desert, and was as gay

with it all as only a Frenchman can be. He spoke Arabic fluently, knew the natives intimately, and liked them, thought nothing of hardship, and joked at the obvious danger, both on his lonely journey and on the "petite promenade" his native regiment was about to make to carry French authority into an unknown and probably hostile region and bring back a topographical survey—a man of birth, education, and means, infinitely preferring this life to all the conditions of civilization. A little envy mingled with my liking for him, for like him—and Shelley—

"I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

His gayety was infectious, and of course he assured us that the way was better farther south, so we started up again, and in our higher spirits soon left him behind, to meet again at the next *borj* for the night, where he promised us a rare feast. No gayety of the driver of an automobile, however, can make up for the deficiencies of the road, and whereas that of the morning's run was difficult, that of the afternoon became positively dangerous. To cut down a two-foot hump every three yards was impossible, even for a warrior named Abd-el-Kader, and the only alternative track was now of hard limestone with deep wheel-ruts, and therefore a middle part higher than the clearance of the underpart of the car. If we kept to the ruts a heavy knock against the fly-wheel warned us of imminent destruction of the machinery. I, therefore, my lady and the chauffeur walking, tried to drive, with the wheels of one side on the middle of the track and the other pair on the edge of the desert. But the two wheel-tracks were thus of very unequal heights, and the car first threatened to overturn on one side and then on the other. This was bad enough for the driver, but for those watching from behind it was terrifying. However, we kept on, and at half-past three, when we were once more on the verge of despair, our friend, comfortably progressing on his spongy-footed mount, joined us again and urged us to fresh efforts, with the result that we all forgathered at last at Borj Chegga for the night.

That night in the desert we shall never forget. There were three bare rooms in a row opening out of each other. We spread our rugs in one, M. de St. Leger camped in the middle one, and our chauffeur and his orderly made themselves comfortable in the third. He held a consultation with his men, who had arrived with his baggage, while we spread the table. The feast is to be *mechoui*, a lamb roasted whole. It is bought, killed, cleaned, stuffed with herbs of an oniony-aromatic nature, and stretched out on a pole, its feet being tied to the pole at either end. The last time I had seen such a thing was when campaigning with the Greek troops, before their disastrous fight with the Turks in the Melouna Pass. A pit was dug in the ground and a fire of wood lighted. When this had died down and the pit was full of red-hot ashes, the pole was laid across the hole, the carcass turned over the ashes and basted continually with a kind of native butter, applied with a lamb's tail tied at the end of a stick. We all sat round, and the fire-lit dark faces watched the cooking greedily, like vultures watching funeral rites in a Siamese cemetery. At dinner our compressed soup was made with desert water, which supplied more than enough salt. Let my lady's diary continue: "Then the horrible sheep was brought in, wrapped in a cloth, and laid on the table with its head and white bulgy eyes in my plate. It occupies the whole table, and there is little room left for us. It is not done enough, and is spongy and strongly flavored and skinny, but otherwise excellent." Over the coffee our friend tells us thrilling stories of his life and adventures in the desert and elsewhere, and we go out and look at his camels. They are sitting each by a heap of chopped straw, lazily chewing. They can go for five days without water, when they drink twenty gallons at a time. Then we two walk away into the desert and the Eastern night. For the first time we seem to see the stars in perspective, the big ones near and the little ones far away. It is a glorious, still, cold night, the silence broken only by the grunting of the distant camels, the palms silhouetting the edge of the sky, the star-sown vault of heaven curving over us, and all the vague mystery of the East weighing upon us. We are far away from the world of

men, and indeed mankind itself seems but an insignificant incident in this vast starry solitude.

We slept in our thick fur coats and under all our rugs. I had not known the desert was so cold at night, and at sunrise we turned out, to find that an enormous herd of camels, hundreds of them, belonging to many owners, had arrived, and were resting and watering. They were of every size, color, and condition, some weary, humpless, ragged, calloused beasts, others proud and spirited and smooth-haired, some suckling their crumpled offspring, and one wee one blinking at its new-born world, tied like a sack upon a big one's back, while its mother walked alongside and nuzzled it affectionately. The growling from all these creatures was wonderful—a deep, rich roar like the sea. They trailed away eastward across the desert, enveloped in dust and mystery, and we packed up and started south once more.

But it was our last effort. By nine o'clock we had made but a dozen miles, and the way grew worse and worse. Several times our fly-wheel had crashed against an obstruction—the undershield had long ago been knocked to pieces. It was clear that one of these blows might disable our transmission gear beyond the possibility of repair, in which case there would be nothing for it but to abandon the car, for towing would be impossible. Therefore, with great reluctance but undoubted discretion, we gave up all thought of Touggourt for the present, said good-by and godspeed to our gallant companion, saw him pass over the dim horizon to his share of training that strange *force noire*, of which France says so little but hopes so much when she thinks of her next war, and made our slow way, with great difficulty and almost constant anxiety, back to Biskra.

So the camel and the car passed each other for the last time, symbols of unmingling East and West, and went their ways, which lie forever far apart. And as we had unrolled the long picture of crowded city and silent ruin, forest and pasture, vine and palm and olive and orange and asphodel, snowy pass and burning desert, the strange Africa of to-day and the stranger relics of its greater past, so mile by mile we rolled it up again and brought its memories home.

POMEGRANATE SEED

BY EDITH WHARTON

DEMETER

HECATE

PERSEPHONE

HERMES

In the vale of Eleusis

DEMETER

Hail, goddess, from the midmost caverned vale
Of Samothracia, where with darksome rites
Unnameable, and sacrificial lambs,
Pale priests salute thy triple-headed form,
Borne hither by swift Hermes o'er the sea:
Hail, Hecate, what word soe'er thou bring
To me, undaughtered, of my vanished child.

HECATE

Word have I, but no Samothracian wild
Last saw me, and mine aged footsteps pine
For the bleak vale, my dusky-pillared house,
And the cold murmur of incessant rites
Forever falling down mine altar-steps
Into black pools of fear . . . for I am come
Even now from that blue-cinctured westward isle,
Trinacria, where, till thou withheldst thy face,
Yearly three harvests yellowed to the sun,
And vines deep-laden yoked the heavier boughs—
Trinacria, that last saw Persephone.

DEMETER

Now, triune goddess, may the black ewe-lambs
Pour a red river down thine altar-steps,
Fruit, loaves and honey, at the cross-roads laid,
With each young moon by pious hands renewed,
Appease thee, and the Thracian vale resound
With awful homage to thine oracle!
What bring'st thou of Persephone, my child?

HECATE

Thy daughter lives, yet never sees the sun.

DEMETER

Blind am I in her blindness. Tell no more.

HECATE

Blind is she not, and yet beholds no light.

DEMETER

Dark as her doom is, are thy words to me.

HECATE

When the wild chariot of the flying sea
Bore me to Etna, 'neath his silver slope

Herding their father's flocks three maids I found,
 The daughters of the god whose golden house
 Rears in the east its cloudy peristyle.
 "Helios, our father," to my quest they cried,
 "Was last to see Persephone on earth."

DEMETER

On earth? What nameless region holds her now?

HECATE

Even as I put thy question to the three,
 Etna became as one who knows a god,
 And wondrously, across the waiting deep,
 Wave after wave the golden portent bore,
 Till Helios rose before us.

DEMETER

O, I need
 Thy words as the parched valleys need my rain!

HECATE

May the draught slake thee! Thus the god replied:
 When the first suns of March with verdant flame
 Relume the fig-trees in the crannied hills,
 And the pale myrtle scents the rain-washed air—
 Ere oleanders down the mountain stream
 Pass the wild torch of summer, and my kine
 Breathe of gold gorse and honey-laden sage;
 Between the first white flowering of the bay
 And the last almond's fading from the hill,
 Along the fields of Enna came a maid
 Who seemed among her mates to move alone,
 As the full moon will mow the sky of stars,
 And whom, by that transcendence, I divined
 Of breed Olympian, and Demeter's child.

DEMETER

All-seeing god! So walks she in my dreams.

HECATE

Persephone (so spake the god of day)
 Ran here and there with footsteps that out-shone
 The daffodils she gathered, while her maids,
 Like shadows of herself by noon fore-shortened,
 On every side her laughing task prolonged;
 When suddenly the warm and trusted earth
 Widened black jaws beneath them, and therefrom
 Rose Aides, whom with averted head
 Pale mortals worship, as the poplar turns,
 Whitening, her fearful foliage from the gale.
 Like thunder rolling up against the wind
 He dusked the sky with midnight ere he came,
 Whirling his cloak of subterraneous cloud
 In awful coils about the fated maid,
 Till nothing marked the place where she had stood
 But her dropped flowers—a garland on a grave.

Pomegranate Seed

DEMETER

Where is that grave? There will I lay me down,
And know no more the change of night to day.

HECATE

Such is the cry that mortal mothers make;
But the sun rises, and their task goes on.

DEMETER

Yet happier they, that make an end at last.

HECATE

Behold, along the Eleusinian vale
A god approaches, by his feathered tread
Arcadian Hermes. Wait upon his word.

DEMETER

I am a god. What do the gods avail?

HECATE

Oft have I heard that cry—but not the answer.

HERMES

Demeter, from Olympus am I come,
By laurelled Tempe and Thessalian ways,
Charged with grave words of ægis-bearing Zeus.

DEMETER (*as if she has not heard him*)

If there be any grief I have not borne,
Go, bring it here, and I will give it suck . . .

HERMES

Thou art a god, and speakest mortal words?

DEMETER

Even the gods grow greater when they love.

HERMES

It is the Life-giver who speaks by me.

DEMETER

I want no words but those my child shall speak.

HERMES

His words are wingéd seeds that carry hope
To root and ripen in long-barren hearts.

DEMETER

Deeds, and not words, alone can quicken me.

HERMES

His words are fruitfuller than deeds of men.
Why hast thou left Olympus, and thy kind?

DEMETER

Because my kind are they that walk the earth
 For numbered days, and lay them down in graves.
 My sisters are the miserable women
 Who seek their children up and down the world,
 Who feel a babe's hand at the faded breast,
 And live upon the words of lips gone dumb.
 Sorrow no footing on Olympus finds,
 And the gods are gods because their hearts forget.

HERMES

Why then, since thou hast cast thy lot with those
 Who painfully endure vain days on earth,
 Hast thou, harsh arbitress of fruit and flower,
 Cut off the natural increase of the fields?
 The baffled herds, tongues lolling, eyes agape,
 Range wretchedly from sullen spring to spring,
 A million sun-blades lacerate the ground,
 And the shrunk fruits untimely drop, like tears
 That Earth at her own desolation sheds.
 These are the words Zeus bids me bring to thee.

DEMETER

To whom reply: No pasture longs for rain
 As for Persephone I thirst and hunger.
 Give me my child, and all the earth shall laugh
 Like Rhodian rose-fields in the eye of June.

HERMES

What if such might were mine? What if, indeed,
 The exorable god, thy pledge confirmed,
 Should yield thee back the daughter of thy tears?

DEMETER

Such might is thine?
 Beyond Cithæron, see
 The footsteps of the rain upon the hills.

HERMES

Tell me whence thy daughter must be led.

HECATE

So much at least it shall be mine to do.
 If ever urgency hath plumed thy heels,
 By Psyttaleia and the outer isles
 Westward still winging thine ethereal way,
 Beyond the moon-swayed reaches of the deep,
 And that unvestiged midnight that confines
 The verge of being, succourable god,
 Haste to the river by whose sunless brim
 Dark Aides leads forth his languid flocks.
 There shalt thou find Persephone enthroned.
 Beside the ruler of the dead she sits,
 And shares, unwilling, his long sovereignty.
 Thence lead her to Demeter and these groves.

Pomegranate Seed

DEMETER

Round thy returning feet the earth shall laugh
As I, when of my body she was born!

HECATE

Lo, thy last word is as a tardy shaft
Lost in his silver furrow. Ere thou speed
Its fellow, we shall see his face again
And not alone. The gods are justified.

DEMETER

Ah, how impetuous are the wings of joy!
Swift comes she, as impatient to be gone!
Swifter than yonder rain moves down the pass
I see the wonder run along the deep.
The light draws nearer. . . . Speak to me, my child!

HECATE

I feel the first slow rain-drop on my hand . . .

She fades. Persephone comes, led by Hermes.

PERSEPHONE

How sweet the hawthorn smells along the hedge . . .
And, mother, mother, sweeter are these tears.

DEMETER

Pale art thou, daughter, and upon thy brow
Sits an estranging darkness like a crown.
Look up, look up! Drink in the light's new wine.
Feelest thou not beneath thine alien feet
Earth's old endearment, O Persephone?

PERSEPHONE

Dear is the earth's warm pressure under foot,
And dear, my mother, is thy hand in mine.
As one who, prisoned in some Asian wild,
After long days of cheated wandering
Climbing a sudden cliff, at last beholds
The boundless reassurance of the sea,
And on it one small sail that sets for home,
So look I on the daylight, and thine eyes.

DEMETER

Thy voice is paler than the lips it leaves.
Thou wilt not stay with me! I know my doom.

PERSEPHONE

Ah, the sweet rain! The clouds compassionate!
Hide me, O mother, hide me from the day!

DEMETER

What are these words? It is my love thou fearest.

PERSEPHONE

I fear the light. I fear the sound of life
That thunders in mine unaccustomed ears.

DEMETER

Here is no sound but the soft-falling rain.

PERSEPHONE

Dost thou not hear the noise of birth and being,
The roar of sap in boughs impregnated,
And all the deafening rumour of the grass?

DEMETER

Love hear I, at his endless task of life.

PERSEPHONE

The awful immortality of life!
The white path winding deathlessly to death!
Why didst thou call the rain from out her caves
To draw a dying earth back to the day?
Why fatten flocks for our dark feast, who sit
Beside the gate, and know where the path ends?
O pitiless gods—that I am one of you!

DEMETER

They are not pitiless, since thou art here.

PERSEPHONE

Who am I, that they give me, or withhold?
Think'st thou I am that same Persephone
They took from thee?

DEMETER

Within thine eyes I see
Some dreadful thing—

PERSEPHONE

At first I deemed it so.

DEMETER

Loving thy doom, more dark thou mak'st it seem.

PERSEPHONE

Love? What is love? This long time I've unlearned
Those old unquiet words. There where we sit,
By the sad river of the end, still are
The poplars, still the shaken hearts of men,
Or if they stir, it is as when in sleep
Dogs sob upon a phantom quarry's trail.
And ever through their listlessness there runs
The lust of some old anguish; never yet
Hath any asked for happiness: that gift
They fear too much! But they would sweat and strive,
And clear a field, or kill a man, or even
Wait on some long slow vengeance all their days.

Pomegranate Seed

DEMETER

Since I have sat upon the stone of sorrow,
 Think'st thou I know not how the dead may feel?
 But thou, look up; for thou shalt learn from me,
 Under the sweet day, in the paths of men,
 All the dear human offices that make
 Their brief hour longer than the years of death.
 Thou shalt behold me wake the sleeping seed,
 And wing the flails upon the threshing-floor,
 Among young men and maidens; or at dawn,
 Under the low thatch, in the winnowing-creel,
 Lay the new infant, seedling of some warm
 Noon dalliance in the golden granary,
 Who shall in turn rise, walk, and drive the plough,
 And in the mortal furrow leave his seed.

PERSEPHONE

Execrable offices are theirs and thine!
 Mine only nurslings are the waxen-pale
 Dead babes, so small that they are hard to tell
 From the little images their mothers lay
 Beside them, that they may not sleep alone.

DEMETER

Yet other nurslings to those mothers come,
 And live and love—

PERSEPHONE

Thou hast not seen them meet,
 Ghosts of dead babes and ghosts of tired men,
 Or thou wouldst veil thy face, and curse the sun!

DEMETER

Thou wilt forget the things that thou hast seen.

PERSEPHONE

More dreadful are the things thou hast to show.

DEMETER

Art thou so certain? Hard is it for men
 To know a god, and it has come to me
 That we, we also, may be blind to men.

PERSEPHONE

O mother, thou hast spoken! But for me,
 I, that have eaten of the seed of death,
 And with my dead die daily, am become
 Of their undying kindred, and no more
 Can sit within the doorway of the gods
 And laughing spin new souls along the years.

DEMETER

Daughter, speak low. Since I have walked with men
 Olympus is a little hill, no more.
 Stay with me on the dear and ample earth.

PERSEPHONE

The kingdom of the dead is wider still,
And there I heal the wounds that thou hast made.

DEMETER

And yet I send thee beautiful ghosts and griefs!
Dispeopling earth, I leave thee none to rule.

PERSEPHONE

O that, mine office ended, I might end!

DEMETER

Stand off from me. Thou knowest more than I,
Who am but the servant of some lonely will.

PERSEPHONE

Perchance the same. But me it calls from hence.

DEMETER

On earth, on earth, thou wouldst have wounds to heal!

PERSEPHONE

Free me. I hear the voices of my dead.
She goes.

DEMETER (*after a long silence*)

I hear the secret whisper of the wheat.



QUALITY

By John Galsworthy



IKNEW him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops adjoined, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That too seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the leathers with cloth tops, making the water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and

crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth; and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew it was he, if the words "I will ask my brudder" had not been said; and that if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there, and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, one waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight, and annoyed at this interruption.

And one would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retreating whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would say: "What a beautiful biece!" When I too had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you want dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! as soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnight?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would say: "Thank you! Good morning, Mr. Gessler."

"Goot morning!" he would murmur, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot, and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece.

Then placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil, and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of one's requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You god dem wed before dey found demselves."

"No, I don't think so."

He lowered his eyes then, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only), I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down, and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavoring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said; "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of gray there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could I explained the circumstances of the purchase of that ill-omened pair. But his face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little shops another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making of course for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr. —, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are *too* good, really! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "people do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice, I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too ex-bensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And to my relief, in the shop, there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly; "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He never god over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "It's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was

my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn-out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; and I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me a big shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs, and wrote a check, and posted it at once with my own hand.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops again made one was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've

taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "he's dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "it was a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in

London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect, with his ideas?"

"But starvation——!"

"That may be exaggeration, in a way—but I know myself he was sitting over his boots day and night, to the very last. I used to see him. Never gave himself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

STAR-SONG

By G. E. Woodberry

I WOKE in the desert rude
 O'er-hung by the star-sweet sky,
 And ever the radiant multitude
 In the silence drew more nigh,
 As if on my eyes to brood,
 And inward glory nurse,
 And out of the heart of the universe
 Soared forth my singing cry.

"We are young—our song up-springing
 The crystal blue along,
 Creation's morning singing,—
 It was but children-song,
 Melodiously ringing,
 Mysteriously forewarning.
 The realm beyond the morning
 We infinitely throng.

"We sit in our burning spheres
 Illimitably hung;
 By the speed of light we measure the years
 On purple ether flung;
 Without a shadow time appears,
 A calendar of echoing lights
 That flame and dusk from depths and heights,
 And all our years are young.

"We are borne through darkness streaming
 Wherein our glory glides;
 We dower the deep with the beaming
 Where prophecy resides;

Star-Song

Forevermore we are dreaming,
 Still in the springtime blossom
 Of thoughts that light our bosom
 And beat our glowing sides.

"Wide the abyss; we span it,
 Who showering a bright spark came;
 And forever we smite it and fan it
 Forth from the forging flame,—
 Life, flower of the planet,
 Flower of the fire, supernal,
 Burning, blooming eternal,—
 A million names are his name.

"We tremble; we thrill heaven's ocean
 With the myriad-glittering quest;
 Aspiration and devotion
 From the prime were our brooding nest;
 And youth,—'tis breathed emotion,
 A seeing and a hearkening,
 A gleaming and a darkening,
 And a whispering to the breast.

"Then with bright hands uplifted
 We strike the thousand lyres;
 The music, on dreams drifted,
 Pours all the world's desires;
 And ever the song is sifted
 From the heart of youth forecasting
 The unknown everlasting
 That bathes us and inspires.

"We gaze on the far flood flowing,
 Unimaginably free,
 Multitudinous, mystical, glowing,
 But all we do not see;
 And a rapture is all our knowing,
 That on fiery nerves comes stealing,
 An intimate revealing
 That all is yet to be.

"When sheathed and glacial o'er us
 Arcturus courses cold,
 And dry and dark before us
 Aldebaran is rolled,
 Far-clustering orbs in chorus
 Shall light the pealing sky,
 And throne to throne reply,
 'The heavens grow not old.' "

Round the desert wild and eerie
 The starry echoes clung;
 In a region weird and dreary
 The golden song was sung;
 Over lands forlorn and weary,
 Where the drifting white sand only
 Drifts anew the sand-wreath lonely,
 The radiant silence hung.



Down the street might be seen a galloping horse . . . indicating the approach of other belated passengers.—Page 301.

EARLY STEAMBOAT DAYS

By Stanley M. Arthurs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



UNTIL the quiet and unheralded voyage of the *Clermont* up the Hudson River, nothing radically new and permanent in modes of travel had developed for centuries.

Water transportation had been circumscribed by the forces of the winds, tides, and currents, unless the traveller employed galley-slaves, or himself plied the oars. In journeys by land, whether in the time of Pharaoh or Washington, the physical exertions of the traveller, those of his fellow-man or of beasts, furnished the only power of transit. Aerial travel was still reserved for the fortunate possessor of the magic carpet of Tangu or the dark, uncanny patrons of the broomstick train.

It is not known who first attempted to remove these restrictions upon locomotion, but its lasting achievement was not effected until this momentous voyage up the Hudson in 1807. Previously there had been

many sporadic attempts by experimenters, who were presumed to be either hopelessly insane or suffering from some form of hallucination.

The record of steam navigation dates, certainly, as far back as the year 1707. There are more or less traditional accounts of steamboats as early as 1543. Just one hundred years before Fulton's success, a French physician, by the name of Papin, navigated the river Fulda, in Hanover, Prussia, with a boat employing steam-driven paddle-wheels. His creation was, however, thought to be anomalous and dangerous to other craft, and met an early and summary fate, being torn to pieces by a mob of boat-men, and Dr. Papin did not venture to build another.

Shortly after the American Revolution a craze to navigate by steam possessed inventors both in this country and abroad. There existed then an all-abiding faith in modes and customs that had stood centuries of



The important points of junction between steamboat and stage routes soon became scenes of picturesque life.—Page 301

usage and this was only strengthened and confirmed by each failure or apparent failure of the inventive pioneers of the new era. Yet among the investigators the idea of using steam as a motive power continued both persistent and wide-spread; and in many cases, without the knowledge of others working upon the same idea, they were simultaneously experimenting upon the lakes and rivers from New England to Georgia, testing their many crude mechanisms which evoked nothing save scorn and ridicule or pity from the beholders.

Several American inventors, seeking a more favorable field for their endeavors, soon found their way to Europe. Rumsey had moved his experiments, in 1789, from

the Potomac to English waterways. It was his proposal to build a vessel that would reach America in fifteen days without sails, and his adherents predicted that "this wonder, when executed, would introduce into commerce as great a change as the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope." Their expectation was not then realized, but, none the less, wonders were accomplished by steam-engines even in that day and generation. In the year 1804 Oliver Evans, of Delaware, ran his "*Eructor Amphibolis*" through the streets of Philadelphia, from about the site of the present public buildings to the Schuylkill River, with power generated entirely by fire and water. Upon reaching the water's edge, he launched his machine, and, by the use of a paddle-wheel in the stern, proceeded down the Schuylkill, and up the Delaware for sixteen miles, outdistancing all vessels that were under sail and struggling against a headwind. This amphibious creation was the occasion of intense excitement, though steamboats were not unheard of upon the Delaware even at that time.

On that river the first steamboat passenger service in the world was established by one John Fitch. A person travelling from Philadelphia to New York

during the summer months of 1790 could have embarked on his unnamed boat at the Arch Street Ferry and be rowed by its steam-engine as far as Trenton, for it had no paddle-wheels, and instead used steam-propelled oars. It is recorded that this curious barge made between two and three thousand miles in its trips, and attained a speed of nine miles an hour. Congress, then meeting in Philadelphia, adjourned its session to witness the departure of this boat upon its maiden voyage. Washington and Franklin were probably among its first passengers, for they both conceded the practical utility of navigation by steam. The spirit of opposition and unbelief, however, was sufficient to overwhelm even a demon-



Painted by Stanley M. Astor.

The Village Landing.

1893

The villagers could obtain glimpses of the gay life of the country from the landing. Page 50.



The well-laden caravan wended its way through the village street out into the country-side.—Page 301.

strated fact, and this enterprise was allowed to lapse in the autumn of that year.

Through all these days of trial for the believers in the adaptability of steam to navigation, the owners of sailing packets placidly pursued their vocation. Uncertain as such craft were known to be, travellers, weary of rattling coaches, were glad to patronize them between points permitting their use, even if they did not know precisely when the sloops would sail, nor when once started how soon they might hope to arrive.

A voyage from New York to Albany, under best conditions of wind and tide, could be made in twenty-four hours, if the vessel suffered no accident; but many hours might elapse after the appointed sailing time, before the elements would permit a vessel to start, and the vagaries of wind and tide often prolonged a voyage for a week or even a much longer time. The route of these Hudson River sloops was found to be a very uncertain and dangerous one, in which perils, both real and unnatural, were encountered, and the prudent Dutch burgher would consider well before risking a passage through the perilous Tappan Zee and the haunted Highlands, where beings, wild and vindictive, sought to overwhelm any intruding craft.

These legendary terrors of Diedrich Knickerbocker's time were fully realized by the skippers of that later day who met the *Clermont* in the dark defiles of the Palisades on the evening of her initial journey through them. The worst mythical terrors had now assumed tangible form in this diabolical craft enshrouded in smoke and sparks, which was directly approaching in spite of contrary wind and current. "If the passengers and crews of other crafts were not entirely panic stricken, its nearer approach must have been reassuring, for a letter written by a passenger on that first trip narrates that the whole party of men and women, impressed with the romantic beauty of the time and place, despite their engrossment in their extraordinary means of conveyance, joined in singing, perhaps in honor of Fulton's lineage, "The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon," and throughout the melody the high tenor voice of Fulton himself rang rich and clear.

After this voyage of approximately one hundred and fifty miles by steam alone, the fickle attitude of the public changed from absolute disapproval to enthusiastic approbation. A few days after Fulton's achievement, John Stevens, in his boat, the *Phoenix*,

steamed into New York from Hoboken, with intent to share the profits of navigating the Hudson. This was opposed by the famous Fulton-Livingston monopoly, which was thus forced to begin its fight for existence almost before the *Clermont* had re-

companions meanwhile watching from a safe distance. Scarcely was he on board, however, before the captain appeared, followed by a pet monkey. This was an animal entirely unknown to him. His worst fears were visualized. In terror, he fled,



Nowhere was the American mania for speed more evidenced than during these feasts.—Page 303.

turned from her first voyage. Because of this restriction of her boats, New Jersey retaliated with an act forbidding Fulton's boats to navigate the waters of that State.

In June, 1809, the *Phoenix*, with Stevens at the helm, deserted this scene of contention and braved a sea voyage around the capes to Philadelphia to be put into service over the route of Fitch's steamboat, and was, therefore, the first steamboat to venture upon the open sea.

The demand throughout the country for the new packets grew more rapidly than the few builders could supply. The owners of sailing packets, and loyal adherents of methods hallowed by centuries of use, sought in vain to prevent this usurpation. The superstitious still believed that the power engendered by fire and water belonged to the devil.

It is told of one villager, whose mind was possessed of this fear, that he ventured on board the first steamboat that arrived at his village to investigate this alleged connivance with the powers of darkness, his

yelling the news that the devil himself was aboard and had made the vessel go.

Within four years after the *Clermont's* appearance, a steamboat had journeyed from Pittsburg to New Orleans, through stretches of wilderness. This was before the establishment of the first regular steamboat passenger service in Great Britain. The travellers from Europe, who had never seen a steamboat, marvelled at the accomplishments of steam and paddle-wheels in America. It was said that visiting Englishmen laughed at everything American except its cotton, its money, and its steamboats.

The dangerous passage of "Hell Gate," whose turbulent waters and treacherous rocks had caused the shipwreck of so many sailing craft, deterred steamboat promoters from attempting to navigate Long Island Sound previous to the War of 1812. With the opening of hostilities, the added danger of British cannon and capture had further delayed the experiment. The *Fulton* was made for this purpose in 1814 at a cost of ninety thousand dollars; but her first at-



Painted by Stanley M. Arthur.

On the river these way passengers would come out in row-boats. Page 301.

tempt was not made until the spring of 1815. About daybreak on the 25th of March of that year she got under way, bound for New Haven. It was her first run that season; her engines were not in the best of condition, and she was compelled to burn hard wood for fuel, as the resinous pine could not be purchased in New York. It was only by occasionally stopping the engine that she maintained sufficient steam pressure in her boiler. Notwithstanding such difficulties, she safely navigated the dangerous strait, and entered the harbor of New Haven at 4.30 that afternoon. Her safe arrival, in defiance of all dangers, was acclaimed far and near as "a proud triumph of human ingenuity."

The *Fire Fly* made the first steam passage around Point Judith to Providence in 1817. The arrival of "these establishments" and the inauguration of the new era at the different ports on the Sound occasioned great excitement; both the houses and hill-tops were covered with people eager to see the wonderful vessel. The early captains did not disdain, however, to make all use of a fair breeze, and their boats were usually either sloop or schooner rigged. Even with the aid of both steam and sail, the speediest sailing packets could pass them in a fair breeze and be the first to arrive in port. Some of the packets at first even offered to carry their patrons for nothing if this was not accomplished.

The exacting punctuality with which steamboats began their trips was a troublesome change for many travellers. At the moment of departure some struggling, puffing, bundle-laden mortals were usually in evidence, frantically endeavoring to get on board. Or down the street might be seen a galloping horse, a chaise and a cloud of dust, indicating the approach of other belated passengers. But promptly and with no regard to these laggards the steamboats started and the tardy ones were left to try another day.

The important points of junction between steamboat and stage routes soon became scenes of picturesque life in those now distant days. An important one was New Castle on the Delaware. Here all passengers for the South and West from points in the North would take the stages across the peninsula fourteen miles to Frenchtown, there again to resume travel by steam to

Baltimore. By a code of signals the captain would indicate the number of through passengers to be transported, and the requisite number of coaches would be in waiting when the vessel docked. At times the number of wayfarers far exceeded the carrying capacity of these vehicles, and the struggles of the passengers to find a place for themselves and for every bandbox and bundle taxed the ingenuity and patience of the captain and the stage-coach proprietor. The excitement usually brought the villagers to the water-front. No coach, no matter how crammed it might be, was allowed to start before every passenger and bundle had been stowed away. At last, though the delay may have been for an hour, the train of perhaps twenty coaches would start, and the well-laden caravan wended its way through the village streets out into the country-side, and woe to the hindermost on a dusty day.

The shrill call of a steamboat whistle, or the appearance riverward of a heavy cloud of smoke, awoke the most sleepy burgh to activity. There were great quantities of wood to be transferred to decks; and meanwhile the villagers could obtain glimpses of the gay fashions of the city or of Europe.

Although the steamboats carried most of the passenger traffic and express to points along the rivers, sloops and schooners were still employed in handling most of the freight and farm products. At harvest time the village landings on the many creeks and rivers were filled with a forest of masts and rigging, and its streets at night were alive with these river and coastwise sailors. Lumbering wagon-trains were busy bringing in the corn and wheat from many miles of inland country.

When steamboat landings were few, the boats would stop at any point to take on board a signalling passenger, just as the stage-coaches did. On the river these way-passengers would come out in row-boats into mid-stream to climb on board. There are stories of many a runaway couple, who thus escaped a pursuing parent.

The mania for speed began with the harnessing of steam to vehicles of transportation. Its impetus was felt even in the ancient types of conveyance on land. The advertisements of stage-coach lines before the advent of steam represent the horses as moderately jogging along; soon afterward

they assumed the appearance of violently galloping as if to outdo their boisterous steam competitors. Steam power was constantly making new records in speed and in shortening the time between points on the different waterways. New York and Albany were about twelve hours apart in 1823. In the same year there was public rejoicing at Louisville when a steamboat arrived there from New Orleans in fifteen days. Four years afterward the steamboat *Huntress* made the voyage in eight days. In the days of sailing vessels only, this voyage up the river occupied four months.

When a speed of twelve miles an hour had been attained it was with much commiseration that some editors referred to the days a few years previous when six to nine miles an hour had been the records of the faster steamboats, and when contrary winds and currents had proved the undoing of the smaller tubs.

Contests between boats for laurels of speed waxed greater as the engines developed in power. To maintain supremacy, or to gain it at all hazards, seems to have been a motto. The security of the boats and the lives of the passengers were alike disregarded—inflammable cargoes such as lard and hams were often requisitioned to quicken the fires of pine logs and knots. When this supply of fuel was exhausted during a race, the interior wood-work of the boats even had been ripped into pieces and fed to the flames. At the finish sometimes the victor would arrive at its wharf a mere skeleton of itself, but with great honor to the captain and to its proud owners.

The ill-famed high-pressure engines were used principally on the Western steamboats. Their propensity for exploding was greatly increased in these struggles for speed. Racing often resulted in collisions in the narrow channels, sometimes with some emigrant-laden raft floating westward. Hidden snags or roots were another imminent source of danger, whether in racing or not, and it became almost a miracle to escape accident or calamity on a steamboat voyage in the west. It was reported in 1832 that "a voyage from Liverpool to New York was a party of pleasure when compared to that from New Orleans to Cincinnati." Out of nine steamboats leaving New Orleans in one day for points up the river, but three arrived without accident. The Western

steamboats were larger and of more hasty construction than the Eastern boats, and were considered old and useless after five years' service. Aboard them human lives were lost, not by hundreds but by thousands. During Lafayette's last visit to this country he was a passenger on a boat that went down after running upon a snag near New Orleans. The veteran lost his baggage and barely escaped with his life.

In the East low-pressure engines were more in vogue and less dangerous. To remove the fears even of the most timid and conservative travellers, the enterprising promoters of a line running on the Hudson introduced, in the year 1825, a welcome innovation known as "safety barges." These elaborate flatboats were equipped with every convenience of a steamboat, and towed by the steam leviathans, thus possessing every attraction of that mode of conveyance, with the signal advantage of securing absolute peace of mind for their patrons. The flues and boilers of the steamboat might now "collapse" at their time and pleasure without so much as disarranging the spectacles of the dames or the coiffures of the young ladies. Steamboats often bore such portentous names as *Vesuvius* or *Vulcan*; but at the stern of the barges floated banners bearing the gentler names of *Lady Clinton* or *Lady Van Rensselaer*.

In some boats the cabins and saloons were finished in the finest mahogany and contained silken draperies and Brussels carpets; the ladies' parlors were provided with the popular new "rocking" chairs; table china was imported, decorated with a picture of the boat; oil-paintings adorned the walls, and monogrammed linen the tables—all gave to travel touches of luxury hitherto unknown.

Externally these boats were no less ornate. Painted in many colored stripes of green and yellow, black or scarlet, with trimmings of blue or white, they were fully as captivating to the youth of the villages and riverside as the modern circus poster.

There appeared a maritime wonder equipped with a calliope organ whose wheezing notes drawn from the boiler succeeded in arousing the envy of all competitive lines. Its glory was but transitory, however, for the other boats succeeded in making better time. Art was again sacrificed to utility.

The popularity of any steamboat depended as much upon its cuisine as upon its at-



Painted by Stanley M. Arthur

The Safety Barge

tainments in speed and its palatial furnishings. Abundant supplies of the best food; the best chefs and regiments of waiters catered to the throngs aboard the boats. Not infrequently the larger ones carried five hundred passengers, and it was often necessary to serve the meals twice.

The ladies were first allowed to take their places at the head table with their escorts; then followed a rush of the unattached eager to get a place at the first table. Nowhere was the American mania for speed more evidenced than during these feasts. They were over in a very few minutes. No thought was given to precedence or position; not a word was heard above the boisterous clatter of chinaware, knives, forks, and spoons. To quote an English writer's description, it was "entrant omnes, adeunt omnes, exeunt omnes."

Talking may not have been general at meal time, but it was resumed after that function. The various opinions of these motley steamboat constituents, gathered from all quarters of a newly organized nation, furnished ample material for controversy. The pros and cons of political problems were argued furiously. Such bitterness and internal strife prevailed that visitors from other lands recorded their opinions that the Republic could not long hold together.

To escape this turmoil the ladies could retire to their parlor. Thence came peaceful strains of song or the rhythmic music of the recently introduced "waltz."

On boats traversing the long and tortuous routes of the Western waterways, where voyages of a thousand miles and more were made, gambling was commonly indulged in the secluded quarters of the boats. At the faro-table or in a "friendly" game of cards the croupiers wrought the ruin of many a planter whose faith in luck endured until the last of his season's income had been squandered. These episodes were sometimes followed by scenes of violence and crime.

The entire security with which women could travel without a companion was another distinctive feature of the steamboat era in this country. Without regard either to her dress or appearance, any woman was assured of every courtesy and protection in her journeys. This was true especially in the West and in the undeveloped sections

of the South. This characteristic of American life bore a marked contrast to conditions existing in Europe at the time, and was duly noted by European travellers.

With the coming of darkness the dining saloon again became the centre of interest, and promptly at nine o'clock it was converted into a huge dormitory for men. The room was lined on each side with narrow beds, which had been let down at night, and they were arranged in tiers of three. If the ladies' compartment proved to be too small for their needs, as much of the main cabin as was necessary was appropriated and curtained off. After the ladies had been provided for, the remaining space was raffled off among the men, with good-natured acceptance of the luck that befell them. A numbered slip signified that the fortunate chooser might occupy the berth of the corresponding number, but a blank bit of paper meant nothing more promising than a tabletop for a bed, or an uneasy snooze in a chair.

The darkness without and the flickering, uncertain shadows cast by the argand lamps within did not lessen the fears of impending accident that ever haunted these river passengers. To be prepared, as far as possible, for any emergency, many travellers refused to change their attire at night, and were ready for instant flight, should there occur any untoward sound or motion of the boat.

The weary night hours were usually so filled with mingled associations of groaning machinery, of bawling commands of captain and pilot, the crying of children, the endless thumping of logs of wood on their way to the furnace, and the ceaseless pat-pat-pattering of the paddle-wheels and racking of boat that sound repose was seldom enjoyed.

Undoubtedly they were the most potent factors in the early development of this country. Their ministrations began when our Republic was composed of but seventeen States, all but three of which skirted or were very near the Atlantic coast. Westward lay an almost untouched wilderness of a still new world. In traversing this great expanse of country, the government's expedition, under charge of Lewis and Clark, was absent more than two years. To reach the furthestmost settlements upon the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the emigrants could, with

relative ease, float down these streams with raft or boat, but their communication with the East, or return by means of sailing

era of industrial and commercial upheaval, and the scant century of its existence has been so filled with accomplishments in



The pros and cons of political problems were argued furiously. —Page 303.

craft up the same rivers, was extremely slow and irksome. Within a few years this condition was surmounted by these puffing steam craft, and throughout great stretches of country, where still the narrow Indian trail had been but little improved upon for overland travel, the steamboats were busy uniting the things of the East with those of the West.

The greatest distinction of the steamboat lies in the fact that it began the modern

chemistry and mechanics, and the control and use of many forces of nature heretofore unconsidered that man's entire relation to the world has been changed. The seeming impossibilities of the past have been so frequently overcome that there is an almost limitless promise for the future. The mark of severance between the past and the present was the wake of these first struggling steamboats which were soon to encompass all navigable waterways of the globe.

THE RACE FOR THE SOUTH POLE

FUTURE OF POLAR EXPLORATION

BY FRIDTJOF NANSEN



THE North Pole has been conquered by American enterprise. What of the South Pole?

Perhaps in this very hour two European expeditions from two kindred nations are there, or are approaching it. The one is the British expedition under Captain Scott, the excellent leader of the previous *Discovery* expedition to the Antarctic—the other is the Norwegian expedition under Roald Amundsen, the explorer of the Magnetic North Pole and the conqueror of the Northwest Passage.

Many people seem to look upon the purpose of these two expeditions as being merely a race for the South Pole, and are anxious to know who will have the chances of getting there first. I am not able to look at it in that way, as I cannot understand that it matters much who gets there first, or whether they reach their goal some days sooner or later; the important thing is that regions of the earth still unknown will be explored. I think that never before were two so well-equipped expeditions, led by such capable explorers, in the field simultaneously, and we may certainly expect that both will achieve great things.

If we compare their chances of reaching the South Pole, I think that both expeditions have their special advantages. Captain Scott has one great advantage in his knowledge of the region, as during his previous very important expedition, which first revealed the interior of the Antarctic to us, he traversed a great part of the same distance which he now has to cover on his way to the Pole. And, moreover, he is going to follow the same route which was taken by Shackleton. He thus knows beforehand the ice, its condition, and what difficulties are to be expected. He has, moreover, the advantage that he is travelling southward parallel with a mountain range which will provide him with landmarks. It is thus easy for him to lay out

depots without running the risk of not being able to find them when they are wanted. Finally, Scott may also, perhaps, have some advantage, as compared with Amundsen, in having more men, who may help him in establishing the depots, and may also support him during the first part of his southward journey and meet him when he returns.

It may also be considered by some an advantage on Scott's side that he has brought a motor-car, specially constructed for traversing snow-fields. I am not certain, however, that this will prove of very great value. After all, such a motor-car does not perform any kind of work that is not performed by the draught animals. Scott's car travels slower than the dogs, and, as far as I can make out, it cannot pull its own fuel for any distance which is comparable with the long distances the dogs can pull their own food. The motor-car is very heavy and complicated and it may cause great difficulties where obstacles of any kind are met with. As long as the motor-car has not been better developed for the purpose, I consider it, therefore, to be very doubtful whether it may not give more trouble than an additional number of draught animals performing the same work. Then it has also to be considered that when the animals have got no more food they can be eaten by the men, and also by each other, in the case of dogs, whilst the motor-car is of no more use when its fuel is at an end.

On the other hand, Captain Amundsen has undoubtedly his great advantages. By venturing to establish his winter quarters on the ice-barrier itself, he was able to obtain a starting-point nearly one degree farther south than Scott's station. His route toward the interior of the Antarctic region and to the South Pole is consequently about sixty geographical miles shorter each way; that makes a reduction of about a hundred and twenty miles on the whole journey.

Amundsen has more than a hundred good Eskimo dogs, which, according to my opinion, have great advantages as compared with ponies in that region. They stand the climate much better, are able to carry their own food for a longer distance, and besides can eat each other, so that the distance the last sledge dogs can cover may be very much longer than that which any pony can travel in the same circumstances. It may be said in favor of the ponies that not such a great number of them is required as of the dogs, and that, consequently, fewer men can look after them. This may be true to some extent, at least under favorable conditions. But if exposed to trying climatic conditions the ponies may perhaps, after all, require more attention than the dogs, which, as a rule, are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves in the snow during the nights. It has also to be considered that it is, as a rule, a much easier task to travel with dogs and sledges across the smooth surface of the Antarctic ice-fields than to traverse the rough, broken pack-ice of the North Polar Basin, where the dogs continually run the sledges against obstacles in the way, and stop till you come and help them by lifting the sledges across. In the Antarctic the dogs may go on for hours without stopping, and one dog team will follow the other without any one to look after them. Thus rapid progress may be made fairly easily over the greater part of the distance, where there is not a rough glacier-surface with crevices. Besides, Amundsen and some of his men have had much experience in dog driving during his previous expedition to the Magnetic North Pole, when they also got many valuable lessons in this respect from the Eskimos; and Captain Hjalmar Johansen, who is with him, naturally got a great deal of experience during the *Fram* expedition and during our sledge-journey to Franz-Josef Land in 1895-6; there is also Mr. Hassel with him, an experienced dog driver from Sverdrup's expedition, 1898-1902. With his dogs Amundsen is also less dependent on the weather and climatic conditions than Scott with his ponies; he is thus able to start earlier in the Antarctic spring, when the temperatures are still very low, and will thus have a longer travelling season before him.

A great advantage on Amundsen's side

is naturally that he and his men are well trained in the use of ski from their childhood; this will make it easier for them to make rapid progress across the extensive snow-fields than for men who are beginners in the use of ski, and will hardly know how to use them with advantage, or who may even have to walk along on their feet without the ski or any kind of snow-shoes.

From a scientific point of view, Amundsen's expedition has the great advantage that from the very start on their sledge-journey southward they will cover an entirely unknown field and cannot, therefore, avoid making very important discoveries, whilst the greater part of the region Scott has to traverse on his route to the South Pole has already been explored by himself and by Shackleton.

From a practical point of view, however, this is not in Amundsen's favor. Not knowing the region before him, he does not know the difficulties he may have to cope with in its interior. Probably he will find an extensive flat glacier-surface similar to the surface of the Greenland inland ice. But if he finds no mountains in the interior forming good landmarks, it may be very difficult to lay out depots along his route in such a manner that he may be perfectly certain of finding them again in such a flat snow-desert, where the snowdrifts may easily wipe out the traces of their sledge-tracks and footprints, and may even more or less bury the depots. Amundsen will, however, take special precautions in this respect by placing the depots in a straight line with good conspicuous marks. It is to be hoped that he will manage it without running the risk of not finding his depots on his homeward journey, which would naturally be fatal.

Everything considered, I think there is good reason to believe that both expeditions will reach the South Pole.

Many people seem to take it for granted that Amundsen will make for the Beardmore Glacier along which Shackleton ascended to the high glacier plateau near the South Pole. I do not feel perfectly certain of this. It will, of course, greatly depend on the surface and the conditions Amundsen will find in the interior. But his shortest route to the Pole goes east of the Beardmore Glacier, and it may be that he will follow that direction hoping to find favorable conditions for an ascent there.

Anyhow, his route will be entirely different from Scott's, at least during the greater part of the journey; and thus important discoveries may be expected from both of them. There is great reason to be glad that those expeditions are undertaken at the same time, as the value of the observations of the one will be greatly increased by the simultaneous observations of the other; and it is only to be regretted that the German and Japanese expeditions which are now on their way south, as well as the great Australian expedition, could not have started in the same year. For the more simultaneous observations we can obtain from these still unknown or little known regions, the better. The physical conditions there are so entirely different from those of all known regions of the earth.

We will look forward to hearing what wonderful news the spring will bring us from the south.

Whatever that news may be, the task of polar explorers will be far from ended. It will only have entered on a new stage. I shall be glad to hear that the South Pole has been reached, whoever gets there. The farthest south and the farthest north points on the earth's surface will then both have been attained. There will be no more temptation to make other objects subservient to record-breaking. I do not disparage the sentiment which has led men to try to reach the Poles. It is a natural sentiment. It is inevitable that it should have played a large part in polar exploration. But now the time has come to give first place to the needs of science. Much remains to be discovered geographically in the polar regions, especially in the south; and geographical discovery—the actual unveiling of the geographical conditions as opposed to more or less ingenious speculation—must be the basis of all sound knowledge of the polar regions as of every other part of the world. It is not the completed structure. It is the foundation on which to erect careful investigations into phenomena that play an important part in determining the life of the outside world. Problems in meteorology, in terrestrial magnetism, in the flow of ocean currents, in the physical history of the earth, problems of practical moment as well as of scientific interest, depend for their solution on a fuller and more accurate knowledge of the

conditions which are still the secret of polar lands and seas. No—the conquest of the Poles does not mark the end of polar exploration; we are only on the fringe of the work which has to be accomplished.

In looking to the future, we find a valuable subject for consideration in the equipment of polar expeditions and the possibilities of improving on past experience. If it be true of warfare that the battle is half won before it begins, it is no less true of polar expeditions that their success is determined very largely by the preparations made before they start. The preparations are dependent upon the commodities and contrivances available, but also, and chiefly, on the man. So it always was and still is. If we go back to early mediæval times, or even to antiquity, we find very much the same difficulties and the same dangers met with in the travels toward the north as we find quite lately, and it is remarkable how very little things have changed and how the chief features in the methods and equipment of northern journeys have been very much the same at all ages until quite recently. It is also wonderful how the men themselves seem to have been made of very much the same stuff.

I may mention, as an example, the discovery and exploration of Greenland, by Eric the Red, the description of which was put into writing in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which probably took place at the end of the tenth century. We see how Eric equipped his ship in Iceland and made ready for the voyage, after having been declared an outlaw for three years on account of quarrels and slaughter. He said that he would go out to seek the land toward the west, of which there had been rumors in Iceland. He came to the east coast of Greenland, saw its great glaciers, sailed along the coast round Cape Farewell, discovered the south coast, spent the first winter there, explored the west coast during the two following years, went into the fjords, and finally returned to Iceland after three years' absence.

Concise as it is, this wonderful story seems to me to show many striking similarities to the narratives of modern voyages of exploration, and I feel tempted sometimes to doubt whether the world is actually developing as much as we generally believe. This happened five hundred years before

the rediscovery of America by Columbus and Cabot. I think that this Norse exploration of Greenland a thousand years ago equals any modern polar exploration both as regards importance and as regards the way in which it was carried out.

It is, however, indisputable that the exploration of the polar regions has made unusually rapid strides forward during the last few decades. The goals of explorers of centuries have been attained—the North-west Passage has been accomplished by one little ship, the North Pole has been reached, the Arctic coasts have been explored all round the North Polar Sea, so there is now hardly any outline of known land left undiscovered. In Antarctic regions, almost unknown until quite recently, energetic explorers have made wonderful journeys revealing to us the secrets of the interior parts of this region, and the South Pole itself, as we have seen, may even now be the newly won prize of one if not of two expeditions.

What is the cause of these great achievements of late years? Are they due to new inventions which have proved of great help? I do not think that this can be said to be the case to any great extent. The success of an expedition depends now, as it did before, chiefly on the man, but, at the same time, I think it must be admitted that the methods of equipping and leading polar expeditions have become more systematic than they used to be in earlier days. If I compare the contrivances and experiences which were at my disposal when I began exploring work with the equipment and methods of modern expeditions, I find undoubtedly some great differences.

When I made ready for the expedition across Greenland in 1888, and was trying to make use of the experiences of earlier explorers, it struck me how little the principles for fitting out Arctic expeditions had been systematically worked out in detail. I found, for instance, no discussion of what the rational allowance of food for each man of a sledge party ought to be, or how the food ought to be composed in order to give the most favorable nourishment of the body in those surroundings. I could learn of no experiments as to which kind of sledges was preferable, what kind of runners ought to be used, whether wood or metal, what shape they ought to be in order to run most easily across the snow and ice fields, what the

preferable load on each sledge would be, etc., etc.

In all these matters great improvements have since been effected, and the advance of mechanical science has suggested other and novel aids to progress. The utility of the motor-car for the penetration of the polar regions I have already discussed in connection with the race for the South Pole. When it is better developed for the purpose, it may become useful. It still remains to mention the possibility of airships and aeroplanes being used for polar work. As is well known, both the balloon and the airship have been tried for the crossing of the North Polar regions, but, unfortunately, with very sad results. Andrée, with his two comrades who tried the balloon, never returned. The Wellman attempt with an airship could not, of course, be expected to be successful, as he had very little experience in travelling by this means before he started from Spitzbergen. I do not see why it should not be possible to use an airship with advantage in the polar regions when they have been sufficiently well developed so that it can be said with confidence that they are perfectly under the leader's control.

As is known, the Germans propose to make an expedition of this nature from Spitzbergen as soon as they think that their airship is sufficiently improved for the purpose, and I feel convinced that very important exploration work may be carried out in this way. There is, however, one disadvantage with an airship, namely, that it is very big and bulky and if exposed to unfavorable weather it is somewhat difficult to deal with. It has also another drawback—that the gas of the balloon will leak out and the ship cannot easily be kept floating for any length of time. In this respect the aeroplane may have advantages when it gets more developed than it is at present and when its carrying power is much increased. It will then be possible to stop where you like for some time, in order to make your observations, etc., and I believe that the aeroplane, of some kind or another, will prove of great value for the future exploration of inaccessible regions.

It has been suggested that the polar bear might possibly be turned to account as a draught animal for polar expeditions. Captain Amundsen at one time considered the

advisability of trying to break in polar bears for the purpose, and mentioned it to the well-known Herr Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. Hagenbeck considered it very possible, and actually started to break in some bears, and, according to what I have heard, really to some extent succeeded. Anyhow, this experiment has not been made in the polar regions, but if it really were possible to train the polar bear for the purpose, he would naturally be an ideal draught animal for these regions: his strength and endurance are wonderful; like the dog, he can live on concentrated food; and, better than the dog, he has remarkable reserve powers, enabling him to live for a long time without any food. I am, however, afraid that the polar bear would be a somewhat risky and troublesome draught animal to use, as he might not always be very easy to manage.

For travelling across the ice-covered North Polar Sea it may be of importance to carry boats. In 1827 Parry tried to reach the North Pole by dragging boats across the drifting ice, but with little success; the boats were much too heavy. During the British expedition in 1875-6, when Albert Markham and his brave men travelled northward from Grinnell Land, they also pulled a much too heavy boat across the uneven ice. I myself have tried the pulling of heavy boats across the drifting ice in order to reach the east coast of Greenland in 1888, and many other expeditions have had similar experiences. In this respect I believe that Johansen's and my sledge-journey from the *Fram* to Franz-Josef Land in 1895-6 marks an improvement, as we carried light canvas boats, or kayaks, one for each man, weighing little more than thirty-five pounds, and capable of holding an equipment for several months, besides carrying us and our sledges and dogs across the water-lanes in the ice. But here again the improvement was not due to any new invention; it was simply based upon the very old experiences of the Eskimos, their hide canoes, the kayaks, being used as models. They had, however, to be given a special shape and construction for the purpose. By carrying such boats a sledge expedition is made independent of open water which may be met with in the drifting ice. In fact, open water may be an advantage, as it should there be possible

to advance more easily and more rapidly than across the surface of the ice.

A method for the exploration of the polar regions which has been tried several times, sometimes involuntarily, sometimes voluntarily, is the drifting in a ship with the ice. This method was especially used with success during the *Fram* expedition of 1893-6 across the North Polar Basin. The *Fram* was specially designed and built for the purpose, on lines suited to stand the ice-pressures, so that she would be lifted by the squeezing ice and not crushed by it. I think this method may be considered a very good one, especially whenever thorough scientific investigations are required, because on board the drifting ship all kinds of scientific observations and researches, even of the most delicate and difficult kind, may be carried on. A specially constructed and very strong ship is, however, required, and also much patience, as the drifting takes a very long time. Captain Roald Amundsen, after having returned from the South Pole, and after having made the necessary supplementary equipment, which may take a year, intends to continue on his way with the *Fram* to Bering Strait, go into the ice in that region somewhere north or northwest of Alaska, and then drift with the ice straight across the North Polar Basin to the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen. This drift may take five years at least, probably more. It will, however, give a splendid opportunity of exploring the still unknown regions, and promises to bring results of very great importance.

The gallant Russian Admiral Makaroff hoped to be able to reach the North Pole and to navigate the still unknown parts of the North Polar Basin by means of a very strong ice-breaker sufficiently powerful to force its way through the heavy polar ice. Supported by the Russian Government, he had the *Yermak* built by Armstrong in Newcastle. This ship, built of steel, was unusually strong and the engines could develop ten thousand horse-power, which seems a great deal, considering that the engine of the *Fram*, for example, only developed about two hundred and twenty indicated horse-power. The *Yermak* was certainly a very good ice-breaker and really did remarkable things in the Arctic Sea in the summers of 1899 and 1901; but the heavy polar ice proved too much even for

her, and she had to return after having begun to leak in consequence of the plates giving way in the bow.

Several schemes based upon the use of submarines for the exploration of the sea surrounding the North Pole have been propounded, but none of them has ever got much beyond the paper stage. The idea would naturally be that the submarines could dive under the ice, thus saving all the trouble connected with breaking your way through it or with traversing its rough surface. In the water-lanes between the floes of the drifting ice, covering the extensive area of sea, the submarine could come to the surface. Judging from my experience, I think it would always be possible, especially in the summer, to find, even in the interior of the North Polar Basin, water-lanes big enough for a submarine to rise to the surface; but the chief difficulty would probably be the great depths to which some parts of the polar ice descends, especially under the ridges and hummocks piled up by the pressures. The "foot" of these ice masses quite commonly goes down to one hundred and fifty feet, or even much more, below sea surface. In order to be certain

of avoiding very unpleasant collisions with these deep ice blocks, it would consequently be necessary for a submarine to keep at depths of two hundred feet or more while moving along. Apart from the difficulty of constructing submarines sufficiently strong to stand pressures at such depths, it seems to me very doubtful whether it would be possible to see the difference between the ice and the water-lanes at two hundred feet below the surface. Although it is not possible to say how much submarine navigation may still be developed, I do not consider it probable that it will ever prove of much advantage to polar exploration.

We thus see that after all modern inventions have not yet been of very much importance for polar exploration, especially not for sledge work, and it is a remarkable fact that Peary's great achievements were chiefly attained by employing Eskimos, with Eskimo methods, Eskimo dogs, and Eskimo sledges. These are the methods of transit which were used by these earliest of polar travellers, thousands of years ago.

It is still, as it always was, chiefly the man on which the results of an expedition depend!

LONDON, 26th November, 1911.

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOUNG

II.—THE HOUSE WITH RED BLINDS



VO DELAVOYE had developed a theory to match his name for the Estate. The baleful spirit of the notorious Lord Mulcaster still brooded over Witching Hill, and the innocent occupiers of the Queen Anne houses were one and all liable to the malign influence. Such was the modest proposition, put as fairly as can be expected of one who resisted it from the first; for both by temperament and training I was perhaps unusually proof against this kind of thing. But then I always held that Delavoye himself did not begin by believing in his own

idea, that he never thought of it before our subterranean adventure, and would have forgotten all about it but for the house with red blinds.

That vermilion house with the brave blinds of quite another red! I can still see them bleaching in the glare of those few August days.

It was so hot that the prematurely bronze leaves of the horse-chestnuts, behind the odd numbers in Mulcaster Park, were as crisp as tinfoil, while a tawny stubble defied the garden rollers of those tenants who had not been driven to the real country or the sea-side. Half our inhabited houses were

either locked up empty, or in the hands of servants who spent their time gossiping at the gate. And I personally was not surprised when the red blinds stayed down in their turn.

The Abercromby Royles were a young couple who might be expected to mobilize at short notice, in spite of the wife's poor health, for they had no other ties. The mere fact of their departure on Bank Holiday, when the rest of the Estate were on the river, meant no more to me than a sudden whim on the lady's part; but then I never liked the looks of her, or her very yellow hair, least of all in a bath chair drawn by her indulgent husband after business hours. Mr. Royle was a little solicitor, who himself flouted tradition with a flower in his coat and a straw hat worn slightly on one side; but with him I had made friends over an escape of gas, which he treated as a joke rather than a grievance. He seemed to me just the sort of man to humor his sort of wife, even to the extent of packing off the servants on board wages, as they were said to have done before leaving themselves. Certainly I never thought of a sinister explanation until Uvo Delavoye put one into my head, and then I had no patience with him.

"It's this heat," I declared; "it's hot enough to uproot anybody."

"I wonder," said he, "how many other places they've found too hot for them!"

"But why should you wonder any such rot, when you say yourself that you've never even nodded to Abercromby Royle?"

"Because I've had my eye on him all the same, Gillon, as obvious material for the evil genius of the place."

"I see! I forgot you were spoiling for a second case."

"Case or no case," replied Uvo, "households don't usually disperse at a moment's notice, and their cook told our butcher that they never heard a thing until this morning. I have it from our own old treasure, if you want to know, so you can take it or leave it at that for what it's worth. But if I had your job, Gilly, and my boss was away, I don't know that I should feel altogether happy about my Michaelmas rent."

Nor was I quite so happy as I had been. I was spending the evening at my friend's, but I cut it rather shorter than I had intended; and on my way to the unlet house

in which I lodged, I could not help stopping outside the one with the drawn red blinds. They looked natural enough at this time of night; but all the windows were shut as well; there was no sign of life about the house. And then, as I went my way, I caught a sound which I had just heard as I approached, but not while standing outside the gate. It was the sound of furtive hammering—a few taps and then a pause—but I retraced my steps too quietly to prolong the pause a second time. It was some devil's tattoo on the very door of the empty house, and as I reached up my hand to reply with the knocker, the door flew open and the devil was Abercromby Royle himself.

He looked one, too, by the light of the lamp opposite, but only for a moment. What impressed me most about our interview, even at the time, was the clemency of my reception by an obviously startled man. He interrupted my apologies to commend my zeal; as for explanations, it was for him to explain to me, if I would be good enough to step inside. I did so with a strange sense of impersonal fear or foreboding, due partly to the stuffy darkness of the hall, partly to a quiver of the kindly hand upon my shoulder. The dining-room, however, was all lit up, and like an oven. Whiskey was on the sideboard, and I had to join Mr. Royle in the glass that loosened his tongue.

It was quite true about the servants; they had gone first, and he was the last to leave the ship. The metaphor did not strike me as unfortunate until it was passed off with a hollow laugh. Mr. Royle no longer disguised his nervous worry; he seemed particularly troubled about his wife, who appeared to have followed the servants into the country, and whom he could not possibly join. He mentioned that he had taken her up to town and seen her off; then, that he was going up again himself by the last train that night; finally—after a pause and between ourselves—that he was sailing immediately for America. When I heard this I thought of Delavoye; but Royle seemed so glad when he had told me, and soon in such a stew about his train, that I felt certain there could be nothing really wrong. It was a sudden call, and a great upset to him; he made no secret of either fact or any of his plans. He had left his baggage that morning at the club where he was going to sleep. He even told me what had brought him

back, and that led to an equally voluntary explanation of the hammering I had heard in the road.

"Would you believe it? I'd forgotten all about our letters!" exclaimed Abercromby Royle as we were about to leave the house together. "Having the rest of the day on my hands, I thought I might as well come back myself to give the necessary instructions. But it's no use simply filling up the usual form; half your correspondence still finds its way into your empty house; so I was just tacking this lid of an old cigar box across the slot. I'll finish it, if you don't mind, and then we can go so far together."

But we went together all the way, and I saw him off in a train laden with Bank Holiday water-folk. I thought he scanned them somewhat closely on the platform, and that some of my remarks fell on deaf ears. Among other things, I said I would gladly have kept the empty house aired, had he cared to trust me with his key. It was an office that I had undertaken for more than one of our absentee tenants. But the lawyer's only answer was a grip of the hand as the train began to move. And it seemed to me a haunted face that dissolved into the night, despite the drooping flower in the flannel coat and the hat worn a little on one side.

It would be difficult to define the impression left upon my mind by the whole of this equivocal episode; enough that, for more than one obvious reason, I said not a word about it to Uvo Delavoye. Once or twice I was tempted by his own remarks about Abercromby Royle, but on each occasion I set my teeth and defended the absent man as though we were both equally in the dark. It seemed a duty, after blundering into his affairs as I had done. But that very week brought forth developments which made a necessary end of all such scruples.

I was interviewing one of our foremen in a house that had to be ready by half-quarter-day, when Delavoye came in with a gleaming eye to tell me I was wanted.

"It's about our friend Royle," he added, trying not to crow. "I was perfectly right. They're on his tracks already!"

"Who are?" I demanded, when we were out of earshot of the men.

"Well, only one fellow so far, but he's breathing blood-hounds and Scotland Yard! It's Coysh, the trick-bicycle inventor; you

must know the lunatic by name; but let me tell you that he sounds unpleasantly sane about your limb of the law. A worse case——"

"Where is he?" I interrupted hotly. "And what the devil does he want with me?"

"Thinks you can help him put salt on the bird that's flown, as sort of clerk to the whole aviary! I found him pounding at your office door. He's been down to Royle's and found it all shut up, of course—like his office in town, he says! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Gilly! It's a clear case, I'm afraid, but you'd better have it from the fountain-head. I said I thought I could unearth you, and he's waiting outside for you now."

I looked through a window with a scroll of whitewash on the pane. In the road a thick-set man was fanning his big head with a wide soft hat, which I could not but notice that he wore with a morning coat and brown boots. The now eminent engineer is not much more conventional than the hot-headed patentee who in those days had still to find himself, and had lately been looking in the wrong place with a howling mob at his heels. But even then the quality of the man outshone the eccentricities of the supercrank. And I had a taste of it that August morning; a foretaste, when I looked into the road and saw worry and distress where I expected only righteous indignation.

I went down and asked him in, and his face lit up like a stormy sunbeam. But the most level-headed man in England could not have come to the point in fewer words or a more temperate tone.

"I'm glad your friend has told you what I've come about. I'm a plain speaker, Mr. Gillon, and I shall be plainer with you than I've been with him, because he tells me you know Abercromby Royle. In that case you won't start a scandal—because to know the fellow is to like him—and I only hope it may prove in your power to prevent one."

"I'll do anything I can, Mr. Coysh," I went so far as to say. But I was already taken by surprise. And so, I could see, was Uvo Delavoye.

"I'll hold you to that," said Coysh frankly. "When did you see him last, Mr. Gillon?"

"Do you mean Mr. Royle?" I stammered, turning away from Delavoye. If only he had not been there!

"Of course I do; and let me tell you, Mr. Gillon, this is a serious matter for the man

you know. You won't improve his chances by keeping anything back. When did you see him last?"

"Monday night," I mumbled.

But Delavoye heard.

"Monday night?" he interjected densely. "Why, it was on Monday he went away!"

"Exactly—by the last train."

"But we heard they'd gone hours before!"

"We heard wrong, so far as Royle was concerned. I came across him after I left you, and I saw him off myself."

Coysh had a sharp eye on both of us, and Delavoye's astonishment was not lost upon him. But it was at me that he looked last and longest.

"And you keep this to yourself from Monday night till now?"

"What's about it?" I demanded, falling into my own vernacular in my embarrassment.

"It only looks rather as though you were behind the scenes," replied Coysh simply. And his honesty called to mine.

"Well, so I was, to a certain extent," I cried; "but I got there by accident, I blundered in where I wasn't wanted, and yet the fellow treated me like a gentleman! That's why I never gave it away. But," I added, with more guile, "there was really nothing to give away." And with that I improvised a garbled version of my last

little visit to the house with red blinds, which I did not say I had discovered in utter darkness, any more than I described the sound which had attracted my attention, or the state of the householder's nerves.

"Very good," said Coysh, making notes on an envelope.

"And then you saw him off by the last train: did he say where he was going at that time of night?"

"To sleep at some club, I understood."

"And next morning?"

But I was sorry I had gone so far.

"Mr. Coysh," I said, "I'm here to let the houses on this Estate, and to look after odd jobs for the people who take them. It's not my business to keep an eye on the tenants themselves, still less to report their movements, and I must respectfully decline to say another word about Mr. Abercromby Royle."

The engineer put away his envelope with a shrug.

"Oh, very well; then you force me to go into details which I on my side would vastly prefer to keep to my-

self; but if you are sincere you will treat them as even more confidential than your own relations with Mr. Royle. You say you are hardly friends. I shall believe it if you stick to your present attitude when you've heard my story. Royle and I, however, have been only too friendly in the past, and I should not forget it even now, if I could find him."



F 4 1

"I was just tacking this lid of an old cigar box across the slot."—Page 312.

He made a meaning pause, of which I did not avail myself, though Delavoye encouraged me with an eager eye.

"He was not only my solicitor," continued Coysh; "he has acted as my agent in a good many matters which neither lawyers nor patent agents will generally undertake. You've heard of my Mainspring bicycle, of course? It was in his hands, and would have paid him well when it comes off, which is only a question of time." His fine face lit with irrelevant enthusiasm and glowed upon us each in turn. "When you think that by the very act of pedalling on the level we might be winding up—but there! It's going to revolutionize the most popular pastime of the day, and make my fortune incidentally; but meanwhile I've one or two pot-boilers that bring me in a living wage in royalties. One's an appliance they use in every gold-mine in South Africa. It was taken up by the biggest people in Johannesburg, and of course I've done very well out of it, this last year or two; but ever since Christmas my little bit has been getting more and more overdue. Royle had the whole thing in hand. I spoke to him about it more than once. At last I told him that if he couldn't cope with our paymasters out there, I'd have a go at them myself; but what I really feared was that he was keeping the remittances back, never for a moment that he was tampering with each one as it came. That, however, is what has been going on all this year. I have the certified accounts to prove it, and Royle must have bolted just when he knew the mail would reach me where I've been abroad. I don't wonder, either; he's been faking every statement for the last six months!"

"But not before?" cried Delavoye, as though it mattered.

Coysh turned to him with puzzled eyes.

"No; that's the funny part of it," said he. "You'd think a man who went so wrong—hundreds, in these few months—could never have been quite straight. But not a bit of it. I've got the accounts; they were as right as rain till this last spring."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Delavoye in wild excitement.

"May I ask what you knew?"

Coysh was staring, as well he might.

"Only—that—the whole mischief must have happened since these people came here to live, Mr. Coysh?"

"Do you suggest that they've been living beyond their means?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Delavoye, as readily as though nothing else had been in his mind.

"Well, and I should say you were right," rejoined the engineer, "if it wasn't for the funniest part of all. When a straight man goes off the rails, there's generally some tremendous cause; but one of the surprises of this case, as my banker has managed to ascertain, is that Abercromby Royle is in a position to repay every penny. He has more than enough to do it, lying idle in his bank; so there was no apparent motive for the crime, and I for my part am prepared to treat it as a sudden aberration."

"Exactly!" cried Delavoye, as though he were the missing man's oldest friend and more eager than either of us to find excuses for him.

"Otherwise," continued Coysh, "I wouldn't have taken you gentlemen into my confidence. But the plain fact is that I'm prepared to condone the felony at my own risk in return for immediate and complete restitution." He turned his attention entirely to me. "Now, Royle can't make good unless you help him by helping me to find him. I won't be hard on him if you do, I promise you! Not a dozen men in England shall ever know. But if I have to hunt for him it'll be with detectives and a warrant, and the fat'll be in the fire for all the world to smell!"

What could I do but give in after that? I had not promised to keep any secrets, and it was clearly in the runaway's interests to disclose his destination on the conditions laid down. Of his victim's good faith I had not a moment's doubt; it was as patent as his magnanimous compassion for Abercromby Royle. He blamed himself for not looking after his own affairs. It was unfair to take a poor little pettifogging solicitor and turn him by degrees into one's trusted business man; it was trying him too high altogether. He spoke of the poor wretch as flying from a wrath that existed chiefly in his own imagination, and even for that he blamed himself. It appeared that Coysh had vowed to Royle that he would have no mercy on anybody who was swindling him, no matter who it might be. He had meant it as a veiled warning, but Royle might have known his bark was worse



"In that case you won't start a scandal!"—Page 312.

than his bite, and made a clean breast of the whole thing there and then. If only he had! And yet I believe we all three thought the better of him because he had not.

But it was not too late, thanks to me! I could not reveal the boat or line by which Royle was travelling, because it had never occurred to me to inquire, but Coysh seemed confident of finding out. His confidence was of the childlike type which is the foible of some strong men. He knew

exactly what he was going to do, and it sounded the simplest thing in the world. Royle would be met on the other side by a cable which would bring him to his senses—and by one of Pinkerton's young men who would shadow him until it did. Either he would cable back the uttermost farthing through his bank, or that young man would tap him on the shoulder without more ado. It was delightful to watch a powerful mind clearing wire entanglements of detail in its

leap to a picturesque conclusion; and we had further displays for our benefit; for there was no up-train for an hour and more, and that set the inventor off upon his wonderful bicycle, which was to accumulate hill power by getting wound up automatically on the level. Nothing is so foolish as the folly of genius, and I shall never forget that great man's obstinate defence of his one supreme fiasco, or the diagram that he drew on an unpapered wall while Uvo Delavoye and I attended with insincere solemnity.

But Uvo was no better when we were at last alone. And his craze seemed to me the crazier of the two.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff, my good Gil-
lon! This fellow Royle comes here an honest man, and instantly starts on a career of fraud—for no earthly reason whatsoever!"

"So you want to find him an unearthly one?"

"I don't; it's there—and a worse case than the last. Old Sir Christopher was the only sober man at his own orgy, but my satanic ancestor seems to have made a mighty clean job of this poor brute!"

"I'm not so sure," said I gloomily. "I'm only sure of one thing—that the dead can't lead the living astray—and you'll never convince me that they can!"

It was no use arguing, for we were oil and vinegar on this matter, and were beginning to recognize the fact. But I was grateful to Uvo Delavoye for his attitude on another point. I tried to explain why I had never told him about my last meeting with Abercromby Royle. It was not necessary; there he understood me in a moment; and so it was in almost everything except this one perverse obsession, due in my opinion to a morbid imagination, which in its turn I attributed to the wretched muddle that the Egyptian climate had made of poor Uvo's inner man. While not actually an invalid, there was little hope of his being fit for work of any sort for a year or more; and I remember feeling glad when he told me he had obtained a reader's ticket for the British Museum, but very sorry when I found that his principal object was to pursue his Witching Hill will-o'-the-wisp to an extent impossible in the local library. Indeed, it was no weather for close confinement on even the healthiest intellectual quest. Yet it was on his way home from the museum that Uvo had picked up Coysh outside my

office, and that was where he was when Coysh came down again before the week was out.

This time I was in, and sweltering over the schedule of finishings for the house in which he had found me before, when my glass door darkened and the whole office shook beneath his ominous tread. With his back to the light, the little round man looked perfectly black with rage; and if he did not actually shake his fist in my face, that is the impression that I still retain of his outward attitude.

His words came in a bitter torrent, but their meaning might have been stated in one breath. Royle had not gone to America at all. Neither in his own name nor any other had he booked his passage at the London office of the Tuesday, or either of the Wednesday steamers, nor as yet in any of those sailing on the following Saturday. So Coysh declared, with characteristic conviction, as proof positive that a given being could not possibly have sailed for the United States under any conceivable disguise or alias. He had himself made a round of the said London offices, armed with photographs of Abercromby Royle. That settled the matter. It also branded me in my visitor's blazing eyes as accessory before or after the flight, and the deliberate author of a false scent which had wasted a couple of invaluable days.

It was no use trying to defend myself, and Coysh told me it was none. He had no time to listen to a "jackanapes in office," as he called me to my face. I could not help laughing in his. All he wanted and intended to discover was the whereabouts of Mrs. Royle—the last thing I knew, or had thought about before that moment—but in my indignation I referred him to the post-office. By way of acknowledgment he nearly shivered my glass door behind him.

I mopped my face and awaited Delavoye with little patience, which ran out altogether when he entered with a radiant face, particularly full of his own egregious researches in Bloomsbury.

"I can't do with that rot to-night!" I cried. "Here's this fat little fool going to get on the tracks of Mrs. Royle, and all through me! The woman's an invalid; this may finish her off. If it were the man himself I wouldn't mind. Where the devil do you suppose he is?"



Drawn by F. C. Youn.

I drove Delavoie before me through the window he had just opened.—Page 321.

"I'll tell you later," said Uvo Delavoye, without moving a muscle of his mobile face.

"You'll tell me—see here, Delavoye!" I spluttered. "This is a serious matter to me; if you're going to rot about it I'd rather you cleared out!"

"But I'm not rotting, Gilly," said he in a different tone, yet with a superior twinkle that I never liked. "I never felt less like it in my life. I really have a pretty shrewd idea of my own, but you're such an unbelieving dog that you must give me time before I tell you what it is. I should like first to know rather more about these alleged speculations and this apparent flight, and whether Mrs. Royle's in it all. I'm rather interested in the lady. But if you care to come in for supper you shall hear my views."

Of course I cared; but across the solid mahogany of more spacious days, though we had it to ourselves, we both seemed disinclined to resume the topic. Delavoye had got up some choice remnant of his father's cellar, grotesquely out of keeping with our homely meal, but obviously in my honor, and it seemed a time to talk about matters in which we were agreed. I was afraid I knew the kind of idea he had described as "shrewd"; what I dreaded was some fresh application of his ingenious doctrine as to the local quick and dead, and a heated argument in our extravagant cups. And yet I did want to know what was in my companion's mind about the Royles; for my own was no longer free from presentiments for which there was some ground in the facts of the case. But I was not going to start the subject; and Delavoye steadily avoided it until we strolled out afterward (with humble pipes on top of that Madeira!). Then his arm slipped through mine, and it was with one accord that we drifted up the road toward the house with the drawn blinds.

All these days, on my constant perambulations, it had stared me in the face with its shut windows, its dirty step, its idle chimneys. Every morning those odious blinds had greeted one like red eyelids hiding dreadful eyes. And once I had remembered that the very letter-box was set like teeth against the outer world. But this summer evening, as the house came between us and a noble moon, all was so changed and chastened that I thought no evil until Uvo spoke.

"I can't help feeling that there's something wrong!" he exclaimed below his breath.

"If Coysh is not mistaken," I whispered back, "there's something very wrong indeed."

He looked at me as though I had missed the point, and I awaited an impatient intimation of the fact. But there had been something strange about Uvo Delavoye all the evening; he had singularly little to say for himself, and now he was saying it in so low a voice that I insensibly lowered mine, though we had the whole road practically to ourselves.

"You said you found old Royle quite alone the other night?"

"Absolutely—so *he* said."

"You've no reason to doubt it, have you?"

"No reason—none. Still, it did seem odd that he should hang on to the end—the master of the house—without a soul to do anything for him."

"I quite agree with you," said Delavoye emphatically. "It's very odd. It means something. I believe I know what, too!"

But he did not appear disposed to tell me, and I was not going to press him on the point. Nor did I share his confidence in his own powers of divination. What could he know of the case, that was unknown to me—unless he had some outside source of information all the time?

That, however, I did not believe; in any case he seemed bent upon acquiring more. He opened the gate, and was on the doorstep before I could say a word. I had to follow in order to remind my friend that his proceedings might be misunderstood if they were seen.

"Not a bit of it!" he had the nerve to say as he bent over the tarnished letter-box. "You're with me, Gillon, and isn't it your job to keep an eye on these houses?"

"Yes, but——"

"What's the matter with this letter-box? It won't open!"

"That's so that letters can't be shot into the empty hall. He nailed it up on purpose before he went. I found him at it."

"And didn't it strike you as an extraordinary thing to do?" Uvo was standing upright now. "Of course it did, or you'd have mentioned it to Coysh and me the other day."



"The man you want has been here all the time."—Page 321.

It was no use denying the fact.

"What's happening to their letters?" he went on, as though I could know.

"I expect they're being redirected."

"To the wife?"

"I suppose so."

And my voice sank with my heart, and I felt ashamed, and repeated myself aggressively.

"Exactly!" He seemed to know. "The

wife at some mysterious address in the country—poor soul!"

"Where are you going now?"

He had dived under the front windows, muttering as much to himself as to me. I caught him up at the high side gate into the garden.

"Lend me a hand," said Delavoye when he had tried the latch.

"You're not going over?"

"That I am, and it'll be your duty to follow. Or I could let you through. Well—if you won't!"

And in the angle between party-fence and gate he was still struggling manfully when I went to his aid as a lesser evil; in a few seconds we were both in the back garden of the empty house, with the gate again bolted behind us.

"Now, if it were ours," resumed Delavoye when he had taken breath, "I should say the lavatory window was the vulnerable point. Lavatory window, please!"

"But, Delavoye, look here!"

"I'm looking," said he as we faced each other in the broad moonlight that flooded the already ragged lawn.

"If you think I'm going to let you break into this house, you're very much mistaken."

I had my back to the windows I meant to hold inviolate. No doubt the moon revealed some resolution in my face and bearing, for I meant what I said until Delavoye spoke again.

"Oh, very well!" said he. "If it's coming to brute force I have no more to say. The police will have to do it, that's all. It's their job when you come to think of it; but it'll be jolly difficult to get them to take it on, whereas you and I——"

And he turned away with a shrug to point his admirable aposiopesis.

"Man Uvo," I said, catching him by the arm, "what's this job you're jawing about?"

"You know well enough. You're in the whole mystery of these people far deeper than I am. I only want to find the solution."

"And you think you'll find it in their house?"

"I know I should," said Uvo with quiet confidence. "But I don't say it'll be a pleasant find. I shouldn't ask you to come in with me, but merely to accept some responsibility afterward—to-night if we're spotted. It will probably involve more kudos in the end. But I don't want to let you in for more than you can stand meanwhile, Gillon."

That was enough for me. I myself led the way back to the windows, angrily enough until he took my arm, and then suddenly more at one with him than I had ever been before. I had seen his set lips

in the moonlight, and felt the uncontrollable tremor of the hand upon my sleeve.

It so happened that it was not necessary to break in after all. I had generally some keys about me and the variety of locks on our back doors was not inexhaustible. It was the scullery door in this case that a happy coincidence thus enabled me to open. But I was now more determined than Delavoye himself, and would have stuck at no burglarious excess to test his prescience, to say nothing of a secret foreboding which had gradually framed itself in my own mind.

To one who went from house to house on the Estate as I did, and knew by heart the five or six plans on which builder and architect had rung the changes, darkness should have been no hindrance to the unwarrantable exploration I was about to conduct. I knew the way through these kitchens, and found it here without a false or noisy step. But in the hall I had to contend with the furniture which makes one interior as different from another as the houses themselves may be alike. The Abercromby Royles had as much furniture as the Delavoyes, only of a different type. It was not massive and unsuitable, but only too dainty and multifarious, no doubt in accordance with the poor wife's taste. I retained an impression of artful simplicity—an enamelled drain-pipe for the umbrellas—painted tambourines, and things on milk-stools—which rather charmed me in those days. But I had certainly forgotten a tall flower stand outside the kitchen door, and over it went crashing as I set foot in the tessellated hall. I doubt if either of us drew breath for some seconds after the last bit of broken plant-pot lay still upon the tiles. Then I rubbed a match on my trousers, but it did not strike. Uvo had me by the hand before I could do it again.

"Do you want to blow up the house?" he croaked. "Can't you smell it for yourself?"

Then I realized that the breath which I had just drawn was acrid with escaped gas.

"It's that asbestos stove again!" I exclaimed, recalling my first visit to the house.

"Which asbestos stove?"

"It's in the dining-room. It was leaking as far back as June."

"Well, we'd better go in there first and open the window. Stop a bit!"

The dining-room was just opposite the kitchen, and I was on the threshold when he pulled me back to tie my handkerchief across my nose and mouth. I did the same for Delavoye, and then we crept into the room where I had been induced to drink with Royle on the night he went away.

The full moon made smouldering panels of the French window leading into the garden, but little or no light filtered through the long red blind. Delavoye went round to it on tiptoe, and I still say it was a natural instinct that kept our voices down and our movements stealthy; that any other empty house, where we had no business at dead of night, would have had the same effect upon us. Delavoye speaks differently for himself, and I certainly heard him fumbling unduly for the blind cord while I went over to the gas-stove. At least I was going when I stumbled against a basket chair, which creaked without yielding to my weight, and creaked again as though some one had stirred in it. I recoiled, panic-stricken, and so stood until the blind flew up. Then the silence was sharply broken by a voice that I can still hear but hardly recognize as my own.

It was Abercromby Royle who was sitting in the moonlight over the escaping stove; and I shall not describe him; but a dead flower still drooped from the lapel of a flannel jacket which the dead man had horribly outgrown.

I drove Delavoye before me through the window he had just opened; it was he who insisted on returning, ostensibly to turn off the gas, and I could not let him go alone. But neither could I face the ghastly occupant of the basket chair, and it was Uvo Delavoye again who was busy disengaging something from the frozen fingers when a loud rat-tat resounded through the house.

It was grim to see how the corpse sat still and let us jump; but Uvo was himself before the knock was repeated.

"You go, Gillon!" he said. "It's only somebody who's heard or seen us. Don't you think we smelt the gas through the letter-box, and wasn't it your duty——"

The second knock cut him short, and I answered it without more ado. The night constable on the beat, who knew me well by sight, was standing on the doorstep like a man, his right hand on his hip till he had blinded me with his lantern. A grunt of

relief assured me of his recognition, while his timely arrival was as promptly explained by an insensate volley in a more familiar voice.

"Don't raise the road, Mr. Coysh!" I implored. "The man you want has been here all the time, and dead for the last five days!"

That was a heavy night for me. If Coysh could have made it something worse, I think just at first he would; for he had been grossly deceived, and I had unwittingly promoted the deception. But his good sense and heart had brought him to reason before I accompanied the policeman to the station, leaving the other two on guard over a house as hermetically sealed as Delavoye and I had found it.

At the police station I was stiffly examined by the superintendent; but the explanations that I now felt justified in giving, at Delavoye's instigation, were received without demur and I was permitted to depart in outward peace. Inwardly I was not so comfortable, for Delavoye had not confined his hints to an excuse for entry, made the more convincing by the evil record of the asbestos stove. We had done some more whispering while the constable was locking up, and the impulsive Coysh had lent himself to our final counsels. The result was that I said nothing about my own farewell to Royle, though I dwelt upon my genuine belief that he had actually gone abroad. And I did say I was convinced that the whole affair had been an accident, due to the same loose gas-stove tap which had caused an escape six weeks before.

That was my only actual lie, and on later consideration I began to wonder whether even it was not the truth. This was in Delavoye's sanctum, on the first-floor-back at No. 7, and after midnight; for I had returned to find him in the clutches of excited neighbors, and had waited about till they all deserted him to witness the immediate removal of the remains.

"What is there, after all," I asked, "to show that it really was a suicide? He might have come back for something he'd forgotten, and kicked against the tap by accident, as somebody did in June. Why make a point of doing the deed at home?"

"Because he didn't want his wife to know."

"But she was bound to know!"

"Sooner or later, of course; but the later the better from his point of view, and their own shut-up house was the one place where he might not have been found for weeks. And that would have made all the difference—in the circumstances."

"But what do you know about the circumstances, Uvo?" I could not help asking a bit grimly; for his air of omniscience always prepared me for some specious creation of his own fancy. But for once I was misled, and I knew it from his altered face before I heard his unnatural voice.

"What do I know?" repeated Uvo Delavoye. "Only that one of the neighbors has just had a wire from Mrs. Royle's people to say that she's got a son! That's all," he added, seizing a pipe; "but if you think a minute you'll see that it explains every other blessed thing."

And I saw that so it did, as far as the unfortunate Royle was concerned; and there was silence between us while I ran through my brief relations with the dead man and Delavoye filled his pipe.

"I never took to the fellow," he went on in a callous tone that almost imposed upon me. "I didn't like his eternal button-hole, or the hat on one side, or the awful shade of their beastly blinds, or the color of the good lady's hair for that matter! Just the wrong red and yellow, unless you happen to wear blue spectacles; and if you'd ever seen them saying good-bye of a morning you'd have wished you were stone-blind. But if ever I marry—which God forbid—may I play the game by my wife as he has done by his! Think of his feelings—with two such things hanging over him—those African accounts on the way as well! Is he to throw himself on his old friend's mercy? No; he's too much of a man, or perhaps too big a villain—but I know which I think now. What then? If there's a hue and cry the wife'll be the first to hear it; but if he lays a strong false scent, through an honest chap like you, it may just tide over the days that matter. So it has, in point of fact; but for me there'd have been days and days to spare. But imagine yourself creeping back into your empty hole to die like a rat, and still thinking of every little thing to prevent your being found!"

"And to keep it from looking like suicide when you were!" said I, with yet a lingering doubt in my mind.

"Well, then, I say you have the finest suicide ever!" declared Uvo Delavoye. "I only wish I knew when he began to think it all out. Was it before he called you in to see the tap that didn't turn off? Or was it the defective tap that suggested the means of death? In either case, when he nailed up his letter-box, it was not, of course, to keep the postman from the door, but to keep the smell of gas inside if he or anybody else did come. That, I think, is fairly plain."

"It's ingenious," I conceded, "whether the idea's your own or Royle's."

"It must have been his," said Delavoye with conviction. "You don't engineer an elaborate fake and get in one of your best bits by accident. No; there was only one mistake poor Royle made, and it *was* unpremeditated. It was rather touching, too. Do you remember my trying to get something from his fingers, just when the knock came?"

I took a breath through my teeth.

"I wish I didn't! What was it?"

"A locket with yellow hair in it. And he'd broken the glass, and his thumb was on the hair itself! I don't suppose," added Delavoye, "it would have meant to anybody else what it must to you and me, Gillon; but I'm not sorry I got it out of his clutches in time."

Yet now he could shudder in his turn.

"And to think," I said at last, recalling the secret and forgotten foreboding with which I myself had entered the house of death; "only to think that at the last I was more prepared for murder than suicide! I almost suspected the poor chap of having killed his wife, and shut her up there!"

"Did you?" said Delavoye, with an untimely touch of superiority. "That never occurred to me."

"But you must have thought something was up?"

"I didn't think. I knew."

"Not what had happened?"

"More or less."

"I wish you'd tell me how!"

Uvo smiled darkly as he shook his head.

"It's no use telling certain people certain things. You shall see for yourself with your own two eyes!" He got up and crossed the room. "You know what I'm up to at the British Museum; did I tell you

they'd got a fine old last-century plan of the original Estate? Well, for days past I've had a man in Holborn trying to get me a copy for love or money. He's just succeeded. Here it is."

A massive hereditary desk, as early Victorian as all the Delavoye possessions, stood before the open window that looked out into the moonlight; on this desk was a reading gas-lamp, with a smelly rubber tube, of the same maligned period; and there and thus was the plan spread like a table-cloth, pinned down by ash tray, ink-pot, and the lamp itself, and duly overhung by our two young heads. I carry it pretty clearly still in my mind's eye. The Estate alone, or rather the whole original property and nothing else, was outlined and filled in, and the rest left as white as age permitted. It was like a map of India upside down. The great house was curiously situated in the apex, but across the road a clump of shrubberies stood for Ceylon. Our present Estate was at the thick end, as Delavoye explained, and it was a thrilling moment when he laid his nail upon the Turkish Pavilion, actually so marked, and we looked out into our moonlit garden and beheld its indubitable site. The tunnel was not marked. But Delavoye ran his finger to the left, and stopped on an emblem illegibly inscribed in small faint ancient print.

"It's 'Steward's Lodge,'" said Delavoye as I peered in vain; "you shall have a magnifying glass, if you like, to show there's no deception. But the story I'm afraid you'll have to take on trust for the moment. If you want to see chapter and verse, apply for a reader's ticket and I'll show you both any day at the B. M. I only struck them myself this afternoon, in a hairy tome called 'The Mulcaster Peerage'—and a whole page of sub-titles. They're from one of the epistles of the dear old sinner himself, written as though other people's money had never melted in his noble fist. I won't spoil it by misquotation. But you'll find that there was once an unjust steward, who robbed the wicked lord of this very vineyard, and then locked himself

into the lodge, and committed suicide rather than face the fearful music!"

I did not look at Delavoye; but I felt his face glowing like a live coal, close to mine.

"This road isn't marked," I said as though I had been simply buried in the plan.

"Naturally; it wasn't made. Would you like to see where it ran?"

"I shouldn't mind," I said with the same poor quality of indifference.

He took a bit of old picture-rod, which he kept for a ruler on his desk, and ran a pair of parallel lines in blue pencil from west to east. The top line came just under the factor's cottage.

"It's in this very road!" I exclaimed.

"Not only that," returned Delavoye, "but if you go by the scale, and pace the distance, you'll find that the Steward's Lodge was on the present site of the house with red blinds!"

And he turned away to fill another pipe, as though finely determined not to crow or glow in my face. But I did not feel myself an object for magnanimity.

"I thought it was only your ignoble kinsman, as you call him," I said, "who was to haunt and influence us all. If it's to be his man-servant, his maid-servant——"

"Stop!" cried Delavoye. "Stop in time, my dear man, before you come to one or other of us! Can you seriously think it a mere coincidence that a thing like this should happen on the very spot where the very same thing has happened before?"

"I don't see why not," said I stoutly.

"I had only the opposite idea to go upon, Gilly, and yet I found exactly what I expected to find. Was that a fluke?"

"Or a coincidence—call it what you like."

"Call it what *you* like," retorted Delavoye with great good-humor. "But if the same sort of thing happens again, will it still be a coincidence or a fluke?"

"In my view, always," I replied, hardening my heart for ever.

"That's all right, then!" he cried with his schoolboy laugh. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

V



WO recent events, commonplace in themselves, yet typical, have served notice on me through the discussion to which they have given rise in my family circle that the progress of social reforms resembles the silent movement of the glaciers, and that we suddenly find ourselves condemning as monstrous results which we complacently accepted as inevitable less than a generation ago.

Every one who lives in my neighborhood knows Thomas McGillicuddy by sight, for thirty years the chore man of our block; a brisk little man with a clump of chin whiskers and a pronounced brogue. He moves more slowly than formerly, and but for the indulgence of the households for whom he works might fairly be regarded as superannuated. He has brought up a large family, six daughters and an only son, John, the apple of his eye, a strapping, able-bodied railroad employee, who has a wife and three small children.

Two months ago, just prior to Thanksgiving Day, this son lost his right leg by an accident due to the negligence of another subordinate, a fellow-servant, as the legal phrase goes. Cut off just above the knee. But for his strong constitution and temperate habits, according to the surgeon who performed the operation, he would never have pulled through. But he will get well, for which his family is becomingly thankful despite the plight in which they find themselves.

The question naturally suggests itself—what will become of them? How are they going to get along? Everybody has been very kind and sympathetic. The immediate needs of the wife and children were provided for by the purse which one of the charitably inclined young women in our block raised by personal solicitation while

the accident was fresh in the public mind. They will not need to draw on their scanty savings for the moment. The victim, who is still at the hospital, puts a bold front on the situation and keeps up his courage by the perusal of communications from both owners and makers of wooden legs which reach him through the mail. All of these are to the effect that one hobbles through life surprisingly well after a little practice. Josephine has sent fruit and other delicacies to the sufferer and new toys to the children—which is but typical of the general sympathy among those who take a personal interest.

But we all know—and the victim best of all—that the hard time is coming later, when the philanthropic “tumult dies,” the charitable “kings depart,” and he is left minus a leg to confront a workaday, industrial world. Even the most philanthropic of us demand variety for our emotions and tend to lose sight of an irreparable catastrophe after we have done everything in our power to provide relief. It is inevitable that something else will happen presently to divert our warm commiseration into a fresh channel, and John McGillicuddy’s accident will become an old story. Hence it behooves us to dwell on the inquiry how are they going to get along?—before our sensibilities have been rocked to sleep by the soothing refrain, “Every one has done more than the unfortunates had a right to expect, and now they must manage the best they can.”

The driving exigencies of modern life take for granted the frequent lopping off of legs and arms. But it is scarcely necessary to demonstrate that ours is a highly merciful and considerate age. Even the joy rider is more than apt to turn back and convey to the hospital at break-neck speed the mangled form of whomever his car has crushed. When accidents occur, who is more prompt in providing immediate succor than the modern corporation, which

used to be accused of lacking a soul? Far from being left to shift for himself, the injured employee without resources is tenderly lifted into an ambulance, tucked up in a snowy cot, and made nearly as good as new without charge by the wonderful resources of antiseptic surgery. So humane is the treatment accorded the patient that minor accidents become almost a privilege in that he was never so well taken care of in his life. Loss of pay for a limited period is often precluded, and almost any self-respecting workman may break a rib or two without much concern as to the consequences.

But this beneficent alliance between corporate charity and surgery must needs be conscious of limitations when in the presence of certain injuries. A leg is a leg; a right arm is a right arm. A glass eye is merely an æsthetic mockery. The man who is smashed all to pieces, coaxed back to life, and sent out maimed and halt may be temporarily grateful to his nurse and doctor and to the merciful corporation which footed the bills; but is scarcely to be blamed if, in the watches of the night, before he is pronounced cured, he keeps asking himself, "what is to become of us?" and lets his thoughts dwell on the lawyers' cards concealed under his pillow rather than on the communications which set forth the merits of artificial limbs.

About a week after the accident to John McGillicuddy, when indeed his recovery was still doubtful, my wife asked me to hint to his father, our chore man, that if there was need of a lawyer to safeguard the victim's rights, that rising young attorney, my grandson, Harold Bruce, was the logical candidate for the position.

I use the word "candidate" advisedly, for Josephine's plea was as follows: "Of course, I am wholly unfamiliar with legal affairs, but Harold tells me that a very large percentage of law business nowadays consists of personal injury suits and that it is the habit of the less scrupulous lawyers to employ, either openly or on the sly, 'runners,' as he calls them, who keep track of all accidents reported in the newspapers and lose no time in trying to obtain leave from the injured persons to represent them in court. Harold hasn't a doubt that John has been deluged with lawyers' cards since he entered the hospital, and John, may, of course, have engaged some one already. But

probably not, for he is still very low. Harold's firm does not stoop to such methods, which, he informs me, tend to promote litigation and to secure a mean advantage over the rest of the profession. At the same time, if there is to be a suit, and some one's services are requisite—or even if poor John dies, it seems—Harold would like to obtain the employment for his firm. It would be a feather in his cap and the case would be splendidly handled, for it appears that his Mr. Fogarty is what Harold terms a spell-binder before a jury. So, other things being equal, I should suppose the McGillicuddies would be glad to give the dear boy the chance. It might be the making of him, he tells me."

Let me remark parenthetically at this point that my grandson, though admitted to the bar, is an assistant in the offices of Blackstone, Kent, Fogarty, and Einstein, one of our leading firms, which, as the names of the partners indicate, is equipped for every modern legal emergency.

"The point which I do not understand, dear," continued Josephine after the delivery of her message, "and which I meant to ascertain from Harold, but hadn't the heart to inquire, is why any lawyer's services are necessary. The accident was so dreadful and so completely due to the other man's carelessness that the railroad cannot fail to treat John handsomely."

"What do you mean by handsomely?" I inquired, and I suspect that my smile betrayed a suggestion of irony.

My wife looked momentarily disconcerted by this shifting to her shoulders of the burden of argument; but after a moment's reflection she succeeded by means of the following dispassionate statement in letting it slip gracefully to the ground for me to pick up.

"He is crippled for life and will never be able to work on the railroad again. His earning capacity is gone, or, at least, is so slight that his wife will be compelled to scrub floors or sew her eyes out and the children to labor at an early age in order to make two ends meet. As a consequence, the entire family will fall several pegs lower in the social scale, if not become a public charge—unless something suitable is done."

"One of the dire penalties of being a fellow-servant," I responded.

Josephine seemed for the moment nonplussed, then her eyes flashed. "I keep

telling you, Fred, that it was the other man's fault entirely. John wasn't in the least to blame."

"Every one admits that. But he ought to have known better."

"Better than what?"

"Better than assume the risks of the employment."

"Assume the risks? I don't understand you."

"The risk of being hurt by some other subordinate's negligence."

"I don't believe John ever did."

"I am positive he did not," I answered.

"Then what *do* you mean, Fred?" My wife can look rather severe when she believes that she is being trifled with on what she deems a serious subject.

"The law insists he did."

"Our law? Insists when it knows he didn't? Then the law——"

"Quite so," I interrupted before she could frame animadversions which she might subsequently regret concerning the bulwark of our institutions. "Unfortunately, one cannot dispose of the law in so summary a fashion, Josephine." Then to complete her growing bewilderment I added, "Moreover it was John's duty to know that the other man was likely to be careless."

"How could he?" she cried triumphantly. "Thomas told me that John didn't know the other man, even by sight."

"That makes no difference. The law says he had a better opportunity than the railroad to keep an eye on him and realize that he might commit blunders. If you don't believe me, dear, consult your grandson fresh from his law studies."

Josephine gasped. "You mean that the railroad won't give him anything?"

"Pay his doctor's bills."

"And nothing else?"

"Not unless Harold's firm compels them to by convincing a judge and jury either that John wasn't a fellow-servant after all, or that even if he were, the railroad itself was negligent in some way and that John wasn't. To convince them—if he does convince them—will take three years at least, require elaborate preparation and an agonizing trial. Eye-witnesses of the catastrophe will be summoned by either side and badgered into admitting that what they stated five minutes before was the reverse

of what they meant to say. Physicians will be put upon the rack and demonstrated to be ignoramuses by experts hired for the purpose. The judge will probably feel obliged to rule that John can't recover. If he is reversed on appeal the agony must be gone through again. Assuming that the case gets to a jury, the amount awarded will depend on the ability of Mr. Fogarty to awaken their sympathies, on whether they like the looks of John (who may be a Mason), on how near it is to the dinner-hour and on various other unscientific considerations. If they return a large verdict, the fees of the experts and witnesses must come out of it, a considerable slice for Mr. Fogarty, and something for Harold. You see, the whole affair is a sort of grand lottery, and the likelihood is that the strain on John and his wife of the delay and uncertainty will be such as to produce nervous prostration for one or both, which will eat up most of what is recovered."

I paused for breath, not because I had exhausted the possibilities of the subject. Whereupon Josephine seized the opportunity to exclaim with feeling:

"What a barbarous and unphilanthropic state of affairs!"

My previous comment that we suddenly condemn as monstrous results which we once accepted with complacency was due to this exclamation of my wife's. Josephine, as she has admitted, does not pretend to a knowledge of the law, but I am confident that had some one forty years ago (she is always young to me) poured in her sympathetic ear the details of poor John's calamity, her tender heart would have bled, but it would not have occurred to her that "something suitable" ought to be done for him by his employer. She would have deplored his loss of a leg, which deprived him of a livelihood, as one of those dire misfortunes for which Providence has made no provision, like falling off the roof of a house, for instance, while at work—lamentable and to be mitigated by charity, but not in the nature of an injustice which society was called on to redress.

We need to go back only another forty years to find no less a person than James Scarlett, Lord Abinger, solemnly announcing from the bench that it would never do to permit a butcher's assistant to recover damages from his master for injuries caused

through the overloading by another servant of the market wagon on which they were both perched. The picture which he drew on that occasion of the domestic consequences which would flow from a contrary decision were so convincing that they have proved a stumbling-block in the pathway of humanitarian progress ever since.

"The master" (this is his lordship's language), "for example, would be liable to the servant for the negligence of the chambermaid, for putting him into a damp bed; for that of the upholsterer, for sending in a crazy bedstead, whereby he was made to fall down while asleep and injure himself; for the negligence of the cook in not properly cleaning the copper vessels used in the kitchen; of the butcher in supplying the family with meat of a quality injurious to the health; of the builder for a defect in the foundation of the house, whereby it fell and injured both the master and the servant by the ruins."

Sagacious words these from the standpoint of the period. So sagacious, indeed, that they served to solve the acknowledged doubts of one of our own wisest tribunals when five years later, in 1842, the liability of a railroad for injuries to an engineer, due to the carelessness of a switchman, a fellow-servant, was argued before it. When Chief-Justice Shaw, who rendered the opinion in that famous case, *Farwell v. Boston & Worcester Railroad Corporation*, decided that the employee could afford to bear the burden of the accident better than the poor railroad, he little realized what a giant the pigmy industry which implored his protection would shortly become, and what a fetish the stone wall erected by him on the foundation laid by Lord Abinger, in *Priestley v. Fowler*, would prove even today. Nor was this the first precedent on this side of the water for the doctrine that the workman assumes as a risk of his employment all injuries due to a fellow-servant's negligence. Chief-Justice Shaw cited with approval the decision made the previous year by a majority of the Court of Appeals of South Carolina, that a fireman who, like John McGillicuddy, had lost a leg through the carelessness of his engine-driver was left without a remedy against the corporation. If all employers of labor were to be held responsible to those in their service for injuries not due to the negligence

of the employer, who might not be rendered bankrupt by a servant's blunder?

All this I straightway pointed out to Josephine by way of enlightenment, lest her outraged sympathies should lead her to commit some fresh contempt of court before I could make plain to her that had she been alive when this hardy perennial fiction of an implied contract on the part of the wage-earner originated, she would unquestionably have accepted it like the rest of the educated world as the quintessence of human sagacity. And sagacity it might still appear but for two new factors in human affairs. As a grandfather, I am in doubt which has been the more remarkable during the last half century: the development of mighty industrial mechanisms, twin products of steam and electricity, with all their train of dangerous occupations destructive to life and limb, or the growth of the sentiment, child of the brotherhood of man, that it is cruel to fasten the entire burden of a shattered life on the luckless being mangled or maimed in the course of industrial employment.

O the poor railroad! Yet even as we wagged our heads in approbation of this formula, the infant revolutionizer of traffic had attained the dimensions of an octopus, and we found ourselves listening to a siren plea, evolved from the heart rather than the brain, and before which the sound lawyer stands confounded, if not aghast, even today—that the cost of maintaining those grievously crippled in all hazardous callings pursued for the world's benefit should be charged to production. In other words, that the miner delving underground, the railroad employee, the factory operative, cheek by jowl with swiftly moving machinery, and the workman who daily inhales poisonous gases can no longer, without injustice, be thrown adrift on the world when incapacitated for further labor by the perils to which they are exposed; but that the business itself should, in some measure at least, provide an indemnity fund for the relief of the victims.

I could see Josephine's eyes brighten with approval as I enlarged on this doctrine, pointing out that though primarily a humanitarian world wave, it was also a common-sense compact between ethics and political economy at the expense of the mere shell of law. The phrases which I used—

Employer's Liability Acts, Workingmen's Compensation Laws—were evidently so familiar to her—though I knew that she had only the haziest knowledge concerning them—as to cause her to appropriate them joyfully as a panacea for her distress, exclaiming:

"Of course, that's the solution, Fred. And doesn't it take care of poor John? Why," she added, "do you smile? What is it I don't understand?"

"Don't you consider the United States the most progressive and enlightened nation on the globe? The guide and the moving spirit in the world's attitude toward suffering humanity?"

She balked at the trap, though temperamentally patriotic. "I suppose so. Every now and then, however, I discover something about us that I didn't know before. I always took for granted that we invented progressive legacies taxes to reduce swollen fortunes until you informed me that they were known to the Egyptians. If I live a little longer, I expect to see everything under the sun traced to Rameses II. Yes, I have been accustomed to think that in humanitarianism at least we are a guide to the rest of the world."

"Then it may be something of a shock to you, dear, to be told that almost every civilized nation, excepting ourselves, has a Workingmen's Compensation Act in force to provide for just such cases as John McGillicuddy's. Germany led the way in 1884, over twenty-five years ago, followed by Austria in 1889. Autocratic governments, but they set the example. There is scarcely a European country, big or little, or a Colonial Dependency which has not joined the procession; Great Britain in 1897, France in 1898, Italy in the same year, even despotic Russia in 1903. And the list includes communities dissimilar as Finland, Luxemburg, Hungary, New South Wales, British Columbia, and the Cape of Good Hope. Legislation, which among most of the other nations is beginning to be regarded as ancient history, is in our native land hanging by the gills in the cold storage warehouse of our various State Capitals—buried in committee, referred to special commissions, wrangled over, postponed, and huddled out of sight."

"How infamous!" interposed Josephine, by way of not seeming to lack ardor in

a cause where she felt sure she was right, but concerning the concrete merits of which she was conscious of profound ignorance.

"In Great Britain," I continued, "the employer is directly responsible to the workman and protects himself by voluntary insurance; in Germany the employer is not liable to the workman, but solely to mutual associations of employers in kindred trades, supervised by State officials, for the premiums assessed against him to cover the indemnities paid to the injured. The underlying principle in each case is the substitution of definite and compulsory compensation for uncertain liability enforced by speculative litigation. In most countries sickness insurance societies, supported partly by the employees and partly by the employers, provide for temporary disabilities; but prolonged or permanent incapacity for work is relieved by a sliding scale of direct money payments, for a fixed period or for life, charged, regardless of any but wilful negligence, to the cost of production. In some jurisdictions the act applies to all industrial accidents, in others it is limited to certain hazardous occupations; but in every instance it covers a wide range of employment and contemplates adequate relief to all grievously disabled in the industrial world without reference to care or the lack of it."

"And why have we done nothing?" inquired Josephine with the reluctant sternness of a patriot dismayed by grim statistics.

"It wouldn't be exact to say we have done nothing; but until recently we have not accomplished a great deal. We have a rather feeble Federal Act, good as far as it goes, applicable to artisans and laborers employed by the United States in arsenals and navy-yards and in river and harbor fortification, under which compensation for disabling and fatal injuries is fixed at one year's earnings. But subsequent amendments, designed to extend the benefits of this law to all civilian employees of the Federal Government receiving less than three thousand dollars, and to raise the limit of compensation to seven years' wages, not exceeding seven thousand five hundred dollars in the aggregate, were defeated. The Sixty-first Congress, however, sanctioned the appointment of a Commission to inves-

tigate the entire subject, and report not later than December, 1911. The several sovereign States on their part have been individually coquetting with the dilemma—often with considerable ardor—for a number of years. In a few States the "fellow-servant" dogma has been abrogated by statute; or prohibited as a defence in the case of railroads; and every lawyer knows that our Courts, stirred by pity, have strained their legal consciences in trying to whittle the obnoxious dogma by ingenious distinctions as to the limits of "fellow-service." In other States the fetish of "assumed risks" has been tempered and the doctrine of "contributory negligence" modified. With the general result, however, that legal liability as opposed to fixed compensation still remains the predominant theory of relief. The enactment, in 1909, in five different States, of Compensation Acts of varying scope, modelled substantially on that of Great Britain (supplemented by no less than half a dozen during the year ending December 31, 1911), seemed, I admit, to afford workmen who pursue dangerous callings, and the community overburdened by litigation caused by personal injuries, a glimpse of the promised land. But only for a brief moment. A stone wall has arisen in a single night, the work of exalted human intelligence grieved and contrite, but helpless. The New York Court of Appeals has lately declared that an act of the legislature, imposing compulsory compensation on the employers of workmen in certain callings exceptionally hazardous to life and limb, contravenes the provisions of the State and Federal Constitutions in purporting to authorize the taking of property without due process of law."

As I spoke by the card, my conclusion may have sounded bewilderingly solemn. At least Josephine shook her head with the air of one perplexed and said, "You will have to explain what that means"—a remark which she qualified by adding, "Men seem to have a convenient way of disposing of a thing they are opposed to by calling it unconstitutional."

"In this case, my dear," I hastened to assent, disregarding her generalization, "the judges said they were very sorry, admitted that it was a pity—almost apologized for running counter to the humanitarian

movement of the age. But they explained that all economic, philosophical, and moral theories, however attractive and desirable, must play second fiddle to the Constitution, which prescribes that no man's property may be taken away without his leave except by due process of law. Some countries—England for instance—have no written constitutions. There the law-making body, Parliament, is supreme."

"How inconvenient! Couldn't we get rid of ours somehow?" murmured my wife. "Just think of the number of people without an appendix."

I realized that Josephine did not intend to be flippant. She was merely expressing aloud the not unnatural thought which had popped into her mind that if surgery could demonstrate that certain organs were superfluous, a similar experiment might be tried on the body politic. But I answered gravely:

"That would be out of the question. We might alter it, however. But an amendment to this particular clause of the Constitution would be no easy matter. We should have Hugh Armitt Dawson and most of our other friends pointing out that if property may be taken away on one excuse, why not another? To tell the truth, my dear," I added mournfully, "compulsory compensation appears to have struck a temporary snag. It remains to be seen whether the higher courts of other states will adopt the New York view regarding constitutionality. The first fruits of the decision has been the passage in 1911 by the legislatures of New Jersey, Illinois, and Wisconsin of Compensation Acts shorn through caution of the compulsory feature and thus optional to both parties, on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread. This emasculation has been minimized, so far as possible by the abolition at the same time of the hoary defences of fellow service, negligence and assumption of risks in suits brought against employers who refuse to subscribe to the new provisions. I say temporary because I haven't a doubt that a people, so resourceful as ours and so prompt in redressing humanitarian wrongs after they have taken the trouble to comprehend them, will discover some method of evading this apparent bar to the validity of a reform which the rest of the civilized world adopted a quarter of a century ago. We cannot long

remain content with our present system—the drawn-out agony of suits for personal injuries, with all their delay, contradictions of testimony and strain on the victims.”

“I should think not,” murmured Josephine, “if we have any common-sense.”

She was silent a moment, then she said, “So far as I can see, poor John McGillicuddy, even if he recovers anything, is certain to have a hard time. Indeed, the only bright spot in the entire outlook is that he may decide to give his case to Harold.”

I sympathized with my wife’s ambitions as a grandmother, yet her concluding remark struck me humorously; so much so, that I felt impelled to add this corrective for her general edification.

“At present, of course, the services of a lawyer seem indispensable in every instance of severe personal injuries for which some one else may be held responsible. But I believe that Harold will live to see the day when all such liability—not merely for injuries sustained during employment, but anywhere—will be compensated out of court by fixed and graduated rules of indemnity. Not until then shall we be rid of the carnival of litigation which congests our courts and has almost transformed them into a gambling mart. The suits for personal injuries brought by employees number but a third of such cases. The remainder are due to the crying necessities or the greed of those disabled in the course of modern transportation or by the diverse powerful engines of modern society. To all of these the personal injury suit holds out prospects even more enticing than those of the stock market. A fortune—the means to get rich quickly—gleams within easy reach. And who spurs them on? Who fosters their hopes and even panders to their cupidity? The lawyer; who, as the high-priest and promoter of the orgy, sometimes seems the most formidable stumbling-block to reform of speculative litigation. But the reform is certain to come; for the machinery which maintains it has become too costly.”

“I suppose so,” said Josephine, as I paused, but her assent seemed a trifle reluctant, and I could follow the working of her mind which culminated in—“If so much of the law business consists of accident suits, and they are all abolished, what is to become of the poor lawyers?”

“You may rest assured, my dear,” I answered, “that Harold will be a gray-haired man by then, and very likely on the bench. At the same time, you should bear in mind that it is not the function of a philosopher to protect any man’s livelihood. There was a period when a successful buccaneer was regarded as an ornamental member of society.”

VI

THE second of the two recent events, which led me to observe that we suddenly condemn as monstrous results complacently accepted yesterday, is a foster-brother to the first in that it also concerns the legal profession, and consequently the destinies of my grandson, Harold, who, as you may recall, is being groomed for future triumphs at the bar by Blackstone, Kent, Fogarty, and Einstein. Instead of foster-brother I would have written “cousin,” had not the word become repugnant to me by reason of the event in question. For it was owing to a cousin, to three of them, in fact—distant cousins for whom the testator cared not an iota—that what seems to me legalized highway robbery has been perpetrated.

Most people in our community had lost sight of Peter Gillespie Merrill, who was found dead in his bed a year ago. He dropped out of general observation soon after he was fifty, and he was eighty-seven when he died. He came of well-known stock, however. One of his great grandmothers, as the name suggests, was a Gillespie, another a Gore, and he held the same relationship—second cousin once removed—to my old fashionable friend, Gillespie Gore, as to the three individuals, two men and one woman, who have succeeded in plundering his estate. He was a bachelor, rather a recluse, preferring his own society to that of most other people, and slightly eccentric in his attire, which conformed to the fashion of an elder day. Still sheltered by the roof under which he was born, although the locality had long since been given over to boarding-houses, he rode, with almost equal assiduity, two hobbies: the collecting of old prints and hospitality to cats. As a consequence, his dwelling which, brass knocker and all, was externally a well-preserved landmark, seemed,

when one crossed the threshold, despite the white paint and scrupulous absence of dust, a sort of compromise between an art gallery and a menagerie, in so much as feline pets of high and low degree roamed at will and were accommodated with saucers.

These hobbies, so far as I could ever see, were the limit of his peculiarities. I recall meeting him in the street not many weeks before his sudden end. Chance had called me to his neighborhood, and, although I had not run across him for more than a year, he recognized me when I stopped and addressed him by name. His only apparent infirmity was a slight deafness, which he hastened to acknowledge by making a sounding-board of his hand. It struck me that his faculties were uncommonly alert for one of his age; his eye was still keen, his speech coherent and rational. Turning back with him for a block, I was surprised by his accurate familiarity with what was going on in the world.

It was found that he had left behind him two million dollars; a sum so much larger than had been written down in the estimation of those who pretend to know what others possess as to inspire the eager inquiry—where did it come from? He was admittedly thrifty, but the magnitude of his savings was wholly out of proportion to his patrimony. Presently, it transpired that, unknown to all but a very few, he had been a shrewd investor all his days; one of those calculating individuals with small expenses who possess the knack of turning over their securities at frequent intervals with unfailing profit.

By the terms of Peter Merrill's will, drawn with precision three years before his death, he endowed comfortably his housekeeper and two servants who had tended him for a generation, gave his valuable collection of prints to our museum of fine arts, made rather elaborate provision for the care of his cats for life, remembered by legacies several more or less impecunious acquaintances not of his blood, left a gold-headed cane, an ancestral snuff-box and a pair of alabaster vases to Gillespie Gore, and apportioned all the rest and residue of his estate among certain charitable and educational institutions.

A very sensible will, so every one said. The money was old Peter's, and he was free to deal with it as he chose. Any obligation

imposed on the testator by the tie between him and his sole next of kin, as Gillespie Gore was supposed to be—that of second cousin once removed—was fully satisfied by the gift of the heirlooms specified, for the two men had seen nothing of each other for many years. Gillespie Gore is comfortably off. I doubt if he cherished expectations, unless, possibly, the furtive hope that the old gentleman might endeavor to keep death at bay by dying intestate. It may be taken for granted that he never harbored for a moment the suggestion that his kinsman was of other than sound and disposing mind.

You may imagine, therefore, my dismay, when it was reported to me that Peter Merrill's will was to be contested.

"By whom and for what reason?" I inquired indignantly of the informant, my grandson Harold.

"Three second cousins, once removed, who live in the suburbs, and who, if the will is set aside, would inherit as heirs-at-law. No reason is necessary if a jury can be induced to take pity on them and decide that, because they are poor, the testator ought to have left his money to them rather than to cats and charities. Page & Waterbury have entered an appearance for the contestants, and our firm represents the executor. We ought to win, but it's no walk-over. Matthew J. Page, tremulous with the hope of putting his paw on two millions in gilt-edged securities, is no pipe-dream adversary before a jury."

The cool artlessness of this statement drew from me the retort, "But surely the law requires more adequate reasons for setting aside a will than the prejudices of a jury and the greed of counsel."

My grandson laughed and cocked his head on one side. "Good for you, grandpa. I never heard it stated quite so sarcastically before." He proceeded to light a cigarette, and, throwing one leg over the arm of the easy chair in which he was sitting, continued: "Of course, there are only three legal grounds on which any will can be broken: lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, or defective attestation—as the judge invariably points out. If the jury doesn't like the will, it has to find one of these. But that's easy. It simply has to say—'the provisions don't suit us, and he must have been crazy.' The old-

fashioned doctrine that a testator has vested rights has been virtually exploded. It's argued now that the dead will be dead a long time, and that the claims of the living are chiefly to be considered. No one blames a jury for breaking the will of a man who disinherits his children. It's the same spirit of rule of thumb justice which impels the jury in an accident case to disdain the strict letter of the law and soak the defendant a little in order to give the poor devil who is knocked out some pecuniary salve for his injuries. I'm inclined, however, to agree with you, grandpa, that the pendulum has swung too far. It's one thing to protect children or very near kin from the eccentricities of senile or jaundiced testators, and quite another to give the encouragement of society to marauding attacks organized by remote relatives for the sake of plunder. The big fortunes are a temptation; a lot of money is so necessary nowadays. And the lawyers who conduct the attacks are lured by the large fees."

"Piratical," I murmured with the fervor of one brought up to believe that a last will and testament was a sacred document.

"Now take our case," my grandson resumed, with the decorum of one arguing the matter with himself and at the same time enlightening ignorance. "Everybody knows that Mr. Peter Merrill made just the will he intended, and, though a little queer, was of sound mind. But think what a chance—a splendid gambling chance—for the second cousins for whom he did not care a button. If dust can be thrown in the jury's eyes in one way or another they will get the goods. A splendid gambling chance for them and for Page & Waterbury—one of the few chances of quick profits we have left. Democracy means to be moral, but it sympathizes with gambling chances and hates to see them all disappear. No one can be perfectly sure what will happen. The other side has got hold of a nurse whom the housekeeper discharged as incompetent, and who will testify, undoubtedly, that the testator's partiality for cats was the vagary of a lunatic. Not very many wills are broken, but a pitched battle is usually in store nowadays for the legatees of any one who leaves a lot of money and passes over his or her relations."

Notwithstanding this lucid summary, which revealed that even in the mind of the

generation just in the saddle there are misgivings in regard to current conditions, I was not wholly prepared for the upshot.

Two months later Peter Merrill's will came up for probate before a single judge, and after minute cross-examination of the attesting witnesses in the hope of discovering some flaw in the attestation, Mr. Matthew Page opened his attack by calling to the stand, as my grandson had predicted, the discharged nurse, a very pretty and plausible young woman, who told a glib story of the testator's eccentricities concerning cats. How he treated them like children, dandling and even embracing them; how he visited every pet in turn, morning and night; how half a dozen slept in his room, three upon his bed; and how these special favorites occupied chairs at the dinner table. Although forbidden under the rules of law from stating her opinion regarding the testator's sanity, the witness managed nevertheless to volunteer the remark that he was mad as a March hare. Whereupon the judge, as in duty bound, sustained counsel's objection by the words, "You are not allowed to say that, and I strike it out." But he spoke mildly, and it was obvious to me, who was present in court ready to testify to the contrary, that he was impressed by her good looks.

Be that as it may, she proved a star witness, for when Mr. Fogarty took her in hand and endeavored on cross-examination to discredit her testimony, by inquiring into the circumstances of her discharge, she failed to become ruffled and threw the blame in so appealing a fashion on the housekeeper, whose appearance betokened a sour disposition, that I must admit I understood what my grandson meant in declaring later that a jury would be disposed to side with such a peach. The contestants supplemented this testimony with that of a chore man, once in the employ of Peter Merrill, but not provided for in the will, who gave similar details regarding the testator's inordinate predilection for cats. When this witness had left the stand, Mr. Fogarty rested with the mysterious air of one who, having exhibited to his opponent certain telling cards, is clearly reserving others up his sleeve. When the judge decided to admit the will to probate, he seemed slightly pained, as if an injustice had been done him, but Harold assured me in a whisper

that this was for stage effect only and that the real contest would take place on appeal before a jury.

I have never been able to comprehend why two trials on the facts are requisite in a will case if one suffices to convict of murder. I have been told on inquiry—invariably by lawyers—that but for the opportunity to probe into the influences surrounding a testator, which this preliminary day in court affords, the machinations of the designing might often escape detection; and that few attorneys would like to see the time-honored custom discontinued. I understand better, since the culmination of the Peter Merrill will contest, why they do not favor any change. The upshot to which I referred was briefly this: My grandson announced to me in a cheery voice some sixty days after the trial in the Probate Court that the case had been compromised.

"Compromised?" I repeated. "Do you mean that your clients have consented to pay those people anything?"

Harold nodded, but I could see that he already regretted having broached the subject. "Mr. Kent and Mr. Fogarty both advised a settlement," he continued. "There was a chance of losing before a jury, and we felt it our duty to impress the possibility of such a result on the several legatees, who finally decided to accept less all round in order to make sure of the remainder."

"It savors of blackmail," I murmured. "Every one knows that Peter Merrill was perfectly sane, and that his will was a carefully prepared statement of his last wishes."

"Unfortunately, the lawyer who drew the will is dead."

"But surely the testimony of those disgruntled witnesses would not counterbalance that of the rest of his acquaintances, including Gillespie Gore who is himself an heir."

"It would have been just like Mr. Matt Page to suggest an aristocratic conspiracy among the testator's friends to minimize his eccentricities in order to defeat the claims of his needy kinsmen and enrich institutions already wealthy. I can assure you, grandpa," he added solemnly, "that all the partners think the compromise a very sensible one, and that, considering the risks and the amount at stake, the legatees got off lightly."

"Lightly?" I queried. "I cannot imagine paying those second cousins more than five thousand dollars apiece."

My grandson smiled compassionately. "It isn't to be noised about, but the terms of settlement are these: The will is admitted to probate, but each of the three contesting heirs receives one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Matt Page gets forty thousand in cash for his services and our firm forty-five thousand. The amounts paid counsel won't appear in the compromise agreement filed in court lest they should attract the attention of the judge, whose salary is so small."

I do not know whether I was more dazed by the figures or by my grandson's placid utterance of them. My eyes felt like saucers as I blurted out:

"Nearly four hundred thousand at one fell swoop! That's going some, as you young people express it. The old-fashioned buccaneers were greenhorns compared to their successors."

Harold smiled at my recourse to his vernacular, but he had his defence against my strictures ready. "Yes, it's going a little, I admit, but nothing compared with what happens in business. The bankers who float bonds get a much larger rake-off. A will case like Mr. Merrill's doesn't come along every day—probably not oftener than half a dozen times in any successful lawyer's career. And just consider how long he has to wait at the outset before he obtains any business at all. If a lawyer isn't employed by one of the big corporations or doesn't go in for personal injury suits for the plaintiff, the pickings of his profession are apt to be pretty small compared with the cost of modern living. And so when a fat thing does turn up, he owes it to himself and his family to make a fairly remunerative charge. Two or three fees like that would make a man comfortable for life. As I explained before, Mr. Peter Gillespie Merrill is dead and can never come to life again, and the money is his no longer. Everybody is contented; and, as all concerned have gone off smiling and happy, I don't quite see, grandpa, with due respect, why you should introduce the only discordant note."

I am sure you will agree with me that my grandson is cut out for a lawyer. No one could listen to his harangue without ad-

mitting its lucid and cogent plausibility. For a moment I felt convicted of a gratuitous attempt to deprive the legal fraternity of its daily bread, and I congratulated myself that Josephine was not in the room. It is indeed too late for a grandfather to challenge the world's conclusion that a dead testator is no more formidable than a dead lion. Between his legatees and his heirs the courts have ceased to interfere, provided, as Harold says, every one goes off smiling and happy. Moreover, the roll-call of lawyers is growing every year and to preserve their social status, which has been sadly overshadowed by the financial magnates, some method of making up for the lean years must be preserved.

At the same time, what a very costly proceeding for everybody concerned except the attorneys and the predatory next of kin is this modern looting of what the dead leave behind them. In this era of dazzling fortunes swiftly accumulated, the gambling chance—the hope of obtaining something for nothing—especially when dignified by the legal sanction of very thin blood relationship, has a peculiar hold on society, which democracy seems loth to relinquish. Yet it has done away with the lottery in other attractive forms. The testator may be a dead lion, but those to whom he bequeaths his estate have substantial rights which stand to-day in dire need of some relief from the growing abuse of concerted attacks on testamentary disposition.

Perhaps inertia, due to the dread of a much occupied nation to abandon the beaten path—not merely beaten, but macadamized by tradition—is the most formidable stumbling-block to reform. I realized this as soon as I broached my disgust with the existing situation to my friend Judge Sims, another member of my dinner club, who in his official capacity has much to do with wills. He admitted and deplored the evil, allowing my statement that at least sixty per cent of will contests are nothing but a legalized form of extortion or robbery to pass unchallenged. But when I inquired why we continue to put up with it he frowned ominously and remarked that it was not easy to decide which of the two corner-stones of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence is the more precious—the free man's right to do as he sees fit with his own, including the solemn privilege of cutting off

his own children with a shilling, or the free man's right as an heir at law to dispute testamentary capacity.

Unenlightened, but not venturing unaided to measure arguments with an expert in his own field, I bethought me of enlisting for a pecuniary consideration the services of my grandson Harold to prime me for the fray. Consequently, the next time I met the judge, I had ready for him the retort:

"We shall never get rid of the abuse until we either authorize the probate of wills before death, or adopt and give due weight to the formalities which attend the execution of wills in countries where the civil law prevails. There are many who would go a step further and imitate the civil law in forbidding the disinheritance of children beyond a certain point—as in France, for instance, where gifts to others by will may not exceed one-half of an estate if the testator leaves one child, one-third if he leaves two, and one-fourth if a greater number. As a practical matter with us the jury finds in nine cases out of ten that the man who cuts his own children off with a shilling is crazy; and we have already set precise limits by statute to the amount of which any husband or wife may deprive the other. There are strong grounds for holding that the father of a family owes at least one-third of his accumulations, willy-nilly, to his children, whose unfilial qualities may be due to inheritance of his own peculiarities. But be that as it may, the essential thing is to devise some method of keeping at bay and thwarting the cupidity of the marauding army of collateral relatives, beginning with nephews and nieces and stretching out to remotest next of kin."

Judge Sims looked at me with the reserved air of one who, though he sympathizes, is appalled by the difficulties, and who consequently resents the fluent criticisms of the amateur. "One matter at a time, if you please." And then he continued, as Harold had predicted—for the judge is erudite in his way—"The probate of wills before death was attempted in Michigan nearly thirty years ago, in 1883 I believe. But the Supreme Court of the State held the act of the Legislature unconstitutional. The express ground of the decision was that the statute permitting the establishment of wills during lifetime, after notice to heirs-at-law, was defective in that

it failed to require similar notice to be given to a wife. The testator in the case had utilized the statute for the express purpose of excluding his wife and a son from the benefits of the will. One member of the court proceeds to point out the inherent lack of legal logic in the entry of a judicial decree which may never bind the party seeking it. For what would prevent the maker of a will from revoking it, altering its provisions or moving into another State and dying elsewhere in a totally different testamentary state of mind? To proclaim as valid a judicial decree which might never be binding on anybody would introduce a revolutionary and grotesque legal novelty."

Although, thanks to my grandson's research, I had read the opinion of the court in question, I refrained from an immediate response out of deference to this awful combination of unconstitutionality and total failure in legal logic. It may be that these will prove insurmountable obstacles to ante-mortem probate in Anglo-Saxon territory, for this flower of American western civilization has never blossomed again since nipped in the bud by the frosty breath of the Supreme Court of the State from whose necessities it sprung.

Yet what a precious anodyne to the sensibilities of many a testator would be the knowledge that he was free, if he chose, to establish his will before death without fear of subsequent attack from distant relatives whom he wished to exclude from its provisions. Nor as a layman was I much moved when my friend Judge Sims subsequently expressed misgivings based on a haunting fear lest the comely and designing second wives of aged men should steer them into court for the fell purpose of testamentary plunder. Is it not reasonable to assume that, if ante-mortem probate were legal, the courts would apply or the legislature prescribe such safeguards in the way of examination of the parties by the judge before whom wills were proved as would render the possible miscarriage of justice insignificant in comparison with that rampant to-day under the protection of our legal system from one end of this easy-going country to the other?

But an avenue for partial reform is indicated by the very language of the same court which declared the statute authorizing the probate of wills before death to be

in violation of the State Constitution. The passage merits reproduction exactly as I read it to my cautious legal friend Judge Sims, from volume fifty-six of the Michigan reports:

"This statute which was probably designed to prevent the unseemly and disgraceful attempts, too often made, to defeat the enforcement of the last will of persons whose competency to deal with their own affairs was never doubted or interfered with, has been so drawn as to remove none of the difficulties, but rather to make them worse. It is a singular, and in my judgment, a very unfortunate spectacle to see a man compelled to enter upon a contest with the hungry expectants of his own estate, and litigate, while living, with those who have no legal claims whatever upon him, but who may subject him to ruinous costs and delays in meeting such testimony as is apt to be paraded in such cases. The practice, which has usually prevailed in civil law countries, and also is said to have been customary in various parts of England (see *Seld. Ecc. Jur. Test.* 5), of having wills executed or declared in solemn form, or acknowledged before reputable public officers and a sufficient number of disinterested witnesses to render it unlikely that the testator is not acting with capacity and freedom, has been approved by the continued experience of most countries, and has saved them from the post-mortem squabbles and contests on mental condition which have made a will the least secure of all human dealings, and made it doubtful whether in some regions insanity is not accepted as the normal condition of testators. There is no sensible reason why a will, which is always revocable and contingent, should not be established, presumptively at least, by such an acknowledgment as will suffice to prove a deed which is irrevocable."

How haphazard the preparations for the making of a will in this country are apt to be! Whom does the average lawyer invite to attest the solemn disposition of his client's estate? His stenographer, some student in the office, or casual acquaintance on the same floor; wholly unfamiliar with the testator, if not mere birds of passage; whose faculties, perfunctorily exercised, can recall nothing but the hazy fact of signature when tested subsequently on the witness-stand.

Why, in connection with one of the most serious of human affairs, should we disdain the use of ceremonials which would give an inherent probative force to our action? If it be argued that dying testators cannot always procure the attendance of an official whose affidavit and seal would carry weight, and that in a free country they ought to be at liberty to call on strangers to attest their signatures rather than on friends who know them and might babble, it would seem reasonable that legislatures should at least establish some presumption of validity in favor of wills executed under more formal conditions. Let the formalities—the safeguards—be as elaborate as those who frame our laws deem necessary. If they share the popular Anglo-Saxon prejudice against the notary as a routine functionary who might become an easy tool, it would be a simple matter to require also the affidavit of physicians or even of a judge after careful interrogation as a condition precedent to the erection of a rampart between testators and their greedy kin.

Surely our society needs some such protection. The blackmail and extortion current here are practically unknown in foreign countries where the notarial system of attestation prevails. If it were the law that a will carefully executed under prescribed forms should have the presumption of validity, and could be set aside only by convincing testimony, we should have taken a long step toward checking the crying abuse of speculative attacks on wills. Assuming also—though this is not yet settled—that there may be inherent difficulties, either of law or propriety, in the way of probate before death, the present situation might be further improved by imposing some restraint on the action of distant relatives.

When a wealthy testator dies childless, his brothers and sisters, and even nephews and nieces, may not unnaturally hope to share his bounty, though his right is an absolute one, under existing law, to leave all his property to strangers or charities. But the claims of more distant kin—comprehensively grouped as cousins—seem so tenuous that they could, with advantage to the moral sense of the community, be limited by a provision that an attack on a will by persons not nearer in relationship to the testator than a fixed degree should not be undertaken except with the assent of the attorney-general of the State or other substituted proctor.

As I detailed these animadversions in the presence of my friend Judge Sims, I noticed that he nodded approvingly from time to time, and, though he was evidently obsessed by the difficulties of modifying an ancient system of procedure, I felt sure that my remarks would not lie fallow in his mind. But when I repeated them to my grandson, he reflected a moment, and then indulged in the breezy comment:

"That would read well on paper, grandpa. But I don't believe the lawyers would stand for it."

"On the contrary, Harold," I answered, "and here, perhaps, my years and experience enable me to discriminate better than you. The lawyers are among the first to advocate any reform—though it affect themselves—provided they can find time to consider it carefully. The chief opposition will emanate from that portion of the community which regards a will contest as a piratical means of securing a windfall under sanction of law. But you and I are both bound to believe that they are only a small minority in our beloved country."

(To be continued.)





THERE was once a man who was also a writer of books.

The merit of his books lies beyond the horizon of this tale. No doubt some of them were good, and some of them were bad, and some were merely popular. But he was all the time trying to make them better, for he was quite an honest man, and thankful that the world should give him a living for his writing. Moreover, he found great delight in the doing of it, which was something that did not enter into the world's account—a kind of daily Christmas present in addition to his wages.

But the interesting thing about the man was that he had a clan or train of little sprites attending him—small, delicate, aerial creatures, who came and went around him at their pleasure, and showed him wonderful things, and sang to him, and kept him from being discouraged, and often helped him with his work.

If you ask me what they were and where they came from, I must frankly tell you that I do not know. Neither did the man know. Neither does anybody else know.

But the man had sense enough to understand that they were real—just as real as any of the other mysterious things, like microbes, and polonium, and chemical affinities, and the northern lights, by which we are surrounded. Sometimes it seemed as if they were the children of the flowers that die in blooming; and sometimes as if they came in a flock with the birds from the south; and sometimes as if they rose one by one from the roots of the trees in the deep forest or from the waves of the sea when the moon lay upon them; and sometimes as if they appeared suddenly in the streets of the city after the people had passed by and the houses had gone to sleep. They were as light as thistle-down, as unsubstantial as mists upon the mountain, as wayward and flickering as will-o'-the-wisps.

But there was something immortal about them, and the man knew that the world would be nothing to him without their presence and comradeship.

Most of these attendant sprites were gentle and docile; but there was one who had a strain of wildness in him. In his hand he carried a bow, and at his shoulder a quiver of arrows, and he looked as if, some day or other, he might be up to mischief.

Now this man was much befriended by a certain lady, to whom he used to bring his stories in order that she might tell him whether they were good, or bad, or merely popular. But whatever she might think of the stories, always she liked the man, and of the airy fluttering sprites she grew so fond that it almost seemed as if they were her own children. This was not unnatural, for they were devoted to her; they turned the pages of her book when she read; they made her walks through the forest pleasant and friendly; they lit lanterns for her in the dark; they brought flowers to her and sang to her, as well as to the man. Of this he was glad, because of his great friendship for the lady and his desire to see her happy.

But one day she complained to him of the sprite who carried the bow. "He is behaving badly," said she; "he teases me."

"That surprises me," said the man, "and I am distressed to hear it; for at heart he is rather good, and to you he is deeply attached. But how does he tease you, dear lady? What does he do?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, "and that is what annoys me. The others are all busy with your affairs or mine. But this idle one follows me like my shadow, and looks at me all the time. It is not at all polite. I fear he has a vacant mind and has not been well brought up."

"That may easily be," said the man, "for he came to me very suddenly one day, and I have never inquired about his education."

"But you ought to do so," said she; "it is your duty to have him taught to know his place, and not to tease, and other useful lessons."

"You are always right," said the man, "and it shall be just as you say."

On the way home he talked seriously to the sprite, and told him how impolite he had been, and arranged a plan for his schooling in botany, diplomacy, music, psy-

chology, deportment, and other useful studies.

The rest of the sprites came in to the school-room every day, to get some of the profitable lessons. They sat around quiet and orderly, so that it was quite like a kindergarten. But the principal pupil was restless and troublesome.

"You are never still," said the man; "you have an idle mind and wandering thoughts."

"No!" said the sprite, shaking his head. "It is true, my mind is not on my lessons. But my thoughts do not wander at all. They always follow yours."

Then the man stopped talking, and the other sprites laughed behind their hands. But the one who had been reprov'd went on drawing pictures in the back of his botany book. The face in the pictures was always the same, but none of them seemed to satisfy him, for he always rubbed them out and began over again.

After several weeks of hard work the master thought his pupil must have learned something, so he gave him a holiday, and asked him what he would like to do.

"Go with you," he answered, "when you take her your new stories."

So they went together, and the lady complimented the writer on his success as an educator.

"Your pupil does you credit," said she; "he talks very nicely about botany and deportment. But I am a little troubled to see him looking so pale. Perhaps you have been too severe with him. I must take him out in the garden with me every day to play a while."

"You have a kind heart," said the man, "and I hope he will appreciate it."

This agreeable and amicable life continued for some weeks, and everybody was glad that affairs had arranged themselves. But one day the lady brought a new complaint.

"He is a strange little creature, and he has begun to annoy me in the most extraordinary way."

"That is bad," said the man. "What does he do now?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, "and that is just the trouble. When I want to talk about you, he refuses, and says he does not like you as much as he used to. When I propose to play a game, he says he is tired



GARTH
JONES

and would rather sit under a tree and hear stories. When I tell them he says they do not suit him, they all end happily, and that is stupid. He is very perverse. But he clings to me like a bur. He is always teasing me to tell him the name of every flower in my garden and give him one of every kind."

"Is he rude about it?"

"Not exactly rude, but he is all the more annoying because he is so polite, and I always feel that he wants something different."

"He must not do that," said the man. "He must learn to want what you wish."

"But how can he learn what I wish? I do not always know that myself."

"It may be difficult," said the man, "but all the same he must learn it for your sake. I will deal with him."

So he took the unruly sprite out into the desert and gave him a sound beating with thorn branches. The blood ran down the poor little creature's arms and legs, and the tears down the man's cheeks. But the only words that he said were: "You must learn to want what she wishes—do you hear?—you must want what she wishes." At last the sprite whimpered and said: "Yes, I hear; I will wish what she wants." Then the man stopped beating him, and went back to his house, and wrote a little story that was really good.

But the sprite lay on his face in the desert for a long time, sobbing as if his heart would break. Then he fell asleep and laughed in his dreams. When he awoke it was night and the moon was shining silver. He rubbed his eyes and whispered to himself: "Now I must find out what she wants." With that he leaped up, and the moonbeams washed him white as he passed through them to the lady's house.

The next afternoon when the man came to read her the really good story she would not listen.

"No," she said, "I am very angry with you."

"Why?"

"You know well enough."

"Upon my honor, I do not."

"What?" cried the lady. "You profess ignorance, when he distinctly said——"

"Pardon," said the man; "but *whosaid*?"

"Your unruly sprite," she answered, indignant. "He came last night outside my

window, which was wide open for the moon, and shot an arrow into my breast—a little baby arrow, but it hurt. And when I cried out for the pain, he climbed up to me and kissed the place, saying that would make it well. And he swore that you made him promise to come. If that is true, I will never speak to you again."

"Then of course," said the man, "it is not true. And now what do you want me to do with this unruly sprite?"

"Get rid of him," said she, firmly.

"I will," replied the man, and he bowed over her hand and went away.

He stayed for a long time—nearly a week—and when he came back he brought several sad verses with him to read. "They are very dull," said the lady; "what is the matter with you?" He confessed that he did not know, and began to talk learnedly about the Greek and Persian poets, until the lady was consumed with a fever of dulness.

"You are simply impossible!" she cried. "I wonder at myself for having chosen such a friend!"

"I am sorry indeed," said the man.

"For what?"

"For having disappointed you as a friend, and also for having lost my dear unruly sprite who kept me from being dull."

"Lost him!" exclaimed the lady. "How?"

"By now," said the man, "he must be quite dead, for I tied him to a tree in the forest five days ago and left him to starve."

"You are a brute," said the lady, "and a very stupid man. Come, take me to the tree. At least we can bury the poor sprite, and then we shall part forever."

So he took her by the hand and guided her through the woods, and they talked much of the sadness of parting forever.

When they came to the tree, there was the little sprite, with his wrists and ankles bound, lying upon the moss. His eyes were closed, and his body was white as a snow-drop. They knelt down, one on each side of him, and untied the cord. To their surprise his hands felt warm. "I believe he is not quite dead," said the lady. "Shall we try to bring him 'round?" asked the man. And with that they fell to chafing his wrists and his palms. Presently he gave each of them a slight pressure of the fingers.

"Did you feel that?" cried she.

"Indeed I did," the man answered. "It shook me to the core. Would you like to

take him on your lap so that I can chafe his feet?"

The lady nodded and took the soft little body on her knees and held it close to her, while the man kneeled before her rubbing the small, milk-white feet with strong and tender touches. Presently, as they were thus engaged, they heard the sprite faintly whispering, while one of his eyelids flickered:

"I think—if each of you—would kiss me—on opposite cheeks—at the same moment—those kind of movements would revive me."

The two friends looked at each other, and the man spoke first.

"He talks ungrammatically, and I think he is an incorrigible little savage, but I love him. Shall we try his idea?"

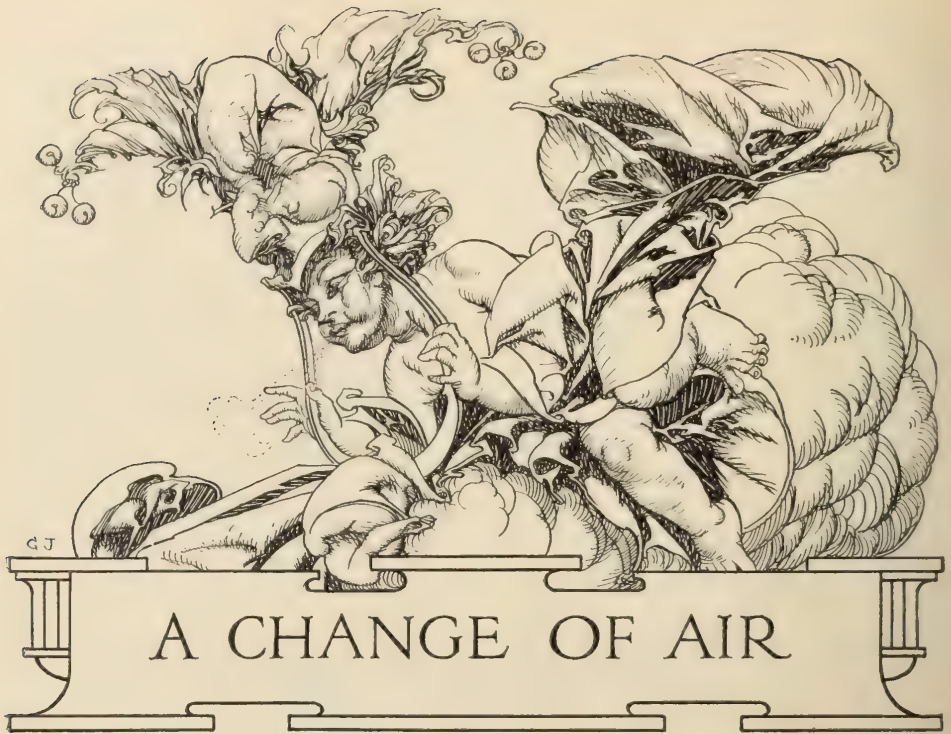
"If you love him," said the lady, "I am willing to try, provided you shut your eyes."

So they both shut their eyes and tried.

But just at that moment the unruly sprite slipped down, and put his hands behind their heads, and the two mouths that sought his cheeks met lip to lip in a kiss so warm, so long, so sweet that everything else was forgotten.

Now you can easily see that as the persons who had this strange experience were the ones who told me the tale, their forgetfulness at this point leaves it of necessity half-told. But I know from other sources that the man who was also a writer went on making books, and the lady always told him truly whether they were good, or bad, or merely popular. But what the unruly sprite is doing now nobody knows.





THERE were three neighbors who lived side by side in a certain village. They were bound together by the contiguity of their back yards and front porches, and by a community of interest in taxes and water-rates and the high cost of living. They were separated by their religious opinions; for one of them was a Mystic, and the second was a Sceptic, and the other was a suppressed Dyspeptic who called himself an Asthmatic.

These differences were very dear to them, and laid the foundations of a lasting friendship in a nervous habit of interminable argument on all possible subjects. Their wives did not share in these disputations because they were resolved to be neighborly, and they could not conceive a difference of opinion without a personal application. So they called one another Clara and Caroline and Katharine, and kissed audibly whenever they met, but they were careful to confine their conversation to topics upon which they had only one mind, such as the ingratitude of domestic servants.

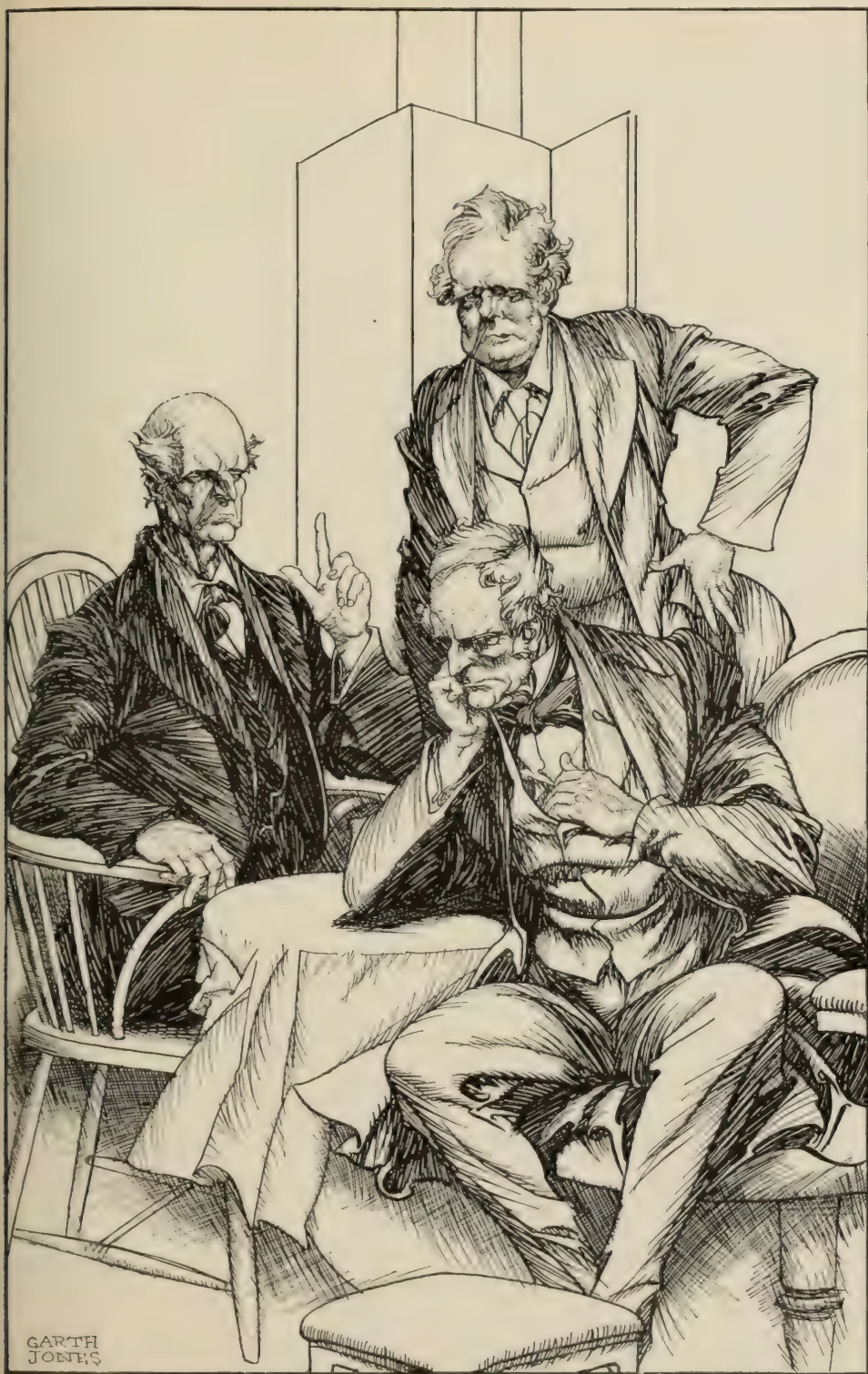
The husbands, however, as often as they could get together without the mollifying

influence of the feminine presence, continued their debates with delightful ferocity, finding matter in each event of life, though clear, and especially in those which had not yet occurred. So they had a very happy time, and their friendship deepened from day to day.

"I can see your point of view," one of them would say, after an apparently harmless proposition had been advanced. "Perhaps so," the other would reply, clinging desperately to the advantage of the first service in definitions, "but you certainly do not understand it."

Whereupon the third had the pleasure of showing that neither of the others knew what he was talking about. This invariably resulted in their combining against him, and usually to his gain, because he was able to profit by the inconsistencies of their double play.

But of all earthly pleasures, as Sancho Panza said, there cometh in the end satiety. The neighbors, after several years of refreshing colloquial combat, felt an alarming decline of virility and the approach of an anæmic peace. Their arguments grew



monotonous, remote, repetitious, amounting to little more than a bald statement of position: "Here I stand"—"There you stand"—"There he stands,"—"What is the use of talking about it?" The salt and pepper had vanished from their table of conversation, and as each man silently chewed his own favorite cereal, they all felt as if the banqueting-days were ended and each must say to the others:

"Grow old apart from me,
The worst is yet to be."

One night as they were about to separate, long before midnight, without a single spirited controversy, they looked at one another sadly, as men who felt the approach of a common misfortune.

"The trouble is," said the Mystic, who disliked nothing so much as solitude, "we do not meditate enough, and so the springs of our inspiration from the Oversoul are running dry."

"The trouble is," said the Sceptic, whose doubts were more dogmatic than dogmas, "that our fixed ideas are choking the feed-pipes of our minds."

"The trouble is," wheezed the Asthmatic, whose suppressed dyspepsia gave him an enormous appetite, "modern life is demoralized, especially in domestic service. In the last month my wife has had five cooks, and she whom she now has is not a cook. Hygiene is the basis of sound thinking."

This sudden and unexpected renewal of the joy of disputation cheered them greatly, and they discussed it for several hours, arriving, as usual, at the same practical conclusion from the most diverse premises.

They all agreed that the trouble was.

To cure it nothing could be better than a change of air. So they resolved to make a little journey together.

They went first to New York, and the size of it impressed them immensely. The Sceptic was delighted with the cathedral of St. John the Divine, because, as he said, it was so unmistakably human. The Mystic was delighted with the theatres, because, as he said, most of the plays seemed so superhuman. The Asthmatic was delighted with the subway, because, as he said, the ventilation was so satisfactory. It was like eating bread-pudding on a steamboat, you knew exactly what you were getting; all the microbes were blended, and they neutralized each other.

Their next point of visitation was Chicago, where they had heard that a new literary school was arising with a noise like thunder out of the lake. They attended many club-meetings, and revolved rapidly in the highest literary circles, coming around invariably to the point from which they had started.

"This is tiresome," said the Mystic; "the Oversoul is not in it."

"It is narrowing," said the Sceptic; "these people are the most bigoted unbelievers I ever saw."

"It is unwholesome," said the Asthmatic, "but I think I could digest the stuff if I could only breathe more easily. This wind is too strong for me."

So they agreed to go to Philadelphia for a rest. The clerk in the colonial hotel to which they repaired assured them that the house was crowded—he had only one room, a parlor, which he could fit up with three beds if they would accept it.

The room was large and old-fashioned. A tall bookcase with glass doors stood against the wall. The three beds were arranged, side by side, in the middle of the room. "This is like home," cried the neighbors, and they lay until midnight in a sweet ferocity of dispute over the moral character of Benjamin Franklin.

A couple of hours later the Asthmatic was awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible attack of short breathing.

"Open the window," he gasped; "I am choking to death."

The Mystic sprang from bed and groped along the wall for the electric-light button, but could not find it. Then he groped for the window and his hand touched the glass.

"It is fastened," he cried; "I can't find the catch. It will not move up or down."

"I shall die," groaned the Asthmatic, "unless I have air. Break the window-pane!"

So the Mystic felt for the footstool, over which he had just stubbed his toes, and used the corner of it to smash the glass.

"Ah," said the Asthmatic, with a long sigh of relief, "I am better. There is nothing like fresh air."

Then they all went to sleep again.

The morning roused them slowly, and they lay on their backs looking around the room. The windows were closed and the shades drawn.

But the glass door of the book-case had a great hole in it!

"You see!" said the Mystic. "It was the faith cure. The Oversoul cured you."

"Not at all," said the Sceptic. "It was the doubt cure. The way to get rid of a thing is to doubt it."

"I think," said the Asthmatic, "that it

was the nightmare, and that miscellaneous cooking is the cause of human misery. We have travelled enough, and yet we have found no better air than we left at home."

So they went back to the certain village and continued their disputations very happily for the rest of their lives.



FIFTY YEARS AFTER

By Benjamin R. C. Low

It matters now no more whose eyes were best,—
Which saw at nearest hand the truest truth;
It matters, that both poured their clearest youth
And bravest treasure at the truth's behest.
Truth has her north and south, and each to each,
Being a whole wide world apart, appears
Far gone in error,—bigots with stuffed ears:
They fly to arms; and perish in the breach.
And yet . . . they died for truth . . . both sides . . . we know.
Their blood still warms the interlying land;
In every wind their haunting bugles blow,
And flitting shadow-shapes, like storm clouds, meet
In forest glades; and where old bridges spanned
Deep streams, are heard, still, still, their tramping feet.

They leave us not, these dead, but gird us round,
Full panoplied, alert, on either hand;
Marching with her, the reunited land,—
Making her borders undisputed ground.
They leave us not, whose handing-on is ours,—
Unselfishness of valor and bright deeds!
By them we know 'tis not in vain he bleeds
Whose country rears her children on such flowers.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, THE PAINTER

By Edward L. Morse

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY MORSE



IN a corner of one of the work-rooms of the Yale School of the Fine Arts hangs a large canvas, unframed, depicting Hercules on his funeral pyre tearing at the fatal shirt of Nessus.

In another room is a small plaster cast of this same mythological hero in his death agony, and there is also in the possession of the Art School a gold medal, testifying that to one Samuel F. B. Morse had been awarded in 1813 the Adelphi gold medal for the best original cast of a single figure.

The history of the circumstances leading up to the painting of this picture and the moulding of this tiny statuette, gleaned from century-old letters and manuscripts, is an interesting one. Just a hundred years ago a young American was enthusiastically pursuing the study of painting in London. In after years he achieved undying fame as the inventor of the system of telegraphy which is still in universal use, and his renown as an inventor has so overshadowed his career as an artist that but few at the present day know that he is counted among the very best of the American painters of the first half of the nineteenth century.

At that time there was practically no encouragement of the fine arts in America; there were no schools of art where even the rudiments of the profession could be learned, and there was nothing left for the aspiring neophyte to do but to take the long trip in a sailing vessel to Europe, and sit at the feet of the masters of the old world.

London was the natural Mecca for many of these pilgrims, for at the head of the Royal Academy was Benjamin West, an American; there was no need to learn another language, and patrons were many and intelligent.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse had just graduated from Yale College, in 1810, and his wise parents, seeing that his heart was

set on an artistic career, and being assured by Washington Allston and other competent critics that the young man had decided talent, made many sacrifices of the heart and the purse to enable him to pursue the study of his art in Europe.

Morse in 1811 was twenty years old, of a frank, amiable disposition, making friends wherever he went, some of whom he kept until death severed the bond. He was impulsive, strong in his likes and dislikes, but withal remarkably self-controlled, having been reared in the stern Puritan school of Congregationalism, of which his father was a militant clergyman. In reading over the letters of the parents to the children of that time there is much that seems formal and even harsh to us of the twentieth century, but they reared giants in those days, and filial piety, reverence, and courtesy were the rule and not the exception, and self-control was insisted on as the first essential to success.

The years from 1811 to 1815, which young Morse spent in London, were years of great unrest in the political world. On the Continent the Allies were gradually checking Napoleon Bonaparte's triumphant career, the campaign culminating in Waterloo and the Treaty of Paris in 1815. In England George III was a hopeless imbecile, and the Prince Regent, afterward George IV, and his ministry, by their odious Orders in Council, were goading the young United States toward a declaration of war. There were great contrasts in England: court balls, drawing-rooms, and lavish expenditure at the top; misery, poverty, hoarse mutterings, and open revolt at the bottom. Then came the brave declaration of war by the United States, and the War of 1812, lasting till 1814.

Young Morse, while diligently pursuing his studies, took a deep interest in all these affairs, and his letters home at that time are filled with patriotic sentiments and resentment against the English government.

He upheld the justice, the absolute necessity of the war, whereas his father and friends in America deplored it.

But it is with his artistic life that I have to deal at present.

His master was Washington Allston, twelve years older than himself, and a man of great beauty of character and of conspicuous talent as a painter.

Benjamin West, then at the zenith of his fame, also took a deep interest in his young fellow-countryman and gave him wise counsel and encouragement. Morse's friend and room-mate was Charles R. Leslie, a few years younger than himself, and afterward one of the best of the American painters of those days. Among his other intimates were Coleridge the poet, Fuseli the eccentric artist, Rogers, Charles Lamb, and others; and among the older men of note of that time, at whose houses he was always welcome, were William Wilberforce and Henry Thornton, illustrious philanthropists and members of Parliament; Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian; the two Grants, one of whom was afterward raised to the peerage as Lord Glenelg, and many others.

His letters to his parents, his brothers, and his friends during his student years in London are full of intense interest. He was a fluent writer and his style is remarkably clear. He writes to his parents on October 21, 1811:

"I mentioned in one of my other letters that I had drawn a figure (the Gladiator) to admit me into the Academy. After I had finished it I was displeased with it and concluded not to offer it but to attempt another. I have accordingly drawn another from the Laocoon statue, the most difficult of all the statues, have shown it to the keeper of the Academy, and *am admitted for a year* without the least difficulty. Mr. Allston was pleased to compliment me upon it by saying that it was better than two-thirds of the drawings of those who had been drawing at the Academy for two years."

"May 17th, 1812.

"Mr. West is very kind to me. I visit him occasionally of a morning to hear him converse on art. He appears quite attached to me, as he is, indeed, to all young American artists. It seems to give him the greatest pleasure to think that one day the

arts will flourish in America. He says that Philadelphia will be the Athens of the world. That city certainly gives the greatest encouragement of any place in the United States. Boston is most backward, so, if ever I should return to America, Philadelphia or New York would probably be my place of abode."

In a letter to his parents of March 24, 1813, he says:

"My greatest expense next to *living* is for canvas, frames, colors, etc., and visiting galleries. The frame of my large picture, which I have just finished, cost nearly twenty pounds, besides the canvas and colors, which cost nearly eight pounds more, and the frame was the cheapest I could possibly get. Mr. Allston's frame cost him sixty guineas. Frames are very expensive things, and, on that account, I shall not attempt another large picture for some time, although Mr. West advises me to paint *large* as much as possible. The picture which I have finished is 'The Death of Hercules'; the size is eight feet by six feet and six inches. This picture I showed to Mr. West a few weeks ago and he was extremely pleased with it and paid me many high compliments. . . .

"I sent the picture to the exhibition at Somerset House, which opens on the 3d day of May, and have the satisfaction not only of having it received, but of having the praise of the council who decide on the admission of pictures. Six hundred pictures were refused admission this year, so you may suppose that a picture (of the size too of which mine is) must possess some merit to be received in preference to six hundred. A small picture may be received, even if it is not very good, because it will serve to fill up some little space which would otherwise be empty; but a large picture, from its excluding many small ones, must possess a great deal in its favor in order to be received.

"If you recollect I told you I had completed a model of a single figure of the same subject. This I sent to the Society of Arts at the Adelphi to stand for the prize which is offered every year for the best performance in painting, sculpture and architecture and is a *gold medal*. Yesterday I received the note accompanying this, by which you will see that it is adjudged to me in sculpt-

ure this year. It will be delivered to me in public on the 13th of May or June, I don't know which, but I shall give you a particular account of the whole process as soon as I have received it."

"June 13, 1813.

"I send by this opportunity (Mr. Elisha Goddard) the little cast of the 'Hercules' which obtained the prize this year at the Adelphi, and also the gold medal which was the premium presented to me, before a large assembly of the nobility and gentry of the country, by the Duke of Norfolk, who also paid me a handsome compliment at the same time.

"There were present Lord Percy, the Margravine of Anspach, the Turkish, Sardinian, and Russian ambassadors, who were pointed out to me, and many noblemen whom I do not now recollect.

"My large picture also has not only been received at the Royal Academy, but has one of the finest places in the rooms. It has been spoken of in the papers, and they not only praise me but place my picture among the most attractive in the exhibition. This I know will give you pleasure."

From another source we learn that the critic of the *British Press* of May 4, 1813, placed "The Dying Hercules" among the best nine paintings in this exhibition of nearly a thousand paintings, among which were the works of Turner, Northcote, Lawrence, Wilkie, and other famous men of that period.

The critic of the *London Globe* of May 14, 1813, had this to say of this exhibition:

"Of the academicians two or three have distinguished themselves in a pre-eminent degree; besides, few have added much to their fame, perhaps they have hardly sustained it. But the great feature in this exhibition is that it presents several works of very high merit by artists with whose performances, and even with whose names, we are hitherto unacquainted. At the head of this class are Messrs. Monroe and Morse. The prize of history may be contended for by Mr. Northcote and Mr. Stothard. We should award it to the former. After these gentlemen, Messrs. Hilton, Turner, Lane, Monroe, and Morse follow in the same class."

This same critic places the "Dying Hercules" among the first twelve of the "pre-eminent works of this exhibition."

Several casts of the statuette were made, and one of them was, curiously enough, discovered by Morse many years later in the basement of the Capitol of the United States. This copy he gave to a friend, Rev. E. G. Smith, who wrote to him in 1860 for particulars concerning it. To this Morse replied:

"You ask if the cast of the 'Hercules' is the original cast or a copy. A mould was made from the original clay model from which were cast some five or six. I brought the mould with me from England, but, through ignorance of its character, a man in cleaning house supposed the parts to be broken plaster, and threw them into the street during my absence at the South, so that the original mould is destroyed.

"A copy, or rather one of the casts from the original mould, was in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but was destroyed in the fire which consumed the Academy building.

"A mutilated fragment of another is, or was, in the National Academy collection in New York. Yours is the only perfect (as far as it is perfect) cast I know, the others having passed out of my knowledge.

"A fresh mould was made from the cast in Philadelphia many years ago by some moulders there, from which some casts (how many I do not know) were made and sold by them as *antique*! So old Paff, an eccentric picture dealer, of olden time, once told me.

"But you want to know something of its early history. This I give you in brief:

"In the year 1812 I had so far advanced in my studies as to attempt a large picture of a single figure. The subject I chose was 'The Death of Hercules.' My friend and master at that time was Washington Allston, who was then painting his picture of the 'Dead Man Restored to Life by Touching the Bones of Elisha.' He had modelled in clay the head of the 'dead man' for the purpose of aiding him in the painting, explaining to me that this was often the practice of the most celebrated old masters. From this example I determined to model the figure of the 'Hercules' to aid me in my painting of the 'Dying Hercules.'

"It was my first attempt at modelling, and, as the model, so far as it was to be of use in my picture, required only correctness and finish in one view of it, to wit, the view



Samuel F. B. Morse.
From a painting by himself in 1814.
Property of his daughter, Mrs. Franz Rummel.

chosen for the painting, I at first completed it in that view.

"At this point Mr. Allston expressed himself so pleased with it that he advised me to finish it in every view; in other words, to make a complete statue, alleging among other reasons that I should thus become familiar with the human figure more readily than in any other way. Hence I completed the whole figure, and, on showing it to Mr. West, was much flattered by his praise of it.

"I was advised by friends that a premium of a gold medal was offered for just such an original model, and was recommended to send it to the Adelphi Society of Arts to compete for this prize. I accordingly sent it to the rooms of the society, and, to my surprise, a few days after received the sum-

mons to appear on a certain day at the rooms of the society in full meeting to receive the gold medal from the president, the Duke of Norfolk.

"This was during the War of 1812, and I have often spoken of it as a pleasing incident that, while a fierce strife was going on without between the two nations as nations, yet, in the Department of Fine Arts at least, there was a neutral peaceful ground on which artists and their encouragers could stand and be in perfect harmony with each other."

Despite the success, the artistic success, which the painting gained, it was never sold, but remains in the possession of the family to the present day, and was loaned to the Yale School of the Fine Arts, many years ago.

The plaster cast was presented to the Yale School by the Rev. E. G. Smith and the gold medal was given by Morse to the same school.

Morse did not wish to remain a mere portrait painter. He had a curious contempt for that branch of art, which is yet considered by many competent critics to be one

calculated than another to give in pictures the spirit of the difficult times from 1830 to 1860.

"He was a man sound in mind and body, well born, well educated, and both by birth and education in sympathy with his time. He had been abroad, had seen good work and received sound training.



Cast of the Dying Hercules. By Samuel F. B. Morse, 1812.

The original model received the Adelpbi gold medal in 1813. Presented to the School of the Fine Arts, Yale.

of the most difficult of all, and real success in which raises a painter to the highest rank. Had he never achieved fame as an inventor, he would still have been known to posterity as one of the very good artists of his age, and it would have been his portraits which rescued his name from oblivion.

Samuel Isham, in his excellent "History of American Painting," after giving a short but interesting sketch of Morse's career as an artist, and saying that from the date of the first conception of the telegraph (1832) "painting ceased to be foremost in his thoughts," thus sums up:

"It was a serious loss, for Morse, without being a genius, was yet, perhaps, better

His ideals were not too far ahead of his public. Working as he did under widely varying conditions, his paintings are dissimilar, not only in merit, but in method of execution; even his portraits vary from thin, free handling to solid impasto. Yet in the best of them there is a real painter's feeling for his material; the heads have a soundness of construction and a freshness in the carnations that recall Raeburn rather than West; the poses are graceful or interesting, the costumes are skilfully arranged, and, in addition, he understands perfectly the character of his sitters, the men and women of the transition period, shrewd, capable, but rather commonplace, without



The Death of Hercules. — 1814. — From a painting by Samuel F. B. Morse
Property of the family—loaned to the School of the Fine Arts, Yale.

the ponderous dignity of Copley's subjects or the cosmopolitan graces of a later day."

And yet Morse speaks thus slightly of portrait-painting in a letter to his parents dated May 2, 1814:

"If I find that I cannot support myself, that I am contracting debts which I have no prospect of paying, I shall then return home and settle down into a mere portrait-painter for some time, till I can return to Europe again; for I cannot be happy unless I am pursuing the intellectual branch of the art. Portraits have none of it, landscape has some of it, but history has it wholly.

"I am certain you would not be satisfied to see me sit down quietly spending my time in painting portraits, throwing away the talents which Heaven has given me for the higher branches of art, and devoting my time only to the inferior. . . .

"The Americans at present stand unrivalled, and it is my great ambition (and it is certainly a commendable one) to stand among the first. My country has the most prominent place in my thoughts. How shall I raise her name, how can I be of service in refuting the calumny, so industriously spread against her, that she has produced no men of genius?"

And again in a letter of May 3, 1815, he says:

"I do not speak of *portrait-painters*; had I no higher thoughts than being a first-rate portrait-painter, I would have chosen a far different profession.

"My ambition is to be among those who shall revive the glories of the fifteenth century; to rival the genius of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, or a Titian. My ambition is to be enlisted in the constellation of genius which is now rising in this country. I wish to shine, not by a light borrowed from them, but to strive to shine the brightest."

Unfortunately, there was no demand in the United States of that time for great pictures such as the enthusiastic young painter felt himself capable of creating.

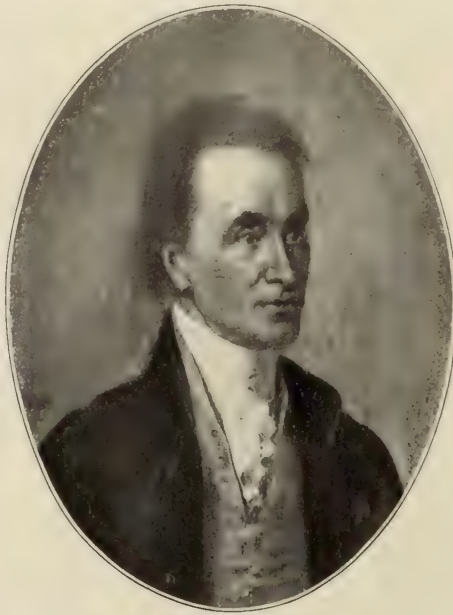
He returned home in the fall of 1815 hoping to stay but a year, to earn enough in that time to enable him to return to Europe and continue his studies; but even the painter of portraits was poorly paid in those days, and he did not return until fourteen years later.

How modestly remunerated were the immortalizers of the worthies of that period may be gathered from the following lines in a letter to his parents, written from Concord, N. H., on August 16, 1816:

"I am still here, and am passing my time very agreeably. I have painted five portraits at fifteen dollars each, and have two more engaged and many more talked of. I think I shall get along well. I believe I could make an independent fortune in a few years if I devoted myself exclusively to portraits, so great is the desire for good portraits in the different country towns."

He painted the good people of New Hampshire on this trip, not only in Concord, but in Walpole, Hanover, Windsor,

and Portsmouth, and many of these portraits must still be in the possession of the descendants of the originals. In 1818, after his marriage to Miss Walker, of Concord, N. H., he went to Charleston, S. C., at the urgent request of his kinsman, Dr. Finley, and, while there, he painted many of the prominent people of the day.



President Monroe.

From a painting by Samuel F. B. Morse, in the City Hall, Charleston, S. C.



The Adelpi gold medal, presented to Samuel F. B. Morse in 1813 for the best original cast of a single figure.

Presented to the School of the Fine Arts, Yale.

The Common Council of Charleston commissioned him to paint the portrait of James Monroe, the President, and this commission he executed in the course of the

moment I feel engaged, he is called away again. I set my palette to-day at ten o'clock and waited until four o'clock this afternoon before he came in. He then sat



Lafayette.

From the painting by Samuel F. B. Morse, 1825, in the Mayor's Reception Room, City Hall, N. Y.

following year. Referring to it in a letter to his wife he says:

"I began on Monday to paint the President, and have almost completed the head. I am thus far pleased with it, but I find it very perplexing, for he cannot sit more than ten or twenty minutes at a time, so that the

ten minutes and we were called to dinner. Is not this trying to one's patience?

"My room is at his house, next to his cabinet room, for his convenience. When he has a moment's leisure he comes in to sit to me. He is very agreeable and affable, as are also his family. I drank tea with



Henry Clay.

From the painting by Samuel F. B. Morse.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

them on Saturday, and dined with them on Monday and to-day."

This portrait was hung in the City Hall of Charleston, where, I believe, it still remains. The family were so pleased with it that they ordered a copy for themselves.

It would be impossible in an article of this length to follow Morse in all his wanderings in search of work. He was ever active, ever optimistic in spite of countless discouragements, always hopeful that the day would come when he need not depend on portrait-painting for his livelihood, when he would have the chance to paint the monumental works which his soul craved.

While in Charleston, in 1821, he was one of the founders of the South Carolina Academy of the Fine Arts. In New York, in 1826, he was one of the prime movers in the revolt against the old American Academy of Fine Arts, of which Trumbull was the president. The outcome of this revolt was the successful launching of the National Academy of Design, and Morse was the first president, and was annually re-elected to that office until 1845, when he refused re-election, feeling that he could not devote the necessary time to its duties, for the telegraph had then become a success. In 1861 he was again prevailed upon to accept the presidency for a year.



Governor De Witt Clinton.

From a painting by Samuel F. B. Morse.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Among the famous men portrayed by him were General Lafayette, Henry Clay, Chancellor Kent, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Thorwaldsen, Major-General Stark, and Jeremiah Evarts, the father of William M. Evarts.

Of Chancellor Kent, Morse says:

"He is not a good sitter; he scarcely presents the same view twice. He is very impatient, and you well know that I cannot paint an impatient person. I must have my mind at ease or I cannot paint."

While he was painting the portrait of General Lafayette in Washington, in 1825, he received the news of the sudden death of his dearly loved wife. He sent a message

to Lafayette saying that it would be impossible for him to go on with the work at present, and received the following note of sympathy:

"I have feared to intrude upon you, my dear sir, but want to tell you how deeply I sympathize in your grief—a grief of which nobody can better than me appreciate the cruel feelings.

"You will hear from me, as soon as I find myself again near you, to finish the work you have so well begun. Accept my affectionate and mournful sentiment.

"LAFAYETTE.

"February 11, 1825."

This portrait was finished later on, and now hangs in the City Hall in New York. Morse thus writes of it, many years later, commenced the second sitting of the General at Washington, that I received the stunning intelligence of Mrs. Morse's death,



Jeremiah Evarts.

From the painting by Samuel F. B. Morse.
The property of Mr. Sherman Evarts.

in answer to a letter of inquiry from a gentleman in Boston:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, *June 11, 1858.*

"MY DEAR SIR: In answer to yours of the 8th instant, just received, I can only say it is so long since I have seen the portrait I painted of General Lafayette for the city of New York, that, strange to say, I find it difficult to recall even its general characteristics.

"That portrait has a melancholy interest for me, for it was just as I had com-

and was compelled abruptly to suspend the work.

"I preserve, as a gratifying memorial, the letter of condolence and sympathy sent in to me at the moment by the General, and in which he speaks in flattering terms of the promise of the portrait as a likeness.

"I must be frank, however, in my judgment of my own works of that day. This portrait was begun under the sad auspices to which I have alluded, and, up to the close of the work, I had a series of

constant interruptions of the same sad character.

"A picture painted under such circum-

tive of the glory of his own evening of life. Upon his right, if I remember, are three pedestals, one of which is vacant, as if wait-



Elizabeth A. Morse.

From a painting by her son, Samuel F. B. Morse.
Owned by a member of the family.

stances can scarcely be expected to do the artist justice, and, as a work of art, I cannot praise it.

"Still it is a good likeness, was very satisfactory to the General, and he several times alluded to it in my presence in after years, when I was a frequent visitor to him in Paris, in terms of praise.

"It is a full-length standing figure, the size of life. He is represented as standing at the top of a flight of steps, which he has just ascended, upon a terrace, the figure coming against a glowing sunset, indica-

ing for his bust, while the two others are surmounted by the busts of Washington and Franklin—the two associated, eminent historical characters of his own time. In a vase on the other side is a flower—the helianthus—with its face toward the sun, in allusion to the characteristic stern, uncompromising consistency of Lafayette—a trait of character which I then considered, and still consider, the great prominent trait of that distinguished man."

About the year 1822, Morse painted the



Portrait of his first wife and two children,
From a painting by Samuel F. B. Morse.

large picture of the House of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) which, at present, hangs in the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington.

It was more in line with the monumental work which it was his ambition to produce; it contains over eighty portraits of the legislators of that day, but the key has, unfortunately, been lost. Although it is excellent as a work of art and is much admired by the painters of the present day, it attracted but little attention at the time and proved a pecuniary loss to the painter. The times were not yet ripe for works of that character. It was not until about ten years later, after Morse had again visited

Europe and had perfected himself still further in his art, that his great opportunity came.

The selection of artists to paint the great historical pictures for the panels in the rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington, was referred to the committee in Congress of which John Quincy Adams, ex-President and member of Congress, was a member, and Morse, strongly endorsed by Washington Allston and the National Academy of Design, confidently expected to be chosen to paint at least one or two of these pictures.

Mr. Adams wished to throw the competition open to the artists of all countries,



Susan Walker Morse.

From a painting by Samuel F. B. Morse.

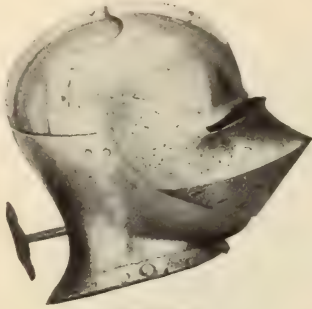
saying that there were no American artists of sufficient ability to paint such great pictures. A caustic reply to Mr. Adams's assertions appeared anonymously in the New York *Evening Post*, and was attributed by him to the facile pen of Morse. The real author proved to be James Fenimore Cooper, but this became known too late, for Morse's name was rejected by the committee.

He never really recovered from this terrible blow to his artistic ambition; he could

never speak of it in later years unmoved; it practically ended his career as an artist.

Thus do the fates weave our destinies; what seem to be calamities are often blessings in disguise. Morse, the artist, dropped his discouraged brush and threw himself with all the ardor of his sanguine nature into the perfection of what was then looked upon as the idle dream of a madman; he struggled on through years of hardship and privation, and gave to the world the electric telegraph.





Closed casque
Italian, about 1450.



Fit.
North Italian, about
1550.



Cabasset.
Decorated with bands, chiselled and
gilded, about 1600.



Armorer's anvil.
Sixteenth and seventeenth
centuries.



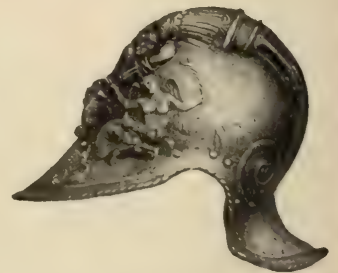
Maximilian armor.
About 1510.



Vise.
North Italian, sixteenth and
seventeenth centuries.



Morion, with high comb
Italian, about 1550.



Burgonet.
Workmanship of Milanese Negrolì,
about 1540.

— See "The Field of Art," page 381.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXI

MR. BENOLIEL'S WARNING



R. BENOLIEL, however, persisted.

"I daren't be silent, Cynthia. There are just three great crises—some would say three great catastrophes—birth, marriage, and death. The first and the last happen. They are outside our control. But about the middle one we do ourselves have a word to say; we can direct it. And it's the most important of them all. For it means the beginning of life for others, and the making or undoing of our own. Therefore you can't afford to trust to luck, Cynthia."

"I am not trusting to luck at all," said Cynthia confidently.

"Aren't you?" asked Mr. Benoiel. "Just think for a moment. When I said that youth should marry youth, I was going a little deeper than the mere physical fitness of such a marriage, though that too has its importance. But Captain Rames is forty, and you, Cynthia, are twenty-two. What does that mean? Let me answer for you. It means that you are proposing to marry a man, nineteen years of whose life—whose man's life—if you understand me, you have had no share in, no influence upon, and have now no real knowledge of. I am not suggesting that the conventional other woman is somewhere in the background, waiting to appear at the marriage ceremony with a baby in her arms," he continued with a smile. "But during those nineteen years how many things must have happened to him, trials and miseries and elations, to modify and mould his character? And since you are ignorant of the things which happened to him, how can you know the man?"

"Yet I think I do know him," said Cynthia, and her confidence increased. She could meet Mr. Benoiel on this battleground. "And without laying claim to any

particular insight. For he has always been careful that I should know him. From the very first day of our acquaintanceship he has spoken and acted quite deliberately in order that I might have no illusions about him. He has wanted me to know him just as clearly as he knows himself."

Mr. Benoiel shrugged his shoulders.

"Does he know himself?" he asked.

"Better than most men," said Cynthia. "He has set out to use himself as a machine—I don't think that I can explain him in a better way—and he has studied the machine unceasingly, its limits and its capacities, so that he might use it to its fullest power." She recalled Harry Rames's foresight, the careful laying of his plans, the queer modesty which underlay his ambition to excel. She turned triumphantly to Mr. Benoiel. "Oh, yes, he knows himself a good deal better than youth can know itself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Benoiel, raising a warning finger. "I was waiting for that. I admit that youth doesn't know itself. But then it's not so important that it should. There's not, after all, as yet, so very much to know. But take it this way. Suppose that you and Captain Rames were both young and of an age! Suppose that he had the nineteen years which separate you in front of him instead of behind him!"

"Well?" said Cynthia.

"Why, then, when he reached forty, you, the wife, would know him better than he would know himself. A wife always does, if she lives in sympathy with her husband. I am presuming that. You would know him a good deal better than he knows himself now. The solitary nineteen years of which now I dread the consequences, you would have shared. That's the point. And you wouldn't be running the danger you are running now."

"What danger?" asked Cynthia impatiently. "Of what are you afraid?"

"I am afraid of the latent things," Mr. Benoiel answered. "I am afraid of the seeds which may have been sown in him

during these nineteen years, and of which the plant has not yet shown. I am afraid of latent desires, fancies, ambitions, latent cravings of which he is not yet aware, and which may some day come to life with overwhelming strength. Haven't you seen men suddenly change for no apparent reason to the ordinary observer, drop from all their established habits, begin again upon another plane? I have, and that's the change I am afraid of now. For it's one you would be powerless to avert, since you would not even suspect it until it actually happened."

He turned toward Cynthia, and with a smile upon his face summed up his argument.

"Make no mistake, Cynthia. I am not making light of Captain Rames. In a way my fears are an actual tribute to the man. But I am afraid that out of a life so busy, and so keen as his has been, so fraught with incidents, so varied, something may suddenly seize him and catch him back, and hold him; some craving, some ambition in which you will have no share, and which will separate you forever."

He spoke with so much earnestness that Cynthia was impressed against her will. She was sure that he was speaking with knowledge of a kindred case. Certain words he had dropped made her certain that the kindred case was his own.

"But supposing that such a change came," she said with hesitation, "must it separate?"

"No," said Mr. Benoliel gently, "not if both bring to the marriage love. Then I don't think it need." He glanced at her swiftly, and said with a sudden sharp note in his voice: "But what if the marriage be only a bargain, Cynthia? What then?" and the blood rushed into the girl's face as he looked at her.

"I'll tell you," he cried. His voice rose and a kind of sombre passion rang in it. "One party doesn't keep the bargain, or keeps it half-heartedly, as an irksome thing, and day by day the separation grows more complete, until you are living with your enemy or living quite alone."

His voice dropped again to a whisper on the last words. He finished and sat lost wistfully in his own recollections, and forgetful of Cynthia at his side. After a little while his lips moved, and, as an old man

will, he spoke a word or two to himself. Cynthia's ears caught the words.

"It was my fault, and it couldn't be helped," he said, and so again fell into a long silence, with his eyes upon the coals of the fire. At length Cynthia touched him gently upon the sleeve.

"I should like—the instance," she said timidly.

Isaac Benoliel roused himself with a start.

"Yes. I mean to give it you."

"But I have no right to it," Cynthia insisted. "You must remember that."

Benoliel shook his head and smiled.

"You are a young girl starting out on life. You have every right to it, Cynthia."

"I mean that it cannot change me," she said. "I would like to hear it—yes. But it is only that I may understand and be ready. And if you think that reason insufficient, don't tell me. I shall thank you, all the same, for offering to tell me."

"You mustn't take the warning literally," he said. "I am of the East, you know. So is my story"; and a sudden relief swept over Cynthia. He was not of her people, his stand-point would not be hers, his warning might not apply to her. She thought of Sir James Burrell's words. Discouragement sat more lightly upon her than it had done during the last hour. There were certain curious phases in Mr. Benoliel's life which were not understood—sudden disappearances, for instance, during which no one met him to bring back to London the place of his abode. He was recognized as a man apart. Yes, he was of the Orient, and he might have no message for her ears.

"It was my race which caught me back," Benoliel began, and Cynthia's courage increased. But his story was only just begun.

XXII

AND AN INSTANCE TO ENFORCE IT

"You knew, I suppose, that I was married?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"And that my wife lives?"

"Yes."

Mr. Benoliel nodded and shifted in his chair.

"You have also very possibly heard a good many speculations about my origin?"

"A good many," said Cynthia.

"Well, here's the truth. I am a Barbary Jew. I come out of Morocco, the one country where you'll find the East to-day. Already in Tangier, the city given over to the foreigner, you will come across some traces of it. But ride for a few hours out of Tangier, straight to the South, pay your dues and cross the Red Hill, and you'll have both feet planted in the East, and may breathe in some of its enchantment. Go forward for another day or so, and you may pass perhaps some tall Arab, striding through the crowd outside El Ksar, carrying a stick stretched across his shoulder-blades. He'll speak to no one, stop for nothing, and all will make way for him. That's the Imperial Courier, on his way to the coast from Fez. He'll not sleep upon the way, and he'll take no food lest he should sleep. He'll be in Tangier three days after he has left Fez. He's the penny post. Ride on still further, cross the Sebou, travel over a vast plain by a track beaten by the feet of men and animals, yet strangely enough a track which never runs straight, though the plain is bare, but winds and turns, and winds again over the face of the country." Mr. Benoliel's eyes were fixed upon the fire; he spoke, lingering upon his words. He had grown forgetful of the purpose which drove him to reveal himself. Another and a strange aspect of him was presented suddenly to Cynthia. The dilettante and the exquisite had vanished. He spoke with a kind of yearning in his voice. His thoughts had drifted out through the doorway of his abominable villa. He was walking in the starshine over the wide empty plain of the Sebou, steeped in the enchantment of which he had spoken. Dimly she foresaw whither he was leading her.

"Yet a day and you come to a wall of hills. Right ahead of you a cleft opens—that's the pass to Fez—a troublesome place, by the way, for Barbary Jews, since the Z'mur tribe has a way of taking toll in that narrow pass," Benoliel explained with a smile, and seemed to become once more aware of Cynthia's presence.

"But a little further to the right from a break in the sky-line of the wall, a regular broad staircase seems to descend. It becomes a track, it zigzags across the face of the cliff, like a piece of string, to the plain. That's the road to my home," and he sud-

denly threw back his head and sat alert—"the city of Mequinez—the most eastern of the cities of the East, where the great gateway of mosaic, built by Christian captives, crumbles slowly to ruin, and the Jew must not wear shoes in the street, must walk barefoot with a black gaberdine upon his body, and a black cap upon his head. I ought to resent that, eh, Cynthia?"

He looked at her, and answered the question himself. "But I was born there," and to him the answer was sufficient.

"In Mequinez!" said Cynthia, striving to bridge the distance between this actual house in the green of Warwickshire and that distant city with the great mosaic gate in Barbary. Mr. Benoliel helped her a little to see it.

"Yes, in the Mellah of Mequinez, Cynthia. That's where the Jews are crowded; an evil-smelling place you would call it, close and airless, with narrow alleys and houses huddling together, and a reek of rancid cookery. Yet it's a town of spaces; there's a good square before the gate. There are great silent palaces, with gardens and lakes. There's room in Mequinez—but not for us. We were shut up in the Mellah at six o'clock at night like children. And we were not all poor. The Mellah was gaudy with the bright handkerchiefs and dresses of the women, and their satin and silk scarves. There was a great deal of money in the Mellah of Mequinez, and a great deal more owed to it by its Moorish lords and masters in the city. But that didn't make any difference. Remember, you are in the East in Mequinez, and a Moor who owed me a thousand pounds would make me strip off my shoes in the street, if he met me wearing them. A pretty picture of dignity, eh, Cynthia?"

Cynthia did not answer. She was puzzled by Benoliel now, and she did not wish to interrupt him. He sat beside her, neat and trim and scrupulously clothed, with no jewellery but a pearl stud in his shirt-front, and pearl links at his cuffs, a person utterly modern and used to good manners. Yet he spoke of the Mellah in Mequinez not with the air of one recollecting unclean days, now, thank God, altogether done with, but rather with a kind of relish and contentment that such places should be. She had to cast an eye about that flamboyant hall before she could in any way reconcile Mr. Benoliel with his words.

"I was not one of the rich, however," he continued. "I was a poor boy. I lived with an aunt, for both my parents were dead, and picked up a few copper flouss from time to time as I could. My aunt wasn't very kind. I was terrified of the Moors and their dark, contemptuous faces. There's a wall outside Mequinez, one of many which run out into the country and stop—but this one runs further than the rest. It was built or rather begun—for, like all things in Morocco, it was never finished—by some old king, so that a blind man might be able to find his way from Mequinez to Morocco City without a guide. I was always fascinated by that wall, and wanted to follow it—and never to come back. I hated Mequinez. Finally I ran away one morning with a pedlar of my race who wanted a boy to help him. He and I and a donkey, which carried his stock in trade, slipped out early from the town, and climbed northward onto a great rolling plateau of grass and asphodel, which reached away past the white sacred city of Mulai Idris, on the hill of Jebel Zarhon, past the Roman ruins of Volubilis, to that gap in the sky-line of the cliff where the road leads down to the plain of the Sebou. It was spring-time, there were irises up to our knees, the asphodel bushes were in flower, and the air on this wide upland, with Jebel Zarhon on our right hand, was sweet and clean. We walked, brushing through the bushes, our shadows shifting as the sun rose—I had a sense of freedom. We stopped and ate at a little stream, and went on again. I can remember all the details of that day, even to a great glowing field of mustard, which shone like yellow silk——"

Mr. Benoliel pulled himself up with a laugh.

"But I needn't tell you about all that," he cried. "Here's the point. At the top of a roll in the turf, just by a miserable little tent village, I sat down upon the ground, while the pedlar bargained over his wares, and I took what I meant to be my last look at Mequinez. I could see the city below me far away, and very small in the sunshine, with its buildings all confused. I made up my mind then that I would be a rich man, and that never—never would I pass between the ruined walls up to the gateway of Mequinez again, that never—

never, would I look on it even from a spot so far away as this. We went over the brow of the hill, and I saw Mequinez no more. In a fortnight we came to Rabat upon the sea. There I learnt the great lesson."

He sat still for a few moments, with his chin sunk upon his chest. He seemed to be wondering whether, after all, the lesson was so great a lesson, and worth the learning.

"Yes?" asked Cynthia. "What lesson?"

"We crossed the river from Sallee to Rabat, where the great plants and cactuses hang down the walls," he explained. "It was evening. I said to the pedlar: 'We must hurry to the Mellah.' And he answered: 'In Rabat there is no Mellah.'"

"No Jews, then," said Cynthia.

Mr. Benoliel shook his head and laughed. "That's what I thought, Cynthia. But I was wrong. There were Jews in Rabat, but they wore European clothes, they lived in houses, in the best positions—for of course they had all the money, that goes without saying, in Morocco as in most other places—they were people of importance, consuls and vice-consuls; they were allowed to walk in the governor's orange garden. I was astounded. I asked how this could be. And I got my answer between cuffs from my pedlar. It was the influence of the Europeans. Rabat is a sea-port with European trade. That was the great lesson: the Europeans do not have Mellahs."

"So you decided to come to Europe," said Cynthia.

"Not quite at once," said Mr. Benoliel shrewdly. "I was a boy and very ignorant. I had to find out first whether a Jew could make as much money in Europe as he could in Morocco."

Cynthia laughed in spite of herself; and Mr. Benoliel quite misunderstood the reason of her laughter.

"Well, I didn't know anything about Europe at all," he said seriously. "But I made inquiries. Oh, I heard stories. The Jews of Rabat talked of London, and of hotels in London. There was one who said—and it was repeated to the pedlar, who told it to me, but I would not believe it—'We kept it up all June, every night, till four o'clock in the morning, in the

American Bar.' They were gay dogs in London, the Jews of Rabat, and they made money enough to keep it up all night till four o'clock in the morning, in the American Bar. So I decided to come to London."

All Mr. Benoliel's humor had deserted him. He was speaking with intense seriousness. He was a little Barbary boy again, learning with amazement the extraordinary latitude which Europe allowed to its Jews.

"So I ran away from the pedlar," he resumed; and now at last he smiled. "You will never guess, Cynthia, in what capacity I came to England. I came with a troupe of Moorish acrobats who were going to appear at one of the music halls in London."

"You!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Yes. I found them on the beach at Rabat, with their baggage, waiting for the surf to go down. The Elder Dempster steamboat was lying outside the bar, a mile from the shore. They wanted a boy who was light. They took me."

"And you appeared at the music halls?" Cynthia asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Benoliel, "I appeared. I learnt some simple somersaults and balancings, and I looked after the baggage. That lasted for a year. By that time I had learnt some English and I left them. I am not going to bother you with the next twenty years of my life. I got on as others have done—office-boy to confidential clerk—the usual process. I meant to make money, you see—all the time, hour by hour, I meant to make money. I was with a great firm of financiers who had got themselves into a tangle over some eastern business. I had mastered the subject; I was by my origin fitted to cope with it; and I saw a way out of the trouble. The firm came to me, and with the firm my opportunity. I asked for a salary of seventeen thousand pounds a year. The firm refused. I went on at my old two hundred and fifty for another month. By that time the trouble had grown more grave. It was a real crisis, meaning perhaps dishonor. The firm came to me again and accepted my terms. It took me a year to put matters right, and at the end of the year I was, of course, dismissed. But I had seventeen thousand pounds, and I knew what to do with it."

"You made it into a great fortune," said Cynthia.

"By the time I was forty," replied Mr. Benoliel. "And then I began to think about marrying."

Cynthia stirred and leaned forward. Benoliel turned swiftly toward her.

"Ah," he said, "you are beginning to appreciate the similarity between my case and Rames's. But it doesn't date from the age of forty at which we both began to think about marrying. No! Strip our careers of the accidents of race and country and occupation, and you will find the similarity right there in our boyhood and our youth. We were both adventurers, both determined to get on, he to his ends, I to mine. Well, at forty-one I married."

Mr. Benoliel hesitated. His wife was living. He was a man of some sensibility, and a delicate reticence of mind made it repugnant to him to lay before another the manner of his marriage and its troubles. But he looked again at Cynthia, and the freshness and the youth of her, and the trouble in her big dark-blue eyes, which were fixed so intently upon his face, persuaded him. He might be exaggerating. His fears might be quite vain. But suppose that they were not? Every line of grief graven in the girl's young face would be a whole epistle of condemnation.

"Our marriage was a bargain, too," he said frankly. "My wife brought social position, I money. But there was less risk in our bargain than there will be in yours."

"Why less risk?" asked Cynthia.

"Because we who are Jews make good husbands," said Mr. Benoliel; and Cynthia cried out indignantly:

"I am not afraid that Harry will make a bad one."

"I don't say either that he will," Mr. Benoliel returned calmly. "I only say that as a rule the Jew makes a good husband. He believes in the family. Can you say as much of the Christian? No. Therefore there *was* less risk in our bargain. And still it did not turn out well."

"Why?"

"Because I was forty-one and my wife twenty-three. Yes, that's the truth at the end of it all. There were eighteen years of experiences and struggles in my life which my wife had not shared; and out of those eighteen years there sprang a passion in me which I, least of all, expected, and which I could not combat. I became homesick for

my country, and for that city on which I had turned my back with joy."

"You?" cried Cynthia. For a moment she thought herself listening to a fairy tale. "You wanted to go back to the humiliations, to the Mellah?"

She recalled the feminine nicety of his house in Grosvenor Square, the bright silver—not too much of it—the elegance of its mahogany furniture, which was never allowed to crowd the rooms. She recollected those dinner-parties at which the great men of the earth were entertained with so much pride. It could not be that he wished to return to the crowded Jewish quarter, noisome with the reek of rancid cookery, where the gates were locked on its inhabitants at six o'clock of the night! But Mr. Benoliel replied with an energy and a fire which she had never known him manifest before:

"Yes. I wanted to go back. How and when the longing first came to me, I can't tell you. But it did come, and, having come, it grew. I felt day by day more and more of a stranger amongst a strange people. That road winding up the cliffs to the break in the sky-line above the plain of the Sebou—I began to dream of it! Then I used to lie awake at night and travel along it, past the pillars and arches of Volubilis, and the little white city of Mulai Idris, on the shoulder of Jebel Zarhon—right over the upland, and down through the asphodel to Mequinez. Finally, I had to go. I told my wife. We had got on together up till then, no better, no worse than other people. She stared at me with amazement, with suspicion, as at a stranger, and from that moment our relations changed. She knew quite well to what I was going back, to what I wanted to go back—the Mellah, the gaberline, and the rest of it. And—it was natural, I think—she despised me. I was quite aware of her contempt, and—was indifferent to it. I wanted to go back. And I did."

"You did?" said Cynthia. And then, "I see. I see."

She understood now those mysterious disappearances of Mr. Benoliel when he vanished from his clubs and his haunts, and no man brought news of him.

"Yes, I went, and as I went London and the years in London dropped away from me. I was happy. I went down with my

mules into Mequinez, and put my European clothes away in a cupboard in the Mellah. I stayed in Mequinez three months."

"But how?" asked Cynthia. "What did you do?"

Mr. Benoliel smiled.

"Business," he said. "I traded. I lent money. Then I came back to England—refreshed as a man comes from his bath. But my wife hated the whole business. At first she would not hear a word of what I had been doing. Then she became curious—morbidly curious. There was no end to her questions. What humiliations, what indignities had fallen to me amongst the Moors—she was never tired of hearing. And as she questioned and I answered, she would sit looking at me, with eyes in which contempt grew ever more bitter, looking at me as one looks upon a stranger. Quarrels followed. I went back to Mequinez, after a year or two, and again after another period. And every time the pull of the place became stronger. It was after my third visit that our marriage came to an end. We gave a great dinner-party, and when our guests had gone, she told me that our life had become intolerable to her."

Mr. Benoliel did not spare himself. It was rather a grim scene which he had to describe—the last one of many quarrels which had sprung from their estrangement. "You leave me for those squalors. You return to me fresh from them"; that was the burden of her accusation. She was not of his race or of his people. She had no sympathy with, no comprehension of, the intense craving which from time to time assailed him to go back to his own place, or of the utter weariness which overtook him of the life of London, in which he played an actor's part. The squalor and humiliation of his days in Mequinez got upon her nerves, filled her with disgust, and made his companionship repugnant.

"You can understand that, Cynthia?" he asked, and Cynthia, since frankness was demanded of her, agreed.

"Yes, I can understand that," she answered gently. His story was to her fantastic and fabulous. It belonged to the East—as he did. Only by keeping in mind that he, underneath the veneer of his manners, was of the East could she accept it as truth. She did so accept it. But she looked at Mr. Benoliel with curious eyes,

and was conscious of a feeling very like aversion. Within the half-hour he had grown a stranger to her even as he had done to his wife. That he should leave the order and the cleanliness of his home, depart from the company of cultured people—he the dilettante—don the gaberdine, go joyfully back to the dirt and squalor of his Mellah, humbly take off his slippers and walk bare-foot at the bidding of any Moor who passed him by—that Cynthia could not understand. But that his wife should find life with him intolerable when he came back from his degradation, refreshed as by a bath, to resume existence at her side—that she did thoroughly understand.

"So we separated," said Mr. Benoliel.

"Yes," said Cynthia. "But there's no parallel between your case and ours. What happened to you cannot happen to us."

She was not sure. There was appeal in her voice. She pleaded to him to agree with her. She clung desperately to her one small piece of knowledge. Mr. Benoliel was of the East. Harry Rames was not.

"There is a parallel, and a close one," Mr. Benoliel insisted. "What happened to us may happen to you. Out of the experiences of eighteen years in Captain Rames's life, experiences in which you have no share, some unsuspected craving may even now be fermenting which may turn the course of his thoughts, and snatch him back from you."

"He would fight against it," said Cynthia.

"Even so, it would stand between you, and it would grow."

Cynthia was silent for a moment. Then she said timidly:

"Even then there is one condition according to you which would avert the risk."

"Yes, one. Love."

And again Cynthia was silent. Then she burst out, striking her hands together in a violence of revolt:

"But I know him! I know him!" and with the words still in her ears, she doubted them. Mr. Benoliel's warning had alarmed her. But it had alarmed her chiefly because it had brought home to her how very little she might really know of those whom she met daily, and with whom she was most intimate. Here was Mr. Benoliel. She had thought she knew him, and so well that she could play with him, and twist him to her

wishes. He had spoken for half an hour, and, lo! she had never known him.

"Do all men hide themselves?" she cried. "Do you all build up barriers about you, and lie hidden within? Oh, but Harry's honest—honest"; and again she caught at her old argument and consolation.

She rose from her seat abruptly.

"Thank you very much for all you have said. I am grateful. I shall not forget it. Good-night"; and she moved away to the foot of the stairs. She stopped then and turned back, as though in half a mind to say more. But as Mr. Benoliel rose, and she looked at him, a shadow darkened her eyes and she seemed to shrink from him with that slight sense of repulsion.

"Good-night," she said again, and hurriedly went up the stairs. His story was too new in her thoughts. What she had it in her mind to say, she left untold.

But Mr. Benoliel was none the less to be informed of it that night. He sat late in the hall after the lights had been turned out, with only the firelight flickering on the hearth. He had read the aversion in Cynthia's face which his story had provoked. He had made a sacrifice of her affection. But he had made it for her sake, and he did not regret that he had spoken. None the less he was disturbed. He might have done no good, and he had reopened an old wound of his own. He sat there knowing that if he went to bed he would not sleep; and in a little while he heard a noise in the corridor leading to the billiard-room. The door into the hall was softly opened, and the wavering light of a candle dimly lit up that cavernous place. The screen stood between Benoliel and the intruder. He could see nothing but the light of the candle shaking upon the walls above the screen. He did not move, he heard some one moving across the floor of the hall; he kept his eyes fixed upon the opening between the screens; and he saw Captain Rames pass across the opening. He sprang up with a low cry. Rames was coming from the corridor where his bedroom was to the foot of the stairs up which Cynthia had gone. At the cry Rames stopped, and, holding the candle above his head, peered into the shadows. Mr. Benoliel came quickly toward him.

"Where are you going, Captain Rames?" he asked.

"To my wife," said Harry.

Mr. Benoliel stared at Harry Rames.

"You and Cynthia are married?"

"Yes."

"When are you going to make your marriage public?"

"On the day the Whitsuntide holidays begin. We shall have it announced in the evening papers. We shall already have left for Fontainebleau."

So after all Mr. Benoliel had spoken in vain. He might have spared his breath, and retained in a fuller degree Cynthia's liking and respect. He knew now what she had turned back from the stairs to tell him.

"Give her this message," he said. "Tell her to forget what I have said to her"; and he moved away.

But the message was of no use. He had said what he had to say, and Cynthia could not forget. She watched. She was afraid; as since her seventeenth birthday she had always been afraid.

XXIII

CYNTHIA ON THE HOUSE

ON the morning after Parliament had risen the newspapers announced the marriage of Cynthia Daventry to Harry Rames. The ceremony had taken place by special license early one morning at a little church in Mayfair, with a girl friend of Cynthia's, and a member of Parliament named Robert Brook, as witnesses. A good many people were surprised; still more, however, declared that they had foreseen the marriage all along, and that of course it couldn't last; while Lord Helmsdale's mother simply remarked in accents of pity: "Poor thing! Double her age, isn't he? And she was so pretty, too, a few months ago."

On the other hand, however, a good many honest telegrams of congratulations reached the couple honeymooning in the woods of Fontainebleau; and when Harry and Cynthia returned to London, there were fresher incidents than their marriage for people to discuss. They settled down in Curzon Street to keep their bargain loyally.

If Cynthia's heart ached at times, as it had done amongst the trees of Fontainebleau, for a life struck to fire by passion, she gave no outward sign of her pain. She was

to help forward the great career, and to the best of her powers she did. She threw open her house to her husband's party; she entertained; she attended social gatherings; she walked abroad in Ludsey with a good memory for faces; she spent many hours in the train. Harry on his side, was assiduous at Westminster. He sat upon committees in the morning, and on one of the green benches below the gangway during the afternoon and evening, with an occasional rush home at a quarter to eight to take his wife out to dinner.

"Be there!" was one of Henry Smale's maxims which he had taken to heart. "Sit in the House. Never mind the library or the smoking-room, or the lobby, or the terrace. Sit in the House! However dull the debate, and however inviting the sunlight streaming through the high windows, sit in the House. All the great Parliamentarians have done it. The lawyers can't do it, of course. But you haven't their excuse. You can. It may seem waste of time. You'll find that it isn't."

So Harry Rames sat in the House, and Cynthia, when she had no other engagement to detain her, came down to Westminster, dined with him there, and spent an hour afterward in the ladies' gallery. She became acquainted with many men of different calibre, and amongst them with Mr. Devenish, the Secretary for Agriculture, who was just beginning to do a little more than make a vociferous noise in the world. Mr. Devenish happened to pass through the dining-room when Harry and his wife were finishing dinner, and catching sight of them he turned off toward their table.

He was a brisk, smallish man, and Cynthia was astonished by his aspect. She had seen him often enough upon the floor of the House of Commons, and had taken him for a person of a commanding height. But it was not the first time she had made this mistake. The House of Commons, like the theatre, magnifies men to the galleries. Mr. Devenish dropped his hand upon Rames's shoulder.

"I want a word with you to-night, Rames," he said.

"Why not now?" asked Rames. "This is my wife, Mr. Devenish."

Mr. Devenish bowed to her.

"I knew that very well," he said.

Cynthia disbelieved him. Also she had formed a dislike of him. There was something too acrid in his speeches. She thought of him as a man going about with a phial of vitriol hidden in the palm of his hand.

"I am not famous," she said coldly. "How should you know, Mr. Devenish?"

"I saw you in the lobby, and—I asked"; he smiled as he spoke, and she found his smile singularly disarming; it was so friendly and genuine a thing. Mr. Devenish turned again to Harry Rames.

"We want you to help us. A vote on account for the navy is coming up on Thursday. There will be a motion for the reduction of armaments. We want you to speak."

Harry Rames shook his head.

"I rather propose to leave those questions alone. I don't want to get the reputation of being a service member."

"I appreciate that," said Mr. Devenish. "But you are asked to speak in this debate by the government."

"On the general question?" asked Rames.

"Not so much on that. The point is the economy of the big ship. You can speak from practical experience. You know. You are here in Parliament to contribute your knowledge." Mr. Devenish turned to Cynthia, and again his smile illumined his face. "Persuade him, Mrs. Rames."

It occurred to Cynthia that Mr. Devenish did not trouble to inquire whether Harry Rames believed the big ship to be an economical thing. Harry was to support the government. The rest of his argument she agreed with. It was Harry's duty, since he was in Parliament, to contribute of his knowledge.

"Very well," said Captain Rames. "Of course if the government wishes it, I shall be proud to take part in the debate. Won't you sit down and have some coffee?"

"Yes, do!" said Cynthia cordially, and she was not altogether engaged in helping her husband on when she spoke. Mr. Devenish now puzzled her. She had begun by disliking him. He had spoken very few words to her, and yet she no longer disliked him. There was a charm in his manner of which he seemed quiet unaware. At close quarters he lost the narrowness, which she had thought the mark of him. He seemed

broadly human, comprehensively sympathetic. Yet he obviously wore no mask. He was simple, and he gave a pleasant impression of being a good fighter. Mr. Devenish drew up a chair and sat down.

"You come to many of our debates," he said to Cynthia. "What do you think of us?" and with an unaffected interest in the views of a pretty woman, he led her on to express her opinion.

"Well," she said frankly, "I think most of your debates are very dull."

"That's quite true," Mr. Devenish replied with a laugh at the little spurt of complaint in her voice. "Nine out of ten are dull, and if you were in the government you would wish the tenth was too. The debate which sparkles and amuses you in the gallery means keen opposition on the floor of the House. The debate which is dull means that the government gets its bill. And the government is there to get its bills."

"Yes, I suppose that's true," said Cynthia, and then, Harry Rames intervened.

"It's curious," he said, "but I no longer find any debate dull. I used to be bored, I admit it, but I can sit through anything now and find it interesting."

"Yes," said Cynthia, nodding her head; "I have noticed that, Harry, from the gallery, and—I think it's a bad sign."

"The sign of the true Parliamentarian," said Mr. Devenish.

"Perhaps," said Cynthia stubbornly. "Still a bad one."

"Now why?" asked Mr. Devenish indulgently. Cynthia was certainly a very pretty woman. Let her talk! Cynthia colored and replied hotly:

"Because it means that the four walls of that little chamber are closing in on you. The game inside, with its pauses, its delays, its coups, its intricacies and manœuvres, is becoming more important than the great interests and issues outside which you are there to decide. It means that in your thoughts the country and the constituency are growing smaller, and the green leather benches on which you sit becoming more and more important. If you don't find any debates dull, you are growing aloof from the country. You are becoming, as you say, a Parliamentarian. That means Parliament first, the country a bad second."

Cynthia stopped abruptly. She had allowed herself to be betrayed into delivering

a lecture upon politics to a past-master in the art, a man who, out of his forty-eight years, had spent twenty in the House of Commons. She flushed. "But you must think me a fool," she cried.

"I don't," Mr. Devenish exclaimed. "Yours is a definite point of view." He was now speaking seriously. For he was eager to learn so long as the learning came to him by word of mouth, and not from the printed page. "Tell me some more."

He was considering no longer the prettiness of the woman, the changing lights upon her face. He was conceding respect to her judgment. Cynthia was mollified. She continued:

"And here's something which to me makes many of the debates tedious and unreal. You all behave as if your ideal of a member of the House of Commons were a fossil on a shelf."

Mr. Devenish laughed.

"Why do you say that, Mrs. Rames?"

"Because if a man changes his opinions ever so little during a course of years, he at once has the reports of his old speeches flung at his head in scathing accents, as though he had committed the meanest of crimes."

"It's a party score," said Mr. Devenish.

"Yes, but why?" Cynthia insisted. "You must all know that a man who is any use at all, does change his opinions as his experience widens. Surely that's true. What's the use of thought at all if it leaves you precisely where you were?"

"Mrs. Rames," said Mr. Devenish, "I cannot dispute it."

Cynthia had long been puzzled by this extraordinary childishness on the part of men of reputed intelligence. She was determined if she could to get at the truth. "Then why?" she asked. "Why, when one of the opposition proves that a member of the government has changed his view, does all the opposition shout with derision, and why do all on the government side look glum? Why must the minister labor to show that he really hasn't changed any views? Why does he rise so quickly to do it? And why, when he has risen, doesn't he say: 'Of course I have changed my views. I am a better man than I was two years ago.'"

"Well, upon my word, I can't tell you why," said Mr. Devenish honestly. "I

suppose we haven't the courage. Don't you approve of us at all?"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Cynthia quickly; "and much more than I expected to do." She was induced to give her impression of the body of members.

"I had got an idea that everybody was in here to get something." She grew suddenly red, and in a flurry, which Mr. Devenish did not understand, she continued, "I suppose I got the idea from newspapers. I made a wrong inference. They are here, of course—the rich men who want honors to put a crown upon their wealth, the office-hunters, the speculator and the financier, who use their membership to help their city business. But there are others one is apt to overlook, the silent people, who make no mark, and don't want to make one. You see them in the lobby, rather disconsolately busy about nothing. They are probably not particularly intelligent. Some of them, no doubt, are quite stupid. But one rather respects them, because membership of the House of Commons means to them a real daily loss. They would be more prosperous if they devoted the time they spend here to their business. But they seem to be here because they believe that some things want doing, some definite things, and that they can help to get them done by their votes. There is a lot of them. Then there are the country gentlemen who would be much happier on their estates, and would be there but for their conviction that the solid judgment of the country gentleman is absolutely necessary in the council of the nation." She spoke with pomposity and a friendly mimicry of the class she described. "But I like them. I think they are of value because to them, too, membership here means a real loss."

"Well, I agree," said Mr. Devenish.

"You! You do?" asked Cynthia in surprise. "I thought that—" and she stopped.

"Well, what?" Mr. Devenish pressed for her opinion with a laugh.

"Never mind," said Cynthia. "There's another class, too, which attracts me. The failures. The ambitious men who just don't succeed, and fail by so very little, but fail completely."

"Yes," Mr. Devenish agreed, "their lot is not attractive. They can't bring themselves to admit failure. They drift along

here until the time is past for them to do anything else. The four walls, as you say, have closed about them. They sit here, eating out their hearts, jealous of the others who succeed, and making a bitter pretence of contentment."

"They are the prisoners of the House of Commons," said Cynthia, and the phrase struck pleasantly upon Mr. Devenish's ears, so used to the slipshod metaphors of the average speaker.

"Yes," he said with a quick look of interest. "Yes, that's a true saying. How did you think of it, Mrs. Rames?"

"I have sympathy with failures," she replied.

"Ah," said Mr. Devenish. "But it's easy to have that when one is married to success," and he turned genially to Captain Rames.

A junior whip hurried up to the table.

"You are wanted, Mr. Devenish, in the House," he said.

Devenish looked at his watch and sprang up. "I have stayed longer than I ought to. We can count upon you then, Rames, for Thursday," and he hurried away. Cynthia followed him with her eyes. He attracted her and he left with her an impression of power, which made his interest in her, obviously expressed, a subtle flattery. She turned back to her husband.

"I was mistaken in that man," she said, and as Harry Rames did not answer her, she continued: "You see, Harry, I am doing my best to help you on."

"You are indeed," said Harry Rames sulkily. Cynthia stared at him. The sulkiness in his voice set her blood tingling. He could be jealous then! She laughed out loud suddenly, with a girl's joyousness, and, as Harry lifted inquiring eyes to her, the blood mantled into her cheeks, and she sat in a pretty confusion. For a moment both of them were embarrassed, and neither could have told why. Cynthia broke through the embarrassment with the first words which occurred to her:

"I can't reconcile Mr. Devenish with his speeches," she said.

"Yet there's a continuity," replied Harry. "He is one of your instances of men big enough to widen out. But he's an enthusiast, and he has done in his day a deal of platform work so that the old phrases come trippingly to his tongue. He says,

when he's carried away, more than he thinks now, but less than he used to think two years ago. I fancy that's the explanation."

Cynthia looked toward the door through which Mr. Devenish had disappeared.

"Tell me about him, Harry," she said.

"I will certainly," said Rames. His ill-humor had passed. He leaned toward his wife with a smile upon his face. It seemed to Cynthia that the moment of embarrassment so quickly gone had brought now as its consequence another moment quite as inexplicable—a moment during which she and Harry were nearer to one another than as yet they had been.

"The one thing I think I remember about Devenish is this," Rames continued. "As a boy he had always to walk in the road and he has not forgotten it."

The division bell began to ring before he could say another word to elaborate his sketch of the man. He led Cynthia out through the arches to the door where her carriage waited, and he left her to drive home puzzled by his phrase.

He spoke, as he had promised to do, on the following Thursday. Cynthia heard the speech from the ladies' gallery, not siding with it at all, nor against it, but simply attentive to its effect. He rose in a full House, which did not diminish as he spoke, and the space behind the bar grew crowded. He was short; he worked his own intimate knowledge of the mechanism of a modern ship of war into the scheme of his speech. He was nervous, Cynthia knew, but he gave no outward sign of nervousness; he spoke with a quiet resonance of voice, as though he had the measure of that assembly; and he brought into play that remarkable gift of counterfeiting sincerity, which always astonished, and sometimes frightened her. It was difficult even for her to realize that he had no real opinion about the value of the big ship, one way or the other, and that he had merely crammed his subject diligently with her help during the last few days. He spoke indeed, with telling effect. There were friends of Cynthia in the gallery who were quick to congratulate her. She herself was filled with admiration, but it was the admiration for the fine performance of an actor; and when she went down in the lift to join him after the debate was over, the

cry was loud in her heart: "If only he believed one word of it!"

He met her at the gate of the lift, and she caught his arm and pressed it against her side.

"Thank you," said Harry. "That's better than words."

"It wasn't a congratulation," she replied. "It was an appeal."

Harry Rames spoke once more during that session, late at night, in a thin House, and to try himself in unprepared debate, rather than with any intention to arrest notice. But the moment was well chosen, for a speaker on the government side was needed; and when the House rose for the autumn, he took down with him to Warwickshire the reputation of a rising man. He had kept his bargain, Cynthia gratefully acknowledged it, and the fears which Isaac Benoliel had aroused in her began for a time to lose their substance.

XXIV

THE MAN WHO HAD WALKED IN THE ROAD

HARRY RAMES and Cynthia passed the autumn at the white house, and hardly a day passed but one or the other was seen in the climbing streets of Ludsey. Harry presided at the social gatherings of the city, the musical clubs, the horticultural society, and the rest. He was busy with his town clerk over a railway bill which the municipality meant to oppose. He made friends with his public opponents. Cynthia herself was hardly less active. She threw herself into the work of committees and councils, not from enthusiasm, but in a desperate search for that color which Mr. Arnall and his fellows had got from politics, and her own youth demanded for herself. And with the work, interest in it came, if color did not. They were establishing Harry Rames in his seat—that was certain, and she had her share in. They were winning and, being a woman, she loved to win. Cynthia was a success in Ludsey—she could not but know it. For the demands for her presence and her time grew with every morning's post. There came to her a sort of exultation of battle. She was doing her work; she was helping to make the great career, and in the pleasure of helping to make, she lost sight of the es-

sential emptiness of the things he was making.

"Yes," said Harry one night to her. "You are making this seat safe for me, Cynthia, for the next election."

Cynthia looked at him with her eyes bright.

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly, asking for praise, and Arthur Pynes, the young chairman of the association, who had been dining with them, corroborated her husband.

"We once had a candidate whose wife would sing at the public meetings. We couldn't stop her, and it was calculated that every time she sang she cost us fifty votes. We have always stipulated for a bachelor since. But you have changed our views now, Mrs. Rames."

"I am very glad," said Cynthia; and the trio fell to discussing plans for the next session. "We want to see you in office before three years are out," said Pynes to Harry Rames. "There's no reason why we shouldn't."

"Yes, there is," said Harry Rames. "A large majority. They want you to keep quiet and vote and, being strong, they would just as soon put into office men who have never opened their mouths in the House as not, and probably sooner."

"Then you must force 'em," said Arthur Pynes.

They discussed the government programme for the next session, and what opportunities would arise from it. But the changes and transitions of Parliament are rapid. However sternly the government may cling to its ordered sequence of legislation, great questions will arise which have not been foreseen, and the ballot will give to private members their opportunity of discord. Thus the man who sits next to you may be in hot debate with you to-morrow, and those who smiled at you from the treasury bench yesterday may see you stroll with a fine air of indifference into the opposition lobby to-day. Harry Rames was well aware of the pull of the under-currents, but neither he nor Cynthia, nor Arthur Pynes had a suspicion that night that the next session was to see him in definite antagonism to Devenish, the man who had been forced to walk in the road.

It was not, indeed, until the session was more than half-way through that Cynthia

herself learnt it. She had dined with her husband at the House. It was a warm night of early summer, and after dinner they took their coffee upon the terrace. A private bill was occupying the attention of a thin House, and the terrace was fairly full of members waiting for the resumption of public business. Amongst them was Mr. Devenish. He strolled up to the couple, and after shaking hands with Cynthia, turned to Harry Rames:

"I hear you are against Fanshawe's bill."

"Yes," said Harry Rames.

"It comes on next Friday," continued Devenish. "The government will accept the principle, and give the bill a second reading."

"It won't go further than that," said Harry Rames.

"Not this year. But next year we shall embody the principle in a measure of our own, and then—?" He looked inquiringly at Harry.

"Then," said Harry deliberately, "I suppose we must try to get it amended."

A beam of light pouring from one of the windows showed Devenish's face clearly to Cynthia. She saw it harden and narrow. When he spoke his voice was sharp.

"I shall be in charge," he said. "I shall not accept any amendment which strikes at the principle."

"I am sorry," said Rames. He lit his cigar. He had not the air of a man receding from his position.

Cynthia was leaning forward, her eyes travelling curiously from one to the other. She had noticed the quick snap in the voice of Devenish, the quiet indifference to it in her husband's. But she did not know on what point they disagreed. Harry Rames turned toward her and explained:

"Fanshawe is bringing in a land bill on Friday afternoon. I didn't think that the government would take it up or I would have told you about it, Cynthia, and talked it over with you."

Devenish looked quickly toward the girl. Since Rames consulted her, could he enlist her upon his side? Cynthia read the unspoken question in his face, and turned gratefully to her husband who had made it clear that she had her word in his decisions.

"Fanshawe proposes that the State should buy compulsorily so much land at

intervals of so many years, split it into small holdings and lease them," Rames continued.

"And you disapprove?" said Cynthia.

"Yes. I am against the small holding. I think that's waste. I am in favor of the small farm. But I want the farm owned, not taken on lease. That's my chief objection. The State's a hard landlord."

"Is a bank a better one?" asked Devenish.

"I think so," returned Rames. "A bank's a business; the State's a machine. There's a big difference there."

"Well, I shall be interested to hear what you have to say on Friday," said Devenish, as he rose from his chair. "It would be a pity if we lost your support—a great pity." He spoke with a slow significance. The words were half a compliment, and the other half a menace. He turned at once lightly to Cynthia. "You must persuade him, Mrs. Rames, to be sensible, you really must," he said. "To create owners is a long, slow process, and I can't wait." A sudden violence flamed in his voice, and with a characteristic action he brought a clenched fist sharply down into the open palm of his other hand. He looked out across the Thames and leftward to the lights on Westminster bridge. He seemed to be assuring himself that he stood at last where he had always meant to stand, that the moment for which he had lived was surely coming. "No, I can't wait. I want to set about the land system in this country. With tenancies one can begin at once."

As he walked away from them Cynthia recalled the description of him which Harry Rames had given to her. "As a boy he had always to walk in the road, and he has not forgotten it." She understood the phrase now. Devenish's swift and bitter outburst had been an illumination.

He had been forced to walk in the road. Rames had shown a shrewd insight into a complex character when he coined the phrase. Devenish was the son of a small struggling tradesman, in a little town surrounded by land which was carefully preserved. Therefore he was chased out of the woods and off the grass. The game-keeper was his enemy, and an enemy always at hand. To feel the turf beneath his feet he must use stealth like a criminal. He lived in a good grass country, and his share

of it was the dust kicked up from the road by the wheels of carriages. In his boyhood he had brooded over his exclusion, and through the hard struggles of his youth his thoughts had been yellow with rancor. Now, it is true, the rancor had diminished. At the age of forty-eight he had reached high office, and with high office, for the first time, a regular and sufficient income. He was freed for a while, at all events, from the desperate endeavor to pay his way outside and keep his footing inside the House of Commons. He met men of diverse pursuits from the far corners of the earth. The world broadened out before him magically.

He entered late as it were upon his youth; the arts swept into his view, a glittering procession, and enchanted him. All was new to him as to a child. The natural charm of the man found an outlet; he had good-humor now, and a pleasant friendliness. Gradually the doors of great houses had been opened to him—and he had looked in. It was to his credit that he had only looked in. He had come away unspoilt, uncaptured. But though he recognized that for him the world had become wonderfully a place of amenities he had not forgotten that as a boy he had been forced to walk in the road; and the dust of it was still bitter in his mouth. "For others," he had said to himself, "it shall not be so," and he was in a hurry to set about the change. To create peasant proprietors? There was a world of obstacles in the way. To create tenants of the State; a single budget would suffice. Fanshawe's scheme should be the chief item in the government programme of next year, and Captain Rames must look to himself if he stood firm to oppose it.

Captain Rames, on his side, had no intention to give way. He drove away from the House that night with Cynthia, and in the carriage he said:

"I shall put up as big a fight as I can, Cynthia, on this question."

"Against Mr. Devenish?"

"Yes."

Cynthia was silent, and Harry Rames turned to her swiftly with a question upon his lips. "You think it rash?" he was going to ask, but he never did. He saw her eyes shining at him out of the darkness, and in a low tone she said:

"You feel very strongly about it, strongly

enough to risk your future. Oh, I am so glad!"

There was a throb of joy in her voice. She was still a girl. Though she professed to laugh at the enchanted garden of her dreams, there was still some yearning for it at her heart. The men with ideas had peopled it. It seemed that after all her husband, since at all costs he meant to stand up against Mr. Devenish for an idea, must be one of them. But a slight, almost an uneasy gesture, which Harry made, stopped her on the threshold of a great happiness. She lay back, chilled with disappointment.

If Harry had spoken, he would have said: "No, I don't feel strongly about it. I don't feel about it at all. I simply recognize that it is my opportunity." And thus he would have spoken before their marriage, perhaps, too, during the first few weeks after it. But a change had inevitably come for both of them. The frankness which Rames had deliberately used, so that she might know him for what he was, no longer served. Always it had hurt Cynthia, even though she had welcomed it. More than once he had seen her flinch from it as from a blow. But now that they were so much together, a hint or silence had to take its place. Blunt honesty was all very well twice a week or so, but repeated every hour, it bruised too heavily. So, too, with Cynthia. Her business as a wife was to help, not chide. Their year of marriage had taught them the little diplomacies and managements which made life together possible for them. Frankness was to save them—so they had planned. What was saving them was reticence.

This time, however, Cynthia was told the truth by her husband's gesture. He was going to follow the old historic, dangerous road, the road of the third parties, the short cut to power which has lured so many ambitious men to disappointment, and advanced a very few before their time. And he had chosen William Devenish to tilt against, a man supple and quick in debate, sharp of tongue, with a gift of ridicule, and a wealth of language, a speaker who hit with a nice discrimination just above the belt in the House, and just a little bit lower outside of it. To Cynthia it seemed that Harry must be gambling on his success; that he had cast his prudence from him like

a cloak. Harry Rames answered some part of her thought.

"It's not so mad as it appears to be," he said. "In the first place the question of tenancy against ownership is an open one. You are not breaking away from your party whatever view you take. You may be breaking away from a minister, but that's a different thing."

Cynthia's fears were assuaged. In her relief she turned eagerly to Rames.

"But your minister is Mr. Devenish," she cried.

"I know," he returned. "A hard fighter. All the more gain then, if I can stand square to him, and remain standing. Besides, Devenish has a peculiar weakness."

"Yes?" cried Cynthia. "You can make use of it?" and she stopped, wondering at herself. She was startled to realize that for the first time she herself was keeping his eyes from lifting to the high path above.

"I have noticed it," Rames continued. "He can stand any amount of opposition from his opponents. If he gets heated, he remains master of his wit and tongue. But he cannot endure criticism from the benches behind him. It strikes some hidden string of arrogance in him. He loses his control. He says foolish things. He hands himself over a victim, if his critic has courage and skill enough to use his chance."

"I see," said Cynthia. "And the third point?"

"Oh," said Harry carelessly. "The question is an important one for the country. It must provoke discussion. Yes, I shall move the rejection of Fanshawe's bill if I get the chance."

He put down on the notice paper with some twenty other members on the opposition side a motion for rejection. He rose on the Friday, immediately after Fanshawe had sat down, and was called upon by the Speaker. He was content with two objections. But either of them, if established, was fatal to the bill. He argued against the small holding, which he regarded as the pastime of the well-to-do tradesman in the neighboring town, rather than as a serious method of settling a genuine peasantry on the land; and he pleaded for the farm of sixty or seventy acres. It is a matter nowadays of ancient dispute, yet he managed to say a new thing about it, not parading his knowledge—for there were too many in that

House who had made land the study of their lives—but suggesting it with a deference which took his audience. The great farm, he maintained, was a modern product, due to quite other causes than natural development. It came from the vanity of the eighteenth century, its love of spaciousness and show. The monstrous porticoed houses and the huge farms were the symbols of its parade. But in the seventeenth century, when agriculture really prospered, the small farm of seventy acres was the rule. It was at a return to this condition that policy and legislation ought to aim.

He passed to his second argument. Tenancy under the State was bad. For the State was a hard landlord, and could be nothing else. It took no account of bad seasons or the shortness of money. It had to collect its revenues and rents within the year. Moreover, the idea was petty in its conception. (Here Mr. Devenish turned an outraged head toward the orator.) Legislation should aim at something beyond the immediate benefit it conferred. Otherwise let them commit the fortunes of the country to a parish council, and themselves go home.

"There is to my mind one question by which all legislation can be tested," said Rames, "and that question is not: 'Does it supply an immediate need?' but 'Does it help to strengthen the character of the race?'"

The bill failed according to that test. For it meant no more than the substitution of one landlord for another, and left the tenant pretty much where he was. If Mr. Fanshawe had taken a bold course and produced a just measure, with the object of creating owners, then the bill would not have failed. For the desire to possess land was the surest sign of a sound and healthy race. It was that desire in men which good legislation would try to keep alive. This bill merely fobbed them off with a miserable makeshift, and shut the door against ownership. Ownership with its obligations and its responsibility, and its response to the most primal and most durable of all ambitions, was the only policy worthy of a great Parliament.

Mr. Devenish replied later in the afternoon, and quite briefly. He did not, he said, propose to enter into the discussion, but simply to state the intention of the gov-

ernment. It would give the bill a second reading, accepting thus the two principles of small holdings and tenancies under the State; and next year it would introduce a measure of its own, based upon those principles, and press it through until it was placed upon the statute-book. Mr. Devenish studiously refrained from any reference to Captain Rames, and as soon as he sat down, the hands of the clock then pointing within a minute of five, Mr. Fanshawe moved the closure, and the Speaker accepted the motion. The closure was accepted without a division, and the main question was put.

In the interval, while the division bells were ringing, a slim, middle-aged man, with a mustache which was beginning to grow gray, and a handsome, ineffective face, passed into the House from the lobby, and took a seat on the bench by Rames's side.

"What are you going to do, Rames?" he asked.

"Vote as I spoke," said Harry.

"Then I'll go with you," said his companion. "I didn't hear your speech, or indeed anything of the debate. But I am sure Devenish is wrong."

Harry Rames laughed.

"That sounds like a good working rule. Thank you, Brook. Let us go and vote."

The two men, alone of their party, strolled into the opposition lobby, and that was the beginning of the great cave. It was a Friday afternoon, in summer, the weather was very hot, the House very thin, and Mr. Devenish and his under-secretary the only men present on the treasury bench. No one paid any attention to the revolt; the newspapers next day had the briefest reports of the debate. Cynthia herself, who had come to the House to listen to a fierce and tingling discussion, was disappointed at the gentle apathy which overlay the proceedings of that afternoon.

But Harry said: "Wait a little, Cynthia"; and Mr. Brook, who from that time began to drop in frequently at their house in Curzon Street, chuckled like a man with secret knowledge.

"Eight men on our side," Harry explained, "had met several times in one of the committee rooms before Friday, to decide what course they should take to resist this bill. I did not know of their meetings at the time, and they agreed to do nothing until they were sure of the line the government was going to take. Had they suspected that I was going to move the rejection of the bill, they would have attended and voted with me."

(To be continued.)

THE AWAKENING

By Sara Teasdale

TEN minutes in a crowded room
I sat beside the man I love.
We dared not meet each other's eyes
Lest we should read the light thereof.

There in the crowd we two alone
Came forth upon eternity;
Our souls were ships new launched at dawn
Upon an open sea.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

AN octogenarian American sage has lately declared that the chief and most discouraging change he notes in his countrymen from the time of his own youth is their greater and more imperative fondness for amusement. An American who is approaching what the newspapers would call "the sage class," though hitherto of "the mag-nate class," has delivered himself of an epigram to much the same effect in retorting upon an interviewer who had asked his explanation of the high cost of living, "You mean the cost of high living." And a recent British tourist expresses himself as standing aghast at the extravagance which he finds to characterize all classes of the Americans who used to boast that they had no classes!

There can be little question of the extravagance, and as little that it is connected with the increasing desire for amusement. Taking as a basis the number of licenses for automobiles issued by the State of New York, estimating the average cost of the machine at one thousand five hundred dollars, and that ten per cent of the machines served some other purpose than that of amusement, as of business vehicles to doctors' wagons, it has been computed that the State of New York alone spends one hundred and fifty million dollars yearly in the mere luxury of "making itself like unto a wheel," and nearly as much more in the upkeep of the instruments of this luxury, say, "conservatively," twenty-five dollars each for every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth!

This is a sufficiently startling showing for a period which we are assured is one of general commercial depression. But it is less impressive to the eye than the huge provision which is making now for public amusements. One does not mean so much music and the drama, though our provision for these would have astonished our fathers and scandalized our grandparents. All of us have long departed from the point of view of the good Edmund Quincy, whose diary bears witness to the shamefaced satisfaction with which he saw his first play in Philadelphia, while at the same time declaring that he

would oppose any attempt to transplant such an institution to his own Boston. As to the opera, the name of the "Academy of Music" in New York and in Philadelphia shows that, half a century ago, "society" would not have subscribed for an undissembled opera-house, while the serious and even Gothic architecture of the contemporaneous and synonymous institution in Brooklyn moved a ribald Manhattanese to remark that in building an academy of music the people of the City of Churches desired an edifice which, if not a church, should be as near as might be to a church, "where they could hold a religious revival if they wanted to, and a Shakespearean revival if they had to."

The expensiveness and gorgeousness of our homes of the spoken and the lyric drama are now getting to be an old story. Our latest and most conspicuous provision for amusement is for "circenses" quite in the Juvenalian sense, in which the satirist declares that the Roman people has abandoned its old care for politics and war and now cared only for "bread and the sports of the arena." New York, to be sure, is even now deploring the impending demolition, by reason of a lack of paying demand, of an edifice erected a quarter of a century ago, primarily for the exhibition of the now obsolescent horse; and refuses to be comforted except by the assurance that it will be succeeded by one even bigger. But the sports for which we are now making the most prodigal outlays are distinctly of the Olympian and even of the gladiatorial kind, "circenses" in the Juvenalian acceptation. The "grandstand" of the county fair of a generation ago—even the grandstand of the race-tracks of a decade ago, before an awakened sense of morality substituted bipedal for quadrupedal competitions of the arena, and left the race-tracks to decay and "suburban development"—was but a trifling matter compared with the monumental provision for sport made by the "stadia" which have sprung up in all the great cities. The hugest of these, up to date, is doubtless the Harvard stadium at Cambridge, and the vastness of it is socially suggestive as well as physi-

cally impressive. Whoever saw it on the occasion of last November's Harvard-Yale foot-ball game, with every seat occupied, and even with provisional tiers of plank benches above the concrete of the substructure, was a witness to the change that has come over us within much less than a generation. The forty odd thousand it will hold are half as many as the Coliseum contained at its fullest; some say quite as many, for upon the "seating capacity" of the Roman amphitheatre it seems there is a schism among the antiquarians. At any rate, there were more people assembled to see the foot-ball game than there was provision anywhere in the United States for assembling, for any spectatorial purpose whatever, in the college days of the fathers of the competitors. It has to be owned that, with the "change in the rules," the contest was more Olympian and less Imperial-Roman than it would have been a few years ago; also that the modern virgins kept their thumbs in their muffs at the crises of the contest when they were not brandishing blue or crimson flags with them. But when you consider that the Harvard stadium, though the biggest, is not so much bigger than any of the like enclosures which every American town large enough to enter the inter-urban competition in baseball finds it necessary now to maintain, it is plain the elderly American patriot in whose time Latin was compulsory can read a fresh meaning into the jeremiad of the Roman satirist:

Nam qui dabat olim
Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
Panem et Circenses.

DID you ever happen to hear that if a stick is held up in front of a flock of sheep and the leader jumps over it, the remainder of the flock will jump over the place where the stick was, even after it is withdrawn? I never tried this, but I have been told by sheep-wise folk that it is true, and it has given me much food for thought as I have ruminated on our fads, intellectual, æsthetic, and other. Our mental kinship with the flock was too early pointed out in holy writ to be disputed now. I wonder if a picture of this sheep scene would not make a better national emblem than our proud and independent American eagle, who looks as if he did his own thinking, and hence is no longer a fitting symbol for us. Was there ever a country wherein people were so afraid of

not doing as the others do? To be convicted of not having achieved the latest admiration is to have failed utterly in life. Surely most of the stout ladies who puff and pant after the nimble spirituality of the Hindoos are more conscious of the pace of their travelling companions than of the goal. A study of the best sellers and of the books most in demand may well cause misgiving as to the depth of our intellectual preoccupations. How many of the people who plod through William De Morgan's novels have, in reality, the slightest appreciation of the special flavor of his work, with its rendering of old days and old ways and forgotten humors? The æsthetic manifestations of our jumping in unison are more absurd than the literary. Hob-minded Mrs. Blowsabella with the single flower in the slender vase, after the Japanese fashion, makes one smile, as does the passion of the stodgy, athletic young for Botticelli. It is only a step nowadays from Oil City to the heart of pre-Raphaelitism, but I must not deride; there may be cases where the enthusiasm is genuine. Besides, there is no use in trying to establish that which is too self-evident to need proof.

The special phases of our imitativeness which worry me, as I meditate on the inevitable steps by which the conventional becomes the commonplace, are those which concern the young. I happen to have something to do with college girls, and in watching them see much of the world at large and the way it tends. If I may return to my rustic figure, you can always tell in which direction the sheep are from the way in which the lambs are running, and the lambs are all running the same way, alarmingly the same way. I shudder for the future, knowing the vigor wherewith new generations carry on the blunders of the old. Why is there so little individuality in their tastes as to hats, hose, slang, fiction, social ideals, art, literature, and cosmic philosophy? One would think that education, if the pleasant meaning of the word *educere* holds in its implication of drawing forth individual characteristics, would result in a certain differentiation. Not so! To go back again to our sheep, *educit* here simply means that the leader wins them all to jump over the same stick, or the place where the stick was.

The tame, unanimous adoption of one ugly fashion after another by our supposedly cultivated undergraduates dismays one. We have lived down the marcel wave; we are living down the pompadour; what can help us in living down the puffs? Did you ever try to lecture

The Apotheosis
of the Com-
monplace

to seventy-five pompadours? Did you ever try to make an idea penetrate a marcel wave? Never have I envied any outgrown privilege as I have envied that old-time power of the masters of Oxford to carry great scissors about with them that they might seize and clip the locks of any students whose style of hair-dressing displeased them. The fashions in intellectual and sociological judgments, in literary and æsthetic tastes are quite as contagious and as irresistible as are those in clothing, in ways of walking, of shaking hands. I know that all this has its good side, and that the spirit of comradeship is strong in it; doubtless I ought to look upon this broad, ridiculous fillet that most of them are wearing, and that gives my class-room the appearance of an assemblage of broken and bandaged heads, as a symbol of the tie that binds maiden to maiden. Yet I cannot help deploring this crude conventionality among the young, this fear of individuality, this passion for the commonplace. Perhaps they adore it because it is the only thing of which there is enough to go around, and I admit that they are generous. It seems to me to threaten all distinction in character, in manner, and in achievement. Most of these girls want to be alike; they object to being more gifted, more honored, more distinguished than their fellows. I knew one of rare artistic gift who shamefacedly concealed it, refused to develop it, because it made her different from her fellows, and at last, little pagan though she was—pagan in origin, in conviction, with a paganism that gave peculiar skill to those deft fingers when they touched clay—she went into college settlement work because, just then, all the lambs were jumping that way. That rare power through which she might have grown to express herself in her own fashion has never emerged.

It is borne in upon me that the young, in their conscious and their unconscious endeavor to strike the law of averages, are making a great mistake; that individual gift or power, encouraged, developed, given a chance, will, in some cases surely, through its higher reach, its farther grasp, serve the mass more than will the immediate sacrifice for alleged immediate need. One who can help in levelling up may, it is conceivable, be worth a hundred who can help only in levelling down. One hears through all this girlish chatter the groundswell of our democracy, but I venture to say, even at the risk of insulting our most ostentatious ideals, that its murmur suggests danger. Even the early

Christians, who had all things in common, confined their share and share alike to material things, and did not consider it wrong to possess a few individual inner characteristics. Many of our undergraduates have long ago given up all claim to their own clothing. Does it mean progress for the world if they no longer dare to call their souls their own?

MORE than one hundred years have passed since Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy walked from Eusemere, by the side of Ullswater, to their cottage home at Grasmere.

The outstanding scene of that memorable walk was taken in all its living beauty, and, by the witchery of words, forever visualized. It was Dorothy, who, in her diary, first gave expression to that vision of the daffodils which was afterward moulded into poetic form by her brother: Dorothy whose sensibility was as delicate and responsive to the faintest suggestion of beauty as the daffodils to the gentlest breeze that played upon them from the lake. She had in quite as remarkable degree as her brother that power of intense visualization which is essential to a writer who would convey undimmed his vision to his readers. And our estimation of Wordsworth is heightened by his unequivocal and whole-hearted acknowledgment of his indebtedness to his sister in such lines as:

Wordsworth's
Daffodils

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy."

Dorothy's description should be read before the poem, for her phrasing is incorporated in it.

"When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness, and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them

from the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. The wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up, but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of the one busy highway." It is interesting to notice the transition from Dorothy's metaphor of a "busy highway" to the "milky way" of the finished poem; and we must confess a preference for the color and emotion of Dorothy's busy, golden highway.

Wordsworth uses the words *bloss* and *dance*, but omits the word *reel* so suggestive of stronger movement. Together we have a charming picture of the fitful and varying strength of a spring wind. Its moods are repeated and made visible, as well as felt, by the joyous mockery of the daffodils as they flutter and dance, or toss and reel, as the wind blows gently or fiercely. This gladsome pulsation of spring is felt by the brother and sister, and entering into the mood with elemental glee Wordsworth exclaims:

"A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company."

We can imagine Dorothy's vivid recital of this spring idyll to Mrs. Wordsworth, for she catches the spirit of the scene as is evidenced by the couplet:

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

which is her contribution to the poem and is its final analysis. Indeed Wordsworth said "The two best lines in it are by Mrs. Wordsworth."

We wonder if they had any conception of the innumerable company who, looking upon this word-picture, would be transported to the shores of Ullswater, and with them rapt worshippers of nature's lore, see the daffodils fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Still each spring that highway of gold renews itself. Still the waves come dancing across the lake from under Place Fell, whose bracken-covered slope glows like fire and advances as the sunlight floods it, or turns to purple and recedes as a blue shadow lingers upon it and the daffodils dance as merrily for the chance traveller as they did for Wordsworth and Dorothy. In March or April he may still wander "lonely as a cloud"; for there has been little increase in the population of the vale. If he looks in Gowbarrow Park he will see the "little colony" and realize the beauty of Dorothy's thought as to the mystery of their coming, for they are as isolated as were the passengers of the Mayflower when the sea "floated them ashore"; and he must walk a considerable distance beyond Gowbarrow Park to Glencoin Park before the highway of gold will break upon his view. But, however far he walk and however long his quest, the finding of that pure gold will bring him as much wealth as it brought Wordsworth and Dorothy.



THE FIELD OF ART.

THE ARMORER AND HIS ART

THE loan collection of ancient European armor and arms recently exhibited in New York at the Metropolitan Museum of Art had unusual interest in many ways. It had, in the first place, an interest from an historical stand-point uncommon in gatherings of art objects; it had a great *allure*, for it showed files of knightly figures, with a setting of gothic tapestries and ancient banners, with a foreground of equestrian panoplied figures. Then, too, it represented the best objects from nearly every American collection, and it was the first and only exhibition of its kind on this hemisphere. In point of fact, there are not many private collections in this field at the best—a state of affairs which is eminently satisfactory to present collectors, for so rare are these objects that the appearance of a single new competitor is apt to mean care and privation to each of the rest.

In an exhibition of this kind a visitor is apt to be interested at first less in the art of the armorer than in the practical question of how armor could ever have been worn. It was certainly heavy. A suit weighed fifty pounds or more; sometimes the head-piece alone, in the case of a helm for tilting, might weigh thirty pounds. [See page 360.] And it was evidently uncomfortable—"a rich armor worn in heat of day that scalds with safety," wrote Shakespeare, who probably knew his theme at first hand. In fact, a complete harness must have been stuffy enough on a summer's day, but we can safely say it was not as hot as one imagines, for the polished surface reflected the heat, just as a bright and iron remains cool in front of a fire. Doubtless, too, it was cold in winter; but the metal surfaces were not in contact with the wearer—heavy buff leather or padded garments stood between—these mainly, though, for the purpose of deadening the actual shock of arms. A surprising thing is that the men who wore armor were generally not of heroic but of small size. This, I think, is admitted, though not without an occasional protest. Thus, Lord Dillon, curator of the Tower armories, notes that parts of the armor can be lengthened or shortened, depending upon how they are mounted, so that

a suit apparently for a short man may have served for a man of average size. In my own experience, I must nevertheless conclude the average size of harnesses is small, even when their adjustability is taken into account. Of twenty odd suits I have in mind, only one is large enough to have fitted a man of five feet ten, who weighed two hundred pounds. Especially small were the heads. There are, for example, in my collection six casques dating from the fifteenth century: They are so little that they will hardly go over a head of average size. Their wearers must, therefore, have had singularly small crania, for between casque and head heavy padding was worn as a protection from shock. It is difficult to believe that these six casques are exceptions in size, and they could hardly have been prepared for children, for such juvenile pieces are excessively rare, so large a number—half a dozen—occurring only in a few national collections.

In a general way it is disappointing to find that the real lesson of such an exhibition—that is, the art of the armorer—is not well appreciated. But there are few, even among art lovers, who have any real conception of the armorer's art. To make beautiful armor was not his art, nor even to make a complete protection for the wearer—it was to make both at one and the same time. Never was a harness to be made beautiful at the expense of strength, completeness, and flexibility; never was it to be made strong at the expense of graceful lines and surfaces, nor to be made heavier by an ounce than practical tests demanded. This many people recognize in a way, though probably few could explain why, when they admire more than all the rest the simple, often undecorated harnesses of the fifteenth century, the gothic armor, which marked the climax in the work of the European armorer. The lines of these suits are admired—their slender waists, the defences for the arms and legs, formed as though they were moulded over living limbs. But the quality of the metal is not recognized, nor its hardness, its elasticity, nor the lightness of its plates whose thickness is graduated in such a way that little metal remained where it was not actually needed for protection.

There is a splendid virility in these early harnesses which date from the times when gunpowder had not yet cheapened the quality of the metal, in making metal of costly make little better than common iron in heavier plates. In those days the armorer fashioned his plates à *grands coups*, and knew intimately where, when, and to what degree his strokes would tell. He

thick it would be when it reached its destination, in the numberless "pushings" of the metal from point to point. He would have surprised a modern if he could have shown him the shape and thickness of a piece of armor in its early formative stages. Thus he might point out that the future tall comb, or crest, of an Italian casque in the flat was in the centre of a plate of metal,



Embossed armor of German workmanship, about 1590
From the Stuyvesant collection.

perhaps two or three feet in diameter, circular in outline, and he could show how, step by step, this crest came into being—how the disk was first converted into a huge saucer-shaped bowl, which gave little promise of the future casque—how the metal was then pressed down in a median line, always spread gradually and with infinite patience from the margins toward the centre—how stroke by stroke the trench thus begun would "grow" deep and long and narrow, thickest below, strong everywhere, pushed constantly deeper until finally, viewed from the other side, it would appear as a helmet comb, rounded and tall, perhaps five inches high. Such a labor, an armorer would point out, could be much simplified if the remainder of the casque had not to be formed at the same time and out of the same piece of metal, for in forming the crest he was apt to weaken some other part of the casque, sometimes distant, by not leaving metal enough or by having to spread out the metal to the danger point. In a word, he would make it clear that he was displaying art and craft with individual skill, but in accordance with definite laws which dated with him from his apprenticeship, but which, clearly

knew just the point of redness when the heated metal was most malleable; he saw to it that his hammers and anvils—he had many kinds, perhaps a couple of hundred kinds of hammers and as many as fifty anvils—should be of brilliant cleanness, so that rust should not cling to the beaten metal and cause its fibres to be crushed instead of spread out elastically on all sides. He had the "seeing eye" of his craft; he knew just how much metal could be used in a given spot, how far it should go and how

enough, were in essence old—old in the experience of armorers whose generations extended backward in an unbroken chain as far even as the age of bronze.

The armorer had unquestionably a magnificent pride in his work. His art was living and he left his sign manual in the very strokes of his hammer which one sees to-day, unfilled, patinated with age, but crisp and deep, on the "wrong side" of bits of armor dating from the great period (fifteenth century); and he would



Armor for man and horse.

Shown in the loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

doubtless agree with a modern visitor to a museum who asked that a certain gothic salad should be so exhibited that the inside could be seen more readily than the outside. This pride of the armorer is seen in his care to sign his pieces, and in the sober traditions followed, when he caused them to be marked by family or guild in particular places and in particular positions. Thus, given a casque of a certain type and quality, we look at once at a certain point on its surface to find the *poinçon* of its maker in the form of initials or of some trade-symbol, like the keys of the Milanese Missaglia (or of their successors, the Negroli), the helm of the Helmschmied, or the clover-leaf of the Tretyz. Or, in the case of a plastron, on a spot near the collar, or on an elbow guard on the upper inner margin, or in a gauntlet at a definite spot on the cuff. There was the same care and custom in this as in the signatures of painters.

But his great pride was in the results of his work. Its appearance was one thing—he was not amiss to having it duly admired—and we

have records of the street of the armorers in Milan when harnesses for horse and man stood in lifelike poses down the street, from shop to shop, making a display for a festival which held the interest alike of peasant or prince. Those were days when the armorer was given the same artistic rank as sculptor or painter, when so great a stickler for precedence as Francis I gave Titian no greater honor than the Negroli, and when he ennobled his swordsmith, Serafino de Brescia. But the greatest satisfaction of the armorer could only have been when his work stood the test of use, when his patron came from the barriers with his harness unbroken. Certain it is that the artist armorer studied the results of his work. We can picture him at a joyous passage at arms, noting with critical eye how the blows of axe, lance, or sword tested his harness; how the head-piece withstood a downright blow of a heavy mace, because he had arched the dome of the casque expressly and strengthened its ridge, cunningly heaping the weight of the metal on the points most ex-

posed and taking away the thickness wherever practicable, so that the total weight should least tire the wearer. Only after practical tests could he have discovered that in certain forms of combat supplemental or reinforcing plates should be used, and these he may have himself adjusted experimentally by the side of the tilt-yard when a critical moment came. And it was by similar observations that he studied the question how small the openings of a head-piece could be and yet admit ample air for the use of the panting wearer. It is, in fact, hardly too much to say that success in the armorer's art was the result of extensive and predetermined experiments. Not that the broken harnesses collected after a battle were not carefully observed, but that greater importance was given to details learned from the wearers themselves. This it was clearly which gave rise to a system of regular tests which came into use by individual artists and later by civic guilds, as described by the learned French archæologist, Charles Buttin. It is shown that each piece of armor when finished was actually shot at, apparently under specified conditions, *e. g.*, with a cross-bow of standard strength, and if the object withstood the test it was given the mark of proof, single or double or triple, as the case might be. At my hand stands a little closed helmet dating about 1480 which bears no less than four marks of proof, one on each cheek-piece and one on either side of the head. This evidently represented a high degree of refinement and specialization. After 1500 such testing marks became rare, and during the sixteenth century, when the quality of armor was poorer, they disappeared from use. In their place one sometimes sees at different points on corselet and head-piece the imprint of one or more bullets which were shot at the harness from a testing harquebus.

The fashion of making armor after the ancient rules is not altogether extinct. There are artists to-day who can copy more or less accurately mediæval pieces—a fact which every collector had learned to his cost. But it is safe to say that there is no piece of spurious armor which is not sooner or later detected. In modern forgeries (and in the "modern" are grouped all objects not of the period), in, say, a hundred instances, ninety are usually to be detected at first glance, the rest at closer inspection: in only two or three of these cases will an *expertise* require repeated examination and

special technical treatment. It is difficult to say just in what detail the modern copyist (one need not use the term "forger," since the copyist may be honest—only after his work has passed through several hands it may become "authentic") makes his technical mistakes. Clearly these become the more obvious the more ambitious the task he tries. In general, though, the copies are stiff and lifeless; they do not give the impression of having been really worn; their material is "wrong," lacking the fibre and irregular laminations of ancient metal; their rust is modern; their color is apt to be leaden, and they do not convince one that their maker had made many more of the same kind. It was Baron de Cosson, one of the greatest scholars of everything which concerns armor, who said that the difference between the authentic piece and the forgery is to be sought in the *reasonableness* of the real one. Everything in the old object had its place and its meaning: every rivet had some purpose, every hook, every strap, every overlapping margin, every turn of a corner, every thickening of a plate.

The ancient armorer, then, was a man of distinction and his works were of an importance which few to-day are apt to appreciate. He was himself an artist and the peer of sculptors and painters, sometimes even their patron, for we read that of the greatest of them, Dürer, Michelangelo, Titian, Guilio Romano, Holbein, not to mention Peter Fischer, Juan de Bologna, and Cellini, contributed designs for weapons and harness, and that some of them even carried on the actual labor of etching and engraving them. This work, it appears, was usually done outside the ateliers of the armorer. It was realized, however, then as to-day, that decoration of this kind is really not the armorer's art—it is the art of the designer, etcher, engraver, goldsmith. And from this it follows that the armor which depends for its merit largely upon the work of its enrichment, as in cases of many specimens of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, is not the armor most prized by the real connoisseur. This is best appreciated, perhaps, if one may visit the collection of Mr. Riggs in Paris, and, compare, under expert guidance, the richly decorated harnesses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with earlier armor of simpler lines and more careful modelling.

BASHFORD DEAN



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"EF ANYTHING HAPPENS"—HE PAUSED, AND THE GIRL NODDED HER UNDERSTANDING—
"YOU AN' ME AIR GOIN' TO STAY HVEH IN THE MOUNTAINS
AN' GIT MARRIED."

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 392.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I



WIN spirals of blue smoke rose on either side of the spur, crept tendril-like up two dark ravines, and clearing the feathery green crests of the trees, drifted lazily on upward until, high above, they melted shyly together and into the haze that veiled the drowsy face of the mountain.

Each rose from a little log cabin clinging to the side of a little hollow at the head of a little creek. About each cabin was a rickety fence, a patch of garden, and a little cleared hill-side, rocky, full of stumps, and crazily traced with thin green spears of corn. On one hill-side a man was at work with a hoe, and on the other, over the spur, a boy—both barefooted, and both in patched jean trousers upheld by a single suspender that made a wet line over a sweaty cotton shirt: the man, tall, lean, swarthy, grim; the boy grim and dark, too, and with a face that was prematurely aged. At the man's cabin a little girl in purple homespun was hurrying in and out the back door clearing up after the noonday meal; at the boy's a comely woman with masses of black hair sat in the porch with her hands folded and lifting her eyes now and then to the top of the spur. Of a sudden the man impatiently threw down his hoe, but through the battered straw hat that bobbed up and down on the boy's head, one lock tossed on like a jet-black plume until he reached the end of his straggling row of corn. There he straightened up and brushed his earth-stained fingers across a dull-red splotch on one cheek of his sullen set face. His heavy

lashes lifted and he looked long at the woman on the porch—looked without anger now and with a new decision in his steady eyes. He was getting a little too big to be struck by a woman, even if she were his own mother, and nothing like that must happen again.

A woodpecker was impudently tapping the top of a dead burnt tree near by, and the boy started to reach for a stone, but turned instead and went doggedly to work on the next row, which took him to the lower corner of the garden fence, where the ground was black and rich. There, as he sank his hoe with the last stroke around the last hill of corn, a fat fishing-worm wriggled under his very eyes, and the growing man lapsed swiftly into the boy again. He gave another quick dig, the earth gave up two more squirming treasures, and with a joyful gasp he stood straight again—his eyes roving as though to search all creation for help against the temptation that now was his. His mother had her face uplifted toward the top of the spur; and following her gaze, he saw a tall mountaineer slouching down the path. Quickly he crouched behind the fence, and the aged look came back into his face. He did not approve of that man coming over there so often, kinsman though he was, and through the palings he saw his mother's face drop quickly and her hands moving uneasily in her lap. And when the mountaineer sat down on the porch and took off his hat to wipe his forehead, he noticed that his mother had on a newly bought store dress, and that the man's hair was wet with something more than water. The thick locks had been combed and were glistening with oil, and the boy knew these facts for signs of courtship; and though

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he was contemptuous, they furnished the excuse he sought and made escape easy. Noiselessly he wielded his hoe for a few moments, scooped up a handful of soft dirt, meshed the worms in it, and slipped the squirming mass into his pocket. Then he crept stooping along the fence to the rear of the house, squeezed himself between two broken palings, and sneaked on tiptoe to the back porch. Gingerly he detached a cane fishing-pole from a bunch that stood upright in a corner and was tiptoeing away, when with another thought he stopped, turned back, and took down from the wall a bow and arrow with a steel head around which was wound a long hempen string. Cautiously then he crept back along the fence, slipped behind the barn into the undergrowth and up a dark little ravine toward the green top of the spur. Up there he turned from the path through the thick bushes into an open space, walled by laurel-bushes, hooted three times surprisingly like an owl, and lay contentedly down on a bed of moss. Soon his ear caught the sound of light footsteps coming up the spur on the other side, the bushes parted in a moment more, and a little figure in purple homespun slipped through them, and with a flushed, panting face and dancing eyes stood beside him.

The boy nodded his head sidewise toward his own home, and the girl silently nodded hers up and down in answer. Her eyes caught sight of the bow and arrow on the ground beside him and lighted eagerly, for she knew then that the fishing-pole was for her. Without a word they slipped through the bushes and down the steep side of the spur to a little branch which ran down into a creek that wound a tortuous way into the Cumberland.

II

ON the other side, too, a similar branch ran down into another creek which looped around the long slanting side of the spur and emptied, too, into the Cumberland. At the mouth of each creek the river made a great bend, and in the sweep of each were rich bottom lands. A century before a Hawn had settled in one bottom, the lower one, and a Honeycutt in the other. As each family multiplied, more land was cleared up each creek by sons and grandsons un-

til in each cove a clan was formed. No one knew when and for what reason an individual Hawn and a Honeycutt had first clashed, but the clash was of course inevitable. Equally inevitable was it, too, that the two clans should take the quarrel up, and for half a century the two families had, with intermittent times of truce, been traditional enemies. The boy's father, Jason Hawn, had married a Honeycutt in a time of peace, and, when the war opened again, was regarded as a deserter, and had been forced to move over the spur to the Honeycutt side. The girl's father, Steve Hawn, a ne'er-do-well and the son of a ne'er-do-well, had for his inheritance wild lands, steep, supposedly worthless, and near the head of the Honeycutt cove. Little Jason's father, when he quarrelled with his kin, could afford to buy only cheap land on the Honeycutt side, and thus the homes of the two were close to the high heart of the mountain, and separated only by the bristling crest of the spur. In time the boy's father was slain from ambush, and it was a Hawn, the Honeycutts claimed, who had made him pay the death price of treachery to his own kin. But when peace came, this fact did not save the lad from taunt and suspicion from the children of the Honeycutt tribe, and being a favorite with his Grandfather Hawn down on the river, and harshly treated by his Honeycutt mother, his life on the other side in the other cove was a hard one; so his heart had gone back to his own people and, having no companions, he had made a playmate of his little cousin, Mavis, over the spur. In time her mother had died, and in time her father, Steve, had begun slouching over the spur to court the widow—his cousin's widow, Martha Hawn. Straightway the fact had caused no little gossip up and down both creeks, good-natured gossip at first, but, now that the relations between the two clans were once more strained, there was open censure, and on that day when all the men of both factions had gone to the county-seat, the boy knew that Steve Hawn had stayed at home for no other reason than to make his visit that day secret; and the lad's brain, as he strode ahead of his silent little companion, was busy with the significance of what was sure to come.

At the mouth of the branch, the two came upon a road that also ran down to the river,

but they kept on close to the bank of the stream which widened as they travelled—the boy striding ahead without looking back, the girl following like a shadow. Still again they crossed the road, where it ran over the foot of the spur and turned down into a deep bowl filled to the brim with bush and tree, and there, where a wide pool lay asleep in thick shadow, the lad pulled forth the ball of earth and worms from his pocket, dropped them with the fishing-pole to the ground, and turned ungallantly to his bow and arrow. By the time he had strung it, and had tied one end of the string to the shaft of the arrow and the other about his wrist, the girl had unwound the coarse fishing-line, had baited her own hook, and, squatted on her heels, was watching her cork with eager eyes; but when the primitive little hunter crept to the lower end of the pool, and was peering with Indian caution into the depths, her eyes turned to him.

"Watch out thar!" he called, sharply.

Her cork bobbed, sank, and when, with closed eyes, she jerked with all her might, a big shining chub rose from the water and landed on the bank beside her. She gave a subdued squeal of joy, but the boy's face was calm as a star. Minnows like that were all right for a girl to catch and even for him to eat, but he was after game for a man. A moment later he heard another jerk and another fish was flopping on the bank, and this time she made no sound, but only flashed her triumphant eyes upon him. At the third fish, she turned her eyes for approval—and got none; and at the fourth, she did not look up at all, for he was walking toward her.

"You air skeerin' the big uns," he said shortly, and as he passed he pulled his Barlow knife from his pocket and dropped it at her feet. She rose obediently, and with no sign of protest began gathering an apronful of twigs and piling them for a fire. Then she began scraping one of the fish, and when it was cleaned she lighted the fire. The blaze crackled merrily, the blue smoke rose like some joyous spirit loosed for upward flight, and by the time the fourth fish was cleaned, a little bed of winking coals was ready and soon a gentle sizzling assailed the boy's ears, and a scent made his nostrils quiver and set his stomach a-hungering. But still he gave no sign of interest—even when the little girl spoke at last:

"Dinner's ready."

He did not look around, for he had crouched, his body taut from head to foot, and he might have been turned suddenly to stone for all the sign of life he gave, and the little girl too was just as motionless. Then she saw the little statue come slowly back to quivering life. She saw the bow bend, the shaft of the arrow drawing close to the boy's paling cheek, there was a rushing hiss through the air, a burning hiss in the water, a mighty bass leaped from the convulsed surface and shot to the depths again, leaving the headless arrow afloat. The boy gave one sharp cry and lapsed into his stolid calm again.

The little girl said nothing, for there is no balm for the tragedy of the big fish that gets away. Slowly he untied the string from his reddened wrist and pulled the arrow in. Slowly he turned and gazed indifferently at the four crisp fish on four dry twigs with four pieces of corn pone lying on the grass near them, and the little girl squatting meekly and waiting, as the woman should for her working lord. With his Barlow knife he slowly speared a corn pone, picking up a fish with the other hand, and still she waited until he spoke.

"Take out, Mavie," he said with great gravity and condescension, and then his knife with a generous mouthful on its point stopped in the air, his startled eyes widened, and the little girl shrank cowering behind him. A heavy footfall had crunched on the quiet air, the bushes had parted, and a huge mountaineer towered above them with a Winchester over his shoulder and a kindly smile under his heavy beard. The boy was startled—not frightened.

"Hello, Babel!" he said coolly. "Whut devilmint you up to now?"

The giant smiled uneasily:

"I'm keepin' out o' the sun an' a-takin' keer o' my health," he said, and his eyes dropped hungrily to the corn pone and fried fish, but the boy shook his head sturdily.

"You can't git nothin' to eat from me, Babe Honeycutt."

"Now, looky hyeh, Jason——"

"Not a durn bite," said the boy firmly, "even if you air my mammy's brother. I'm a Hawn now, I want ye to know, an' I ain't goin' to have my folks say I was feedin' an' harborin' a Honeycutt—specially *you*."

It would have been humorous to either Hawn or Honeycutt to hear the big man

plead, but not to the girl, though he was an enemy, and had but recently wounded a cousin of hers, and was hiding from her own people, for her warm little heart was touched, and big Babe saw it and left his mournful eyes on hers.

"An' I'm a-goin' to tell whar I've seed ye," went on the boy savagely, but the girl grabbed up two fish and a corn pone and thrust them out to the huge hairy hand eagerly stretched out.

"Now, git away," she said breathlessly, "git away—quick!"

"Mavis!" yelled the boy.

"Shet up!" she cried, and the lips of the routed boy fell apart in sheer amazement, for never before had she made the slightest question of his tyrannical authority, and then her eyes blazed at the big Honeycutt and she stamped her foot.

"I'd give 'em to the meanest *dog* in these mountains."

The big man turned to the boy.

"Is he dead yit?"

"No, he ain't dead yit," said the boy roughly.

"Son," said the mountaineer quietly, "you tell whutever you please about me."

The curiously gentle smile had never left the bearded lips, but in his voice a slight proud change was perceptible.

"An' you can take back yo' corn pone, honey."

Then dropping the food in his hand back to the ground, he noiselessly melted into the bushes again.

At once the boy went to work on his neglected corn bread and fish, but the girl left hers untouched where it lay. He ate silently, staring at the water below him, nor did the little girl turn her eyes his way, for in the last few minutes some subtle change in their relations had taken place, and both were equally surprised and mystified. Finally, the lad ventured a sidewise glance at her beneath the brim of his hat and met a shy appealing glance once more. At once he felt aggrieved and resentful and turned sullen.

"He throwed it back in yo' face," he said. "You oughtn't to 'a' done it."

Little Mavis made no answer.

"You're nothin' but a gal, an' nobody'll hold nothin' agin you, but with my mammy a Honeycutt an' me a-livin' on the Honeycutt side, you mought 'a' got me into trouble

with my own folks." The girl knew how Jason had been teased and taunted and his life made miserable up and down the Honeycutt creek, and her brown face grew wistful and her little chin quivered.

"I jes' couldn't he'p it, Jason," she said weakly, and the little man threw up his hands with a gesture that spoke his hopelessness over her sex in general, and at the same time an ungracious acceptance of the terrible calamity she had perhaps left dangling over his head. He clicked the blade of his Barlow knife and rose.

"We better be movin' now," he said, with a resumption of his old authority, and pulling in the line and winding it about 'r cane pole, he handed it to her and started back up the spur with Mavis trailing after, his obedient shadow once more.

On top of the spur Jason halted. A warm blue haze transfused with the slanting sunlight overlay the flanks of the mountains which, fold after fold, rippled up and down the winding river and above the green crests billowed on and on into the unknown. Nothing more could happen to them if they went home two hours later than would surely happen if they went home now, the boy thought, and he did not want to go home now. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then, far down the river, he saw two figures on horseback come into sight from a strip of woods, move slowly around a curve of the road and disappear into the woods again.

One rode sidewise, both looked absurdly small, and even that far away the boy knew them for strangers. He did not call Mavis's attention to them—he had no need—for when he turned, her face showed that she too had seen them, and she was already moving forward to go with him down the spur. Once or twice, as they went down, each glimpsed the coming "furriners" dimly through the trees; they hurried that they might not miss the passing, and on a high bank above the river road they stopped, standing side by side, the eyes of both fixed on the arched opening of the trees through which the strangers must first come into sight. A ringing laugh from the green depths heralded their coming, and then in the archway were framed a boy and a girl and two ponies—all from another world. The two watchers stared silently—the boy noting that the other boy wore a cap and

long stockings, the girl that a strange hat hung down the back of the other girl's head—stared with widening eyes at a sight that was never for them before. And then the strangers saw them—the boy with his bow and arrow, the girl with a fishing-pole—and simultaneously pulled their ponies in before the halting gaze that was levelled at them from the grassy bank. Then they all looked at one another until boy's eyes rested on boy's eyes for question and answer, and the stranger lad's face flashed with quick humor.

"Were you looking for us?" he asked, for just so it seemed to him, and the little mountaineer nodded.

"Yes," he said gravely.

The stranger boy laughed.

"What can we do for you?"

Now little Jason had answered honestly and literally, and he saw now that he was being trifled with.

"A feller what wears gal's stockings can't do nothin' fer me," he said coolly.

Instantly the other lad made as though he would jump from his pony, but a cry of protest stopped him, and for a moment he glared his hot resentment of the insult; then he dug his heels into his pony's sides.

"Come on, Marjorie," he said, and with dignity the two little "furriners" rode on, never looking back even when they passed over the hill.

"He didn't mean nothin'," said Mavis, "an' you oughtn't——"

Jason turned on her in a fury.

"I seed you a-lookin' at him!"

"Tain't so! I seed you a-lookin' at *her*!" she retorted, but her eyes fell before his accusing gaze, and she began worming a bare toe into the sand.

"Air ye goin' home now?" she asked, presently.

"No," he said shortly, "I'm a-goin' atter him. You go on home."

The boy started up the hill, and in a moment the girl was trotting after him. He turned when he heard the patter of her feet.

"Huh!" he grunted contemptuously and kept on. At the top of the hill he saw several men on horseback in the bend of the road below and he turned into the bushes.

"They mought tell on us," explained Jason, and hiding bow and arrow and fishing-pole, they slipped along the flank of the

spur until they stood on a point that commanded the broad river-bottom at the mouth of the creek.

By the roadside down there was the ancestral home of the Hawns with an orchard about it, a big garden, a huge stable for that part of the world, and a meat-house where for three-quarters of a century there had always been things "hung up." The old log house in which Jason and Mavis's great-great-grandfather had spent his pioneer days had been weather-boarded and was invisible somewhere in the big frame house that, trimmed with green and porticoed with startling colors, glared white in the afternoon sun. They could see the two ponies hitched at the front gate. Two horsemen were hurrying along the river road beneath them, and Jason recognized one as his uncle, Arch Hawn, who lived in the county-seat, who bought lands and was always bringing in "furriners," to whom he sold them again. The man with him was a stranger, and Jason understood better now what was going on. Arch Hawn was responsible for the presence of the man and of the girl and that boy in the "gal's stockings," and all of them would probably spend the night at his grandfather's house. A farm-hand was leading the ponies to the barn now, and Jason and Mavis saw Arch and the man with him throw themselves hurriedly from their horses, for the sun had disappeared in a black cloud and a mist of heavy rain was sweeping up the river. It was coming fast, and the boy sprang through the bushes and, followed by Mavis, flew down the road. The storm caught them, and in a few moments the stranger boy and girl looking through the front door at the sweeping gusts, saw two drenched and bedraggled figures slip shyly through the front gate and around the corner to the back of the house.

III

THE two little strangers sat in cane-bottomed chairs before the open door, still looking about them with curious eyes at the strings of things hanging from the smoke-browed rafters—beans, red pepper-pods, and twists of home-grown tobacco, the girl's eyes taking in the old spinning-wheel in the corner, the piles of brilliantly figured

quilts between the foot-boards of the two beds ranged along one side of the room, and the boy's catching eagerly the butt of a big revolver projecting from the mantel-piece, a Winchester standing in one corner, a long, old-fashioned squirrel rifle athwart a pair of buck antlers over the front door, and a bunch of cane fishing-poles aslant the wall of the back porch. Presently a slim, drenched figure slipped quietly in, then another, and Mavis stood on one side of the fire-place and little Jason on the other. The two girls exchanged a swift glance and Mavis's eyes fell; abashed, she knotted her hands shyly behind her and with the hollow of one bare foot rubbed the slender arch of the other. The stranger boy looked up at Jason with a pleasant glance of recognition and got for his courtesy a sullen glare that travelled from his broad white collar down to his stockinged legs, and his face flushed; he would have trouble with that mountain boy. Before the fire old Jason Hawn stood, and through a smoke cloud from his corn-cob pipe looked kindly at his two little guests.

"So that's yo' boy an' gal?"

"That's myson Gray," said Colonel Pendleton.

"She's my cousin," said the lad, and Mavis looked quickly to little Jason for recognition of this similar relationship and got no answering glance, for little did he care at that moment of hostility how those two were akin.

Old Jason turned to the father.

"Well, we're a purty rough people down here, but you're welcome to all we got."

"I've found that out," laughed Colonel Pendleton pleasantly, "everywhere."

"I wish you both could stay a long time with us," said the old man to the little strangers. "Jason here would take Gray fishin' an' huntin', an' Mavis would git on my old mare an' you two could jus' go flyin' up an' down the road. You could have a mighty good time if hit wasn't too rough fer ye."

"Oh, no," said the boy politely, and the girl said:

"I'd just love to."

The blue-grass man's attention was caught by the names.

"Jason," he repeated; "why, Jason was a mighty hunter, and Mavis—that means 'the song-thrush.' How in the world did they get those names?"

"Well, my granddaddy was a powerful b'ar-hunter in his day," said the old man,

"an' I heerd as how a school-teacher nick-named him Jason, an' that name come down to me an' him. I've heerd o' Mavis as long as I can rickollect. Hit was my grandmammy's name."

Colonel Pendleton looked at the sturdy, mountain lad, his compact figure, square shoulders, well-set head with its shock of hair and bold, steady eyes, and at the slim, wild little creature shrinking against the mantel-piece, and then he turned to his own son Gray and his little niece Marjorie. Four better types of the blue-grass and of the mountains it would be hard to find. For a moment he saw them in his mind's eye transposed in dress and environment, and he was surprised at the little change that eye could see, and when he thought of the four living together in these wilds, or at home in the blue-grass, his wonder at what the result might be almost startled him. The mountain lad had shown no surprise at the talk about him and his cousin, but when the stranger man caught his eye, little Jason's lips opened.

"I knowed all about that," he said abruptly.

"About what?"

"Why, that mighty hunter—and Mavis."

"Why, who told you?"

"The jologist."

"The what?" Old Jason laughed.

"He means ge-ol-o-gist," said the old man, who had no little trouble with the right word himself.

"A feller come in here three year ago with a hammer an' went to peckin' aroun' in the rocks here, an' that boy was with him all the time. Thar don't seem to be much the feller didn't tell Jason an' nothin' that Jason don't seem to remember. He's al'ays a-puzzlin' me by comin' out with somethin' or other that rock-pecker tol' him an'—" he stopped, for the boy was shaking his head from side to side.

"Don't you say nothin' agin him, now," he said, and old Jason laughed.

"He's a powerful hand to take up fer his friends, Jason is."

"He was a friend o' all us mountain folks," said the boy stoutly, and then he looked Colonel Pendleton in the face—fearlessly, but with no impertinence.

"He said as how you folks from the big settlemint was a-comin' down here to buy up our wild lands fer nothin' because we

all was a lot o' fools an' didn't know how much they was worth, an' that ever'body'd have to move out o' here an' you'd get rich diggin' our coal an' cuttin' our timber an' raisin' hell ginerally."

He did not notice Marjorie's flush, but went on fierily: "He said that our trees caught the rain an' our gullies gathered it together an' troughed it down the mountains an' made the river which would water all yo' lands. That you was a lot o' damn fools cuttin' down yo' trees an' a-plantin' ter-baccer an' a-spittin' out yo' birthright in terbaccer-juice, an' that by an' by you'd come up here an' cut down our trees so that there wouldn't be nothin' left to ketch the rain when it fell, so that yo' rivers would git to be cricks an' yo' cricks branches an' yo' land would die o' thirst an' the same thing 'ud happen here. Co'se we'd all be gone when all this tuk place, but he said as how I'd live to see the day when you furriners would be damaged by wash-outs down thar in the settlemints an' would be a-pilin' up stacks an' stacks o' gold out o' the lands you robbed me an' my kinfolks out of."

"Shet up," said Arch Hawn sharply, and the boy wheeled on him.

"Yes, an' you air a-helpin' the furriners to rob yo' own kin; you air a-doin' hit yo'self."

"Jason!"

The old man spoke sternly and the boy stopped, flushed and panting, and a moment later slipped from the room.

"Well," said the colonel, and he laughed good-humoredly to relieve the strain that his host might feel on his account; but he was amazed just the same—the bud of a social-ist blooming in those wilds! Arch Hawn's shrewd face looked a little concerned, for he saw that the old man's rebuke had been for the discourtesy to strangers, and from the sudden frown that ridged the old man's brow, that the boy's words had gone deep enough to stir distrust, and this was a poor start in the fulfilment of the purpose he had in view. He would have liked to give the boy a cuff on the ear. As for Mavis, she was almost frightened by the outburst of her playmate, and Marjorie was horrified by his profanity; but the dawning of something in Gray's brain worried him, and presently he, too, rose and went to the back porch. The rain had stopped, the wet earth was fragrant with freshened odors,

wood-thrushes were singing, and the upper air was drenched with liquid gold that was darkening fast. The boy Jason was seated on the yard fence with his chin in his hands, his back to the house, and his face toward home. He heard the stranger's step, turned his head and mistaking a puzzled sympathy for a challenge, dropped to the ground and came toward him, gathering fury as he came. Like lightning the blue-grass lad's face changed, whitening a little as he sprang forward to meet him, but Jason, motioning with his thumb, swerved behind the chimney, where the stranger swiftly threw off his coat, the mountain boy spat on his hands, and like two diminutive demons they went at each other fiercely and silently. A few minutes later the two little girls rounding the chimney corner saw them—Gray on top and Jason writhing and biting under him like a tortured snake. A moment more Mavis's strong little hand had the stranger boy by his thick hair and Mavis, feeling her arm clutched by the stranger-girl, let go and turned on her like a fury. There was a piercing scream from Marjorie, hurried footsteps answered on the porch, and old Jason and the colonel looked with bewildered eyes on the little blue-grass girl amazed, indignant, white with horror; Mavis shrinking away from her as though she were the one who had been threatened with a blow; the stranger lad with a bitten thumb clenched in the hollow of one hand, his face already reddening with contrition and shame; and savage little Jason biting a bloody lip and with the lust of battle still shaking him from head to foot.

"Jason," said the old man sternly, "whut's the matter out hyeh?"

Marjorie pointed one finger at Mavis, started to speak and stopped. Jason's eyes fell.

"Nothin'," he said sullenly, and Colonel Pendleton looked to his son with astonished inquiry, and the lad's fine face turned bewildered and foolish.

"I don't know, sir," he said at last.

"Don't know?" echoed the colonel. "Well——"

The old man broke in:

"Jason, if you have lost yo' manners an' don't know how to behave when thar's strangers around, I reckon you'd better go on home."

The boy did not lift his eyes.

"I was a-goin' home anyhow," he said, still sullen, and he turned.

"Oh, no!" said the colonel quickly; "this won't do. Come now—you two boys shake hands."

At once the stranger lad walked forward to his enemy and confused Jason gave him a limp hand. The old man laughed. "Come on in, Jason—you an' Mavis—an' stay to supper."

The boy shook his head.

"I got to be gittin' back home," he said, and without a word more he turned again. Marjorie looked toward the little girl, but she, too, was starting.

"I better be gittin' back too," she said shyly, and off she ran. Old Jason laughed again.

"Jes' like two young roosters out thar in my barnyard," and he turned with the colonel toward the house. But Marjorie and her cousin stood in the porch and watched the two little mountaineers until, without once looking back, they passed over the sunlit hill.

IV

ON they trudged, the boy plodding sturdily ahead, the little girl slipping mountain-fashion behind. Not once did she come abreast with him, and not one word did either say, but the mind and heart of both were busy. All the way the frown over-casting the boy's face stayed like a shadow, for he had left trouble at home, he had met trouble, and to trouble he was going back. The old was definite enough and he knew how to handle it, but the new bothered him sorely. That stranger boy was a fighter, and Jason's honest soul told him that if interference had not come, he would have been whipped, and his pride was still smarting with every step. The new boy had not tried to bite or gouge or to hit him when he was on top—facts that puzzled the mountain boy; he hadn't whimpered and he hadn't blabbed—not even the insult Jason had hurled with eye and tongue at his girl-clad legs. He had said that he didn't know what they were fighting about, and just why they were Jason himself couldn't quite make out now; but he knew that even now, in spite of the hand-shaking truce, he would at the snap of a finger go at the stranger again. And little Mavis knew now

that it was not fear that made the stranger girl scream—and she, too, was puzzled. She even felt that the scorn in Marjorie's face was not personal, but she had shrunk from it as from the sudden lash of a whip. The stranger girl, too, had not blabbed but had even seemed to smile her forgiveness when Mavis turned, with no good-by, to follow Jason. Hand in hand the two little mountaineers had crossed the threshold of a new world that day. Together they were going back into their own, but the clutch of the new was tight on both, and while neither could have explained, there was the same thought in each mind, the same nameless dissatisfaction in each heart, and both were in the throes of the same new birth.

The sun was sinking when they started up the spur, and unconsciously Jason hurried his steps and the girl followed hard. The twin spirals of smoke were visible now, and where the path forked the boy stopped and turned, jerking his thumb toward her cabin and his.

"Ef anything happens"—he paused, and the girl nodded her understanding—"you an' me air goin' to stay hyeh in the mountains an' git married."

"Yes, Jasie," she said.

His tone was matter of fact and so was hers, nor did she show any surprise at the suddenness of what he said, and Jason, not looking at her, failed to see a faint flush come to her cheek. He turned to go, but she stood still, looking down into the gloomy, darkening ravine below her. A bear's tracks had been found in that ravine only the day before. "Air ye afeerd?" he asked tolerantly, and she nodded mutely.

"I'll take ye down," he said with sudden gentleness.

The tall mountaineer was standing on the porch of the cabin, and with assurance and dignity Jason strode ahead with a protecting air to the gate.

"Whar you two been?" he called sharply.

"I went fishin'," said the boy unperturbed, "an' tuk Mavis with me."

"You air gittin' a leetle too peart, boy. I don't want that gal a-runnin' around in the woods all day."

Jason met his angry eyes with a new spirit.

"I reckon you hain't been hyeh long."

The shot went home and the mountaineer glared helpless for an answer.

"Come on in hyeh an' git supper," he called harshly to the girl, and as the boy went back up the spur, he could hear the scolding going on below, with no answer from Mavis, and he made up his mind to put an end to that some day himself. He knew what was waiting for him on the other side of the spur, and when he reached the top, he sat down for a moment on a long-fallen, moss-grown log. Above him beetled the top of his world. His great blue misty hills washed their turbulent waves to the yellow shore of the dropping sun. Those waves of forests primeval were his, and the green spray of them was tossed into cloud-land to catch the blessed rain. In every little fold of them drops were trickling down now to water the earth and give back the sea its own. The dreamy-eyed man of science had told him that. And it was unchanged, all unchanged since wild beasts were the only tenants, since wild Indians slipped through the wilderness aisles, since the half-wild white man, hot on the chase, planted his feet in the footsteps of both and inexorably pushed them on. The boy's first Kentucky ancestor had been one of those who had stopped in the hills. His rifle had fed him and his family; his axe had put a roof over their heads, and the loom and spinning-wheel had clothed their bodies. Day by day they had fought back the wilderness, had husbanded the soil, and as far as his eagle eye could reach, that first Hawn had claimed mountain, river, and tree for his own, and there was none to dispute the claim for the passing of half a century. Now those who had passed on were coming back again—the first trespasser long, long ago with a yellow document that he called a "blanket-patent" and which was all but the bringer's funeral shroud, for the old hunter started at once for his gun and the stranger with his patent took to flight. Years later a band of young men with chain and compass had appeared in the hills and disappeared as suddenly, and later still another band, running a line for a railroad up the river, found old Jason at the foot of a certain oak with his rifle in the hollow of his arm and marking a dead-line which none dared to cross.

Later still, when he understood, the old man let them pass, but so far nobody had surveyed his land, and now, instead of trying to take, they were trying to purchase.

From all points of the compass the "fur-riners" were coming now, the rock-pecker's prophecy was falling true, and at that moment the boy's hot words were having an effect on every soul who had heard them. Old Jason's suspicions were alive again; he was short of speech when his nephew, Arch Hawn, brought up the sale of his lands, and Arch warned the colonel to drop the subject for the night. The colonel's mind had gone back to a beautiful woodland at home that he thought of clearing off for tobacco—he would put that desecration off a while. The stranger boy, too, was wondering vaguely at the fierce arraignment he had heard; the stranger girl was curiously haunted by memories of the queer little mountaineer, while Mavis now had a new awe of her cousin that was but another rod with which he could go on ruling her.

Jason's mother was standing in the door when he walked through the yard gate. She went back into the cabin when she saw him coming, and met him at the door with a switch in her hand. Very coolly the lad caught it from her, broke it in two, threw it away, and picking up a piggin went out without a word to milk, leaving her aghast and outdone. When he came back, he asked like a man if supper was ready, and as to a man she answered. For an hour he pottered around the barn, and for a long while he sat on the porch under the stars. And as always at that hour the same scene obsessed his memory when the last glance of his father's eye and the last words of his father's tongue went not to his wife, but to the white-faced little son across the foot of the death-bed:

"You'll git him fer me—some day."

"I'll git him, pap."

Those were the words that passed, and in them was neither the asking nor the giving of a promise, but a simple statement and a simple acceptance of a simple trust, and the father passed with a grim smile of content. Like every Hawn the boy believed that a Honeycutt was the assassin, and in the solemn little fellow one purpose hitherto had been supreme—to discover the man and avenge the deed; and though, young as he was, he was yet too cunning to let the fact be known, there was no rcale of the name old enough to pull the trigger, not even his mother's brother, Babe, who did

not fall under the ban of the boy's deathless hate and suspicion. And always his mother, though herself a Honeycutt, had steadily fed his purpose, but for a long while now she had kept disloyally still, and the boy had bitterly learned the reason.

It was bedtime now, and little Jason rose and went within. As he climbed the steps leading to his loft, he spoke at last, nodding his head toward the cabin over the spur:

"I reckon I know whut you two air up to, and, furdernore, you air aimin' to sell this land. I can't keep you from doin' it, I reckon, but I do ax you not to sell without lettin' me know. I know somep'n 'bout it that nobody else knows. An' if you don't tell me—" he shook his head slowly, and the mother looked at her boy as though she were dazed by some spell. "I'll tell ye, Jasie," she said.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I SING to the joy of the By-ways,
The road that is grass overgrown,
That leads from the dust of the High-ways
To the meadow that never is mown;
The subtle seduction of places
Where Silence her magic has wrought,
And the Dream, or the Vision, effaces
The thralldom of thought.

The hour we wantonly wasted—
How rich in its passing, how fleet!
The fruit that we should not have tasted,
How perilous, transient, and sweet!
The dim and unfathomed recesses
Where flushes the bud of desire,
The swift, half acknowledged caresses,
The moth and the fire!

Then search for the flower that grows not
Except where the pathway is blind,
And the breath of the blossom that blows not
Where its beauty is easy to find;
For the thrill of its scent aromatic
No gardens of ease ever give,—
Where Life is fulfilment ecstatic
And, to love is to live.

For the heart is the Lord of the By-ways
And bids us forever to climb
To the distant and delicate shy ways
Where even the Conqueror, Time,
Must pause on his march for a minute
To yield us the consummate right,
For the sake of the bliss that is in it,
To our Dream of Delight.

CADENABBIA

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



NOTHING more lovely than the view which I have before me this morning cannot be imagined. It is a bright, warm September day. I am writing on the loggia; vines,

creepers, climbing roses make a shady green awning over my head. Roses are hanging over the wall so close that I have only to stretch out my hand to pick them. The yellow ones are quite beautiful—just the color of the sun. Through the twisted branches of an old gray olive tree I get a glimpse of the lake—blue and calm, not a ripple on its surface. Just opposite I see the point of Bellaggio, with the trees coming down to the edge of the water, dipping into the lake—the little town stretching itself along the shore, the pink and blue houses with bright green shutters making a line of color against the dark hills behind.

This villa stands high. We have quite a steep climb from the lake. It is an ordinary, large, square, yellow house on the slope of the hill, in the middle of a big garden.

From every window there are balconies hanging over the lake—some of them so broad they are quite like another room. Just in front of my windows, which are in the middle of the house, is a flight of shallow red-brick steps leading down to the lake. On each side there is a stately row of tall black cypresses, at the end a fountain. The garden is filled with roses, oleanders, begonias geraniums—some very pretty pink ones—all kinds of bright, sweet-smelling flowers.

Behind the house the garden is quite wild, a tangle of trees and bushes, and little green paths running up the side of the hill—a pergola, of course, which must be a delightful refuge on a hot day. We are out of town at one end of the long street which constitutes Cadenabbia—out of the region of hotels and shops, under the shadow of the mountain, which rises up directly behind the house.

The rooms are large and high, crowded with furniture—the most motley collection, pictures, Egyptian carved screens, Italian embroideries, tapestries, church ornaments, gold eagles, china frogs, engravings, family portraits in old gilt frames, cushions, clocks, rows of glass and china vases and cups on shelves running around the rooms; some low, deep, comfortable arm-chairs, such as one sees in English libraries, and some stiff high-backed arm-chairs covered with brocade, looking quite like the seat of the chatelaine in some of the old French chateaux; books in all languages everywhere. One would think a large family had lived in this house and that the various members had brought back from their travels, all over the world, any object that struck their fancy, and put it anywhere in the house. What was most curious were the texts and inscriptions all over, painted on the walls. I have seen some occasionally in German houses—a tablet set in the wall of a hall with a few verses of welcome, and illuminated card-board texts hung up in English nurseries—but original poems all over the house in all the rooms were a novelty to me. I could not make them all out, but I liked very much the one in my bedroom, the guest-room: "He gives His angels charge of those who sleep, but He Himself watches with those who wake."

We made the most beautiful journey from Zurich to this place over the Saint Gothard to Lugano, where we found a little funicular at the station, which took us to the lower town—a typical Italian town, though Lugano, I believe, is in Switzerland.

We walked through queer, crooked, dirty streets, with glimpses of the lake at the end of the narrow openings; through arcades with little dark shops—sausages, tomatoes, grapes, figs, and branches with tiny birds tied to them hanging over the door, next to bright-colored petticoats and shawls; and in one shop we saw red, blue, and green corsets dangling over our heads. Dirty little

bedraggled children were playing about in the middle of the streets, and slatternly mothers with awful unkempt locks straggling over their eyes and necks standing in the door-ways looking at the long file of "forestieri" (strangers) who passed on their way to the boat.

The pier was animated enough—automobiles, carriages, and omnibuses with luggage continually passing, and little boats with awnings and red cushions (a good many motor-boats) starting off in all directions. Quite a number of people were waiting on the pier. The porter told us our boat was late and would not be there for nearly an hour, though it was due in twenty minutes. It was quite an hour before it appeared, but we loitered about—sat on cold stone benches, and were amused looking at the people, some of them so impatient and grumbling, "Why were Italian boats never on time?" etc.

The sail was interesting though the afternoon was dull. There was no sun and the mountains looked rather grim and forbidding. The lake had not at all the sunny, smiling aspect that one always remembers and expects in Italy. We zigzagged from one side to the other of the lake, stopping at many little places. They all looked picturesque enough from the water. The lines of bright-colored arcades and green terraces were charming, but not very tempting as a residence. There were one or two large villas near Lugano.

We left the boat at Porlezza and went by a little railway, through a lovely country, to Menaggio, on the Lake of Como. We crossed a beautiful valley with deep green ravines on each side of the road, and the descent upon the lake, with the clouds breaking a little and a wonderful orange light on the mountains, was enchanting.

Cadenabbia is no distance from Menaggio, a lovely sail, but it was quite dark when we arrived and we had no idea where our villa was. As we had telegraphed from Zurich that we would arrive at four o'clock at Como, there was naturally no one to meet us at Cadenabbia at seven. There didn't seem to be any carriages. One gentleman proposed a "barca," but H. would not hear of that, in the dark and not knowing where we were going. However, we finally got a carriage and a short drive brought us to our destination, where we

were most warmly received. The son of the house had gone to Como (two hours by boat) to meet us, and carriages and servants had been sent to all the Como boats, but naturally they had never thought of the Menaggio boat, coming from quite another direction and at a different hour. The porter of the "Baur au Lac" at Zurich made a mistake and thought we arrived at Como. They had quite given us up, for that night at any rate. We were glad to dine and go to our rooms, as we had had a long day.

The next morning was warm and lovely and we took advantage of it to go to Bellaggio to see the "festa" and procession. Unfortunately, it began to drizzle a little when we started, but we didn't mind that. The "vaporino" (motor-boat) took us over very quickly. The town was crowded with people—all going the same way, up the steep streets and steps to the main street, where the red awnings stretched across and the draperies hanging from the windows marked the route of the procession. We only saw the end of it—girls in white veils and older women in black ones, carrying crosses and banners and baskets with offerings of all kinds, which were to be sold afterward at auction in the public square. We found our way there easily. There were a good many people (English and Americans, of course). Boys were doing a brisk business letting out chairs. We found some perched on a wall, from where we could see everything. A tall, broad-shouldered young man was standing on a table holding up to the public the various objects that were brought to him. There were baskets of fruit, flowers, and nice yellow butter, all very well arranged in the baskets made there of light straw, pink and blue, and any color, in fact. Three or four branches, with two partridges and a rabbit tied to them, had a great success; also a cake with very unhealthy sugar icing on it of various colors. The man spoke in Italian, occasionally breaking into French—"tre franchi—deux soldi"—when he caught the eyes of any foreigners.

When we had seen and heard enough we went into the church. There were lights on the altar, banners and canopies in the chancel. Some of the girls, still in their white veils, were kneeling before the statue of the Virgin—who was dressed in a white satin dress with a wreath of flowers in her



The point of Bellaggio and Lake of Lecco.

hair—singing a hymn which sounded very pretty, as their voices were young and true.

The days pass quickly—too quickly. When the sun shines and the lake is as blue as the sky, and soft, white, fleecy clouds float softly over the tops of the mountains, the place is a paradise. What a charm there is in the Italian atmosphere! Life seems so easy; no one is in a hurry; no one seems to have anything to do, or, if they have, do it in the most leisurely manner. The other day we saw some women washing clothes on the stone wall opposite the Hotel Bellevue, where a great many people were walking about and sitting on all the benches. A heap of dirty linen was lying on the walls and they were doing their washing quite simply, piece by piece, scrubbing hard with a brush and some yellow soap, taking the water from a pail on the ground. I asked one of them why they did not go down to the lake just under the walls. They were quite surprised. Said they would take their linen down to the lake for a final dip when it was *clean*. They looked very smiling—so does everybody we meet.

Just as we were getting to our gate, a ragged, brown-legged little girl came singing down the road. She smiled up at us with a “Buono giorno, signora,” quite simply.

We went to Menaggio one morning, in the vaporino, to shop. Villas and gardens are dotted all along the shore. Several boats were drawn up on the beach—one enormous motor-boat, flying (of course) the stars and stripes, with two smart-looking boatmen in white shirts and trousers and red sashes. The boatmen are quite a feature here and look very smart in their dark-blue clothes and colored sashes. In all the private houses they serve at table like yacht stewards. There are two in our friend's villa who serve every night at dinner dressed in white with yellow sashes.

At Menaggio we wanted, among other things, some wool, and were told we would find it at the bazaar, where apparently they sell everything except wool, but the padrone gave us one of those delightfully descriptive vague Italian directions. Said we must go on to a small street near the church; there was a pink house on the cor-

ner, but it wasn't that one. We must go a little farther—opposite a balcony filled with flowers, where there was a yellow door, and next to that the shop. We found it without any difficulty and got what we wanted, then went to the baker's and bought a large

Cadenabbia. The walk from the Hotel Bellevue, through an avenue of catalpa trees, is charming—quantities of booths with lace, beads, tortoise-shell mosaics, postal cards; along the lake, boats with gay awnings and red cushions, ready to take



The Arcade, Bellaggio.

fresh "panettone"—the great cake in these parts, a sort of sweet bread with raisins and spice in it.

Milan is the famous place for panettone, and when Nigra was Italian ambassador in Paris he used to send me an enormous one in a wooden box from Milan every New Year's day. The little town is not particularly interesting. Some old Roman tablets built into the walls of the church might be instructive for the history of the town and lake. One of the prettiest villages is Tremezzo, almost a prolongation of

tourists anywhere. It was very warm and we were glad to get into the main street, with its arcades and low shops, all their wares displayed outside.

What were most charming and perfectly Italian were the steep paths and flights of steps leading from the street to the mountains. I went half-way up one of them. At a little distance from the streets, on the steps, was a shop with most varied wares—slippers, stockings, pots, canes, lace, piles of stuff, all arranged outside. A little higher up, a child, with eyes and hair as black as



Drawn by E. C. Polivotto.

A descent to the lake.—Varenna.

jet, bare brown arms and legs, a scanty red frock that hardly covered her, was sitting in the middle of the steps. She did not move or get out of my way, only looked hard at me out of her big black eyes. Still higher up, about half-way, was a Madonna in a shrine, a bush of red oleanders drooping over it. A woman was kneeling before it telling her beads, but looking about her and taking a lively interest in all that was going on. Then more gray steps and green terraces, and the great barren mountain behind, and over all the deep-blue Italian sky.

window; everybody talked at once, giving directions to the boy, and friendly little slaps and pushes to the pigs, who grunted and squealed and made sudden dashes into the shops. It was perfect babel for a few moments, then suddenly quieted down when the boy and the pigs disappeared around the corner.

It was very warm walking back about twelve o'clock. We would have liked a little shade, but the natives were quite happy, sitting on the wall in the full sunlight or sprawling on benches on the pier. All

Italians love sunshine. I said the other day to our sweet-faced, soft-voiced Italian Teresa, who brings me my breakfast, "*Oggi abbiamo davvero il bel soled'Italia*" (To-day we have really a beautiful Italian sun), to which she replied at once, "*Sì, signora, pare un altro mondo*" (Yes, madame, it seems another world). I like so much, too, the Italians, which completely changes the phrase. One gray, cool morning I said something about the damp. Her answer was so sympathetic: "*Sì, signora, siamo sfortunate questi giorni*" (We are unfortunate these days).

We had one delightful afternoon in the gardens and loggia of the villa Arconati Visconti, generally called the Balbianello Gardens. The villa and gardens were built and planned by Cardinal Darini in the sixteenth century and called after one of his estates. This accounts for the beauty of the situation, as the princes of the church always chose the most beautiful and healthy positions and generally built upon heights.

We started at half-past three, in the vaporino. The light on the

lake and the mountains (all the little villages pink and smiling in the sunlight) was enchanting. We met several motor-boats, all flying the stars and stripes or the union-jack. Now and then a "*barca*" (row-boat). That, too, is changed. Instead of the old-fashioned, broad-bottomed row-boat, where a whole family could be seated, with two sunburnt, brown-throated boatmen rowing leisurely along, pointing out every village and town and ruin, the motor-boat rushes past,



C. F. ...

Gossips.

It would have made a beautiful picture; one couldn't have exaggerated the color.

Just as I turned to come down, a boy leading three pretty little pink pigs appeared at the bottom of the steps. They were tied together and he was trying to drive them before him, but they all pulled different ways—were getting entangled in his legs. Instantly the whole street was in a commotion. Men and women came out of their shops, heads appeared at every

leaving a long streak of white foam behind it and making little waves which quite disturb the surface of the lake. You mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, and one

some hotel terrace. Gradually the voices and footsteps died away and we had the place to ourselves. The stillness was extraordinary. The gardens and the great



Menaggio.

loses a great deal of local information and peasant lore handed down from one generation to another.

The villa is beautifully situated on a wooded point jutting out into the water. The loggia, with its three noble arches, stands out splendidly as one comes near. We went in by the water-gate—the steps coming straight down to the water's edge—and were received by an old gardener who is quite a character. His mistress has not been to the villa for seventeen years, but he is always there, keeps up the garden, and is delighted to show it to visitors. We walked up a pretty winding path to a fine terrace with a marble balustrade overhanging the lake; then still higher through the garden, bright with flowers, to the loggia, which is detached from the house. It was divine sitting there, the lake all around us, and not a sound. Happily there were very few people in the gardens. They had all gone off to have tea at a "latteria" or on

spaces between the arches looked enormous and mysterious in the waning light. One felt it was a deserted garden, a thing of the past—but not a dead past like Venice. There was light and life on the water below and in the little villages, only one was above it all.

When we were strolling about the gardens I had quite a talk with the gardener, whose sentiments and conversation were decidedly above his position. I said to him, "How beautiful this place is!" "Sì, signora, un luogo di pace e di poesia" (A place of peace and poetry). Then speaking of his mistress, who never came to the villa, he remarked that when she went to paradise, as he hoped she would, Saint Peter would certainly reproach her for having neglected so long her earthly paradise. The upper garden is rather neglected—no flowers, all gray and green, with olive trees and cypresses, and high bushes with very light green leaves, almost white, which

looked rather ghostly against the background of black cypresses; but there were lovely bits of blue water shining through the branches, and the mountains opposite were getting a beautiful soft pink color in the sunset light. The place is for sale, but it would need a fortune to make it habitable.

We did not see the house—or rather houses—for there are two side by side. Some of our party had been over them and said there were many rooms—none of them very large—but nothing modern in the way of heating, lighting, or water. There is not even a carriage road, only a rough path which a pony with a small solid cart might take. It is only really accessible by water on a fine day. When the lake is smooth and the water laps lazily over the rather slippery stone steps, it looks quite simple to approach by water; but in bad weather (and the storms come up very suddenly on the lake) one would be storm-bound. It seems quite impossible to imagine storms and naval disasters and fleets destroyed in such peaceful water as we have around us to-day. If anything, the lake was too blue and still, almost like a “*décor de théâtre*” or the wonderful “*affiches*” one sees in all the stations of the southern routes. One reads with amazement of princely voyages from Como to Colico with ships and galleys tossing about on the waves.

Como has had its history, being so near Milan and a water-way to Switzerland and Austria. Lombardy had been for years the battle-field of Europe, passing through the various dominations of France, Spain, and Austria. There are still traces in many of the castles and villages of the different rules and of the fierce struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which continued through two centuries.

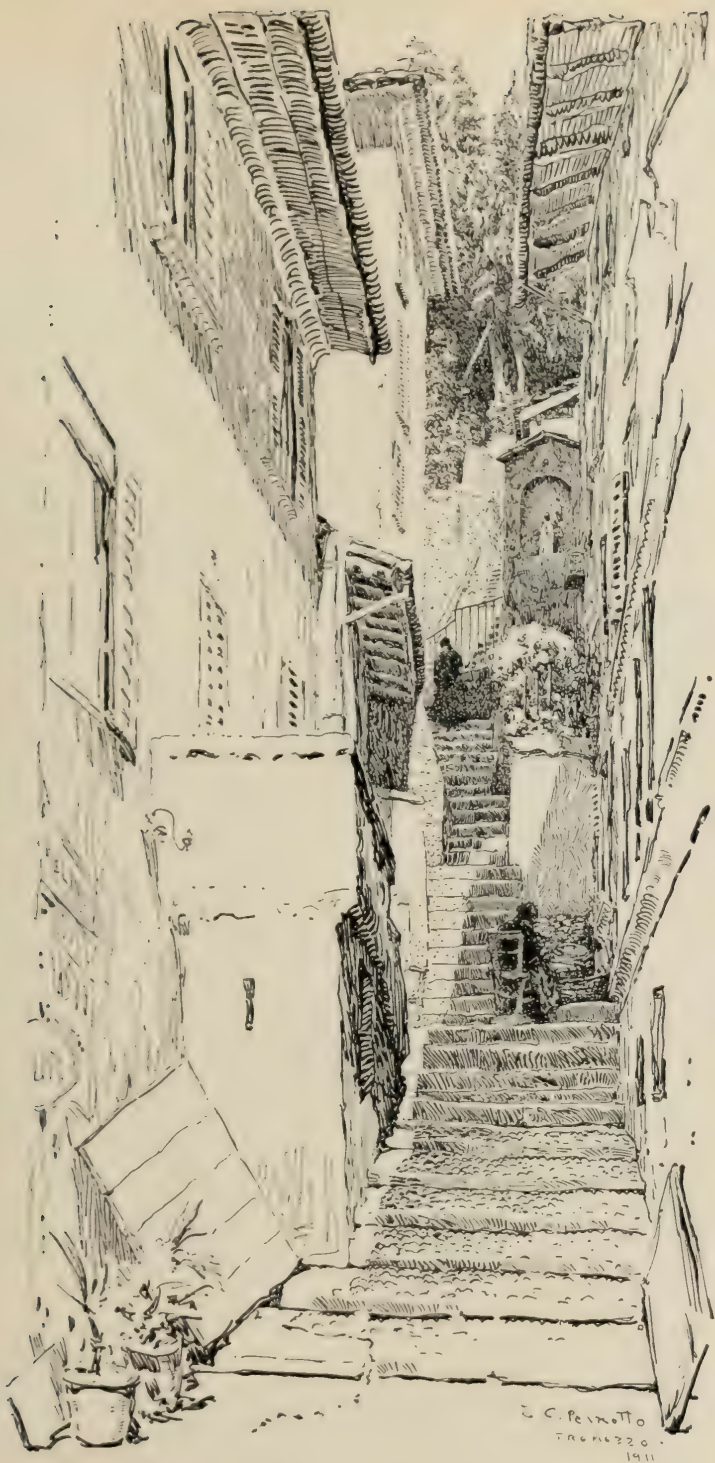
Our evenings at our hospitable villa were very pleasant. Our hostess liked every one to go their own way during the day. There was golf and tennis, boating and shopping. Somebody always wanted something from Bellaggio or Menaggio, and the little vaporino went all day; but dinner brought the whole household together and there was plenty of talk. The varied experiences and appreciations of people and books and lives were very interesting. They say that in this twentieth century there is no individuality left, that we are all cast in the same mould; but I think that when six or seven

people say honestly, without any pose for the gallery, what they think and feel, one would still find a good deal of originality. We interrupted the conversation often by making excursions out on the balcony to see the moon rising over the point of Bellaggio and making a long silver streak across the lake. The lake is always interesting and changing.

One of the first nights I was at Cadenabbia I was awaked by sudden gleams of a bright light that lit up my room even to the farthest corners. I could not imagine what it was—thought at first H. must be turning on all the electricity in her room—but I soon realized that it came from the water; then I thought one of the big hotels at Bellaggio, just across the lake, must be on fire, but after a few minutes the light disappeared and the room was again in utter darkness. After a short time the light came again and continued at regular intervals until daylight. I asked one of the Italian servants what it meant. He told me it was the search-light of a government boat which is stationed all night in the middle of the lake to keep off the “*contrebandieri*” (smugglers), who are always smuggling tobacco and silks across to Switzerland. Some people say that the government officials have an understanding with the smugglers and don’t see the little boats gliding along the shore under the shadow of the mountains, but I can hardly believe the Italian government would spend so much money keeping the light going all night if no practical result came from it.

One night, in the absolute stillness, I heard a sound I couldn’t understand. It was something like the faint touch of a guitar or mandolin, only not sustained enough. I was always waiting for two or three chords or voices. Occasionally it sounded rather louder, like a bell, but always far off, and at irregular intervals coming from the lake. Again I asked the Italian servants, who told me they were the fishermen’s bells. They put them on the nets they leave out all night, as they cannot see them in the dark, but the bells tell them exactly where their nets are. I used to listen for them afterward; they sounded very friendly in the dead of night.

I should not think they were a very musical race at Como. I never hear the boatmen or people in the fields singing.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto

Tremezzo.

Flights of steps leading from the streets to the mountains.—Page 398.

We made an expedition one day to the town of Como, starting at 9.30 and getting to Como at 11.30. We went by steamer, as the vaporino would have taken too much time. The day was perfect and the sail enchanting. We went backward and forward across the lake, stopping continually at the numerous little ports. People got in and out everywhere, principally English and Americans, no Italians, a few Germans. The first hour we went through a beautiful part of the lake, wide and wild—the mountains rising straight out of the water, with sometimes an old ruined tower or monastery standing high, almost in the clouds, and little villages with no apparent road leading to them. The last hour, as we got near Como, the lake narrowed very much—seemed more like a river. There were countless villas and gardens all over the hills, and many boats of all kinds moving about. It was much less interesting than our end of the lake. There were some fine villas with very elaborate carved and painted façades, and gardens with fountains and vases, statues, and lovely walks and alleys of cypress trees along the shore; but they all looked new and rich, and had not at all the charm and Old-World look of those at the other end of the lake.

Como looks a most prosperous, cheerful town. It does a flourishing business in silk. In summer one of the sights of the place is to see the silk-worms at work on the mulberry leaves, and most repulsive objects they are. The silk is beautiful in quality, very soft and smooth, and wears very well.

There was quite a bustle—for Italy—on the pier: porters and hotel omnibuses and fiacres. We were to lunch at a well-known Italian restaurant and had time to “flâner” a little in the town before it was ready. There were several broad, clean streets; arcades, of course, and some tempting shops. We walked to the cathedral in the Piazza del Duomo, which is a curious specimen of the two styles of architecture, Gothic and Renaissance. The doors are wonderfully carved—quantities of figures and designs. Close to the cathedral, touching it, in fact, is the old town hall of Como, all the front of colored marble, black, red, and white, with high, narrow, pointed arches, through which we passed to a square where the market is held. We

went into the church by a side door opening into the square. There are some beautiful tapestries, but it was too dark to see them well. In fact, we couldn’t see anything at first, were half blind, coming in from the blaze of sunshine and glare of white stones.

However, by degrees we made out a rose-window at one end of the church and a fine statue of Saint Sebastian in white marble. We loitered a little in the market coming out, but there was not much to buy. Neither fruit nor flowers were very tempting—not even the grapes. I was rather surprised. I remembered such beautiful fruits, grapes, nectarines, etc., when I was last in Italy at this season, but this has been a very bad year, so rainy and cold, and the fruit never got any sun.

We found our way back to the restaurant, where we had a very good Italian breakfast—little fish-like sardines they call “agoni,” macaroni, of course, and a very good bottle of Chianti. It was very very warm when we came out of the restaurant and we took carriages to go to the silk-shop, leaving our men behind us; they did not want to come with us and we certainly did not want them. Men in shops are generally unbearable.

We made quite a turn in the town, passing several handsome houses with large court-yards and gardens. When we finally arrived at our destination, I never should have imagined it was a shop. We walked into a low, dark room on the ground-floor, across a passage and another room, all filled with men—with their hats on, walking about, talking, and smoking cigarettes, but taking no notice of us, nor, in fact, of anybody. Piles of stuff were on the shelves and on the floor, and people were pulling them about and looking for what they wanted. It seemed quite hopeless at first, but Mrs. B., our cicerone, knew their ways and finally unearthed the “padrone” and explained that we wanted to buy some silk. He was very polite and sympathetic—unrolled several pieces of beautiful soft silks and satins, but didn’t seem to care very much whether we bought anything or not, and retired at intervals to talk to his friends in corners of the shop, and was quite engrossed for a little while with rather a pretty painted “ondulée” lady smoking a cigarette. She came, too, and gave her

opinion when we were hesitating between different shades of blue. It was the most casual shopping I ever saw.

While the others were looking and choosing, I wandered out into a square, open

cornices. There were pots of geraniums on the balconies, and on one, quite high up, a tall oleander tree, with a quantity of pink flowers, in a tub. A woman was washing on one of the balconies, soaping her linen



The Scalinata, Villa Balbianello.

The steps coming straight down to the water's edge. - Page 401.

court-yard to get some air. Piles of colored blankets and cotton stuffs were lying on the ground. On one side was a high pink house, with clothes of every description and color hanging out of every window; on the other was a rather dilapidated house which had probably once been a palace, with balconies, marble balustrades, and sculptured

and stretching it on the edge. On another, two girls with laughing eyes and dazzling white teeth, with red fichus or shirts, were leaning over the balustrade looking down into the streets, talking to some men who were lounging and smoking at the door, which had a grating of fine iron-work through which a donkey's head looked out



Villa Balbianello.

We went in by the water gate. Page 4 1.

on one side (they make a great deal of iron-work all along the lake; there are small factories in many of the villages), and children, of course, playing in the middle of the street, tumbling over the filthy heaps of rubbish one always sees in Italian streets. They were all talking hard, the men calling up to the girls on the balcony, but the voices were soft, the language was soft, the air was soft. It was all delightfully untidy and idle and southern and Italian.

Our sail home was quite enchanting, the afternoon lights were so changing and beautiful on the mountains. As it was Saturday afternoon, there were many more people about. All the women of all ages seemed dressed in bright colors—red and yellow petticoats and blouses, and the older ones with silk or woollen handkerchiefs on their heads. At one of the small ports where we stopped, a woman—not a very young one either—caught the rope that was

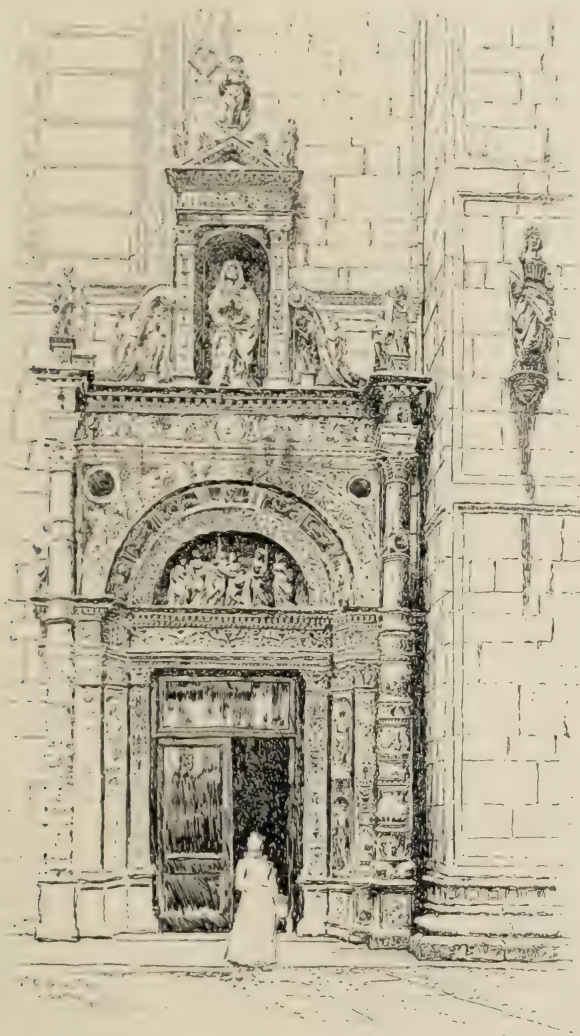
thrown from our steamer and fastened it around the post. I wondered if that was “lavoro di donna” (“woman’s work”), as they used to say in Rome when there was a particularly heavy bundle to carry, and the woman always took it on her head, the man walking alongside.

At one of the villages, with a very steep flight of steps leading straight up the hill, a great many donkeys were waiting for either travellers or luggage. We saw one or two starting off, with bags on one side and a woman on the other, and some, heavily loaded with big white bags, walking off alone and mounting the steps, picking their way very cleverly.

The lake was quite enchanting as we got into the wider part near Cadenabbia—the mountains were not so near us and looked much bigger in the distance. The beautiful loggia of the Balbianello (Visconti Gardens) was thrown out from a mass of orange

clouds and the great bare mountain behind. The point of Bellaggio took a gorgeous golden pink color that seemed to light the whole lake. A few boats heavily laden close down to the water's edge, with a square

the Italian September moon, which always seems fuller and yellower than the cold northern moons, with their sharp contrasts of black and white. The fishermen's bells hardly sounded, the lake was so still, but



North portal, Cathedral of Como.

sail in front, drifted lazily along, and one or two row-boats—the men standing to row—were dotted over the lake. It was perfectly still—not a ripple on the water; a few lights just beginning to twinkle in the houses and villas on the shore and on the hills, and a far-off sound of bells came faintly over the water. The night was beautiful, the sky almost as blue as in the middle of the day, and a splendid yellow moon—

they could certainly see the little floating bits of wood to-night which mark the place of the nets. Our visit is coming to an end, and we grudge every hour that is not spent on the lake. We have had some dark, rainy days, but the rain never lasted all day. The lake was quite transformed. The water looked black, deep, and mysterious; dark clouds covered the tops and sides of the mountains, which seemed to

close around us, shutting out all the air and light. The lovely blue lake with its pink villas and hamlets glowing in the sunshine, and the soft purple mist that settled on the hills after sunset, had completely disappeared. The stillness was oppressive. One hardly heard the patter of the rain upon the leaves, and I suppose our moods harmonized with the spirit of the lake.

The house felt damp, the rooms looked dark, and one realized sadly that one more summer was finishing, and it was a pleasure after dinner to see the fire in the big library. The inside of the fireplace is painted red, which added to the glow of the flame. It was not very artistic, perhaps, but did not seem out of place in this wonderful house, with all its color and combinations and *comforts*—for most comfortable it certainly is.

Cadenabbia is absolutely an Anglo-Saxon colony. All the villas are built and inhabited by English and Americans; the hotels are filled with them. One hears nothing but English on the long strip of shore from the Bellevue Hotel to the other end of Cadenabbia, and as the English always carry their own life and habits with them wherever they go, there are naturally an English church, golf, tennis, tea-rooms, etc. I did not see an English boating club, but that will certainly come. They are firmly convinced that Italians know nothing about boats or rowing. I am sure we shall see English boats and crews on the lake, rowing with their long, regular, Cambridge stroke, which certainly is not Italian fashion.

Our last Sunday was a beautiful warm day and we made a charming excursion to the other end of the lake. It is not very long, only forty-five kilometres from Como to Colico. We went in an automobile—a Fiat—with a very good Italian chauffeur. I sat in front with him, and found him a most agreeable companion. He was a native of Menaggio and knew the lake well. First told me all his own domestic history and showed me his child—a baby standing at an open door to see “papa pass”—then showed me all the iron factories and boat-builders as we passed through the villages. I should not think they were very flourishing industries; certainly not enough to give work to all the able-bodied young men that we saw all along the road. I asked him what the men did in winter, when there were no strangers nor boating nor excursions,

to which he answered, “They go away.” Italians are so natural; never familiar. He answered all my questions quite simply; when he did not know, said so. I think a good many people in our rank of life might follow that example—when I remember the people who have talked to me for hours about things of which they knew nothing.

As it was Sunday the whole population was out, attired, as usual, in very bright colors, and there was a fine collection of the red and blue cotton umbrellas of the country, carried by men and women indiscriminately. We bought some for the garden at home. They are said to be waterproof, but I am rather doubtful and have visions of little trickles of blue and red over white dresses.

We passed under the ruins of the old castle of Musso, but there is not much left to see—bits of wall and old towers. The climb up to the castle looked so steep straight up the mountain in the full sunshine that we had not the courage to undertake it. Musso was a famous castle and fortress in its time, when its owner—one of those extraordinary Italian adventurers one reads of in the Middle Ages—held sway over the lake. “Il Medighino”—born a Medici—had a wonderful career. He obtained possession of his castle by killing one of his best friends in ambush, then fortified and added to it till it became a menace, not only to the lake, but even to Milan. For forty years he fought and intrigued and murdered, and when he died he had a splendid funeral in the Cathedral of Milan. His powerful fleets and armed galleys were always cruising in the waters of Como and Lecco, striking terror into the hearts of the people at Como and the few villages scattered about in the mountains.

In one of the small harbors we passed we saw two or three “torpedinieri” (torpedo-boats), black, ugly things looking quite out of place in that peaceful little cove, with the green hills coming down to the edge of the water. I asked the chauffeur if they often caught the smugglers, to which he replied, with a funny little smile, that it was very difficult to see the boats which crept along shore and crossed the lake at the Colico end. The lake is much narrower just there, where the Adda flows into it, and is not particularly interesting.

We crossed a very primitive bridge, which did not look very solid as we got near, but the chauffeur said it was all right and went over it slowly and carefully.

We stopped at Gravedona on our way back, to see the palace—quite the finest one on the lake. One sees it from a great distance, as it stands high, with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water, and a beautiful, grace-

high dignitaries of the church and the great nobles surrounded themselves in those times! One is astounded, in reading memoirs of the Renaissance, by the extravagance and luxury of the lives of the "grands seigneurs." Quantities of servants and armed retainers, all richly dressed and equipped; the masters in finely chiselled armor inlaid with gold and silver; the women in costly brocades, velvets and furs, and



Gravedona . . . with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water.

ful loggia hanging over the lake. It was built in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Gallio, and must have been a noble residence for a prince of the church. The hall, which runs straight through the house, from the entrance to the loggia, with rooms opening out of it on both sides, is splendid. It all looked very bare and uncomfortable to-day, though it is inhabited. The present owner comes there for several months of the year, but he is a bachelor and has evidently very simple tastes. We stood some time in the loggia looking down on the lake through the arches. We were so high that the passing boats looked like toy steamers, and no noise of life got up to us. The atmosphere was beautifully clear and the sun dazzling. It was a relief to get back into the great dark hall.

What a magnificent frame it must have been for the pomp and state with which the

priceless jewels. They were, too, munificent patrons of the arts, and had musicians, painters, and poets attached to their households. When a daughter of one of the great houses married, or a son was made an ambassador, they travelled with suites and escorts like sovereigns.

Standing in the hall of Gravedona we could quite well picture to ourselves the brilliant motley crowd in the anteroom—prelates of every description, from the courtly purple-robed monsignor to the humble priest in his black soutane; the secretaries and chaplains of his Eminence; fair women, too, who had something to ask for sons and husbands and lovers. It was curious how all sorts of visions of days long since passed were conjured up by the great height and space and desolation of the place.

We went upstairs, but there was nothing interesting there—a long corridor with rooms on each side, like a monastery. There were some carved chests and chairs in the corridor, which, the servant told us, had belonged to the cardinal, but I think that statement was prompted by a kindly wish to please the “forestieri.”

There is little left of the garden—some fine cypress trees and quiet, shady corners where one could sit and dream of the past. I wonder why one always goes back to the past in Italy more than anywhere else. I think there must be something in the atmosphere that takes one out of modern life. The mountains and the lakes and the ruins have a glamour of romance and mystery which appeals at once to the imagination. One feels more in sympathy with the people who lived and loved and fought five hundred years ago than with the young Italy of to-day, though she has fought and struggled bravely enough to take her place among the nations.

The great pile looked splendid as we left it behind us, rising *à pic* out of the water,

the square gray towers outlined on the bright blue sky, frowning down on the lake—a perpetual menace to an imaginary foe.

The drive back toward the sunset was enchanting. I think I like Lake Como best in the evening half-light. Such a beautiful pink-purple haze lingers over everything when the lights are faded out of the sky. Everything is still and peaceful and the busy world (if an Italian world *ever* is busy) is resting.

We had a beautiful moon for our last evening, and quite a ripple on the lake. We could really hear a little swash of waves on the shore and the fishermen's bells sounded very near. We were very sorry to say good-by to our gracious hostess and leave this charming house, with its loggias and gardens and its divine views morning and evening over the lake. But everything must finish. We must put the Alps between us and this place of “peace and poetry,” to quote the old gardener of beautiful Balbianello.

September, 1910.



Balbiano.

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOUNG

III.—A VICIOUS CIRCLE



THE Berridges of Berylston—a house near my office in the Witching Hill Road—were perhaps the very worthiest family on the whole Estate.

Old Mr. Berridge, by a lifetime of faithful service, had risen to a fine position in one of the oldest and most substantial assurance societies in the City of London. Mrs. Berridge, herself a woman of energetic character, devoted every minute that she could spare from household duties, punctiliously fulfilled, to the glorification of the local vicar and the denunciation of modern ideas. There was a daughter, whose name of Beryl had inspired that of the house; she was her mother's miniature and echo, and had no desire to ride a bicycle or do anything else that Mrs. Berridge had not done before her. An only son, Guy, completed the *partie carrée*, and already made an admirable accountant under his father's eagle eye. He was about thirty years of age, had a mild face but a fierce mustache, was engaged to be married, and already picking up books and pictures for the new home.

As a bookman Guy Berridge stood alone.

"There's nothing like them for furnishing a house," said he; "and nowadays they're so cheap. There's that new series of Victorian Classics—one-and-tenpence-half-penny! And those Eighteenth Century Masterpieces—I don't know when I shall get time to read them, but they're worth the money for the binding alone—especially with everything peculiar taken out!"

Peculiar was a family epithet of the widest possible significance. It was peculiar of Guy, in the eyes of the other three, to be in such a hurry to leave their comfortable home for one of his own on a necessarily much smaller scale. Miss Hemming, the future Mrs. Guy, was by no means deficient in peculiarity from his people's point of

view. She affected flowing fabrics of peculiar shades, and she had still more peculiar ideas of furnishing. On Saturday afternoons she would drag poor Guy into all the second-hand furniture shops in the neighborhood—not even to save money, as Mrs. Mrs. Berridge complained to her more intimate friends—but just to be peculiar. It seemed like a judgment when Guy fell so ill with influenza, obviously contracted in one of those highly peculiar shops, that he had to mortgage his summer holiday by going away for a complete change early in the new year.

He went to country cousins of the suburban Hemmings; his own Miss Hemming went with him, and it was on their return that a difference was first noticed in the young couple. They no longer looked radiant together, much less when apart. The good young accountant would pass my window with a quite tragic face. And one morning, when we met outside, he told me that he had not slept a wink.

That evening I went to smoke a pipe with Uvo Delavoye, who happened to have brought me into these people's ken. And we were actually talking about Guy Berridge and his affairs when the maid showed him up into Uvo's room.

I never saw a man look quite so wretched. The mild face seemed to cower behind the truculent mustache; the eyes, bright and bloodshot, winced when one met them. I got up to go, feeling instinctively that he had come to confide in Uvo. But Berridge read me as quickly as I read him.

"Don't you go on my account," said he gloomily. "I've nothing to tell Delavoye that I can't tell you, especially after giving myself away to you once already to-day. I daresay three heads will be better than two, and I know I can trust you both."

"Is anything wrong?" asked Uvo, when preliminary solicitations had reminded me that his visitor neither smoked nor drank.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!" — Page 416.

"Everything!" was the reply.

"Not with your engagement, I hope?"

"That's it," said Berridge, with his eyes on the carpet.

"It isn't—off?"

"Not yet."

"I don't want to ask more than I ought," said Uvo, after a pause, "but I always imagine that, between people who're engaged, the least little thing——"

"It isn't a little thing."

And the accountant shook his downcast head.

"I only meant, my dear chap, if you'd had some disagreement——"

"We've never had the least little word!"

"Has she changed?" asked Uvo Delavoye.

"Not that I know of," replied Berridge; but he looked up as though it were a new idea, and there was more life in his voice.

"She'd tell you," said Uvo, "if I know her."

"Do people tell each other?" eagerly inquired our friend.

"They certainly ought, and I think Miss Hemming would."

"Ah! it's easy enough for them!" cried the miserable young man. "Women are not liars and traitors because they happen to change their minds. Nobody thinks the worse of them for that; it's their privilege, isn't it? They can break off as many engagements as they like; but if I did such a thing I should never hold up my head again!"

He buried his hot face in his hands, and Delavoye looked at me for the first time. It was a sympathetic look enough; and yet there was something in it, a lift of the eyebrow, a light in the eye, that reminded me of the one point on which we always differed.

"Better hide your head than spoil her life," said he briskly. "But how long have you felt like doing either? I used to look on you as an ideal pair."

"So we were," said poor Berridge readily. "It's most peculiar!"

I saw a twitch at the corners of Uvo's mouth; but he was not the man for sly glances over a bowed head.

"How long have you been engaged?" he asked.

"Ever since last September."

"You were here then. if I remember?"

"Yes; it was just after my holiday."

"In fact you've been here all the time?"

"Up to these last few weeks."

Delavoye looked round his room as a cross-examining counsel surveys the court to mark a point. I felt it about time to intervene on the other side.

"But you looked perfectly happy," said I, "all the autumn?"

"So I was, God knows!"

"Everything was all right until you went away?"

"Everything."

"Then," said I, "it looks to me like the mere mental effect of influenza, and nothing else!"

But that was not the sense of the glance I could not help shooting at Delavoye. And my explanation was no comfort to Guy Berridge; he had thought of it before; but then he had never felt better than the last few days in the country, yet never had he been in such despair.

"I can't go through with it," he groaned in abject unreserve. "It's making my life a hell—a living lie! I don't know how to bear it—from one meeting to the next—I dread them so! Yet I've always a sort of hope that next time everything will suddenly become as it was before Christmas. Talk of forlorn hopes! Each time's worse than the last. I've come straight from her now. I don't know what you must think of me! It's not ten minutes since we said good-night." The big mustache trembled. "I felt a Judas," he whispered; "an absolute Judas!"

"I believe it's all nerves," said Delavoye, but with so little conviction that I loudly echoed the belief.

"But I don't go in for nerves," protested Berridge; "none of us do, in our family. We don't believe in them. We think they're a modern excuse for anything you like to do or say; that's what we think about nerves. I'm not going to start them just to make myself out better than I am. It's my heart that's rotten, not my nerves."

"I admire your attitude," said Delavoye, "but I don't agree with you. It'll all come back to you in the end—everything you think you've lost—and then you'll feel as though you'd awakened from a bad dream."

"But sometimes I do wake up, as it is!" cried Berridge, catching at the idea. "Near-

ly every morning, when I'm dressing, things look different. I feel my old self again—the luckiest fellow alive—engaged to the sweetest girl! She's always that, you know; don't imagine for one moment that I ever think the less of Edith; she always was and would be a million times too good for me. If only she'd see it for herself, and chuck me up of her own accord! I've even tried to tell her what I feel; but she won't meet me half-way; the real truth never seems to enter her head. How to tell her outright I don't know! It would have been easy enough last year, when her people wouldn't let us be properly engaged. But they gave in at Christmas when I had my rise in screw; and now she's got her ring, and given me this one—how on earth can I go and give it her back?"

"May I see?" asked Delavoye, holding out his hand; and I for one was grateful to him for the diversion of the few seconds we spent inspecting an old enamelled ring with a white peacock on a crimson ground. Berridge asked us if we thought it a very peculiar ring, as they all did at Berylstow, and he babbled on about the circumstances of its purchase by his dear, sweet, open-handed Edith. It did him good to talk. A tinge of health returned to his cadaverous cheeks, and for a time his mustache looked less out of keeping and proportion.

But it was the mere reactionary surcease of prolonged pain, and the fit came on again in uglier guise before he left.

"It isn't so much that I don't want to marry her," declared the accountant with startling abruptness, "as the awful thoughts I have as to what may happen if I do. They're too awful to describe, even to you two fellows. Of course nothing could make you think worse of me than you must already, but you'd say I was mad if you could see inside my horrible mind. I don't think she'd be safe; honestly I don't! I feel as if I might do her some injury—or—or violence!"

He was swaying about the room with wild eyes staring from one to the other of us and twitching fingers feeling in his pockets. I got up myself and stood within reach of him, for now I felt certain that love or illness had turned his brain. But it was only a very small scrap of paper that he fished out of his waistcoat pocket, and handed first to Delavoye and then to me.

"I cut it out of a review of such a peculiar poem in my evening paper," said Berridge. "I never read reviews, or poems, but those lines hit me hard."

And I read:

"Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword!"

"But you don't feel like that!" said Delavoye, laughing at him; and the laughter rang as false as his earlier consolation; but this time I had not the presence of mind to supplement it.

Guy Berridge nodded violently as he held out his hand for the verse. I could see that his eyes had filled with tears. But Uvo rolled the scrap of print into a pellet, which he flung among the lumps of asbestos glowing in his grate, and took the outstretched hand in his. I never saw man so gentle with another. Hardly a word more passed. But the poor devil squeezed my fingers before Uvo led him out to see him home. And it was many minutes before he returned.

"I have had a time of it!" said he, putting his feet to the gas fire. "Not with that poor old thing but his people—all three of them! I got him up straight to bed, and then they kept me when he thought I'd gone. Of course they know there's something wrong, and of course they blame the girl; onc knew they would. It seems they've never really approved of her; she's a shocking instance of all-round peculiarity. They little know the apple of their own blind eyes—eh, Gilly?"

"I hardly knew him myself," said I. "He really must be mad! I never thought to hear a grown man go on like that."

"And such a man!" cried Uvo. "It's not the talk so much as the talker that surprises me; and by the way, how well he talked, for him! He was less of a bore than I've ever known him; there was passion in the fellow, confound him! Red blood in that lump of road metal! He's not only sorry for himself. He's simply heart-broken about the girl. But this maggot of morbid introspection has got into his brain and—how did it get there, Gilly? It's no place for the little brute. What brain is there to feed it? What has he ever done, in all his dull days, to make that harmless

mind a breeding-ground for every sort of degenerate idea? In mine they'd grow like mustard and cress. I'd feel just like that if I were engaged to the very nicest girl; the nicer she was the worse I'd get; but then I'm a degenerate dog in any case. Oh, yes, I am, Gilly! But here's as faithful a hound as ever licked his lady's hand. Where's he got it from? Who's the poisoner?"

"I'm glad you ask," said I. "I was afraid you'd say you knew."

"Meaning my old man of the soil?"

"I made sure you'd put it on him."

Uvo laughed heartily.

"You don't know as much about him as I do, Gilly! He was the last old scoundrel to worry because he didn't love a woman as much as she deserved. It was quite the other way about, I can assure you."

"Yes; but what about those almost murderous inclinations?"

"I thought of them. But they only came on after our good friend had shaken this demoralizing dust off his feet. As long as he stuck to Witching Hill he was as sound as a marriage bell! It's dead against my doctrine, Gillon, but I'm delighted to find that you share my disappointment."

"And I to hear you own it is one, Uvo!"

"There's another thing, now we're on the subject," he continued, for we had not been on it for weeks and months. "It seems that over at Hampton Court there's a portrait of my ignoble kinsman, by one Kneller. I only heard of it the other day, and I was rather wondering if you could get away to spin over with me and look him up. It needn't necessarily involve contentious topics, and we might lunch at the Mitre in that window looking down stream. But it ought to be to-morrow, if you could manage it, because the galleries don't open on Friday, and on Saturdays they're always crowded."

I could not manage it very well. I was supposed to spend my day on the Estate, and, though there was little doing thus early in the year, it might be the end of me if my Mr. Muskett came back before his usual time and did not find me at my post. And I was no longer indifferent as to the length of my days at Witching Hill. But I resolved to risk them for the man who had made the place what it was to me—a gar-

den of friends—however otherwise he might people and spoil it for himself.

We started at my luncheon hour, which could not in any case count against me, and quite early in the afternoon we reckoned to be back. It was a very keen bright day, worthier of General January than his chief-of-staff. Ruts and puddles were firmly frozen; our bicycle bells rang out with a pleasing brilliance. In Bushy Park the black chestnuts stamped their filigree tops against a windless radiance. Under the trees a russet carpet still waited for March winds to take it up. The Diana pond was skinned with ice; goddess and golden nymphs caught every scintillation of gold sunlight as we trundled past. In a fine glow we entered the palace and climbed to the grim old galleries.

"Talk about haunted houses!" said Uvo Delavoye. "If our patron sinner takes such a fatherly interest in the humble material at his disposal, what about that gay dog Henry and the good ladies in these apartments? I should be sorry to trust living neck to what's left of the old lady-killer." It was the famous Holbein which had set him off. "But I say, Gilly, here's a far worse face than his. It may be my rude forefather; by Jove, and so it is!"

And he took off his cap with unction to a handsome, sinister creature, in a brown flowing wig and raiment as fine as any on the walls. There was a staggering peacock-blue surtout, lined with silk of an orange scarlet, the wide sleeves turned up with the same; and a creamy cascade of lace fell from the throat over a long cinnamon waistcoat piped with silk; for you could swear to the material at sight, and the colors might have been laid on that week. They lit up the gloomy chamber, and the eyes in the periwigged head lit them up. The dark eyes at my side were not more live and liquid than the painted pair. Not that Uvo's were cynical, voluptuous, or sly; but, like these, they reminded me of deep waters hidden from the sun. I refrained from comment on a resemblance that went no further. I was glad I alone had seen how far it went.

"Thank goodness those lips and nostrils don't sprout on our branch!" Uvo had put up his eyebrows in a humorous way of his. "We must keep a weather eye open for the evil that they did living after them on Witching Hill! You may well stare at his

hands; they probably weren't his at all, but done from a model. I hope the old rip hadn't quite such a ladylike——"

He stopped short, as I knew he would when he saw what I was pointing out to him; for I had not been staring at the effeminate hand affectedly composed on the corner of a table, but at the enamelled ring painted like a miniature on the little finger.

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!"

It was at least a perfect counterfeit; the narrow stem, the high, projecting, oval bezel—the white peacock enamelled on a crimson ground—one and all were there, as the painters of that period loved to put such things in.

"It must be the same, Gilly! There couldn't be two such utter oddities!"

"It looks like it, certainly; but how did Miss Hemming get hold of it?"

"Easily enough; she ferrets out all the old curiosity shops in the district, and didn't Berridge tell us she bought his ring in one? Obviously it's been lying there for the last century and a bit. Bear in mind that this bad old lot wasn't worth a bob toward the end; then you must see the whole thing's so plain, there's only one thing plainer."

"What's that?"

"The entire cause and origin of Guy Berridge's pangs and fears about his engagement! He never had one or the other before Christmas—when he got his ring. They've made his life a Hades ever since, every day of it and every hour of every day, except sometimes in the morning when he was getting up. Why not then? Because he took off his ring when he went to his bath! I'll go so far as to remind you that his only calm and rational moments last night were while you and I were looking at this ring and it was off his finger!"

Delavoye's strong excitement was attracting the attention of the old soldierly attendant near the window, and in a vague way he attracted mine. I glanced past the veteran, out and down into the formal grounds. Yew and cedar seemed unreal to me in the wintry sunlight; almost I wondered whether I was dreaming in my turn, and where on earth I was. It was as though a touch of the fantastic had rested for a moment even on my hard head. But I very soon shook it off, and mocked the vanquished weakness with a laugh.

"Yes, my dear fellow, that's all very well. But——"

"None of your blooming 'buts'!" cried Uvo, with almost delirious levity. "I should have thought this instance was concrete enough even for you. But we'll talk about it at the Mitre and consider what to do."

In that talk I joined, into those considerations I entered, without arguing at all. It did not commit me to a single article of a repugnant creed, but neither, on the other hand, did it impair the excellence of Delavoye's company at a hurried feast which still stands out in my recollection. I remember the long red wall of Hampton Court as the one warm feature of the hard-bitten landscape. I remember red wine in our glasses, a tinge of color in the dusky face that leant toward mine, and a wondrous flow of eager talk, delightful as long as one did not take it too seriously. My own attitude I recapture most securely in Uvo's accusation that I smiled and smiled and was a sceptic. It was one of those characteristic remarks that stick for no other reason. Uvo Delavoye was not in those days at all widely read; but he had a large circle of quotations which were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and I eventually realized that he knew his *Hamlet* almost off by heart.

But as yet poor Berridge's "pangs and fears" was original Delavoye to my ruder culture; and the next time I saw him, on the Friday night, the pangs seemed keener and the fears even more enervating than before. Again he sat with us in Uvo's room; but he was oftener on his legs, striding up and down, muttering and gesticulating as he strode. In the end Uvo took a strong line with him. I was waiting for it. He had conceived the scheme at Hampton Court, and I was curious to see how it would be received.

"This can't go on, Berridge! I'll see you through—to the bitter end!"

Uvo was not an actor, yet here was a magnificent piece of acting, because it was more than half sincere.

"Will you really, Delavoye?" cried the accountant, shrinking a little from his luck.

"Rather! I'm not going to let you go stark mad under my nose. Give me that ring."

"My—her—ring?"

"Of course; it's your engagement ring,



"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face.—Page 418.

isn't it? And it's your duty, to yourself and her and everybody else, to break off that engagement with as little further delay as possible."

"But are you sure, Delavoye?"

"Certain. Give it to me."

"It seems such a frightful thing to do!"

"We'll see about that. Thank you; now you're your own man again."

And now I really did begin to open my eyes; for no sooner had the unfortunate accountant parted with his ring, than his

ebbing affections rushed back in a miraculous flood, and he was begging for it again in five minutes, vowing that he had been mad but now was sane, and looking more himself into the bargain. But Delavoye was adamant to these hysterical entreaties. He plied Berridge with his own previous arguments against the marriage, and once at least he struck a responsive chord from those frayed nerves.

"Nobody but yourself," he pointed out, "ever said you didn't love her; but see

what love makes of you! Can you dream of marriage in such a state? Is it fair to the girl, until you've really reconsidered the whole matter and learnt your own mind once for all? Could she be happy? Would she be—it was your own suggestion—but are you sure she would be even safe?"

Berridge wrung his hands in new despair; yes, he had forgotten that! Those awful instincts were the one unalterably awful feature. Not that he felt them still; but to recollect them as genuine impulses, or at best as irresistible thoughts, was to freeze his self-distrust into a cureless cancer.

"I was forgetting all that!" he moaned. "And yet here in my pocket is the very book those hopeless lines are from. I bought it at Stoneham's this morning. It's the most peculiar poem I ever read. I can't quite make it out. But that bit was clear enough. Only hear how it goes on!"

And in a school-childish singsong, with no expression but that involuntarily imparted by his quavering voice, he read twelve lines aloud.

"Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because——"

He shuddered horribly——

"The dead so soon grow cold.

"Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die."

"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face. "The sooner the better, for me! And yet I did love her, God knows I did!" He turned upon Uvo Delavoye in a sudden blaze. "And so I do still—do you hear me? Then give me back my ring, I say, and don't encourage me in this madness—you—you devil!"

"Give it him back," I said. But Uvo set his teeth against us both, looking almost what he had just been called—looking abominably like that fine evil gentleman in Hampton Court—and I could stand the whole thing no longer. I dived my own hand into Delavoye's pocket. And down

and away out into the night, like a fiend let loose, went Guy Berridge and the ring with the peacock enamelled in white on a blood-red ground.

I turned again to Delavoye. His shoulders were up to his ears in wry good humor.

"You may be right, Gilly; but now I ought really to sit up with him all night. In any case I shall have it back in the morning, and then neither you nor he shall ever see that unclean bird again!"

But he went so far as to show it to me across my counter, not many minutes after young Berridge had shambled past, with bent head and unshaven cheeks, to catch his usual train next morning.

"I did sit up with him," said Uvo. "We sat up till he dropped off in his chair, and eventually I got him to bed more asleep than awake. But he's as bad as ever again this morning, and he has surrendered the infernal ring this time of his own accord. I'm to break matters to the girl by giving it back to her."

"You're a perfect hero to take it on!"

"I feel much more of a humbug, Gilly."

"When do you tackle her?"

"Never, my dear fellow! Can't you see the point? This white peacock's at the bottom of the whole thing. Neither of them shall ever set eyes on it again, and then you see if they don't marry and live happy ever after!"

"But are you going to throw the thing away?"

"Not if I can help it, Gilly. I'll tell you what I thought of doing. There's a little working jeweller, over at Richmond, who made me quite a good pin out of some heavy old studs that belonged to my father. I'm going to take him this ring to-day and see if he can turn out a duplicate for love or money."

"I'll go with you," I said, "if you can wait till the afternoon."

"We must be gone before Berridge has a chance of getting back," replied Uvo, doubtfully; "otherwise I shall have to begin all over again, because of course he'll come back cured and roaring for his ring. I haven't quite decided what to say to him, but I fancy my imagination will prove equal to the strain."

This seemed to me a rather cynical attitude to take, even in the best of causes, and



F. C. Yohn

Designed by F. C. Yohn.

With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in a murderous poise.— Page 421.

it certainly was not like Uvo Delavoye. Only too capable, in my opinion, of deceiving himself, he was no impostor, if I knew him, and it was disappointing to see him take so kindly to the part. I preferred not to talk about it on the road to Richmond, which we took on foot in the small hours of the afternoon. A weeping thaw had reduced the frozen ruts to mere mud piping, of that consistency which grips a tire like teeth. But it was impossible not to compare this heavy tramp with our sparkling spin through Bushy Park. And the hot and cold fits of poor Guy Berridge afforded an inevitable analogy.

"I can't understand him," I was saying. "I can understand a fellow falling in love, and even falling out again. But Berridge flies from one extreme to the other like a ball in a hard rally."

"And it's not the way he's built, Gilly! That's what sticks with me. You may be quite sure he's not the first breeder of sinners who began by shivering on the brink of matrimony. It's a desperate plunge to take. I should be terrified myself; but then I'm not one of nature's faithful hounds. If it wasn't for the canine fidelity of this good Berridge, I shouldn't mind his thinking and shrinking like many a better man."

We were cutting off the last corner before Richmond by following the asphalt footpath behind St. Stephen's Church. Here we escaped the mud at last; the moist asphalt shone with a cleanly lustre; and our footsteps threw an echo ahead, between the two long walls, until it mixed with the tramp of approaching feet, and another couple advanced into view. They were man and girl; but I did not at first identify the radiant citizen in the glossy hat, with his arm thrust through the lady's, as Guy Berridge homeward bound with his once beloved. It was a groan from Uvo that made me look again, and next moment the four of us blocked the narrow gangway.

"The very man we were talking about!" cried Berridge without looking at me. His hat had been ironed, his weak chin burnished by a barber's shave, the strong mustache clipped and curled. But a sporadic glow marked either cheek-bone, and he had forgotten to return our salute.

"Yes, Mr. Delavoye!" said Miss Hemming with arch severity. "What have you been doing with my white peacock?"

She had a brown fringe, very crisply curled as a rule; but the damp air had softened and improved it; and perhaps her young gentleman's recovery had carried the good work deeper, for she was a girl who sometimes gave herself airs, but there seemed no room for any in her happy face.

"To tell you the truth," replied Uvo, unblushingly, "I was on my way to show it to a bit of a connoisseur at Richmond." He turned to Berridge, who met his glance eagerly. "That's really why I borrowed it, Guy. I believe it's more valuable than either of you realize."

"Not to me!" cried the accountant readily. "I don't know what I was doing to take it off. I hear it's a most unlucky thing to do."

It was easy to see from whom he had heard it. Miss Hemming said nothing, but looked all the more decided with her mouth quite shut. And Delavoye addressed his apologies to the proper quarter.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Hemming! Of course you're quite right; but I hope you'll show it to my man yourselves——"

"If you don't mind," said Berridge, holding out his hand with a smile.

But Uvo had broken off of his own accord.

"I think you'll be glad"—he was feeling in all his pockets—"quite glad if you do——" and his voice died away as he began feeling again.

"Lucky I wired to you to meet me at Richmond, wasn't it, Edie? Otherwise we should have been too late," said the accountant densely.

"Perhaps you are!" poor Uvo had to cry outright. "I—the fact is I—can't find it anywhere."

"You may have left it behind," suggested Berridge.

"We can call for it, if you did," said the girl.

There was something in his sudden worry that appealed to their common fund of generosity.

"No, no! I told you why I was going to Richmond. I thought I had it in my ticket pocket. In fact, I know I had; but I went with my sister this morning to get some flowers at Kingston market, and I haven't had it out since. It's been taken from me, and that was where! I wish you'd feel in my pockets for me. I've had them picked—picked of the one thing that wasn't mine and was of value—and now you'll neither of

you ever forgive me, and I don't deserve to be forgiven!"

But they did forgive him, and that handsomely—so manifest was his distress—so great their recovered happiness. It was only I who could not follow their example, when they had gone on their way, and Delavoye and I were hurrying on ours, ostensibly to get the Richmond police to telephone at once to Kingston, as the first of all the energetic steps that we were going to take. For we were still in that asphalt passage, and the couple had scarcely quitted it at the other end, when Delavoye drew off his glove and showed me the missing ring upon his little finger.

I could hardly believe my eyes, or my ears either, when he roundly defended his conduct. I need not go into his defence; it was the only one it could have been; but Uvo Delavoye was the only man in England who could and would have made it with a serious face. It was no mere trinket that he had "lifted," but a curse from two innocent heads. That end justified any means, to his wild thinking. But, over and above the ethical question, he had an inherited responsibility in the matter, and had only performed a duty which had been thrust upon him.

"Nor shall they be a bit the worse off," said Uvo warmly. "I still mean to have that duplicate made, off my own bat, and when I foist it on our friends I shall simply say it turned up in the lining of my overcoat."

"Man Uvo," said I, "there are two professions waiting for you; but it would take a judge of both to choose between your fiction and your acting."

"Acting!" he cried. "Why, a blog like Guy Berridge can act when he's put to it; he did just now, and took you in, evidently! I never struck you, I suppose, that he'd wired to me this morning to say nothing to the girl, probably at the same time that he wired to her to meet him? He carried it all off like a born actor just now, and yet you curse me for going and doing likewise to save the pair of them!"

It is always futile to try to slay the bee in another's bonnet; but for once I broke my rule of never arguing with Uvo Delavoye, if I could help it, on the particular point involved. I simply could not help it, on this occasion; and when Uvo lost his temper, and said a great deal more than I would have taken from anybody else, I would not

have helped it if I could. So hot had been our interchange that it was at its height when we debouched from St. Stephen's passage into the open cross-roads beyond.

At that unlucky moment, one small suburban Arab, in full flight from another, dashed round the corner and butted into that part of Delavoye which the Egyptian climate had specially demoralized. I saw his dark face writhe with pain and fury. With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in murderous poise against the leaden sky, while the child was thrust out at arm's length to receive the blow. I hurled myself between them, and had such difficulty in wresting the blackthorn from the madman's grasp that his hand was bleeding, and something had tinkled on the pavement, when I tore it from him.

Panting, I looked to see what had become of the small boy. He had taken to his heels as though the foul fiend was at them; his late pursuer was now his companion in flight, and I was thankful to find we had the scene to ourselves. Delavoye was pointing to the little thing that had tinkled as it fell, and as he pointed the blood dripped from his hand and he shuddered like a man recovering from a fit.

I had better admit plainly that the thing was that old ring with the white peacock set in red, and that Uvo Delavoye was once more as I had known him down to that hour.

"Don't touch the beastly thing!" he cried. "It's served me worse than it served poor Berridge! I shall have to think of a fresh lie to tell him—and it won't come so easy now—but I'd rather cut mine off than trust this on another human hand!"

He picked it up between his finger nails. And there was blood on the white peacock when I saw it next on Richmond Bridge.

"Don't you worry about my hand," said Uvo as he glanced up and down the gray old bridge. "It's only a scratch from the blackthorn spikes, but I'd have given a finger to be shot of this devil!"

A flick of his wrist sent the old ring spinning; we saw it meet its own reflection in the glassy flood, like a salmon-fly beautifully thrown; and more rings came and widened on the waters, till they stirred the mirrored branches of the trees on Richmond Hill.

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

VII



THE modern woman as intrinsically unselfish and lovable as her predecessor? I was present yesterday at what the newspapers would call a symposium where the foregoing proposition was considered, and where I was the only man. Of course, a symposium was originally a merry feast with drinking. But on this occasion we had nothing more convivial than iced tea. Nor could the meeting appropriately be termed merry; on the contrary, it was eminently serious, though on the piazza in midsummer. My capacity was that of bottle-holder or prompter to my wife Josephine, who suddenly found herself in the thick of a discussion concerning the modern woman with her daughter Winona, her daughter-in-law Lavinia, and Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote as antagonists; a discussion which, starting with the appearance of the harvest moon, lasted until that brilliant orb, which at this season of the year has a tendency to sit up all night, had sunk below the horizon. Three against one. A most unequal contest from point of view of numbers. Even when I secretly agreed with the adversaries, I proffered Josephine moral and statistical support. But her protection lay in the inability of the allies to agree among themselves, which caused each of them in turn to swap sides at critical stages of the controversy.

It was Mrs. Foote who put the inquiry just after we had finished our evening meal; and Lavinia's exclamation, "What an interesting subject!" reflected the general consciousness that here was a question which had been secretly haunting us.

"Let's eliminate the non-essentials in the first place," continued my daughter-in-law. "Votes for women to begin with. Of course this is a burning issue among us all. For example, Mrs. Foote and I believe that they

are coming; that human society as well as woman will be the gainers thereby, and that our sex is equal to the responsibility. Winona, who is quite as intelligent and no less solicitous for woman's welfare, is rootedly hostile. The arguments on either side are worn threadbare. Every one knows them by heart. Democracy has enough to digest already in universal suffrage for man. Women should differentiate themselves from men, not imitate them; and can accomplish more by indirection than by becoming an integral factor of practical politics. Statistics prove that the experiment is a failure in the communities where it is being tested. What does woman in this country of all countries hope to gain by the ballot? She has in most of our jurisdictions separate property rights, equal custody with her husband over her children, is not obliged, as in England, to prove that her husband is a brute as well as a libertine before she can obtain a divorce from him, and, in short, she has her foot, metaphorically speaking, on the neck of man. And we reply that woman's self-respect demands it. That its withholding is an implication of inferiority undeserved. That enlarged responsibility which breeds intelligence should not be shirked. That the indirect or direct whisper of the pillow or hearth is a toy expedient compared with the concrete ballot which can be counted. And most vital of all, that votes for women will prove the key to many industrial and social reforms for her relief and the betterment of society."

Like most men, I dare say, when I hear the vibrant words "Votes for women," the modern equivalent of "Female suffrage," which somehow had a slightly opprobrious sound, I feel like stuffing cotton wool in my ears or hiding. Having long ago joined in the masculine chorus that woman can have them whenever she is able to demonstrate that they are desired by a considerable proportion of her sex, I like to think that I have washed my hands of the situation except

for a polite willingness to listen under police protection to her report of progress at decent intervals. In every-day speech I am liable to employ that prudent generality, "Woman suffrage is sure to come; but the world is not ready for it." A similar amiable supineness of attitude on this subject, which my wife characterizes as craven, led me on this occasion to reinforce my daughter-in-law's concluding words with the knowing prediction that its coming will be the result of some sudden conflagration of sentiment—a lighted straw igniting a continent—among the wage-earners in aid of some measure, either definitely moral or ameliorating feminine industrial conditions.

This was too much for Josephine, who was smarting under the recent announcement of our granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins, that she had joined the suffragettes. "Don't forget," she exclaimed, "that in one of the five Western States where women have the right to vote they have made themselves notorious by stuffing ballot-boxes and by active service on behalf of liquor dealers."

To my astonishment—such is the free-masonry of women—Lavinia, instead of controverting this statement, turned on me.

"You ought to be on one side or the other, grandpapa; not on the fence. The attitude of so many men in regard to this question, on which we all feel so intensely one way or the other, is what I call smug. 'Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die.'" Whereupon Lavinia brandished something which in the moonlight resembled a ballot, but which proved to be merely a section of the voluminous newspaper. She is a well-informed and keen-minded young woman, who, like her brother, Luther Hubbard, aims to be representative of our social democracy. I think in her secret soul that she regards my equally intelligent daughter Winona as aristocratic, but this is rather because of Winona's reverence for certain conventions or traditions, social and religious, than from any disapproval based on costume or manners. There was a period when the fervent exponents of democracy in certain portions of this country could not bare their necks and shoulders in company without thinking of themselves as unchaste; but the same wave of sophistication which has almost reconciled their vision to the nude in art has sterilized these frigid at-

tempts to reform the social world. It is manifest that the woman of the future is to be neither masculine, prim, nor unprepossessing. No man could remain in the society of either of these members of my family without recognizing that the ability to express her views clearly and without apology is far from synonymous with any desire to gloss over the distinctions of sex or to dispense with that art of pleasing, which was woman's only weapon except tears in her days of servitude. My wife Josephine has a will of her own, an appearance of firmness; but she is in reality a clinging creature. I speak of her fondly as my equal, but she knows that she is not and does not mind. In talking with Winona or Lavinia, I am conscious of facing a new dynamic force, fervent, yet well poised, and executive. They tend their children and cater for their husbands with a clear-sighted devotion which seems to say, "We the free-limbed daughters of the morning do this out of love; and only through love may we be tethered."

If Winona wears smarter clothes, it is because she believes that woman's first duty is still to charm. But her sister-in-law's wardrobe betrays none of those domestic economies or makeshifts on which her brother Luther rather prides himself. Democratic to the core as she regards herself, Lavinia recognizes that feminine democracy, in order to be "efficient" (to quote its watchword of the moment), must not rest content with that sumptuous trilogy, soap, water, and starch. She intends her garments to be becoming; hygienic and not too ornate, yet harmonies of outline and color, which lose nothing from her capacity to give them the essential touch with her own fingers. Their tastes are not dissimilar. Winona was athletic in her youth, and this tendency abets her ambition to continue slender, and fosters the yearning for open air and liberty, which is the substitute the conventional girl, brought up in an atmosphere of Kipling, finds for open-air adventure among the primeval forces. She loves to spend the day with her children in exploring nature, and she does not disguise the joy she feels in living. Lavinia is less demonstrative, but though incisively direct when definite issues are presented, she seeks for refreshment romantic solitudes where she can commune with the pines or

the stars or the sea. Neither lacks sentiment or imagination. Their clear-browed responsiveness is a new dignity well differentiated from self-assertion. But what one says to either is not blindly accepted as law or wisdom, as it used to be; though they pretend occasionally for a purpose—ordinarily to their husbands.

In spite of my daughter-in-law's endeavor to smoke me out, I continued to temporize by remarking that if woman's chief ground for desiring citizenship is that her rain of ballots may serve as a sort of agricultural phosphate to our social system, we ought to be assured by accurate statistics that women in the aggregate would support moral reforms more steadfastly than men.

At this juncture we heard Mrs. Foote murmur, "Woman will never be happy till she gets it"—a sort of echo to my own weak-kneed fatalism. Whereupon Lavinia exclaimed:

"Exactly. That's why I dismiss it as a non-essential; as having no real bearing on the question whether woman is more intrinsically selfish and less lovable than she used to be. And another non-essential is the divorce question."

It was evident from Lavinia's abrupt pause that she was conscious of paradox and did not expect this statement to pass unchallenged. She took advantage of the silence which followed to explain.

"It is useless not to face the reproach that the emancipated woman is mainly responsible for the increase in divorce. Grim statistics prove indisputably that almost exactly three-quarters of the divorces granted are on the petition of wives—of injured wives—some more, some less injured, a few not at all—seeking the avenue of escape which the laws provide from the immorality, cruelty, stinginess, and sloth of man. Clergymen are too apt to discredit this or to gloss it over because it seems to suggest that they are losing their hold on our sex. So are we ourselves because in theory woman is the protecting angel of the home. But the modern woman declines to cling to the husband who is unfaithful to her, beats her, starves her, scrimps her, forsakes her, or who is a slave to liquor."

"And as a consequence," I remarked parenthetically, "in 1906, at which exact tabulation ceases for the moment, over

72,000 divorces were granted in the United States. According to the census of 1900, our country had the honor of standing second only to Japan, 55,000 against 99,000, as compared with France and Germany, with less than 9,000 apiece. The growth in the rate during the last decade shows an enormous increase over its predecessor, and it should be added that this tendency is noticeable over the civilized world."

"Scandalous," murmured Josephine. But she immediately added, "I would never have put up with being beaten, Fred; and a persistently intoxicated husband must be unendurable."

"You forget," resumed Lavinia in her clear, calm voice, "that divorce is a remedy like a surgical operation. Every household shrinks from it, but it sometimes becomes necessary, like the removal of the appendix. As these figures demonstrate, there is no question that the spiritual and economic independence of woman inclines her to escape from a repugnant marriage by dissolving the marriage tie. But does this indicate she is deteriorating? I claim not. Divorce with the right of remarriage is the relief which democracy has wrung from clerical and aristocratic privilege. 'Once married, married until death,' cries the church on the authority of the Scriptures and for the integrity of the family, and still menaces with its penalties those who disobey. But the revolt is world-wide in greater or less degree. If we have utilized the relief more freely than the rest of civilization, is it not chiefly because the women of this country seek spiritual comradeship in marriage and decline to put up with the abuses and misery which those of other nations endure?"

"In other words," cried Josephine, "our women make the security of the marriage tie individual caprice instead of mutual forbearance. There are moments in the early years of every woman's married experience when, if she were free to follow her whims, she would welcome liberty, if not a change. Yet if she got either, she would in the average case weep her eyes out later."

I had never realized before how ir retrievably I might have lost Josephine had she not been the clinging creature I have described. The reproach of the discovery was somewhat allayed for me by her acknowledgment that she would have deplored subsequently the desperate step which seemed

justified at one time, though she chose to leave me in the dark as to which of my shortcomings had worn on her most. But though her words rang in my ears, my strong academic interest in the theme struggled so effectually against the personal application that I found myself saying:

"It's a mistake to suppose that our nation has a monopoly of easy causes for divorce. On the contrary, we have never in terms gone so far as several of the Continental countries of Europe, where the marriage tie can be severed by mutual consent, or on the ground of what is called invincible aversion."

"Invincible aversion!" echoed Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote. "A ruthless phrase. Our more euphemistic term, I suppose, is incompatibility, which in a large percentage of the divorces in this country is probably the true reason rather than one of the sundry specific grounds sanctioned by law."

Observing that she paused from a commendable impulse to cite chapter and verse, I hastened to supply them. "Adultery; bigamy; conviction of crime resulting in imprisonment for two years; wilful desertion for two years; habitual drunkenness for two years. These are all orthodox causes sanctioned and recommended for adoption in every State by the National Congress on Uniform Divorce Laws, some of whose members are clergymen."

"But I fail to see how the modern woman's tendency to break the marriage tie on trivial grounds can be consistent with unselfishness," asserted Josephine. "The old-fashioned wife endured too much, I agree; but the American wife of to-day refuses to endure anything."

"It is interesting to note, by way of comparison," I remarked, "that through all the provinces of our neighbor, Canada—in most of which divorces are granted only by Act of Parliament—there were only 197 divorces in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, with the male petitioners slightly in the ascendant."

"In other words," soliloquized Winona, "are easy divorces indispensable to the best development of women? Have we gone so far in this country that we ought to call a halt, or will the woman of the future be less and less inclined to hold to the man she finds uncongenial?"

This was so clearly the real issue that we waited for her to proceed.

"By stating it is a non-essential, Lavinia means—and, of course, I agree with her—that as a vital remedy divorce has been universally accepted by democracy. Its propriety in cases of dire need is no longer debatable except from the strictly clerical stand-point. Those who have recourse to it lose little caste, even in fashionable society, provided their justification is clear. As a bitter remedy it provides relief from intolerable conditions which both sexes in the past, especially women, were compelled to put up with. Nor does the modern woman take seriously the church's ban against those who marry again. Save Roman Catholics, who are obliged to remain obedient or leave the church, the mass of womankind accepts with less and less demur the new hope of happiness which is offered, and suffers no loss of self-respect thereby. Sensitive Episcopalians can usually find some one to perform the marriage service. The churches ask: 'Why not be content with separation?' The obviously rational answer is, first, that to do so would put a premium on immorality and foster illicit relations such as are widely winked at by European communities on the plea of protection to the family; and, second, that the modern woman sees no reason why, because of a dreadful mistake, she should remain single for the rest of her life if a desirable opportunity for remarriage offers. Our divorce figures are alarming, but in what country are there more happy marriages—where husband and wife are genuine comrades—than in ours?"

"And yet," interposed my wife, "if it be true that ninety-nine wives out of a hundred across the Canadian border manage to endure the treatment they receive from their husbands, it would seem as if our women were laying too much emphasis on the right to happiness, and too little on the obligation to remember that though marriage be regarded as a contract, it is the most solemn obligation in the world, to be broken only on the direst provocation and after much spiritual struggle. One reason why the modern American girl marries hastily is that the marriage bond signifies so little to her. And her poor children become the worst sufferers."

"I hadn't nearly finished, mother," exclaimed Winona. "I was on the point of explaining why on the whole I think that

we have gone too far. But as to marrying hastily—the clergy encourage that. At least any runaway couple—the girl who elopes with her father's chauffeur—can invariably find some clergyman to marry them in the middle of the night, and plume himself on it as a virtuous deed. But, at least, the modern woman marries the man she likes instead of the man she is told she ought to like. And as to the children—of course, there are two sides to that.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Lavinia. “The French have piled up agony on account of the children in the novel and play dealing with divorce. The child of separated parents is easily made the dramatic factor in the situation, and French writers have made the most of this appeal for artistic purposes. But as a practical matter, is a child better off in a home where loveless discord reigns beneath a varnished surface than if committed by agreement of parties or the decree of a court to the custody of one or the other parent? As I’ve suggested already, divorce is a distressing remedy; it affects all concerned; perhaps it should always entail social stigma. But for womankind and mankind at large its consequences appear to me far less disastrous than to continue to endure cruel wrongs in order to preserve merely the shell of the marriage relation.”

Although I should have been proud of Josephine had she discarded me in favor of some one else, if I had beaten her, I offered this historical comparison in her support:

“The degeneracy of Rome was marked by the prevalence of divorce—the putting away of wives by husbands from caprice. Conversely now, is not our American civilization suffering from a similar tendency fostered by wives? And the example promises to breed contagion, for Canada’s favorable showing is impaired by the fact that more than a third of the foreign couples divorced in the United States during the last ten years were Canadians who had acquired a domicile here—presumably in most instances to take advantage of the liberality of our laws.”

“Of course, the modern woman must behave herself,” answered Winona, eager to complete her argument. “In case she does not, she cannot complain if civilization out of sheer disgust heeds the fulmina-

tions of the Catholic Church and abolishes divorce. That is what the church hopes for; its sole chance of success. We women are on trial. The laws—laws framed by men—permit us to sunder the tie which binds us to an unworthy husband. If we avail ourselves of these without sufficient cause, are we not false to our best selves? And what is sufficient cause? If we say that there can be no hard and fast rule, and that each woman must be the judge of her own necessity, surely we must at the same time insist that the mere discovery that she does not love her husband—the favorite bold, pathetic plea nowadays—is not a race-serving justification. Otherwise the church is right, and the divorced woman places herself on the same moral level as the concubine. She must have some tangible, adequate reason.”

“Assuredly. But may it not be argued that the most tangible, adequate reason of all—after a woman has tried her best and is certain—is the consciousness that she has ceased to love?”

It was my radical daughter-in-law who spoke, and I noticed Josephine shiver protestingly and glance at me by way of mute, appalled reprobation.

“I do not maintain,” continued Lavinia calmly, “that the modern woman is likely or can venture for a long time to come to insist on the endurance of love—for what is incompatibility but its failure?—as the condition of permanent marriage. It is, of course, one tenet of socialism that the first obligation of husband or wife is to retain the other’s affection, and that inability to do so justifies the forming of a new tie. If this seems chaotic, it is less repellent than the other extreme, which the so-called conservative elements of society still seek to enforce, that the marriage tie shall be dissolved for no cause whatever, or for only a single cause, and that one human being’s happiness shall be permanently at the mercy of another. But whether or not incompatibility be recognized in the future as a legitimate ground for divorce, we are, as Winona says, on trial; we must justify our emancipation by our behavior. Any woman who travels cannot fail to learn that, though divorce has become a world-wide institution to relieve crying needs, the foreigner, and in particular the rest of the English-speaking peoples, look with hor-

ror on the American woman's prodigal recourse to it. It equally disgusts and puzzles them. They ask, Whence the necessity? If the adage be true that the American husband is less of a despot than any man in the world, why does the American wife so constantly divorce him? Undeniably the burden is on us women to prove that our circumstances require it—that it is best for civilization that we should so frequently put away one husband and presently marry another. Are we thereby holding men up to some nobler ideal of marriage than the rest of the world entertains? Or does it mean that the American woman is more capricious than her sisters, less stable and tender in her affections, and shallower in her social intelligence—in short, less unselfish and less lovable? If the latter be true, there must be underlying reasons. And that's what I meant by terming the divorce issue a non-essential in our discussion. Divorce is clearly a symptom either of new virtues or of grave shortcomings."

VIII

As my daughter-in-law paused, I found myself admiring the clever way in which she had both spiked the guns of Josephine's resentment and at the same time extricated us from the meshes of a topic which is unsavory at best. So conclusively had she made her point, that the speech by which Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote renewed the conversation was received by us all as the first step in a transition to our real theme.

"As bearing on the attitude of the English regarding us," she said, "I heard recently an anecdote which is illuminating. A young and charming girl became infatuated with and married an English army officer, who was later ordered to India. They have five children. She lives in England by his direction, and his furlough is spent, not with her, but in killing big game. One-half of his income, which is not large, he reserves for himself, the other he sends to his wife and children. What would an American girl say to that?"

"If she had any spirit, of course no American girl would stand it for a minute!" exclaimed Winona promptly.

"She would certainly discover some way of rectifying it," admitted my wife.

"And, of course, the poor thing just simply bears it the best way she can," said

Lavinia. "The Englishwoman when bullied accepts the lot her lord and master deals out to her, and pretends to like it. She is educated to pretend to like it, and the church does its best to encourage her to think she likes it. Naturally she is horrified when the woman who declines to be treated as a mere possession asserts herself."

"It is an extreme instance of gross selfishness in her husband's class," Mrs. Foote continued, "just as wife-beating is in the lowest class, and it may be that the average Englishman is far less arbitrary in his treatment of the women of his family than the average German; but the episode is typical nevertheless. As a result, however, of pondering it, I began to ask myself whether the American man isn't in much the same fix as the English or German woman—obliged to bear it the best he can."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Josephine, and she hastened to add, "If he bears it in any other way, his wife finds she has ceased to love him, which according to some constitutes the best ground for a divorce and marrying again."

Not being the aggressor, I watched with considerable gusto the flight of this shaft, which seemed aimed to pierce one of her daughter-in-law's ultra modern theories which rasp Josephine at times. She does not always agree with Winona, but can invariably follow her; whereas she declares that Lavinia leads her to strange conclusions which make a lady stare.

Both of the younger women laughed melodiously, and both their replies were characteristic.

"It isn't really true that he is in the same fix; or if he is it's his own fault." Thus Winona.

But her sister-in-law's comment was more subtle. "Because he has the effect of being in the same fix, are we necessarily culpable? If we are, I suppose it must follow that we are more selfish and less lovable."

As I listened to these remarks from purely feminine sources, I began to conjure up sundry testimony which seemed to bear out Mrs. Foote's deduction. Before my mind's eye trotted in single file and chronological order certain familiar, not to say hackneyed, specimens of American manhood, wearing the motley of comic-weekly or interna-

tional-fiction notoriety—the industrious but unpresentable husband of a generation ago toiling at home while his wife parades her diamonds and her daughters abroad; the conscientious, matter-of-fact, persistent native lover discarded not solely for a title (English, French, or Italian), but for the social elegance, charm, and courtship graces of its possessor; the latter-day breadwinner (constantly a millionaire), an easy-going materialist unable to see that his beautiful young wife is starving to death because his aspirations are confined to the stock-market and golf; the domestic male tyrant who clamors for several children and for appetizing meals, and fails to recognize that the truly intelligent woman should regard these as old-fashioned duties to be performed either by specialists or co-operative methods.

Pathetic figures these, and yet there was once color for the travesty. Undeniably the American husband absorbed in his business used to feel that his wife required nothing from him but a full pocket-book. Habitually faithful and indulgent, he took her constancy for granted, nor suspected that the lamp of feminine conjugal ardor required trimming. It was true also that he was un-presentable in the sense that he possessed most of the solid virtues, but none of the social hypocritic graces which made the foreigner a prince of the fairy tale to the American maiden. Nor was it surprising when, as sometimes happened (for the situation bristled with paternal obstacles), she decided not to become a countess and accepted her persevering native lover instead, that she should find him matter-of-fact and unromantically domestic by comparison. The wife of a more recent date has had grounds, too, for the complaint that the effect of the closer contact with civilization which the new wealth has offered, both abroad and at home, to the American man has been carnal. While she studies picture-galleries, cathedrals, and settlement work (after she has finished her shopping), his enthusiasm centres on some form of athletic diversion. Instead of visiting San Paolo Fuori le Mura, he inclines to bask in an open-air café reading newspapers (from home) and experimenting with light Italian wines. All within his respectable masculine rights, of course; but how dull and almost exasperating! Might not a husband more sensi-

tive to the world of imagination be preferable, even though he pricked up his ears occasionally at sight of another woman?

Yet in the face of this procession of inferior masculine figures I found myself remarking, "Your sex must certainly agree that the American husband has redeemed himself wonderfully of late. He makes no less money than formerly, and gives his wife even more. He takes suitable vacations and spends them with her. If he goes off to kill big game, she has the chance to accompany him. She can be just as sure of his constancy as ever, but she has far less cause to think of him as un-presentable. He not infrequently passes for English or Russian in the capitals of Europe. If he is still unable to tell a woman that he is in love with her, when he is not, so convincingly as some, he has learned the importance of creating an illusion in the mind of her whom he desires to marry. Though he may occasionally dodge a gallery in favor of golf, his efforts to render himself a fit companion for his wife have been so eager and docile that he is beginning to be puzzled and even to ask himself, In what respect have I failed? What more does she expect from me? And by way of reaction some invidious souls are beginning to inquire, Can it be that we have spoiled her? Can she even prepare an appetizing meal if she does the cooking, or know how it should be prepared in case she does not?"

"In too many cases, no, alas!" So pleaded Mrs. Foote to the last count of my indictment. Then with the suppleness characteristic of the well-equipped club-woman she continued: "You must bear in mind, however, that some serious thinkers maintain that the home in its old-fashioned sense belongs to the past. That more and more the drudgery of household life will be obviated by co-operative devices—the preparation of food in wholesale quantities by expert workers outside, and, if I may so term it, the reincarnation of the domestic servant. It would be interesting and a big feather in her bonnet," she added musingly, "if the American woman who has persistently refused to enter domestic service herself should atone for the seeming inconsistency she displays, in haunting intelligence offices the moment her husband makes money, by raising household work for pay to the dignity of

other labor, and thus making real George Herbert's verse, written nearly three centuries ago:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

"And her first step," exclaimed Josephine incisively, "should be to treat housework with dignity herself, as something worthy—a fine art even. To cook her husband's meals or superintend her household with the same enthusiasm, to attain perfect results, as the mechanic erecting a building or a sculptor chiselling his block. We were speaking just now of invincible aversion. This might pardonably become the eventual attitude of any husband toward the woman who daily set before him unsavory messes, or who treated her domestic duties as so many chores to be hurried through sketchily or heedlessly. We pride ourselves that the day of the subservient, timidly acquiescing, blindly adoring woman is over, though she had her virtues, poor thing; but if her modern successor neglects to give domestic efficiency the first place on her programme, she is certain to compare very unfavorably with her great-grandmother in the long run."

Notwithstanding the seriousness of Josephine's remarks, I noticed my daughter and daughter-in-law exchange glances of what appeared to be amusement.

"We don't dispute that you are right, mother dear," responded Winona. "But surely you exonerate both Lavinia and me from setting unsavory messes before our husbands."

My wife looked a little disconcerted, and no wonder. For, though I have a suspicion that when my daughter married, she could not have poached an egg for her husband, had it been her lot to walk into the kitchen, and that his digestion was sorely tried by her early struggles with inefficient cooks, it must be admitted that she has triumphed in the end, but at the cost, I believe, of ten dollars a week, which she appears to be able to afford. As for my son David's wife, she is ostensibly a born artist; that is, she frequently demonstrates her gastronomic skill in the family circle by preparing on a blazer dishes so consummately appetizing that I am in-

variably helped a second time; and, though she is merely the presiding genius of her household on ordinary occasions, she is certainly a creditable exponent of democratic efficiency.

But Josephine proved equal to the occasion. "You, Winona," she said, "have learned by bitter experience and a comfortable income. I did my best when you were eighteen to familiarize you with food values, but you were obdurate. Like most modern girls, you thought your soul above them, and that such material things could wait. If your husband had been a poor man, he would have been miserable while you were learning. In Lavinia, I admit, David found a culinary jewel from the outset; but she is a bright exception in the galaxy of native-born women. I exclude both of you, however, from my argument, for each of you keeps several servants. I had in mind the ninety and nine women out of a hundred—those who have no servants or only a single one. Especially the latter, for they are at their wits' end to secure competent assistants. The face of the American woman is set against domestic service, and yet at the same time she is clamoring for some one to be her servant. We are dependent on the foreign-born, the overflow of Europe. When this supply gives out, what is to become of us? There is only one remedy; Mrs. Foote is absolutely right—we must dignify domestic service; take away the social stigma which is attached to it and raise it to the level of other manual pursuits, so that the self-respecting American girl need not be driven into the store or factory, but may turn her hands and her head to what the average woman prefers at heart to everything else—some kind of household employment."

Perhaps I should have realized that the aspersion cast by me on the meals which the average American woman sets before her husband and children would precipitate sooner or later a discussion of that ever-burning but threadbare topic, the servant question. I noticed in the clear moonlight that every trace of amusement had vanished from the faces of the other disputants; that Winona appeared wistful but harassed, Mrs. Foote eagerly acquiescent yet pensive, and that my daughter-in-law's evident enthusiasm was tempered by sundry carking doubts. The spirit moved me to say:

"On certain subjects you perceive grand-mama is more progressive than any of you."

"Not more progressive. I agree with every word. Only—" Lavinia dwelt long enough on the qualifying conjunction to permit Josephine to interject:

"But for you, Fred, I think we would have avoided this particular topic on such a heavenly night."

If she spoke less urbanely than is her wont, it may have been because the form of address which I had employed sounds endearing only on the lips of the third generation. "But since you have dragged it in," she continued, "I acknowledge it as a hobby. I am constantly surprised that the clever American women who are perpetually agitating some issue do not unite and grapple in dead earnest with this most vital and threatening of all modern feminine problems. Every one groans, but the situation seems to paralyze us and we avoid concerted action. It isn't the rich or the well-to-do who are chiefly concerned. Exorbitant wages plus much travail of the spirit will provide them with servants enough to last our time. It's the every-day woman of restricted income. Our upper classes cherish the fatuous idea that presently the native-born girl will change her mind under the spur of pecuniary necessity."

"Never," murmured Lavinia and Mrs. Foote in the same breath.

"Never, undoubtedly, under present conditions," continued Josephine. "We all of us know perfectly well that we in her shoes would prefer any other occupation to that which keeps us incessantly at the beck and call of another woman who treats us with disdain as social inferiors."

This was so eminently a lady's battle that I was glad to hold my tongue and listen.

"But, mother, how are we to manage practically? Ideally the existing state of affairs is indefensible and distracting. But an eight-hour day would leave us without a maid in many an emergency, and a relay system would bankrupt most people." It was Winona, who spoke still wistful and still harassed.

"The eight-hour day is not the solution. I have no patience with the eight-hour day. A woman employed in housework doesn't labor at the top of her powers like a mechanic or mill operative," answered Joseph-

ine, who had evidently taken the bit of this special topic between her teeth and had no mind to relinquish it. "Neither is to treat her as a member of the family the solution—that specious but exploded product of half a century ago when the social differences between nearly all classes in this country were inconsiderable. She doesn't wish to be so treated any more than the clerk, stenographer, or trained nurse desires it, all of whom maintain their independence by contract as distinguished from servitude. She should have clearly defined duties and definite hours of exemption from every call, and above all she must be regarded as an individual like other employees, not hectored and required to be humble. A trained nurse has duties more trying to the sensibilities than any maid, yet she preserves her self-respect. And they, on their side, must be prepared to offer certificates of efficiency to dignify their calling: the equivalent of a diploma setting forth their attainments, which shall be the measure of their wages. If the poor man is wise, he will demand one from the woman he hopes to marry. But I'm sure that the next generation will insist on civil-service examinations for cooks. You needn't smile. The paucity of really proficient household assistants on this side of the water—indeed, all over the world, if rumor be true—is one of the social evils of the day. As to details—the precise ways and means—they are for you younger and better-equipped women to work out. As Fred says, I speak only from the point of view of a grandmother."

As Josephine concluded, there was a ripple of sound which was partly a sigh and partly spontaneous applause. She had not been interrupted, which signified to me they were listening to home truths which could not be gainsaid. This tribute solved, as it were, my offence in having unwittingly let this lion loose. The simile is not my own, for it was Mrs. Foote who now asserted:

"Every word is true. The subject lies like a lion in the pathway of the industrial woman and the woman of limited means, not to mention all the rest of us. Until we do something definite and effective there is not the smallest hope that the native-born American girl will consent to relieve the existing stringency."

"And until we succeed in doing something," said Lavinia, "I don't see but that the modern woman will have to admit" (and here she turned toward me) "that this shortcoming is a sign that she is more selfish than she used to be. In other words, that in her desire for individuality and a broad horizon, she has managed to neglect her nearest duties."

I do not know whether I was the more pleased by my daughter-in-law's logic or her magnanimity. It remained for Winona to complete the confession and at the same time to minimize it. "My conscience told me to eat humble-pie; but I'm glad that you've done it for me, Lavinia, in such philosophic terms," said she. "But in what other respects are we spoiled, father? You, as the champion of the down-trodden American man, intimated that we were."

"Exactly the question I was about to ask," cried Lavinia with new animation.

"And I was treasuring it up for the first opportunity," added Mrs. Foote.

I felt myself suddenly wofully outnumbered, like one who is beset by three in a narrow road; yet I strove to array my wits. Was it wifely loyalty or the belief that I had nothing valuable to adduce which caused Josephine to come to my relief?

"Children—good people all," she said—"do you realize what the hour is? I cannot permit you to keep this down-trodden American husband up all night."

"Just a moment," cried Winona, and as she leaned toward me in token of her earnestness, her mobile, spirited face took on in the moonlight a celestial aspect denied to the lords of creation. Obviously her womanly self-esteem, wounded by my thrust, yearned to vindicate itself.

"I think I can state in a few sentences just what he—or any man—would be able to allege, and our answer to it. Spoiled? Less unselfish and less lovable? From his stand-point, yes; from ours, no. Ego-tists—that's the favorite crucial charge. That the absorption of the modern American woman in her own personality and self-development renders her deaf to her domestic responsibilities. That in this age of keen competition, when man's energies must be completely fixed on his work if he hopes for distinction, she acts as a clog because of her vanity, ignorance, and disdainful regard of economy. That if she needs a

carrot she buys a peck, and keeps his nose everlastingly at the grindstone to satisfy her helpless extravagance. That she lays stress on her own career when, except in the case of genius, a married woman should have none. That she overindulges her children and encourages her daughters to grow up in self-sufficient ignorance of everything which will fit them to be housewives and mothers. Have I run the scale of our failings as you interpret them?"

The inquiry was manifestly addressed to me, but Josephine took upon herself to answer it. "What a painfully accurate picture of the modern woman, Winona! Noman could put it half so understandingly. You have omitted nothing but the diminution of that tenderness which used to be her essential weakness, yet her essential strength."

"Now, if I may say so, you are talking like a grandmother indeed, mama dear."

"Do not mind her; go right on, Winona," said my daughter-in-law soothingly.

"Her essential weakness, yet her essential strength. It should have been included, and it chimes in with the rest," continued Winona. "I suppose there must be some color to these aspersions, but it's chiefly the color which comes from contrast, the color given it by man petulant because we have left the niche which he prescribed for us and have stepped out into the world. The blue line which St. Cuthbert drew in Durham Cathedral, beyond which no woman should pass, is still pointed out to the visitor, and it was but a few feet inside the porch. What a stride to the position she has reached to-day! Though even to-day, as has been pointed out, the Englishwoman still lacks equal custody with her husband over her children, and must bear his infidelities without redress provided they are clandestine and not brutal. For us over here, these glaring wrongs have been righted. It is our assertion of subtler but no less imperative needs, not yet universally recognized, which draws forth the diatribes of men and the hostility of the conventional or old-fashioned portion of our sex. For instance, our right to face and comprehend the real facts of life and place our own construction on them; the married woman's right not to be treated with parsimony in money matters, and to have her domestic labors at least abstractly rated as a money contribution;

the single woman's right and need to support herself regardless of precedent and to safeguard her industrial status. And as to tenderness, does the woman of to-day lack depth of devotion for her children, and for the husband whom she loves and who remains worthy of her love? It is only because she refuses longer to keep turning her other cheek, like a patient Griselda, to the man who starves her love by his selfishness or ill-treatment that the surface world is disposed to rate her as metallic and shallow."

As my daughter finished her spirited reply, I felt moved to cry "Bravo!" which was spontaneous and far removed from irony. It proved, however, that I would have done better to adhere to my policy of non-interference. For at the sound of my voice she suddenly turned on me with a directness suggestive of a Goneril or a Regan rather than a Cordelia.

"But if it be true that we are spoiled—that in our righteous protest against ancient thralldom we have overstepped the bounds and are running riot—who is to blame? Not ourselves solely, but the men who have ceased to be our masters and who permit us to be extravagant, capricious, and egotistical. However modern she may be, how-

ever impatient of restraint, every woman loves in her heart to be forced to curb herself by some one stronger than she. If we waste men's money and neglect our wifely duties, why do they not interfere and compel reform? They are still the physical masters of creation. No, the modern man stands between two dilemmas: either his grievances against the modern woman are in the main without foundation, and he knows it, or he is unfitted to exercise his masculine prerogatives."

All the women eagerly applauded this sentiment. I felt discomfited, yet it was on the tip of my tongue to point out that if the American husband ventures to raise his voice above a whisper in token of authority, his outraged wife leaves him and takes the baby (over which she has equal custody) with her; but the others had risen and I heard my wife saying summarily:

"It's an absorbing subject; and we've had an illuminating discussion. We can't all agree about the modern woman; but the American man as usual comes out second best."

"Yes," I assented mournfully. "That seems to be his destiny. And yet we are constantly reminded that he is the best husband in the world."

(To be continued.)

"THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING"

By Eleanor Stuart

THE willows hang their veils of green
 Athwart a dreaming sky
 And tulips thrust into the scene
 Where Death is passing by.

His widow hangs her veil of woe
 Before her dear, blind eyes
 Which did not see he was to go
 To God's far Paradise!

All the wide world was lovely here
 Nor was his youth all past,
 Yet still we follow by his bier
 Close to him till the last!



Pattison's dog team.

THE ALBANY TRAIL TO JAMES BAY

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

HAVE you ever made map journeys? Have you traced your imaginary way down wilderness streams through silent forest country or over wide plains to nameless mountain ranges? Always, to me, the study of maps has been a source of much pleasure, and to this interest was due my making the acquaintance, last summer, of a great river that has its source in a lake lying far over the Height of Land, about two hundred miles north-west of Lake Superior. This river, the Albany, flows from Lake St. Joseph six hundred miles in a north-easterly direction and empties into James Bay, an arm of Hudson's Bay, that great inland sea of the north. Forming, as it does, the boundary between the unexplored solitudes of Kewatin and the almost equally unknown Ontario hinterlands, it seemed to offer the most alluring possibilities for a long canoe journey.

There are three other possible canoe routes to James Bay from the south; the

Abitibi, the Missinaibi, and the Kenogami or English River routes. These rivers are all interesting, but the canoe of the sportsman had already found its way to the salt-water by the first two. And the last, though little known, had not the same appeal to the imagination as had the Albany, rising far over the Height of Land and keeping its lonely course through a wilderness as primeval as on the day, two centuries ago, when the first Hudson's Bay Company men fought their way up its rapid current, four hundred and fifty miles, to build Fort Hope. But many months of correspondence failed to put me into communication with any one who had even so much as dipped a paddle in the waters of the Albany River. Finally I learned that Mr. Albert W. Pattison, Hudson's Bay Company factor at Lac Seul, had once travelled up the river in summer. At last I had discovered the needle in the wilderness haystack.

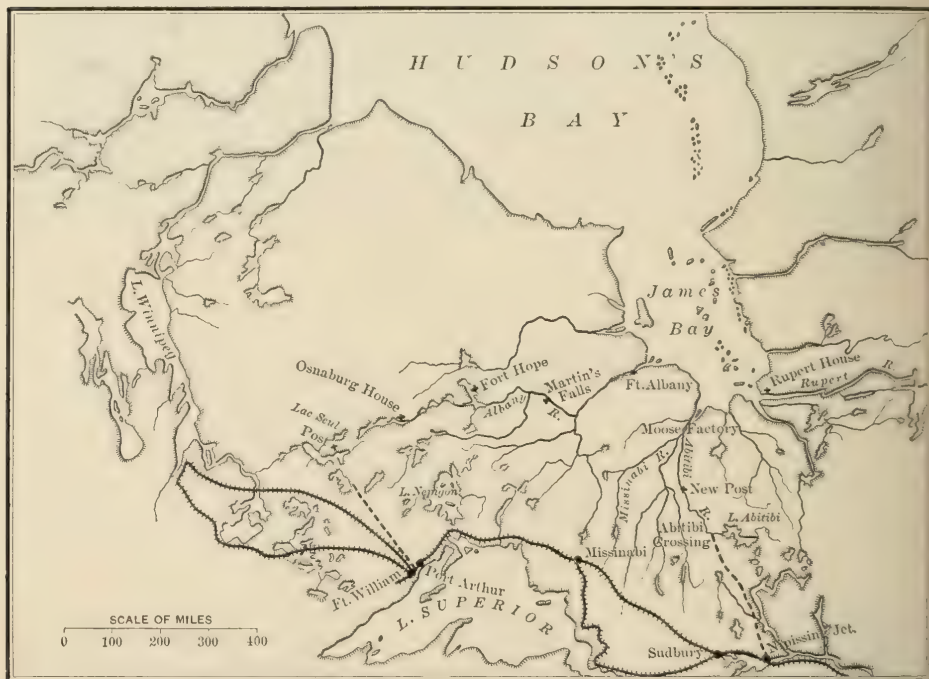
My plans, which were soon made, were as follows: To reach the Albany by way

The Albany Trail to James Bay

of Lac Seul and Lake St. Joseph, a journey of two hundred and fifty miles, and descend the river six hundred miles to Fort Albany; then to follow the coast of James Bay one hundred miles east to Moose Factory, and return to the railroad by ascending the Moose and its main tributary, the Missinaibi River, three hundred and fifty miles,

the Sturgeon River and started on the long trail north.

Sixty miles away lay Lac Seul. For three days we paddled through a bewildering network of lakes and waterways which were alive with pike, doree, and maskinonge. On the first day out we soon tired of pulling in the monster pike that snapped at



Map showing the Albany Trail to James Bay.

before the ice closed in late in October. This would make in all about thirteen hundred miles of paddling.

In the latter part of July, with an old friend and guide, Thomas Hoar, of Grand Lake Stream, Maine, and a half-breed Cree named Charlie, whom I had obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Dickison, Hudson's Bay factor at Missinaibi, I reached Fort William, on Lake Superior. The Cree, who was born at Moose Factory, claimed to be familiar with the Albany River and the coast of James Bay, as well as with the Missinaibi. Leaving Fort William on a gravel and construction train of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, we travelled two hundred miles through an unbroken forest country, and in the morning put our Maine canoes into

our spoons, and later a thirty-pound maskinonge and the chase of a bull moose for a photograph enlivened our trip up Lost Lake.

It was on a cloudless day that we paddled down a thoroughfare connecting Lac Seul with the waters through which we had come and, rounding an island, saw on a far point flanked by long sand beaches the white buildings of Lac Seul post. Our way down the lake led us past many wooded islands where Ojibway tepees, from which the smoke curled lazily upward in the still August afternoon, stood guard over diminutive patches of potatoes. On the rocky shore of one of these islands sat a group of young squaws sewing and gossiping. We stopped to get a photograph, but they were shy and fled laughing into the lodges.



Mouth of the Albany River.

Lac Seul, a magnificent specimen of the Canadian lake, is one hundred and thirty miles long and of varying width. Owing to its irregular shape, it is supposed to have a shore line of over fifteen hundred miles. The post at Lac Seul, the only habitation of white men on the lake, is the supply post for Osnaburg, two hundred miles north on Lake St. Joseph, and for a number of smaller stations beyond. Two years ago from these posts were sent seventy thousand dollars' worth of pelts of the fox, mink, fisher, lynx, marten, and otter. This is also a beaver country, but the Canadian Govern-



Upper Albany River.



Thirty-pound
Maskinonge,
Lost Lake.



York boat
under sail,
Martin's Falls.



French can
portagees,
Nepigon Trail.



Moose
swimming,
Lost Lake.

ment has protected the beaver for some years past.

A wild uproar from the husky dogs greeted us as we landed beside the little steamer used for towing supplies up the lake, while a number of Ojibways straggled to the shore to inspect the strangers. At the company's trading-house we met the hospitable Pattison, who, during two long evenings, held me quite hypnotized with the tales of his adventures in the silent places.

Pattison's life for the past thirty years, spent entirely in northern Quebec and Ontario, would read like romance. Stationed, as he has been, at Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini, far on the Labrador border, at Lac Seul, a thousand miles west, and at Fort Albany and Moose Factory, on James Bay, his career probably covers as wide a variety of experience as that of any native of eastern Canada. One winter, years ago, he broke through the ice on the upper St. Maurice, losing sled, dog team, and companion. Four days later, delirious from cold and starvation, he managed to reach the nearest post. Another time, Pattison travelled for ten days carrying on his sled the frozen body of a friend. His description of sleeping night after night beside the corpse, while the husky dogs, disturbed by the presence of death, howled their protest to a freezing moon, was the most gruesome account to which I have ever listened. As a special instance of his good nature, Pattison hitched his crack dog team, which has a record of fifty miles in seven hours, to a cariole sled and gave me a midsummer ride on the flat sand beach. Even under these trying conditions, the dogs dragged the sled so fast that it was impossible to stand in it. The dog-sleds are not steel-shod, but the wooden runners are plastered with a combination of clay and mud which, when frozen, is planed smooth. These clay runners are then coated with ice, and treated in this way run more easily than a metal shoe.

From Pattison I learned that Fort Albany was a month's hard paddling and portaging—there being about fifty carries—from Lac Seul, and that in order to get out of the lake and into the Root River which rises within a short distance

of Lake St. Joseph, we would need an Ojibway guide, as any one not knowing the lake might spend a week hunting through the maze of islands and bays for the mouth of the river. Accordingly, we persuaded one of the Lac Seul Indians, Whiteduck by name, which, in picturesque Ojibway, is Wabininishib, to show us the way to Osnaburg. On the following morning we bade Pattison good-by and started north.

The islands at the head of the lake seemed to be a favorite camping ground for the Indians. In fact, this locality is a veritable summer Riviera for some three hundred Ojibways. On our way, a running fire of primitive repartee directed at our Lac Seul guide, Whiteduck, from the tepees on the shores of the islands, was most amusing. I asked Charlie, who was in my canoe and who spoke Ojibway, what was the drift of the conversation. "Dey ask Whiteduck," said he, "who de white men are. He say, 'One is a Big Knife and de oder a Bix Axe.'" As one of the Ojibway synonymes for American signifies big or long knife, having its origin in the fact that the first Americans seen by the Ojibways wore swords, the ironical use of the term Big Axe seemed to be considered a huge joke by our red friends on the neighboring island. "Dey ask Whiteduck where white men go," continued Charlie, with his customary frankness, "and he say, 'De two white fool go to de Big Water.' Den dey say, 'It is many sleeps to de Big Water. Dey grow lonely on way. Let 'em come ashore and get wives, for we have plenty squaws here widout husband.'" This sally had evoked much laughter and giggling from the young squaws sitting around the tepees. It is superfluous to add that we did not accept the invitation.

For forty miles we followed the ram's-horn-shaped head of Lac Seul, and at the mouth of the Root River found a white man and his squaw camped at the big cache of the company. The squawman said he had shot seven moose in the river near his camp that summer, and from the bones and hides lying in the water, we had no reason to doubt him. He appeared to be sick, and on learning his symptoms, Tom, with a long face,



Gray geese.

Osnaburg
York boats.Creeping up
Abitibi River.Lake
St. Joseph.



Black ducks.

pronounced it typhoid fever, and thereupon gave him bountifully from our medicine kit, from quinine to a porous plaster. This seemed to arouse the envy of the squaw, who straightway began to groan and writhe with pain. She insisted on white men's medicine, so nothing would do but that we also must leave her pills of many colors.

When we left, I noticed a puzzled expression on Tom's face: "Say, that squaw seemed to be so dead set on those red pills that it kind of made me suspicious. You don't suppose she was going to make beads of 'em, do you?" he asked.

As we paddled up a stretch of dead water on the Root River, the measured click of oars on thole-pins broke the silence. Soon around a bend came the Osnaburg York boats. Stripped to the waist in the August sun, their crews of perspiring Ojibways heaved the large craft through the water, shouting and singing as they rowed. Sweeping down upon us, these sixty-foot broad-beamed York boats, each propelled by eight oars, seemed more like Grecian galleys or the vessels of marauding Vikings than Canadian wilderness freighters. Huddled in bow and stern, red-shawled squaws and children, urging the men to renewed efforts, added to the uproar. As they passed they called to the Ojibway, who answered them—probably at our expense—but he only smiled his sphinx-like smile when I asked him what they said.

On Root portage at the head of the river we met more of the Ojibways waiting for the return of the York boats with their supplies. Here at a little log landing lay the crude lake steamer of McLaurin, a free-trader who competes with the Hudson's Bay

Company at Lake St. Joseph for the furs of the region. In command of the steamer was an interesting young Englishman who told me his name was Clough and that he was a graduate of London University. When Clough had gathered the Indians for a picture, he remarked facetiously, with a wave of his hand:

"Behold the noble red man of the forest, heir to the wilderness. And how treasures he his heritage? By murdering every living thing he meets. Last winter these gentle creatures slaughtered one hundred moose yarded in by the deep snow at the head of the lake here. Tiring of shooting them, they put out their eyes with sharpened sticks and left them to die of starvation. Behold the noble red man, heir of the ages—and reserve your pity!"

During the delivery of this gentle anathema, the Ojibways sat smiling blandly at their traducer.

Our way to Osnaburg post led ninety miles down picturesque Lake St. Joseph. Here for the first time we set our net, to find in the morning more doree, pike, and whitefish than I had ever before seen. Out in the deep water there were lake-trout, to be taken by deep trolling. Back on a little barren behind our first camp, where the forest fire had once swept, were patches of blueberries with bear signs everywhere, for bruin dearly loves berries. Later, while at breakfast, two families of partridges came down to the shore to visit us, alas! to their grief. Ninety miles of wooded islands and crescent sand beaches, with once or twice on each of two quiet afternoons the long wake of a swimming moose or caribou ruffling the still surface in which sky and timbered shores lay mirrored, made memora-



Oblate Fathers' mission, Fort Albany.

ble those August days on this unknown northern lake.

We were one day wind-bound in a cove where there were many islands on one of which an Indian family was encamped. Hardly had we got up our tent when two squaws in a canoe paddled over and asked in Ojibway who we were. "Two great medicine-men from a country many moons to the south," replied Whiteduck. This got us into difficulties at once, for the squaws insisted on our going to their camp to treat an old Indian crippled with rheumatism and a squaw with an injured arm. Not without many misgivings, we took the medicine kit and paddled to the island where the Indian sat groaning in a tepee. Tom's dressing of a badly infected wound on the squaw's arm would have done honor to a graduate in surgery, but the old man stumped us. Finally I volunteered the suggestion that he drink plenty of lake water, which advice was greeted by the squaws with groans of contempt.

"Must we go to medicine-men for lake water," sarcastically cried one in Ojibway, "when we camp on an island? Tell them to give us some Long Knife's medicine!"

When this was communicated to us, Tommy and I felt that the reputation and honor of our race was at stake, so we gravely selected a number of pills from phials in the medicine kit, and ordered, under pain of death, that one should be taken each day until the Evil Spirit of Rheumatism took unto himself wings. This savored of the talk of true medicine-men and was more to their liking. After Tom had made a few passes in the air over the old Indian, we distributed tobacco and tea, and, amid much hand-shaking, chattering of squaws, and

barking of dogs, left them and returned to camp.

On our way up the lake, I asked Whiteduck when we should reach Osnaburg. He turned and pointed low into the west, saying: "When sun is dere, we camp at post." Whiteduck never wasted words, and, after all, how could he have better answered my query? He was a silent Indian and I often wondered what were his thoughts.

So late does the sun set in the northern summer that, although nearly seven o'clock, it was still light enough to take a photograph of Osnaburg House, in charge of which, in the absence of Williams, the factor, who has an Ojibway wife, was a young Englishman by the name of Wood. Here Whiteduck, who evidently disliked the half-breed, turned back. He had already come two hundred miles, which is about the limit of travel of the northern Indian, who is not a company voyageur. It is very difficult to get a woods Indian to travel into a country he does not know. He seems to have no curiosity concerning the world beyond his ken, and some little fear of it.

The next morning we paddled down the narrowing arm of the outlet past many fires burning along the shores where the Indians were smoking moose meat. Then running some small rapids, we were in the Albany at last. For a hundred miles the upper reaches of the river as it leaves the Height of Land are one succession of rapids and quick water. Farther on it becomes more tranquil, alternately widening into lakes and contracting again to race wildly through deep chutes. The lakes, some of which are miles in length, are but vaguely intimated by the map. In fact our crown maps, published by the Dominion Geologi-



Revelon
Houses
trading post,
Fort Albany.



On the
portage.



Camp on
James Bay.



Captain
Freakley,
Gamsell, and
McMasters,
Moose
Factory.

cal and Agricultural Surveys, proved utterly useless in establishing our whereabouts on this section of the river. These waters seemed to be breeding-grounds for sturgeon, for all around us late in the afternoon they broke the surface. One still evening when the dying sun had turned the lake on which we were to liquid gold, we paddled for miles right through these great fish playing and splashing on the surface of the water. We were wind-bound for several days in this lake region, and from sunset, when the wind died, travelled late into the moonlit nights, soon accustomed to heed the antics of the leaping sturgeon as little as the rising of so many trout. A sturgeon rises from the water his full length and falls over on his back, splashing more like a log than an animate thing, and, in fact, the first one I saw I took for a stick of timber for some mysterious reason upending on the quiet surface of the lake. The flesh is reddish in color and firm in fibre, more like meat than fish, and of a fine flavor.

No one in the north country travels without a net, for if the canoe comes to grief in the rapids and provisions are lost or water-soaked, the net furnishes food until the nearest post is reached. In these lakes whenever we set our net we were sure of pike, doree, and whitefish, but caught no sturgeon as it was not strong enough to hold them. Often, on taking up the net in the morning, a great hole in its torn meshes bore eloquent witness to the passage of one of these huge fish, which in these waters grow to seven feet in length.

Paddling from dawn to dusk, sometimes fishing the rapids for brook-trout, we travelled into the north. On the way we had much sport with the doree, which runs to three pounds in weight in the Albany and is a splendid, gamy little fish, taking a fly or a spoon with the avidity of the trout.

There is a wealth of bird life on the Albany. Ducks are confined largely to the marshes of the lake country and to the flats at the mouth, but many varieties of snipe breed throughout the length of the river, and seldom were we out of hearing of the welcome whistle of the yellow-legs. Partridge, birch, and spruce are very plentiful, and ptarmigan and pinnated grouse

are natives of the muskegs. The pipe of thrush and warbler accompanied us far down into the cliff country. Kingfishers chattered querulously from the shores or scurried across the river ahead of our canoes, resenting the coming of trespassers into the peace of their northern solitude. One evening we paddled for miles where night-hawks by the hundred, foraging for their supper, filled the air. From the stunted spruce of the high shores, down in the desolate cliff country, ravens croaked dismally as we passed, and often high above the cliffs eagles sailed, black specks against the sky.

One source of surprise regarding the bird life was to find that our own robin-red-breast long before us had wandered down the river to the bay where we saw him on the marshes. Another was to miss that feathered friend of all campers, the Canada jay, better known as the moose-bird or whiskey-jack. Not until we reached the islands of the Albany delta did I catch sight of this impudent Jack Sheppard of the air whose free way of making himself at home and of purloining the choicest bits from the frying-pan add much to the pleasure and amusement of every wilderness camp. Here in the far north the robber had lost much of his effrontery and only when we sat quite still would he come close to our fire.

At last we camped at the head of the long portage. This carry which Pattison had said was the longest and most difficult on the Albany—by running two miles through a swamp—cuts off three miles of churning rapids in a bend of the river. Some Indians had told us that the portage was four smokes long, meaning that if a man were to take a load across in one trip he would stop four times and smoke while he rested. Carrying a heavy load on a tump-line through a spruce swamp, where one sinks sometimes to the knees in the mud and moss, is the most exhausting work I have ever known. I was returning from my first trip when I met Charlie with one of the canoes.

"Tom fell and broke his back," said he, without the slightest trace of excitement.

With visions of carrying an injured man hundreds of miles through the wilderness, I hurried back along the trail to find



Cree cradle.

Half-breed
Crees, Moose
Factory.Chief Esau's
teepee,
New Post.

Cree cradle.



Beach at low tide, James Bay

Tom lying by his canoe seemingly in great pain. When he was able to speak, he explained that he had slipped and fallen under the canoe, severely wrenching his back and shoulder. We applied a large plaster and bandaged him up as well as we knew how, but for many days he suffered greatly from his injuries.

This surely seemed to be a day of misfortune, for as I came out with the last load to the top of the cliff below the long rapids, I caught my foot in a root and fell headlong down the steep trail. I got to my feet with what I thought was a badly strained side, but which afterward proved to be a broken rib. Over our lunch of tea, bread, and bacon, we dubbed the long carry "The Portage of Many Sorrows."

Fort Hope, one hundred and fifty miles below Lake St. Joseph, on Eabemet Lake, is the northernmost post at which the Ojibways trade. After paddling up the lake all day in a vain effort to reach the fort, we learned from some travelling Indians that we were still twenty miles out of the way. So we gave it up and turned back into the river.

As we went ashore below Fort Hope to look at a long stretch of white water, a rustling in the bushes caused us to look up in time to see, surveying us inquisitively, the soft eyes of a yearling caribou. But he was away through the brush before I could focus my camera. From now on caribou tracks on the shores became more frequent, and the anticipation of photographing a band swimming the river kept us continually on the lookout. But we never got our caribou photograph, although twice we saw bands swimming the river. Later, when our bacon was gone and we needed meat,

we regretted not having shot a moose when chances offered above Fort Hope. However, we were not to wait long for moose steak, for in a slough at a bend of the river we ran upon a cow, a calf, and a yearling. When I had photographed the calf in the middle of the slough, Tom shot the yearling, and the meat famine was ended.

Both in summer and in winter the rivers are the thoroughfares of the Canadian wilderness. As soon as they are strong enough to lift pole and paddle, the Indian children are taught to handle the canoe in the quick water. What seems to the untutored eyes of a tenderfoot a veritable maelstrom of white water may to an Indian canoeman reveal a safe and sure channel for his birch-bark. It is one of the most interesting sights of wilderness travel to watch a Cree, Ojibway, or Algonquin stand in his canoe at the head of a rapid searching for a possible way through, and then, having satisfied himself of the whereabouts of a channel, plunge fearlessly into the white water, now paddling like mad, now seizing his pole and checking the headway of his craft, to shoot off in another direction, until finally he comes clear through the "boilers" at the foot without having as much as scraped one of the boulders that, with seemingly certain destruction, menace his path. But even among the red men of the rivers there is a wide difference in ability as canoemen. Although, of course, experience is indispensable, a canoeman is born, not made. Judgment, skill, and a total ignorance of fear seem to be the prime requisites, and even then, as in many arts, an added touch of genius for the work is necessary to round out the finished whole of a first-class voyageur. An



Moose Factory.

Ojibway saying has it: "Not every moon sees a canoeman born."

Sixty miles below Fort Hope we passed the Nepigon Trail. Here, at last, Charlie admitted, what we had long suspected, that he had never been on the Albany below this point. Our early conviction that the half-breed, although an able canoeman and packer, was an unmitigated liar was thus confirmed. However, as we had run the rapids of the upper Albany without serious mishap, we hoped, with luck, to get through.

The portages of the middle Albany, being so little used, are difficult to find, and more than once we missed them and ran into ugly rapids which the Indians carry around. Running rapids blindly, without first looking them over from the shore, while exciting sport, often results in smashing a canoe and losing kit and provisions. This would have been a grave matter on the Albany, many days travel from a post. We had not run many rapids before we realized that our Maine canoes were unfitted for travelling on the great northern rivers. Although very light and easy-running, they were altogether too small for this kind of work, as invariably we shipped water in the "boilers" at the foot of all big rapids.

Many times in the still August afternoons we ran for hours without speaking—the depression of the silence stifling all desire for conversation. Save for the scream of a hawk wheeling above spruce forests, and the wash of hurrying waters on stony shores, no sound met our ears. The graceful birches and poplars, swaying in their long white frocks like slender Burne-Jones ladies, beckoned and nodded as we passed, while in the background their swarthy husbands, the ever-present black spruce, kept

jealous guard. At times, hypnotized by the silence, I dozed over my paddle until I missed the water entirely and waked with a start, nearly capsizing the canoe, much to the disgust of the surprised Tom deep in reveries of his own. Then, often, breezes in the tree tops became to ears bewitched by the spirit of the solitudes the strains of great orchestras, and the babel of many voices filled the air.

One night when, driven ashore by a thunder-storm, we sat by the fire in front of our tent, guyed and braced to resist the onslaughts of the wind and rain, I asked Charlie if he had ever come near to starvation.

"Well, we come too close one tam over on de Missinaibi. Some of us lads, we bin up to Brunswick House from Moose. On de way up, we cache plenty flour so when we come back we only take bacon and flour to last us till we get to cache. When we see cache we find bear bin dere too. Somehow he pull dat cache all to pieces where we build it in good shape. Well, we were two hunder mile from Moose wid a few pounds of flour and bacon to see us tru. It was in de spring wid de river high, so two feller took all grub but little an' travel night an' day for Moose, wile de rest fish der way 'long and trust to pick up moose to eat till de two feller wid grub come up de river to meet us. We got no net an' fishin' on lower Missinaibi ain't good, fer you can't ketch whitefish on de hook and we got no big hook for sturgeon. So by tam we meet dose feller we sent ahead comin' back wid grub, we bin five day widout eatin' much. But it wasn't so bad fer we know we only little piece from de post anyway. While bein' shy grub is

bad, it's when you're lost and don't know how many day or week you go before strikin' post or meetin' Indians dat make a feller sick."

At Martin's Falls, three hundred miles above Fort Albany and nearly five hundred miles by water from the Canadian Pacific, we found, in charge, the son of the half-breed factor Iseroff. The Iseroff family is well known in the James Bay country; Joe Iseroff, a nephew of the factor, crossed Labrador with Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. As we were the first sportsmen to come to Martin's Falls, we were objects of much curiosity. That evening, as we camped inside the dogs' stockade, we anticipated no trouble from the huskies. But in the middle of the night a tremendous hubbub waked us. We rolled out of our blankets to find the stockade full of hungry huskies each with a provision bag. One dog, in attempting to get at a small piece of bacon, had his head and shoulders wedged inside the pack basket, while the others, jealous of his strategic position, pulled at his hind legs. Driving the dogs out of the stockade with sticks of firewood, we rescued our provision bags. Some careless Indian had left the gate open and the dogs had taken it as an invitation to the feast. "If I had thought that the huskies were as hungry as that," said Tommy, always the philosopher, "I'd have fed 'em last night."

The small daughters of the factor were very friendly and never failed to appear at meal time. By actual count, these two maids of the north, of seven and ten years respectively, and of seemingly limited capacity, found at one sitting a resting-place somewhere within their diminutive selves for twenty-five pancakes. This is not so surprising as it was their first encounter with maple syrup, a small can of which we had brought all the way. When I congratulated Tom on such a delicate compliment to his cooking, he replied haughtily:

"My cooking? Well, I guess not! You'll have to look further than that for the reason. From Yellowstone Park to San Domingo, my winnin' ways have drawn the ladies around me like flies around molasses."

"Or maple syrup," I added.

Philip, the head man, wanted to take us on a caribou hunt into the muskeg country, but we had to refuse. It was al-

ready September and Albany was ten days away.

As we bade good-by to our friends at the post, around the bend in the river below appeared two York boats under full sail. We presently passed them as they came bravely up through a stretch of quick water where the rocks everywhere poked their ugly noses. These boats were carrying winter supplies and provisions to Fort Hope, and with their chattering red-shawled women huddled in bow and stern and the men steering, and trimming the great square sails, while the wind drove them up against the current, they were most picturesque sights.

In the evening of the first day out from Martin's Falls we were running along in the early dusk searching the shore for a possible camping ground when the sunset quiet was rent by an uncanny whooping. Soon, far below, we made out three large birds standing on a sand spit. As we drifted toward them, they repeated, at intervals, the strange cries more like maniacal laughter than the calls of feathered creatures.

"Cranes!" whispered the Cree as we neared them.

When we were within fifty yards they got up clumsily and flapped away down the river. Disturbed by the rising of the whooping cranes, a number of gray shadows swung up from a grassy island below and in a long line speedily disappeared. It was a genuine thrill that the "gou-louk! gou-louk!" of the first gray geese of the trip gave me that evening.

"Mebbe dose geese not taste good for supper? By damn!" groaned the hungry Charlie, as they faded into the splendor of the red sunset. From now on we were to see them every day, and they added much to the pleasure of the lower Albany. These geese are not migratory birds, but breed in the muskies back of the river.

Below Martin's Falls we entered the cliff country through which for one hundred desolate miles runs the river. Through these cliffs the wild freshets of spring, bringing the snows from a country greater in extent than the combined area of many of our States, have eaten out a deep channel in the clay soil. In places the shores rise vertically to a height of two hundred feet. The cliffs themselves, eroded and seamed

by the surface water and floods, and undermined and torn by the spring freshets, have, in places, the aspect of a convulsion of nature. Frequently along the precipitous banks we noticed gouged ruts where moose and caribou had slid down trampling deep into the wet lower shores on their way across the river. Truly, a more deso-

the wolves again, but much farther away, and was glad to know the caribou had thrown them off the trail by crossing the river. This animal must have been a young cow or yearling bull, for seldom do wolves attack caribou in the summer, and then only a lone yearling or fawn, the adults being fully capable of protecting them-



Cree camp, Abitibi River.

late country than this hundred miles of cliffs on the Albany River could be found only in some of the canyons of the West.

At the mouth of the Sturgeon River I sat two hundred feet above the shore enjoying the breeze and gazing down the winding valley of the river at my feet, when from somewhere far up the Sturgeon floated the unmistakable half-yelp, half-howl of wolves on a fresh trail. From where I stood, the Sturgeon, in places, was visible through the forest for miles, and I waited, hoping that the caribou which the wolves were running would cross the river somewhere in sight. Soon the yelps became more distinct, and presently, about half a mile up the valley of the little river, the hunted caribou leaped into the shallows and with a few jumps disappeared like a gray streak into the forests of the opposite shore. I heard

selfes. The Indians say also that they have never known the wolves to bother a full-grown moose, winter or summer, as even a cow moose would trample them to death or crush them against the trees in the thick timber.

Two days out of Albany we camped at the mouth of the Ghost River, where we met the last of the York boats on its way to Fort Hope with supplies. The Fort Hope Ojibways with the boat told us that they had been over a week getting up through the shallows with their heavily loaded craft. The Ghost River gets its name from the massacre of three white men of the Hudson's Bay Company many years ago. They were camped here guarding a cache of supplies and trade goods which some wild Crees coveted. The Crees surprised and killed the men at the cache and started

up the river intending to lose themselves in the Kewatin barren lands, but a friendly Indian found the burned cache with the bones of the murdered men and brought the word to Albany. A body of Albany Crees, led by a Hudson's Bay man, set out at once and, overtaking the plunderers of the cache two hundred miles to the west, slaughtered them to a man. Thus did the friendly Crees at Albany prove their loyalty to the Great Company.

At last we entered the delta of the Albany, and making our way through its many islands, on the 9th of September came in sight of the fort. Mr. Gillies, the factor, the first white man we had seen since leaving Osnaburg, six hundred miles away, gave us a wilderness welcome and kindly offered the use of an empty cabin during our stay. Here we learned that we were the first sportsmen who had ever been at Fort Albany.

Fort Albany is located on an island in the delta some fifteen miles above the mouth of the river proper which enters the bay through several channels, in all many miles in width. Every spring the fur brigades laden with their winter hunt, consisting largely of the pelts of the fox, mink, lynx, fisher, and marten, descend the Albany, and come down the west coast of the bay to the fort, to return with the coming year's supplies and trade goods. Every June the fort is gay with Indian tepees. Ojibway voyageurs from Fort Hope gossip with the wild runners from the posts to the north-west. Long-haired savages in caribou-skin coats and red company's sashes, speaking strange dialects, mingle with the local Crees. Hunters of the silver fox from Akimiski Island, fur-clad Eskimos—called Huskies in the north, as are their dogs—from the Twin Islands, with skins of the seal and the polar bear and the ivory of the walrus; all these, come to trade with the Great Company and with its new competitor, the Revillon Frères, at Fort Albany.

The Oblate Fathers, an order of Catholic missionaries, have recently erected a mission, and a hospital presided over by three sisters allied to the order, and the Church Missionary Society of England has a resident clergyman. So the souls of the Crees coming to Albany to trade are in no very immediate peril.

Bidding good-by to the hospitable Gillies family, we left Albany for James Bay

carrying the mail for Moose Factory. In our honor the red emblem of the company, bearing the white letters H. B. C., a flag that has waved for two centuries in the solitudes of the north, flew from the staff.

The south and west coast of James Bay is probably the flattest shore on the continent. Except in a few places where sand spits extend far into the bay, most of the shore line consists of great marshes miles in width and quite bare of anything but grass, save for occasional clumps of juniper, willow, and alder. Far inland a long line of scrub spruce stands on perpetual guard over the frontiers of Ontario and Kewatin. At Albany an old Indian had said, "When de tide go out, you not see water from de spruce," and he did not exaggerate. The distance from the first spruce to the sea at low tide must, in many places, have averaged six or eight miles.

On our first night out from Albany we were driven ashore by a stinging north-easter and forced to camp on a marsh, where, in the morning, we waked surrounded by the tide, with our canoes adrift. Here the storm held us for days, willing prisoners, until our empty water-keg forced us on to fresh water. To attempt to describe the excitement of hiding in the willows or in a blind out on the open marshes while flock after flock of gray geese, blue geese, and waxes—most appropriately named from their resemblance in flight to a white streamer waving in the sun—passed overhead, would require a more vivid pen than the writer's. It is certainly royal sport, and the trip to James Bay, even by the long trail of the Albany, is well repaid by the geese-shooting on the marshes. Teal, pintail, golden eye, and black duck were flying in clouds up and down the shore, but we had eyes and ears for the geese alone. To lie down to sleep with the ceaseless clamor of the geese in the muskeg behind the spruce in our ears, and to wake at dawn to the music of endless caravans of the air passing from their night roosting-places behind the timber out to the shore to feed, made the tea boiled with salt-water almost palatable, but our thirst finally drove us up the coast.

Often, back toward the timber line, we found the round-toed track of the caribou and the larger and more deeply pointed signs of moose which have only recently appeared on the bay, and one day in the

soft mud of the shore we saw where two wolves had come down for a whiff of sea air. Most appropriately in a goose country, an ever-wise nature has provided large patches of delicious bog cranberries which Tommy discovered while exploring back of the spruce. Everywhere on the dry ground were the vines of wild strawberries, and in

Although in September, on the bay, a bright, clear day was unusual, yet often at evening the clouds would break, to reveal the splendor of a matchless sunset, and when the moon was full many of the nights were beyond description. The Milky Way banded the heavens with a dense whiteness unknown to lower latitudes. Up



Crossing of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

one place we gathered enough for a mess. Myriads of snipe of many varieties, including yellow-legs, and black snow-birds make their homes on the south shore of the bay. An amusing native of the great marshes is the hawk-owl, which on dark days (and most of September in this country is rainy) can be seen flying above the willows and alders in search of unwary mice and moles.

The waters of the coast of James Bay are quite gray from the mud of the shores and bottom, and never during the three weeks that we were on it was the sky above the sea long clear of low-lying clouds. The feeling of compression that this nearness of masses of leaden clouds produces is one I never before experienced. Truly a sullen sea and a sombre, this great sub-arctic bay.

from the sea-line the ribboned lights of the aurora borealis pulsed and wavered, or streamed across the heavens in fantastic shapes, ever changing—now opaque, now diaphanous, faintly veiling the sky.

Once on such a night Tom and I sat thrilled with the wonder of it all. We had finished our supper of goose and salt tea, apropos of which Tom had remarked: "Even a down-East old maid would give up the habit if she had to make her tea with salt-water." Our keg was empty and the nearest sweet water was the Moose River. Flour, bacon, and erbswurst were gone, and a tiresome round of goose, duck, and salt tea awaited us unless we moved on. For an hour we silently watched the glory of the northern lights. Suddenly the long

streamers gathered and converged, then extending to the zenith, curled into a cosmic interrogation point, and over the gray sea hung suspended against the stars. Tom gazed long at the omen, then turned on me a pair of questioning eyes and quietly said:

"Say, if that is meant as personal, I guess it's about time two Yankees I know made tracks for Moose."

"You don't mean to tell me that a hard-headed Maine man can be superstitious," I ventured.

"No, I ain't exactly superstitious," he replied, "but it's sure putting it up to us when they flash that on you. If we get wind-bound here without water and nothing to eat but these blamed duck and geese, we're in for trouble."

Tom's logic was irrefutable. The next morning we started for Moose.

Twelve miles above the mouth of the Moose on one of the numerous islands of the delta stands Moose Factory, the metropolis of the north and the company's head-quarters on James Bay, with a population of from twenty to thirty whites. Shrouded with dust in the old storehouse lie records of the company dating back two hundred years. Most interesting are the journals of the factors, kept in the eighteenth century, recording everything of importance that happened at the post. For a whole century, during which time England

and France were almost continually at war, the little settlement was ever on the lookout for raiding parties coming down the Abitibi from Montreal, or for French ships of war cruising into the bay through the straits.

We found Mr. Camsell, inspector of the district, Captain Freakley, of the company's steamer, and Mr. McAlpine, post factor, most hospitable gentlemen. Here Charlie succumbed to the blandishments of Indian-made sugar beer. Intoxicated, he came to the tent in search of trouble, and he found it. It was with no little satisfaction that we got rid of the half-breed. For two days it looked as if we might not get out before the ice came in late October, but fortunately Chief Esau and Bertie, two Abitibi Crees, paddled in with a government engineer. We sold our shattered Maine boats, and within an hour started with the Crees in a new Peterborough canoe to go home by the Abitibi.

A hundred miles up this wild river, which races most of the time, we paddled, poled, and tracked to New Post, where we found Mr. Sidney Barrett, the factor, the most genial and interesting of men. A day with Barrett and we pushed on past autumn woods in the thrall of the Indian-summer, picking up a young moose and racing with a bear on the way. There was snow in the air of the late October afternoon on which we paddled up to the crossing of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and our days of hardship and delight in the silent places were ended.



Long Sault, Abitibi River.

MONARCHICAL VERSUS RED SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts



EMPEROR WILLIAM, democrat and monarchist. As democrat the Emperor lives intellectually in all the progressive thought of the time, striving with compre-

hensive plan to advance the German in mental training, in technical efficiency, in physical and spiritual well-being. He welcomes the distribution of wealth and ideas, and leads in the crown socialism that is transforming economic Germany. As monarchist he is tenacious of prerogative, glorifying the services of the Hohenzollerns to Germany, resisting almost immovably those who seek to share what is his by hereditary right, determined to pass on the splendid estate unimpaired to his children. The statesmanship of this duplex personality conserves therefore every privilege of semi-autocracy and yet uses the forces of the state for a proportional development of the whole. The monarchy and the powers of government associated with it have advanced in swiftly succeeding stages, considering the life of nations, to a peculiar aristocratic socialism. Political power remains in ancient forms and yet takes over the direction of modern economic forces. Monarchists meet the deep currents of socialism by making their own some principles of the new economy and retaining resolutely the entire application of them. An extraordinary mental and political civil war is in full movement, in which monarchical socialism keeps the mastery of material development against republican revolutionary socialism. Although monarchical socialism is in possession, the vast organized striving of another class socialism, the workingman's socialism, causes conservatives annoying apprehension.

The rise of socialism as a political force in Germany in the sixties and seventies was looked upon by Bismarck as tending to destroy the monarchy, the church, the family, and the very means of material well-being. He advised the crown to make the

expression of socialistic ideas a crime. The anti-socialistic laws were devised, fining and imprisoning those found guilty of approving socialism as taught by the Social Democratic party. They were enforced relentlessly during twelve years, with the complete thoroughness of a strong and efficient government. They could not arrest discussion nor reduce, except temporarily, the socialist vote. The vote did fall from 493,300 in 1877 to 437,600 in 1878, and again in 1881 to 312,000, but thereafter the vote rose to 550,000 in 1884 and to 763,000 in 1887. When Bismarck, in 1890, the last year of his chancellorship, asked the Reichstag to re-enact the socialist laws and make them a permanent statute, he failed to convince a majority, no doubt because it was privately known that the present Emperor, who had in the meantime come to the throne, had small confidence in their effectiveness.

Correlated with Bismarck's legislation repressing republican collectivism were his wide schemes of state socialism spreading over German economic life. By these he sought to conciliate the working classes. The thought and sustained effort that Bismarck gave to social modification issued directly from his religious and monarchical convictions. "A state," said he, "consisting for the most part of Christians, should be permeated to some extent by the principles of the religion it professes, especially in regard to the help one gives to his neighbor and sympathy with the lot of old and suffering people." "The votes given to a socialist candidate," said he on another occasion, "denote the number of persons who are discontented. . . . This discontent with one's condition is natural to man. The desire to improve one's position—to get on—is a desire that God has implanted in man and those who vote for the socialists do so in the hope of bettering themselves."

Bismarck, talking long afterward to W. H. Dawson, upon the origin of the industrial insurance laws, said:

"My idea was to bribe the working

classes, or shall I say, to win them over, to regard the state as a social institution existing for their sake and interested in their welfare."

"It is not moral," said the Prince, "to make profits out of human misfortunes and suffering. Life-insurance, accident insurance, and sickness insurance should not be the subjects of private speculation. They should be carried on by the state or at least insurance should be on the mutual principle and no dividends or profits should be derived by private persons."*

Emperor William II grew up in the midst of political thought of an advanced sort. He was taught the economic philosophies of Wagner and Schmoller, state socialistic systems purely. Under William I and Bismarck the Prussian and the imperial governments had taken the first far steps in the direction of a socialistic state. Emperor William II and his advisers living in the same order of political thinking have continued the reaching out of the state into fields of economic effort reserved in most other modern states to private persons and companies. The imperial government has adopted numerous measures limiting individual control in private business, the most interesting of which to the student is that curious law of 1910, placing potash mining under the control of the Federal Council which fixes prices and the proportion of foreign and home sales. The imperial government has passed two laws, those of 1909 and 1910, taking for the imperial and state treasuries a percentage of the so-called "unearned increment" in land values. The four per cent dividend valuation of properties owned by the imperial and state governments of Germany, as explained in a previous article, is \$7,000,000,000.†

The extraordinary thing about this to the foreign observer is the utilization by the monarchists of what one of them has called the master force of the age to maintain old sovereignties. That which is still considered destructive socialism in some countries is appropriated by the Crown and called monarchy in Germany. Every collectivist addition to the responsibilities of the state brings a new corps of employees under the immediate control of the functionaries of

government. The monarchy extends its power over the individual fortunes of its subjects. The new ascendancy operates both economically and socially. The employee of any government-owned undertaking feels that he is a part of the glittering paramount social institution that commands the world, the world as it is known to him. He is treated by the agents of this remote centralized splendor with mingled severity of discipline and favor. The certainty of employment throughout life, if his behavior and his principles are sound, a pension in old age, a differentiation socially from those not employed by the state, work toward his satisfaction with the order that is. He is probably entitled to wear a uniform and after an interval of years his sovereign sends him a medal of honor.

Society and wealth are interwoven more solidly with the government in Germany than in the United States, or in England, or in France. It is as though the White House stood at the summit of exclusive society, not only of New York but of all America, and by means of social realities had a predominant influence over the wealth and rank of the country. In such a country as Germany, social position is the cement that holds in place wealth, talent, and rank. While democratic socialism has ceased to be a felony before the law court, it has become a social offence without commutation of sentence or recognition of extenuating circumstances. No one may hold any position in the public service, not even that of a section hand on a railway, and admit that he is a socialist, nor may he teach in any school or university. The "color-line" that places the member of the Social Democratic party below caste is also a force that simplifies leadership above. Aristocratic socialism, when the initiative is with the sovereign, draws easily with it the nobility, the great industrialists, and all lesser gradations of position and wealth, even to the "white-collar proletariat," as red socialists call clerks and office employees. Only two or three times in forty years have the Conservatives departed from their principle of steady unquestioned support of crown policies, socialistic or otherwise. In 1873 they gave only partial approval to certain tax proposals in Prussia, and in 1909 they refused to concur in Prince Bülow's inheritance taxes. They joined in the criticism uttered in the

* Dawson's "Modern Germany," vol. II, 349.

† *SCHMOLLERS* for January, 1910.

Reichstag in November, 1908, against the Emperor's having talked freely in England in private conversation about German foreign affairs and the anti-English feeling of a majority of his people.

Over against respectability finely and traditionally organized with the church both Protestant and Catholic, the schools and universities, much of the press and that wonderful body of men that leads militant industry and enterprise, stands implacable workingmen's socialism. This theoretic collectivism is a philosophy, or a religion, or a political platform, or a materialistic hope of four million four hundred thousand German men who supported the candidates of the Social Democratic party at the last general parliamentary elections in January, 1912. This was one-third of the total electorate and returned 110 members out of a total of 397.

Doctrinaire socialism is subtle enough and comprehensive enough to give its followers adequate mental footing. In a monarchist and aristocratic country the principles of socialism have behind them the emotional forces that have won the long battles for political liberty in England and by inheritance in the United States. Free-thinkers find in it a new theology and as a projected system of government and political economy it engages the hopes and the imaginations of those who see the failures and limitations of the things that are. I know nothing like German socialism in the politics of other countries, for the grip it has on the thoughts and emotions of the men and the women who have equal rights within the party. The party organization is quite extraordinary, extraordinary for immediate results in the campaign and more for the long look ahead. The mothers and fathers are persuaded that, while material ease and happy social conditions will most likely never be theirs, their children may win them if they know how to take hold of the levers that the socialist party offers to their hands. Therefore, the child must learn the meaning of socialism and all that it may do for himself and his class. Socialist mothers undertake to put their children on the path. Numerous little stories and romances with a socialist moral are in circulation for young people and the socialist lecturer with magic lantern entertains and informs. Dramatic and operatic perform-

ances, with socialist motive, are given in all cities of importance. Pictures, texts, and mottoes with the party thrill in them are on the walls of half a million dwellings. The party owns seventy-six daily newspapers, a press association, several illustrated periodicals, and fifty-seven publishing houses. The literature, including a considerable range of excellent non-socialistic books, is immense. The party has two hundred central circulating libraries and three hundred and seventy-seven branches. The management of the party acts upon the principle that all stimulating scientific, poetic, philosophic and romantic literature advances the cause. A variety of special books, designed to detract from the reverence and respect for the Emperor taught in the schools, are circulated. They are written boldly, yet with caution sufficient to keep them within the laws against *lèse majesté* and sedition. The party is heavily officered by writers and speakers, some of whom make it a kind of game to shoot their arrows as near the royal reputation as they may and still escape prison. The "muck-raker" is numerous and active in Germany and assails the high by witticism, cartoon, cool analysis, and passion-wrought phrase.

The party maintains an academy at Berlin for instructing the paid provincial secretaries and organizers on the intellectual bases of socialism. National economy, as examined in the light of socialistic dogmas, is taught there, the history of socialism, the history of the development of society, the history of Germany, the arts of expression in speaking and writing, practical journalism, the rights of working people under the law, and the legal boundaries of agitation. The party has something of the unity of the Catholic Church. All agitators say the same thing.

Of the forces that work for republican collectivism in Germany, the one most powerful, slow-moving, and enduring is class consciousness. Trades-unions have been developing group consciousness during three generations. The socialist would extend this consciousness to the mass, choosing as the limit of his sympathies a level about one-quarter below the apex. Beyond that strata he would have his class regard mankind as dehumanized, thus transposing the formula of the Austrian archduke who said that, "Humanity begins with the Count." So-

cialist leadership, through local organization in which good-will and equal individual rights decide things, does succeed in making the hand-worker feel that he is not alone as against the official, the employer, the land owner, the noble, the magistrate, or any one whosoehow, either by inheritance, personal dexterity, or accident, as he may think, has a position above him. This putting of class against class is stimulated by the easy habitual superiority of the quarter at the top. The school-master's sharpness, the caste spirit of the whole body of permanent civil servants, even that of the clerk in the post-office, the somewhat harsh discipline in the army, the system of manners and class etiquette and the remoteness of one social division from another, give the daily incitement to class unity below, organizing around convictions of what appears to be economic and political right. As the numbers and strength of the organization increase—and they do increase with a regularity that seems almost like the operations of a natural law—the workers without are made to feel that by non-participation they are betraying their own people. The zeal of partisans during election time leads to instances of terrorism against the froward. This flourishing class consciousness is the subtlest adversary of the existing order.

Aristocratic socialism and its works, far as they go when observed from more individualistic countries, are rejected by thorough-going collectivism as trifling with a great cause. The Emperor and his advisers of the state socialistic school are looked upon as having harnessed a wonderful verity to the service of monarchy and of a modified individualism. Imperial socialism is regarded as vitalizing sick and fading institutions, as hindering the passing of economic and political forms that have been essential to progress but are ceasing to be so. Governmental socialism replies that class socialism from below is a monster of teeth and claws, without a brain, tearing at the national life, that the driving emotions are hatred, covetousness, envy, and silly destructiveness.

Monarchical socialism for all the fervor of the republican collectivists and their numbers occupies positions of commanding strength. The agitations of the Social Democratic party, the possibilities of real danger in the movement, brace the mon-

archists to efficiency and prudence in administration. Hostile criticism searches out the weak places in the system and they are repaired by the government. The constant effort is to make the monarchy with large powers a rational and ethical general manager of a joint-stock company. Mere numbers do not appear to count against trained talent, placed so abundantly at the disposition of the government, especially when talent takes care to act upon standard principles. Were the large officer class indolent and self-indulgent instead of being kept working up to the edge of nervous strain, or were the permanent civil servants lax concerning public money and incapable, or were ambitious devotion to the Crown working hap-hazard and not according to plan, the tide from below might submerge them. More than all, the prosperity of Germany, while it has demonstrated that the rich are getting richer, has not demonstrated that the poor are getting poorer. The prosperity of the country and the arrangements of the state for allowing the mass of workers below to share somewhat in it, have lifted the whole people, except that sad thin strata of the defective and inefficient at the bottom. The aristocratic government has for the present a grasp of the representative system which will be hard to loosen. The territorial outlines of the imperial parliamentary districts have not been changed since the empire was founded. Population relatively has shifted from the country to the cities. The cities and the industrial municipalities are precisely where workingmen's socialism is strong. Old traditions have kept their hold on the rural communities. Hence a farm-hand's vote has three times the elective value of the factory operative's. A great city, such as Berlin, returns six members, five of them Social Democrats, while according to population the capital should have sixteen seats. Some industrial districts, which measured by numbers should have four members, now have but one. In several country districts members are returned who have only received one-twelfth as many votes as those necessary to elect a member in Berlin. Therefore, the nominal constitutional equality of individuals does not exist. In the state legislatures the influence of property is strangely beyond the ratio in any other modern country. Thus

in Prussia, with a population of forty-one millions out of the total sixty-five millions, the three-class property franchise gives fifteen per cent of the voters two-thirds of the electoral power. These inequalities, although the subject of fierce agitation, are clung to with unshaken tenacity. Such inequalities must, of course, yield in the end, although in Prussia the end is likely to be long delayed. The middle classes, quite as much as landed squiredom, refuse equality of ballot to those in the third or small property class. Collective ownership economists, affirming that their theory of industrial organization becomes yearly more necessary to the nation, urge patience. No violence, no threats, but steady appeal to the reason and self-interest of the mass. The results, as marked at the Reichstag elections during forty years, have been:

1871 . . .	124,700	1890 . . .	1,427,000
1874 . . .	352,000	1893 . . .	1,789,700
1877 . . .	493,300	1898 . . .	1,107,100
1878 . . .	437,600	1903 . . .	3,010,800
1881 . . .	312,000	1907 . . .	3,259,000
1884 . . .	550,000	1912 . . .	4,400,000
1887 . . .	763,000		

These impressive figures change their character somewhat upon examination. The Social Democratic programme is a wide one and attracts a secret ballot from many a man of convictions on subjects unrelated to the ownership of the "instruments of production." The Social Democrat would make religion a private matter by separating Church and State, thus depriving the Lutheran, the Catholic, and the Jewish churches from their proportionate share of taxes collected for religion. He would stop increasing the army and navy, give the ballot to all women twenty years old, secure to communities local self-government, provide free instruction in the higher schools, and require the yearly assessment of taxes by representative assemblies instead of having large categories of taxes run permanently without annual examination. The great enterprises of government such as railway ownership, have no sure check on the votes of employees. They may wear the uniform and yet hold heretical opinions privately, expressing them only by ballot.

Social Democrats in thought like to elevate their movement above national boundaries and feel that they have hold of principles that will transform the life of the world.

Every success in Germany is regarded as having an influence throughout Europe and America. The ruling Committee of Seven gave a subsidy of ten thousand marks to the principal socialist newspaper in New York last year and ten thousand francs to a newspaper undertaking in Spain. German socialists are strongly committed to agitation in Russia, and give help freely to the Scandinavian brotherhoods.

From what has been written here, it might be supposed that the two schools of socialism—monarchical and republican—divide German political thought between them. That would not be a complete generalization. An important body of opinion, especially among the commanders of industry, holds to the old individualism and gives assent to government ownership or control either as a forced compromise or as reasonable only in national undertakings such as transportation or forestry. It would seem as though these influential individualists are obliged to form a following acting with the conservative parties, without being strong enough to decide policies. The great manufacturers, so powerful in England and the United States, are singularly weak politically in Germany. In the Reichstag and the state diets they are always in an inferior position to the landed Conservative and to the Catholic parties. As a political influence they are only mildly articulate.

From action and recoil, economic adventure and class compromise, German institutions are being changed strangely. Thus far the efficiency and the gathering momentum of the national life do not appear to have been weakened. German thought, research, and discovery are studied attentively in foreign laboratories, universities, and workshops. German enterprise is met in every market. In European politics and diplomacy the German shadow falls across the aspirations of great neighbors who do not feel free to act without consultation and combination. The observer from another continent, whatever his angle of observation, may allow another generation or two to pile up results before trying to forge a sure judgment. The German cannot wait. He is deep in the battle of ideas and is forced to conclusion because he must choose a side and act. He cannot avoid the urgencies and possibly the terrors of his progress.

A detailed black and white illustration of a Moscow tower, likely the Spasskaya Tower of the Moscow Kremlin, with its characteristic onion dome and crenellations. The tower is shown from a low angle, making it appear tall and imposing. In the foreground, a large, dense crowd of people is gathered, some looking up at the tower. The background shows a hazy sky with some clouds. The illustration is framed by a simple border.

TWO CAPITALS

By Harriet Monroe

MOSCOW

*White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!*

Beautiful Moscow brave and bright,
Whose banners floated toward the light
When Asia knocked at Europe's door—
And bleeding tzars paid off our score—
Ah shining city, far away
Your gaudy spires salute the day
Like opal-hearted iris flowers
Decking the blue transparent hours.
Now from your seat the slim rails run
Through Asia to the rising sun,
Along the ancient highway made
By caravan and cavalcade.
Still East and West meet at your gate,
That Kremlin gate where once in state
Great Europe's conqueror, seeking room,
Marched through triumphant to his doom.
Proud Moscow of barbaric tzars,
Of gorgeous crownings and dark wars,
Jewel-encrusted, rich with age,
Heir of a lordly heritage,
Look out from Ivan's tower of bells—
See, the vast East is proud with day!
Soon to your ancient citadels
The world will march the Asian way.

*White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!*



PEKING

Under her yellow roofs adream
The imperial city sleeps in state,
While warrior nations, flags a gleam,
Come marching through her fortress gate.
Beneath her towered wall one by one
The slow contemptuous camels tread,
And through it eager engines run
Over the dust of ages dead.
Peking! close bound in triple walls
Between the old and new she lies;
The yellow dragon guards her halls,
The blare of trumpets fills her skies.
She stirs out of her age-long sleep
By the worn temples chill and still
Where Sung and Ming and Mongol keep
Their ghostly watch from hill to hill.
Over the graves of dynasties
The winds of dawn blow free and far,
Heralds of hastening centuries,
With banners flown for peace or war.

*Oh brooding East !
Oh winds of dawn !
From the night-long feast
The kings are gone.
What guests will come
Down the world's highway
At the roll of the drum
For the day ?*

ZALLI

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS



PELLETIER'S itinerant saw-mill sat down on the side of the bayou thirteen miles north of Touraine, La., in the spring, and by the end of autumn all the desired pine timber within commercial reach had been cut into lumber, hauled away, and sold; but the boss had not had his usual success in buying ahead another lot of big trees, wherefore he said the little mill could not move until he had found more timber that could be purchased, the negro hands drifted back to the farms and plantations from which they had been recruited, the mules and oxen were put out at cheap board, and the several more or less skilled white men went to Touraine to find work, while their women folks and children seized the opportunity to visit relatives, all except Zalli.

The little mill sat silent on the side of the dark bayou, surrounded by the sawdust which the weather had already changed from a rich golden color to a dead brown; and all the scattered and ragged settlement of weather-stained board shacks were suddenly still and forlorn, except the two-room house of Will Leslie, the saw-filer, who had selected as a site in the spring the centre of a tangled old orchard that had once belonged to a small and solitary farm on the bayou, and the one-room shanty of Mat Reynolds, the commissary man, who was to be the watchman over the boss's property. Only the tall and faultless pines are used by these itinerant saw-mills, so that the dark and whispering forest that crept up to the lonely mill on all sides seemed not to have been touched.

In Will Leslie's two-room house in the old orchard was Zalli, the mixed-Latin wife he had got when the mill was away down in the southern end of Louisiana; in Reynolds's shack, at the edge of the settlement on the other side of the mill, was only Old Mat himself, for he had no family to send away.

"Oh, you'll be all right, Zal," Bill had said with easy confidence when he started for Touraine with the other white men. "The boss will get some more timber in a week or two, and then we'll all be back here to move. I'll pick up a few dollars in Touraine in the meantime. I'll walk back on Sundays when I can. Old Mat, as I told you, will take his meals at my shack; no use in two kitchens runnin'. He is to furnish the groceries an' you the cookin'. Besides, you'll be company to each other. Ask for anything else you want at the commissary; my credit's good. Good-by, Zal. Look after my game rooster."

"Good-by, Beel," she said. Zalli was not demonstrative.

He bent down and kissed her, picked up his violin case, and walked over to the commissary, where the wagon was waiting to take the boss and the white men to town.

The still-faced young woman, who had for three or four days been grieving silently over the impending separation, stood in front of the shack watching the wagon, which was soon lost to sight in the forest, though from time to time the voices of the men singing, as if they were off on a lark, drifted back to her. Then they could be heard no more, the dark forest seemed to draw in closer with sinister sighings and whisperings, and the mill, which jumps and rattles and hisses and shrieks when at work, seemed wrapped in the exaggerated stillness of sudden death. With a dull pain at her heart, her red-brown eyes misting with tears, in which was a vague and unaccustomed anger at Beel, Zalli went back into the shack and set about cooking the white beans, which alternate with cabbage as winter vegetables in lumber camps.

Her mind was busy with Old Mat, though she didn't notice that it was; and about eleven o'clock, having decided that she must have a can of tomatoes to go with the beans, she walked over to the commissary in the centre of the ragged settlement. In



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

She threw her arms around his neck . . . "Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-'ouse?"—Page 458.

the back of the dark store, odorous with coffee and sugar and hay and molasses and all the supplies that a mill uses, he was leisurely at work straightening up the remaining stock by the light of a tallow candle, which is cheaper for illumination than window glass in a temporary structure.

With a new interest Zalli considered him: his thin, sandy hair; his long nose with its hump up near his eyes; his small, gray eyes (which were kindly, though, she thought); his wide, full-lipped mouth; his almost cadaverous, sallow face; and, finally, his only defence against complete ugliness—a middle-sized figure that was put together compactly and symmetrically. Now she noted definitely his slow and timid and deprecating speech and spirit. It was clear why everybody said, "Old Mat," though he was but thirty.

Zalli went back to the shack with a new and easy confidence in her, and at noon gayly blew the horn to call Old Mat to dinner. It went off smoothly; they talked about the probability of the boss soon finding more timber, the woman leading the conversation, he deferring to her in all things. There was a growing contempt for him in her mind.

He piddled around the store all afternoon, she washed and hung out to dry some clothes in the old and gnarled fruit trees around the house, and the pines sighed and the scattering oak trees gave up their dead leaves to the ground. Then came supper, after which Old Mat, before going to his shack, said diffidently, "Will you be scared?" Her brown eyes ran sneeringly over his figure, not much larger than her own. "Ah, *non*, I thing I am all safe," she said. "Well, if you ever do need me for anything," he went on, "just blow three times quick on the horn."

As they stood at the door Zalli noted for the first time a small pit left on the point of his right cheek by a boil, and she was vaguely and unaccountably glad of that discovery.

"Good-night," he said.

She turned back into the house without answering.

This was the first week in November, which dragged out to the end before Beel—everybody called him Beel—came home for Sunday. The boss had not found any timber that he could buy, but was after some, he reported; as for himself, he was at work at a lumber-yard in Touraine, and boarding. Zalli discovered a new admiration in herself

for this adventurous and successful husband of hers who adapted himself so easily to circumstances, and at midnight, when he got ready to walk back to town, she tiptoed and threw her arms around his neck, kissing him three or four times passionately.

"Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-ouse?" she asked jealously.

"Shucks, no, child; this is a man's boarding-house."

"Take me to dad boardin'-ouse, Beel."

"Who'll look after the chickens and things then?" he asked. "Who'll look after Old Mat? He can't cook." Beel laughed. "Treat him well, Zal. After all, Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

Zalli lay awake listening to the pine forest outside; it seemed to be bending down over the shack and sighing, "Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

December came in, and now, even in this warm climate, it was often cold enough at night to freeze a skim of ice over the still, dark face of the bayou. Old Mat, using a lumber truck, kept a pile of scantlings, sawed into the proper lengths, in front of Zalli's door, a service she accepted without thanks. Discovering herself putting a blue ribbon in her black-brown hair one Sunday just before tooting the horn for dinner, she tore it out, threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. She did not deign to dress for Old Mat even on Sundays.

Beel wrote a letter, which was brought by the mail-carrier, who came two miles out of his way, saying that he could not come home for Christmas; he was very busy. On the two previous Christmases of their married life he had gone to town with all the other men and celebrated the event in liquor, which was a common practice; so Zalli did not lose a great deal more this year than usual, she argued defensively.

The letter came three days before Christmas. The next day Old Mat walked into Touraine and brought back celery, cranberries, sweet-potatoes, and a store-bought fruit-cake; and, as a present for Zalli, a photograph album. "Santa Claus sent you this," he said nervously, handing her the red plush album. "I'll go over to the lake to-morrow and kill a wild goose for the roast. These other things will do, maybe."

"Ah, yass; why nod?" she answered.

The ribbon was in her hair at the Christmas dinner.



Their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel.—Page 460.

The new year crept in with no celebration at Pelletier's saw-mill thirteen miles north of Touraine, and the life there drifted on as before. Old Mat arranged and rearranged everything in the commissary forty times; he polished and superpolished all the brass and nickel parts of the mill's engine and boiler. Zalli cooked, washed, looked after the small flock of chickens that ran almost wild in the woods, and, getting much cloth from the commissary, made up cloth-

ing enough for herself and Beel to last two years.

"I weesh dad meel was run like de debbil," she broke out impatiently one day at dinner. "Id is almoz' lonesome here, eh, Misty Reynolds? I am hongry for dad meel run again, an' make beeg slam-bang."

Old Mat went down to the mill that afternoon, partly filled the boiler from the bayou with a pail, assembled a pile of scant-

lings in the engine-room, started a fire, and raised a strong head of steam. It hissed and moaned and shrieked through the aged boiler and engine. Pulling the whistle-string, Old Mat sent a screeching bellow into the black, whispering forest that made it draw back affrighted. Zalli hurried over, almost smiling in her joy, and he set the fly-wheel and some of the machinery racing around, thus creating the slambanging she had longed for. They sat on a truck in front of the fire-box, silently watching the red embers drop through the grate, listening gratefully to their huge improvised music-box that was playing in the midst of the whispering forest for them only.

"I sank you ver' much, Misty Reynolds," she said, rising suddenly, and walked away toward the two-room house, frowning.

There came a letter from Beel saying that he had gone to Nopelousas, ten miles east of Touraine, where he had got better-paying work for a week or so. The boss had bought no timber.

Zalli and Old Mat did little talking at table; the pines spoke more than they, though the pines only mourned in whispers. When they were apart, Old Mat whistled snatches of tunes he knew, and Zalli sang over her sewing-machine in the afternoons when the sun shone bright; she would not sing if it was cloudy. Zalli had never talked a great deal, anyway; there was a leisurely, languorous, sultry, almost sullen quality in her, opposed to effervescing vivacity, hinting at profound fires that had never burned enough of an outlet to show themselves. Old Mat was timid and deprecating, she was hostile and scornful, and conversation did not thrive between them.

So that presently when the loneliness of the mill came to weigh oppressively even on him, who was used to loneliness, he would, most afternoons, shoulder his gun and go out across the bayou to hunt squirrels. It was what woodsmen call still-hunting; that is, he simply sat perfectly quiet against a tree trunk until a squirrel, mistaking silence for safety, came down out of a tree near by to dig among the brier roots for food. Zalli longed for noise to interrupt the brooding and sinister whisperings of the pines, he knew, but he did not ask her to go out with him, though he always walked by Beel's house when he started for the pin-oak bottoms.

He had thus passed more than a dozen times when, one cloudy, dark afternoon, he found her by his side.

"I muz' hear dis gun boom-boom," she explained quietly. "My blood is freeze wid de stillness."

Penetrating far into the bottom before halting, they finally sat down under a huge pin-oak, hardly breathing. Gray moss hung thick and heavy from most of the oaks, and upon the flat bottom-land lay a crushing gloom. After a short, tense wait that seemed very long to them, they heard a scratchy rustling on the bark of a near-by tree, after which a gray squirrel appeared in view creeping cautiously down the bole of a tree some twenty feet in front of them. It had been agreed that Zalli should have the first shot. As he passed the gun over to her his hand touched hers; their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel; and then, suddenly, she dropped the gun, which went off with a roar that seemed preternaturally loud and violent in that gray bottom.

Not saying a word, Zalli rose and walked back through the woods to the house. Old Mat went deeper into the pin-oak bottom, returning with four squirrels for supper.

The next morning Zalli hurried up the mill road to the big road, two miles distant, where she handed to the mail-carrier a letter to Beel, spelled out in her somewhat meagre public-school English, which said:

"I am well and doing well, hoping you are the same, dear Bill. Your game rustur is well. He had a fight last weak with the large white rustur, which was sorry for it afterwards. When are you coming home? The hens quit giving eggs about Christmas times. They always do. I wish you were here, Bill. The weather is very cold here and ice is on the bayou sometimes. It is lonely and I wish I was listening to you playing the mocking bird on the violin. We could live here without it costing anything a great deal. There never is any money left over, anyhow, Bill. The bayou is full of wood ducks now. You must never leave me alone again, Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI.

"Ps. Old Mat is well. He is very good. He is getting not to be ugly to my eyes. It is droll. Come home, dear Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI."



She kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

That day at dinner she purposely disarranged her black-brown hair, which usually lay, parted in the middle, on her round head; nor did she sit at table, pretending to be busy at the stove and in serving Old Mat. In the afternoon, as she leisurely went about the work in the two-room house, she kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly. Ol' Mad is ver' ogly. Whad a long nose Ol' Mad have. Whad lill ogly eyes Ol' Mad have. Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

When the time came to feed the chickens, and they had gathered at the back door of the house, Zalli gave to the dingy, bedrag-

gled, black-and-white, frizzle-feather rooster the name of Ol' Mad. She laughed about it with an unaccustomed, nervous loudness.

"'Ave you halways been so ogly as now. Misty Reynolds?" she asked him at supper, gazing intently at him, and laughing insultingly without waiting for an answer. "Id is ver' hard an' tough, I say so, yass; id is ter'ble. Was you all your life so ogly?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon so," he said wearily, and then, with unusual spirit, asked her, "Have you always been so mean?"

"Ah, yass, I reckon so too." The smile left her face. "I am nod mean to Beel."

He ate on in silence, but whenever she rose from the table to get something from the stove he watched intently the languorous, sultry, golden-brown woman.

"'Ow do peoples ged to dad Nopelousas?" she asked Old Mat the next morning. "I am go to my 'usban' for a lill bit w'ile, any'ow."

Old Mat did not show any surprise; he seemed, indeed, to be pleased. If she would walk up to the big road and wait, he advised, she would doubtless catch a wagon bound for Touraine, through which, late in the afternoon, passed the train that stopped at Nopelousas. And that was such a small town she could easily locate Beel when she got there. She could be with him by seven o'clock that night, he believed.

"And don't worry about the chickens or anything," he went on soothingly. "I'll look after them all right."

"Ah, I worry 'boud you lill bit, Misty Reynolds, now. Beel say you blame no-'count chef."

"Bill's wrong. I am a good cook. Don't worry about me at all; I'll get on fine. Stay until the folks all come back to move the mill if you can."

In an excited hurry Zalli put on her best clothes, that Beel's probable anger at seeing her away from home without his consent might be dulled at once; made up a bundle of things she would need, and set out up the mill road, not stopping at the commissary. It seemed more intensely lonely on the road than at the mill. The pines sighed and whispered over her and about her with even more sinister accents. She hurried along faster; the day ahead was filled with what seemed tremendous actions, so that she felt of it in advance as a very long day; she could not see the end of it clearly. She was apprehensive of it, yet hungry for it.

When the mill road led her into the big road, Zalli was too impatient to spend any time waiting. Passing wagons are only occasional even on the big road in this part of Louisiana, for the country is but sparsely settled. She would walk on; perhaps a wagon would overtake her, though she knew in the back of her mind that one walks as fast as a loaded wagon. After all, there was only eleven miles to go now.

At the eight-mile board Zalli took off

those new shoes with the patent-leather tips on them; they were too beautiful to sully with the red dust, too much like hot ovens on her feet to wear except at ceremonial times. For Touraine, for the train, for the Nopelousas company in which Beel, with his enchanting violin moved—there she would wear the new shoes with the patent-leather tips. The bundle gave up a pair of old and comfortable shoes. Tying together the strings of the ceremonial footwear, she tenderly hung them across her left arm and walked on. She would have liked to make the same disposition of the ceremonial corsets, but put aside that idea immediately as preposterous. There was an atmosphere of publicity about the big road even if it had been deserted all day so far.

At the seven-mile board Zalli rested, trying to think out how Beel would receive her. Would he be very angry? She could see him draw up his tall, thin figure, twisting his very long and drooping mustaches—and so proud and haughty; that was Beel in anger. But if she could only get to him while he was playing the violin, or just afterward, he would not be angry. When Beel was in music or in liquor he was the best-hearted man; you could do anything with him then and he would only laugh easily. Yet there would be a double board-bill to pay; she hadn't thought of that before. Surely, though, he was making money enough to pay that; all Beel's money was always spent, anyway.

At the five-mile board she ate a cold lunch she had brought with her, thinking about how Ol' Mad must now be fussing around his stove. She laughed; then she felt a shade of worry come over her about him. How lonesome at the mill it would be for him now! They hadn't talked a great deal, but each had felt the other's presence, had heard each other singing and humming and talking to themselves. Now he would hear only the pines mourning and sighing and whispering all around him. That was not good.

At the three-mile board Zalli began thinking of the intricacies of town life, with its trains and streets and questioning people—its staring, laughing people. She'd rather die than be laughed at. The mill was so free and easy, after all.

As she passed the two-mile board she was thinking what might happen if Ol' Mad



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"I am come, O! Mad."—Page 465.

was taken down with malarial fever and no one there at all to help him. Ol' Mad wasn't resourceful and spirited; he could lie there and die for the lack of some one to do things for him.

From the red hill just beyond the one-mile board the dust-covered woman saw Touraine squatting in its flat by the side of Big Cypress Bayou; Nopelousas would be like that. She thought how peaceful it was to sleep at the mill. Sometimes the pines were good to listen to, sometimes they crooned you off to sleep so easily, sometimes they seemed to be whispering to you with a sweet sadness that was good to hear and feel.

If a wagon had come along bound for Touraine she would yet have asked to be taken there. A wagon came up the hill going in the opposite direction; for it was the middle of the afternoon and the planters were getting out of town. There were two spring-seats in the wagon, on one of which was a man and a woman, undoubtedly his wife.

"Which way are you bound?" he asked Zalli, who had seated herself on the side of the road.

"To Pelletier's saw-meel, pliz," she answered without hesitation, rising to her feet.

"Jump in then; I'll take you there, to the head of the mill road at least; the walk from there is only two short miles."

Old Mat was waked up the next morning by Zalli's horn blowing sullenly. Hurrying over to the two-room house, he found on the table, with the rest of the breakfast, waffles—light, fretted, delicious waffles, which he had diffidently hinted for at times as being great favorites of his, but to which he had never been treated before by her.

Zalli came slowly in from the living-room, frowning.

"Hello, and so you didn't catch a wagon to town?" he asked. "You must have had a long wait. Well, try again to-morrow. Fred Florence always goes up with a load of fish on Fridays, but he passes early in the morning."

"I am stay in dis place here, Misty Reynolds," she said severely, "w'ich my 'usban' lef' me in. Beel goin' to took me w'en he is ready."

Leaving the mill early one morning, several days after that, Old Mat walked, and rode in passing wagons, through the twenty

miles to the Reynolds farm in the next parish, and that night drove back in a wagon with his mother, a frail, white-haired little woman with a small chronic sore on her left cheek which she always kept dusted with white calomel, two sallow sisters as homely as himself, and a lusty young nephew of fifteen. There was plenty of house and stable room, and the party stayed until the end of the week.

"It's just to cheer up Mat a bit," explained the old woman to Zalli. "The mill must be dreadfully lonesome. I declare I believe he was homesick the other day when he came home. He would have us to come for a while."

The circling forest drew back and seemed to stop whispering while visitors were at the mill; visitors did make the place sound human again. Mat's gun was booming frequently in the woods and along the bayou in the interest of fresh meat for the table. Twice he got up steam and made the mill rattle and bang and hiss for exhibition purposes. At night the party sang hymns and plantation songs.

When the wagon started back Old Mat induced his mother to stay on, for company's sake, until the other mill people should come back; he was sure that would not be long now. She could live with Zalli. The wagon drove off, and the forest drew in and began whispering again.

There came a letter from Beel saying little more than that he, too, was "well and doing well, hoping you are the same." Zalli answered at once and told about Old Mat's mother coming to live with her and keep company. The postscript said: "Old Mat is well."

On two Sundays he left the mill after breakfast and did not come back until long after supper. The little, white-haired woman, under questioning, "guessed" that he had "been to see the Irby girls."

"Are doze girls pritty?" asked Zalli casually.

"Oh my, yes, *very* handsome," ran on the old woman in her constant strain of professional optimism. "Twins they are, an' I don't know whether it's Alice or Lucy he likes the best. Fine girls; very sensible; good workers, too."

And the Monday morning following Old Mat's third Sunday out Zalli stepped softly into the dark commissary—with the soft-

ness of a tigress. She asked for a pound of coffee, and as he wrapped it up she purred richly, claspings and unclaspings her hands under the counter.

"Doze Irbee yo'ng ladies ver' pritty, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece, eh? Lucee, eh? Wheech is id, Misty Reynolds, dad you love? Ha, ha, dad is a ver' foolish question, eh? Peoples tell nod doze sicrits, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece! Lucee! Ah, yass, doze is pritty yo'ng ladies, I bed you."

Laughing, as if at the very names of these persons, and not waiting for anything from Old Mat, the burning woman swept out of the dark frame building into the light, where her face dropped its mask of laughter. Taking in quick, quivering breaths, she hurried to the two-room house.

Ribbons were in her hair every meal after that.

The following Sunday, when Old Mat came over for breakfast, Zalli was dressed in the best she had, even to the new shoes with the patent-leather tips that hurt her feet.

"Maybe Misty Reynolds shall go an' see doze pritty switthearts dis day," she suggested, winking at the aged, white-haired woman.

"What sweethearts?" he asked, looking at his mother, who paid not the slightest attention to him.

"Ah, yass, we know doze twin switthearts—Aleece an' Lucee Irbee."

"Not to-day, I reckon," he answered, gazing out of the one window in the combined kitchen and dining-room. "They're not sweethearts."

Now came on the spring, for as early as February the earth begins to thrill along the shore of the Mexican gulf. On the banks of various little brooks that slipped down to the bayou appeared shadowy companies in white-green, companies then in yellow-green, regiments in rich dark-green velvet. Along the boughs of the black skeleton trees ran signal buds in red, and after them the myriad companies of the season's swelling army of green. Under the eaves of fallen trees, and in dark, wet places, purple and white violets gathered. Over all brooded the ever-green pine forest, whispering of the coming conquest of the season. The air was filled with a furious subtle fire that was fusing into all things that had life in them.

It was Wednesday afternoon. Old Mat had eaten dinner and gone down to the silent mill. At two o'clock, after piddling aimlessly and helplessly among the machinery, he walked haltingly back to the two-room house in the old orchard. Stepping just inside the kitchen door, he heard, in the adjoining room, the slow, heavy breathing of sleep.

He tripped softly over to the cupboard and took absent-mindedly out of a bowl a pinch of sugar. Then he moved noiselessly to the open window and stood there gazing out at the gnarled old fruit trees now in full bloom. They had been neglected too long to produce any but bitter and sour fruit, yet they blossomed in the spring with the splendor and magnificence of great days which might still have been theirs.

Now there was some one standing by Old Mat's side, but he did not look around. He knew.

"Your mozzer is asleep," she whispered. "We muz' nod wake her."

He leaned against the jamb of the window, saying nothing. A slight wind gently stirred the air, and the trees shook down some of their blossoms. A mocking-bird flew to the top of one of the apple trees, balanced on a swaying bough, picked his feathers until they sat to suit him, and burst out singing to a mate he had only in his mind. A brown hen, lying sidewise on the ground in the sun with a leg and a wing stretched luxurious to their full length, sang a low monotony of content and happiness. The game-rooster chased a bee across the yard. Into the room drifted the heavy perfume of a hundred blossoming things—sweet and fiery perfume.

"Peaches bloom pink, eh, Misty Reynolds," whispered Zalli disconnectedly, sighing.

"Yes, they bloom pink."

"An' apples white?"

"Yes, apples white."

"An' pears white also? Look to me, Ol' Mad."

"I am going out of here, out there," he breathed, not turning his head. "Are you coming?"

"I am come, Ol' Mad."

The pine forest pressed forward whispering.

Beel came home singing two weeks later, the boss rushed down with news of a year's

cutting of timber ten miles west of Touraine, and the little mill was moved over there, accompanied by Beel, the saw-filer, Zalli, his wife, and Old Mat, the commissary man. It was over there, the next winter, that the

shooting took place out of which came two funerals and one of those lowly, discredited, desperate widows, this one sullenly ready for the abyss that was inevitably but unjustly hers.

PRAYER BEFORE PLANTING TREES

By Walter Malone

LORD, we are setting in this chosen ground
 These tender nurslings, trusting in thy grace
 To cherish them through infancy, to guide
 Their tiny rootlets through the darksome earth,
 To lift their boughs to heaven, and give them power
 To yield their tribute unto grateful men
 In fruit or flower or shade. For who but thou,
 And thou alone, O God, amidst the gloom
 Of never-ending night beneath the sod,
 Can weave the net-work of those fragile roots,
 And make their long antennæ feel the way
 To nooks of moisture and fertility?
 And who but thou can pilot up the stem
 The warm sweet sap, like green blood making glad
 The veinlets of the utmost little twig?
 And who but thou, O Lord, in mystic wise,
 With alchemy divine, can from the earth,
 This sordid earth, extract pure essences
 To paint the cheeks of blossoms, scent their breath,
 To swell the fruits with lusciousness, and make
 The leafy boughs one mass of heavenly green,
 Haunts for the song-birds, cool retreats for men?

Yea, all these powers are thine. But on this day,
 In lowly imitation of thine own
 Parental care, we plant these infant trees
 To be a blessing in the far-off years
 Unto our children and our children's children,
 When we ourselves shall tread the earth no more.
 Unselfish in thy bounty, thou hast strewn
 Blessings around us, though partaking not
 Thyself of that abundance which thy hand
 Alone created. In the by-gone years,
 To please us thou hast reared thy goodly trees,
 Glowing with fruitage, spreading green with shade,
 Or clustered with delightful odorous blooms.
 Shall we thy largess take with selfish ease,
 And not in some small way, though feeble, seek
 To emulate thy goodness, and bequeath
 Unto succeeding generations, gifts
 We never can share ourselves? O God of Love,

Make us unselfish in this task: our hearts
Uplift; and move our hands to speed with joy
In this, our labor, whereby we shall seek
To bless the lives of others yet to come,
When we ourselves have mingled with the dust
Wherein we plant these trees.

In days to be,
When we are long-forgotten, may these boughs
Rustle with gladness in the winds of Spring:
Amongst them let the thrush at dusk and dawn,
And the sweet mock-bird on moon-silvered nights,
Warble their wildwood lays: here let the dove,
Soft-cooing, woo his mate, and wooing, win,
So that the two together here may brood
Over their nest of love. Upon these boughs,
From April unto April, June to June,
Hang the soft blossoms through the emerald glooms,
Wafting sweet odors, and with honey-dew
Burdening the murmuring bees. Here let the sheep
And cattle through the fervid blaze of noon,
Chewing the cud, dozing and drowsing, rest
Free from the torrid glare. Here hang thy fruits,
Ruddy or tawny, apple, peach or pear,
To make the hearts of barefoot urchins glad
When school is over, and the lads go free,
Shouting and romping gleefully: for they,
O Father, are thy children, and we know
Their clamorous joyhood thou wilt mark with smiles,
Pleased that these thoughtless ones are happy. Here
Let gentle lovers in the friendly shades,
With scattered petals at their feet, and songs
Of sweet encouragement from sprays above,
Wander in joy, and vow the dear old vows
Of love that we ourselves, in our lost youth
Of forgotten years of long ago,
Were thrilled with bliss to hear.

And in those days,
Dear Father, when our names from minds of men
Have all been cancelled, and we lie alone,
Forsaken and forgotten, dust in dust,
Perchance thine eyes may look upon these trees,
Still hale and green and sturdy, and thy heart
Incline to pity and to mercy: so
For sake of these, from records of our souls
Thy hand may blot some past transgression. Then,
O Father, as thou liftest up to heaven
The tree in verdure and in flower and fruit,
Uplift us likewise from our dungeon-cell
In the dark earth, and in the radiant skies
Let us rejoice to see Thy Light again.



IT rose upon the rock like a growth of nature; secure, commanding, imperturbable; mantled with ivy and crowned with towers; a castle of the olden time, called Stronghold.

Below it, the houses of the town clung to the hill-side, creeping up close to the castle wall and clustering in its shadow as if to claim protection. In truth, for many a day it had been their warden against freebooter and foreign foe, gathering the habitations of the humble as a hen gathers her chickens beneath her wings to defend them from the wandering hawk.

But those times of disorder and danger were long past. The roaming tribes had settled down in their conquered regions. The children of the desert had learned to irrigate their dusty fields. The robber chiefs had sobered into merchants and money-lenders. The old town by the river had a season of peace, laboring and making merry and sleeping and bringing forth

children and burying its dead in tranquility, protected by forts far away and guarded by steel-clad ships on distant waters.

Yet Stronghold still throned upon the rock, proudly dominant; and the houses full of manifold life were huddled at its foot; and the voices of men and women and little children, talking or laughing or singing or sobbing or cursing or praying, went up around it like smoke.

Now the late lord of the castle, in the last age of romance, had carried off a beautiful peasant girl with dove's eyes, whom he married on her death-bed where she gave birth to their son. The blood of his father and of his mother met in the boy's body, and in his soul their spirits were mingled, so that he was by times haughty and gentle, and by turns fierce and tender, and he grew up a dreamer with sudden impulses to strong action. To him, at his father's death, fell the lordship of the castle; and he was both proud and thoughtful; and he considered



the splendor of his ancient dwelling and the duties of his high station.

The doors of Stronghold, at this time, were always open, not only for the going out of the many retainers and servants on their errands of business and mercy and pleasure in the town, but also for the citizens and the poor folk who came seeking employment, or demanding justice, or asking relief for their necessities. The lord of the castle had ordered that none should be denied, and that a special welcome should be given to those who came with words of enlightenment and counsel for him, to interpret the splendor of Stronghold and help its master to learn the duties of his high station.

So there came many men with various words. Some told him of the days when Stronghold was the defence of the land and the foreign foe was broken against it. Some walked with him in the long hall of portraits and narrated the brave deeds of his ancestors. Some explained to him the history of the heirlooms, and showed him how each vessel of silver and great carved chair and richly faded tapestry had a meaning which made it precious.

Other men talked to him of the future and of the things that he ought to do. They set forth new schemes of industry by which the castle should be changed into a central power-house or a silk-mill. They unfolded new plans of bounty by which the hungry should be clad, and the naked fed, and the sick given an education. They told him that if he would do these things, in the course of a hundred years or so all would be well.

But the trouble was that their counsels were contradictory, and their promises were distant, and the lord of the castle was impatient and bewildered in mind. For meantime the manifold voices of the town went up around him, and he knew that under that smoke some fires of trouble and sorrow must be burning.

Then came two bare-faced and masterful men who told him bluntly that the first duty of his high station was to abandon it.

"What shall I do then?" he asked.

"Work for your living," they shouted.

"What do you do for your living?" he inquired.

"We tell other men what to do," replied they.

"And do you think," said he, "that your job is any harder than mine, or that you

work more than I do?" So he gave order that they should have a good supper and be escorted from the castle, for he had no time to waste upon mummers.

But the confusion in his mind continued, because the spirits of his father and his mother were working within him, and the impulse to sudden action gathered force beneath his dreams. So he was glad when the next visitor came bearing the marks of evident sincerity and a great purpose.

His beard was untrimmed, his garb was rude, his feet were bare, like an ancient prophet. His voice was fiercely quiet, and his eyes burned while he talked, as if he saw to the root of all things. He called himself John the Nothingarian.

The lord of the castle related some of the plans which his counsellors had made for his greater usefulness.

"They are puerile," said the Nothingarian, "futile, because they do not go to the root."

Then the young lord spoke of the legends of his forefathers and the history of Stronghold.

"They are dusty tales," said the Nothingarian, "false, because they do not go to the root."

"How shall we get to the root?" asked the young lord, trembling with a new eagerness.

"There is only one way," answered the prophet. "Come with me."

As they went through the outer passage-way the old man pressed hard with his hands against one of the stones in the wall, and a little door slid open.

"The secret stair," said he, "by which your fathers brought in their stolen women. Your Stronghold is honey-combed with lies."

The young lord's face was red as fire. "I never knew of it," he murmured.

In the vaulted crypt beneath the castle the old man found a lantern and a pickaxe. He went to an alcove walled with plaster and picked at it with the axe. The plaster fell away. On the floor of the alcove lay two crumpled bodies of men long dead; the clothes were rotting upon the bones and a dagger stuck fast in each back.

"They were stabbed as they sat at meat," said the old man, "for the gain of their gold. Your Stronghold is cemented with blood."



The young lord's face grew dark as night. "I never knew of it," he muttered.

"Come," said the other, "I see we must go a little deeper before you know where you stand."

So he led the way through the long vaults, where the cobwebs trailed like rags and the dripping pendules of lime hung from the arches like dirty icicles, until he came to the foundation of the great tower. There he set down the lantern and began to dig, fiercely and silently, close to the corner-stone, throwing out the rubble with his bare hands. At last the pick broke through into a hollow niche. At the bottom of it was the skeleton of a child about five years old, and the cords that bound her little hands and feet lay in white dust upon the sunken bones.

"You see!" said the old man, wiping his torn hands on his robe. "The corner-stones were laid for safety on the body of a murdered innocent. Your Stronghold is founded on cruelty. This is the root."

The young lord's face went white as death. "Horrible!" he cried. "But what to do?"

"Do away with it!" said the Nothingarian. "That is the only thing. Come!"

He went out into the night and the young lord followed him, the sudden impulse to strong action leaping in his heart and pounding in his temples and ringing in his ears, like a madness.

They passed around behind the great tower, where it stood close to the last pinnacle of the rock and rose above it, bolted to the low crest of stone by an iron bar.

"Here is the clutch of your Stronghold," said the old man urgently. "Break that and all goes down. Dare you strike to the root?"

"I dare," he cried, "for I must. A thing built on cruelty, cemented with blood, and worm-eaten with lies is hateful to me as to God."

He lifted the pick and struck. Once! and the castle trembled to its base and the servants ran out at the doors. Twice! and the tower swayed and a cry of fear arose. Thrice! and the huge walls of Stronghold rocked and crashed and thundered down upon the sleeping town, burying it in wild ruin!

Dead silence for an instant—and then, through the cloud of dust that hung above the flattened houses, came a lamentable tumult. Voices of men and women and little children, shrieking in fear, groaning with pain, whimpering for pity, moaning in mortal anguish, rose like smoke from the pit beneath the wreck of Stronghold.

The young lord listened, dizzy and sick with horror. Then he looked at the Nothingarian whose eyes glittered wildly. He swung up the pickaxe again.

"Damn you," he cried, "why didn't you tell me of this?" And he split his head down to the beard.



PETUNIAS—THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



IT was a place to which, as a dreamy, fanciful child escaping from nurse-maid and governess, Virginia had liked to climb on hot summer afternoons. She had spent many hours, lying on the grass in the shade of the dismantled house, looking through the gaunt, uncovered rafters of the barn at the white clouds, like stepping-stones in the broad blue river of sky flowing between the mountain walls.

Older people of the summer colony called it forlorn and desolate—the deserted farm, lying high on the slope of Hemlock Mountain—but to the child there was a charm about the unbroken silence which brooded over the little clearing. The sun shone down warmly on the house's battered shell and through the stark skeleton of the barn. The white birches, strange sylvan denizens of door and barn-yard, stood shaking their delicate leaves as if announcing sweetly that the kind forest would cover all the wounds of human neglect, and soon everything would be as though man had not lived. And everywhere grew the thick, strong, glistening grass, covering even the threshold with a cushion on which the child's foot fell as noiselessly as a shadow. It used to seem to her that nothing could ever have happened in this breathless spot.

Now she was a grown woman, she told herself, twenty-three years old and had had, she often thought, as full a life as any one of her age could have. Her college course had been varied with vacations in Europe; she had had one season in society; she was just back from a trip around the world. Her busy, absorbing life had given her no time to revisit the narrow green valley where she had spent so many of her childhood's holidays. But now a whim for self-analysis, a desire to learn if the old glamour about the lovely enchanted region still existed for her weary, sophisticated maturity, had made her break exacting social engagements and sent her back alone, from the city, to see how the old valley looked in the spring.

Her disappointment was acute. The first impression and the one which remained with her, coloring painfully all the vistas of dim woodland aisles and sunlit brooks, was of the meagreness and meanness of the desolate lives lived in this paradise. This was a fact she had not noticed as a child, accepting the country people as she did all other incomprehensible elders. They had not seemed to her to differ noticeably from her delicate, æsthetic mother, lying in lavender silk negligées on wicker couches, reading the latest book of Mallarmé, or from her competent, rustling aunt, guiding the course of the summer colony's social life with firm hands. There was as yet no summer colony, this week in May. Even the big hotel was not open. Virginia was lodged in the house of one of the farmers. There was no element to distract her mind from the narrow, unlovely lives of the owners of that valley of beauty.

They were grinding away at their stupefyingly monotonous tasks as though the miracle of spring were not taking place before their eyes. They were absorbed in their barn-yards and kitchen sinks and bad cooking and worse dress-making. The very children, grimy little utilitarians like their parents, only went abroad in the flood of golden sunshine, in order to rifle the hill pastures of their wild strawberries. Virginia was no longer a child to ignore all this. It was an embittering, imprisoning thought from which she could not escape even in the most radiant vision of May woods. She was a woman now, with a trained mind which took in the saddening significance of these lives, not so much melancholy or tragic as utterly neutral, featureless, dun-colored. They weighed on her heart as she walked and drove about the lovely country they spoiled for her.

What a heavenly country it was! She compared it to similar valleys in Switzerland, in Norway, in Japan, and her own shone out pre-eminent with a thousand beauties of bold sky-line, of harmoniously "composed" distances, of exquisitely fairy-like detail of foreground. But oh! the



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

They were talking of her. "Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. . . . "You can't get nothin' out'n her."—Page 475.

wooden packing-boxes of houses and the dreary lives they sheltered!

The Pritchard family, her temporary hosts, summed up for her the human life of the valley. There were two children, inarticulate, vacant-faced country children of eight and ten, out from morning till night in the sunny, upland pastures, but who could think of nothing but how many quarts of berries they had picked and what price could be exacted for them. There was Gran'ther Pritchard, a doddering, toothless man of seventy-odd, and his wife, a tall, lean, lame old woman with a crutch, who sat all through the meal-times, speechlessly staring at the stranger, with faded gray eyes. There was Mr. Pritchard and his son Joel, gaunt Yankees, toiling with fierce concentration to "get the crops in" after a late spring. Finally there was Mrs. Pritchard, worn and pale, passing those rose-colored spring days grubbing in her vegetable garden. And all of them silent, silent as the cattle they resembled. There had been during the first few days of her week's stay some vague attempts at conversation, but Virginia was soon aware that they had not the slightest rudiments of a common speech.

A blight was on even those faint manifestations of the æsthetic spirit which they had not killed out of their bare natures. The pictures in the house were bad beyond belief, and the only flowers were some petunias, growing in a pot, carefully tended by Grandma Pritchard. They bore a mass of blossoms of a terrible magenta, like a blow in the face to any one sensitive to color. It usually stood on the dining-table, which was covered with a red cloth. "Crimson! Magenta! It is no wonder they are lost souls!" cried the girl to herself.

On the last day of her week, even as she was trying to force down some food at the table thus decorated, she bethought herself of her old haunt of desolate peace on the mountain-side. She pushed away from the table with an eager, murmured excuse, and fairly ran out into the gold and green of the forest, a paradise lying hard by the pitiable little purgatory of the farm-house. As she fled along through the clean-growing maple-groves, through stretches of sunlit pastures, azure with bluets, through dark pines, red-carpeted by last year's needles, through the flickering, shadowy-patterned birches, she cried out to all this beauty to set

her right with the world of her fellows, to ease her heart of its burden of disdainful pity.

But there was no answer.

She reached the deserted clearing breathless, and paused to savor its slow, penetrating peace. The white birches now almost shut the house from view; the barn had wholly disappeared. From the finely proportioned old doorway of the house protruded a long, grayed, weather-beaten tuft of hay. The last utilitarian dishonor had befallen it. It had not even its old dignity of vacant desolation. She went closer and peered inside. Yes, hay . . . the scant cutting from the adjacent old meadows . . . had been piled high in the room which had been the gathering-place of the forgotten family life. She stepped in and sank down on it, struck by the far-reaching view from the window. As she lay looking out, the silence was as insistent as a heavy odor in the air.

The big white clouds lay like stepping-stones in the sky's blue river, just as when she was a child. Their silver-gleaming brightness blinded her. . . . "*Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh . . . warte nur . . . balde . . . ruhest . . . du . . .*" she began to murmur, and stopped, awed by the immensity of the hush about her. She closed her eyes, pillowed her head on her upthrown arms and sank into a wide, bright reverie, which grew dimmer and vaguer as the slow changeless hours filed by.

She did not know if it were from a doze, or but from this dreamy haze that she was wakened by the sound of voices outside the house, under the window by which she lay. There were the tones of a stranger and those of old Mrs. Pritchard, but now flowing on briskly with a volubility unrecognizable. Virginia sat up, hesitating. Were they only passing by, or stopping? Should she show herself or let them go on? In an instant the question was settled for her. It was too late. She would only shame them if they knew her there. She had caught her own name. They were talking of her.

"Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. "You can just save your breath to cool your porridge. You can't get nothin' out'n her."

"But she's travelled 'round so much, seems's though . . ." began the other woman's voice.

"Don't it?" struck in old Mrs. Pritchard assentingly, "But 'tain't so!"



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off."—Page 478.

The other was at a loss. "Do you mean she's stuck-up and won't answer you?" Mrs. Pritchard burst into a laugh, the great, resonant good-nature of which amazed Virginia. She had not dreamed that one of these sour, silent people could laugh like that. "No, *land* no, Abby! She's as soft-spoken as anybody could be, poor thing! She ain't got nothin' to say. That's all. Why, I can git more out'n any pack-peddler that's only been from here to Rutland and back than out'n her . . . and she's travelled all summer long for five years, she was tellin' us, and last year went around the world."

"Good land! Think of it!" cried the other, awe-struck. "China! An' Afriky! An' London!"

"That's the way we felt! That's the reason we let her come. There ain't no profit in one boarder, and we never take boarders, anyhow. But I thought 'twould be a chance for the young ones to learn something about how foreign folks lived." She broke again into her epic laugh. "Why, Abby, 'twould ha' made you die to see us the first few days she was there, tryin' to get somethin' out'n her. Italy, now . . . had she been there? 'Oh, yes, she *adored* Italy!'" Virginia flushed at the echo of her own exaggerated accent. "Well, we'd like to know somethin' 'bout Italy. What did they raise there? Honest, Abby, you'd ha' thought we'd hit her side th' head. She thought and she *thought*, and all she could say was 'olives.' Nothing else? 'Well, she'd never noticed anything else . . . oh, yes, lemons.' Well, that seemed kind o' queer vittles, but you can't never tell how foreigners git along, so we thought maybe they just lived off'n olives and lemons; and Joel he asked her how they raised 'em, and if they manured heavy or trusted to phosphate, and how long the trees took before they began to bear, and if they pruned much, and if they had the same trouble we do, come harvest time, to hire hands enough to git in th' crop."

She paused. The other woman asked, "Well, what did she say?"

The echoes rang again to the old woman's great laugh. "We might as well ha' asked her 'bout the back side of th' moon! So we gave up on olives and lemons! Then Eben he asked her 'bout taxes there. Were they on land mostly and were they high and

who 'sessed 'em and how 'bout school tax. Did the state pay part o' that? You see town meetin' being so all tore up every year 'bout taxes, Eben he thought 'twould be a chance to hear how other folks did, and maybe learn somethin'. Good land, Abby, I've set there and 'most died, tryin' to keep from yellin' right out with laugh to see our folks tryin' to learn somethin' 'bout foreign parts from that woman that's travelled in 'em steady for five years. I bet she was blindfolded and gagged and had cotton in her ears the hull time she was there!"

"Didn't she tell you anythin' 'bout taxes?"

"Taxes? You'd ha' thought 'twas bumble-bees' hind legs we was askin' 'bout! She ackshilly seemed s'prised to be asked. Land! What had she ever thought 'bout such triflin' things as taxes. She didn't know how they was taxed in Italy, or if they was . . . nor anywhere else. That what it come down to, every time. She didn't know! She didn't know what kind of schools they had, nor what the roads was made of, nor who made 'em. She couldn't tell you what hired men got, nor *any* wages, nor what girls that didn't get married did for a living, nor what rent they paid, nor how they 'mused themselves, nor how much land was worth, nor if they had factories, nor if there was any lumber-in' done, nor how they managed to keep milk in such awful hot weather without ice. Honest, Abby, she couldn't even say if the houses had cellars or not. Why it come out she never was *in* a real house that anybody lived in . . . only hotels. She hadn't got to know a single real person that b'longed there. Of course she never found out anything 'bout how they lived. Her mother was there, she said, and her aunt, and that Bilson family that comes to th' village summers, an' the Goodriches an' the Phippses an' the . . . oh, sakes alive, you know that same old crowd that rides 'roun' here summers and thinks to be sociable by sayin' how nice an' yellow your oats is blossomin'! You could go ten times 'roun' the world with them and know less 'bout what folks is like than when you started. When I heard 'bout them being there, I called Eben and Joel and Em'ly off and I says, 'Now, don't pester that poor do-less critter with questions any more. How much do the summer folks down to th' vil-

lage know 'bout the way we live?" Well, they burst out laughin', of course. "Well, then," I says, "'tis plain to be seen that all they do in winter is to go off to some foreign part and do the same as here," so I says to them, same's I said to you, Abby, a while back, that they'd better save their breath to cool their porridge. But its awful solemn eatin' now, without a word spoke."

The other woman laughed. "Why, you don't have to talk 'bout foreign parts or else keep still, do ye?"

"Oh, it's just so 'bout everythin'. We heard she'd been in Washington last winter, so Eben he brisked up and tried her on politics. Well, she'd never heard of direct primaries, they're raisin' such a holler 'bout in York State; she didn't know what th' 'nsurgent senators are up to near as much as we did, and to judge by the way she looked, she'd only just barely heard of th' tariff." The word was pronounced with true New England reverence. "Then we tried bringin' up children, and lumber-in' an' roads, an' cookin', an' crops, an' stocks, an' wages, an' schools, an' garden-in', but we couldn't touch bottom nowhere. Never a word to be had out'n her. So we give up, and now we just sit like stot-in' bottles, an' eat—an' do our visitin' with each other odd minutes afterward."

"Why, she don't look to be half-witted," said the other.

"She ain't!" cried Mrs. Pritchard with emphasis. "She's got as good a head-piece, natchilly, as anybody. I remember her when she was a young one. It's the fool way they're brung up! Everythin' that's any fun or intrust, they hire somebody else to do it for 'em. Here she is a great strappin' woman of twenty-two or three, with nothing in the world to do but to trapse off 'cross the fields from mornin' to night—an' nobody to need her there nor here, nor anywhere. No wonder she looks peaked. Sometimes when I see her set and stare off, so sort o' dull and hopeless, I'm so sorry for her I could cry! Good land! I'd as lief hire somebody to chew my vittles for me and give me the dry cud to live off of as do the way those kind of folks do."

The distant call of a steam-whistle, silvered by the great distance into a flute-like note, interrupted her. "That's the milk-train, whistling for the Millbrook crossin'," she said. "We must be thinkin' of goin' home before long. Where be those young

ones?" She raised her voice in a call as unexpectedly strong and vibrant as her laugh. "Susie! Eddie! Did they answer? I'm gittin' that hard o' hearin' 'tis hard for me to make out."

"Yes, they hollered back," said the other. "An' I see 'em comin' through the pasture yonder. I guess they got their pails full by the way they carry 'em."

"That's good," said Mrs. Pritchard with satisfaction. "They can get twenty-five cents a quart hulled, off'n summer folks. They're savin' up to help Joel go to Middletown college in the fall."

"They think a lot o' Joel, don't they?" commented the other.

"Oh, the Pritchards has always been a family that knew how to set store by their own folks," said the old woman proudly, "and Joel he'll pay 'em back as soon as he gets ahead a little."

The children had evidently now come up, for Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks. "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off. Grandma called you an' Eddie down to tell you an old-timey story."

There was an outbreak of delighted cries from the children and Mrs. Pritchard said deprecatingly, "You know, Abby, there never was children yet that wasn't crazy 'bout old-timey stories. I remember how I used to hang onto Aunt Debby's skirts and beg her to tell me some more."

"The story I'm goin' to tell you is about this Great-aunt Debby," she announced formally to her auditors, "when she was 'bout fourteen years old and lived up here in this very house, pretty soon after th' R'volution. There was only just a field or two cleared off 'round it then, and all over th' mounting the woods were as black with pines and spruce as any cellar. Great-aunt Debby was the oldest one of five children and my grandfather—your great-great-grandfather—was the youngest. In them days there wa'n't but a few families in the valley and they lived far apart, so when Great-aunt Debby's father got awful sick a few days after he'd been away to get some grist ground, Aunt Debby's mother had to send her 'bout six' miles through th' woods to the nearest house—it stood where the old Perkins barn is now. The man come back with Debby, but as soon as he saw great-

grandfather he give one yell—'small-pox!'—and lit out for home. Folks was tur'ble afraid of it then an' he had seven children of his own an' nobody for 'em to look to if he died, so you couldn't blame him none. They was all like that then, every fam'ly just barely holdin' on an' scratchin' for dear life.

"Well, he spread the news and the next day, while Debby was helpin' her mother nurse her father the best she could, somebody called her over toward th' woods. They made her stand still 'bout three rods from 'em and shouted to her that the best they could do was to see that the fam'ly had vittles enough. The neighbors would cook up a lot and leave it every day in the fence corner and Debby could come and git it.

"That was the way they fixed it. Aunt Debby said they was awful faithful and good 'bout it and never failed, rain or shine, to leave a lot of the best stuff they could git in them days. But before long she left some of it there, to show they didn't need so much, because they wasn't so many to eat.

"First, Aunt Debby's father died. Her mother and she dug the grave in th' corner of th' clearin', down there where I'm pointin'. Aunt Debby said she couldn't never forget how her mother looked as she said a prayer before they shovelled the dirt back in. Then the two of 'em took care of the cow and tried to get in a few garden seeds while they nursed one of the children—the boy that was next to Debby. That turned out to be small-pox, of course, and he died and they buried him alongside his father. Then the two youngest girls, twins they was, took sick, and before they died Aunt Debby's mother fell over in a faint while she was tryin' to spade up the garden. Aunt Debby got her into the house and put her to bed. She never said another thing, but just died without so much as knowin' Debby. She and the twins went the same day, and Debby buried 'em in one grave.

"It took her all day to dig it, she said. They was afraid of wolves in them days and had to have their graves deep. The baby, the one that was to be my grandfather, played 'round while she was diggin', and she had to stop to milk the cow and git his meals for him. She got the bodies over to the grave, one at a time, draggin' 'em on the wood-sled. When she was ready to shovel the dirt back in, 'twas gettin' to be twilight, and she said the thrushes were beginnin' to

sing—she made the baby kneel down and she got on her knees beside him and took hold of his hand to say a prayer. She was just about wore out, as you can think, and scared to death, and she'd never known any prayer, anyhow. All she could think to say was 'Lord—Lord—Lord!' And she made the baby say it, over and over. I guess 'twas a good enough prayer too. When I married and come up here to live, seems as though I never heard the thrushes begin to sing in the evening without I looked down there and could almost see them two on their knees.

"Well, there she was, fourteen years old, with a two-year-old baby to look out for, and all the rest of the family gone as though she'd dreamed 'em. She was sure she and little Eddie—you're named for him, Eddie, and don't you never forget it—would die, of course, like the others, but she wa'n't any hand to give up till she had to, and she wanted to die last, so to look out for the baby. So when she took sick she fought the small-pox just like a wolf, she used to tell us. She had to live, to take care of Eddie. She gritted her teeth and *wouldn't* die, though, as she always said, 'twould ha' been enough sight more comfortable than to live through what she did.

"Some folks nowadays say it couldn't ha' been small-pox she had, or she couldn't ha' managed. I don't know 'bout that. I guess 'twas plenty bad enough, anyhow. She was out of her head a good share of th' time, but she never forgot to milk the cow and give Eddie his meals. She used to fight up on her knees (there was a week when she couldn't stand without fallin' over in a faint) and then crawl out to the cow-shed and sit down flat on the ground and reach up to milk. One day the fever was so bad she was clear crazy and she thought angels in silver shoes come right out there, in the masure an' all, and milked for her and held the cup to Eddie's mouth.

"An' one night she thought somebody, with a big black cape on, come and stood over her with a knife. She riz up in bed and told him to '*git out!*' She'd have to stay to take care of the baby!' And she hit at the knife so fierce she knocked it right out'n his hand. Then she fainted away agin. She didn't come to till mornin', and when she woke up she knew she was goin' to live. She always said her hand was all bloody that morning from a big cut in it, and she

used to show us the scar—a big one 'twas, too. But I guess most likely that come from somethin' else. Folks was awful superstitious in them days, and Aunt Debby was always kind o' queer.

"Well, an' so she did live and got well, though she never grew a mite from that time. A little wizened-up thing she was, always; but I tell you folks 'round here thought a nawful lot of Aunt Debby! And, Eddie, if you'll believe it, never took the sickness at all. They say, sometimes, babies don't.

"They got a fam'ly to come and work the farm for 'em, and Debby she took care of her little brother, same as she always had. And he grew up and got married and come to live in this house and Aunt Debby lived with him. They did set great store by each other! Grandmother used to laugh and say grandfather and Aunt Debby didn't need no words to talk together. I was eight, goin' on nine—why, Susie, just your age—when Aunt Debby died. I remember as well the last thing she said. Somebody asked her if she was afraid. She looked down over the covers—I can see her now, like a old baby she looked, so little and so light on the big feather-bed, and she said, 'Is a grain o' wheat scared when you drop it in the ground?' I always thought that wa'n't such a bad thing for a child to hear said.

"She'd wanted to be buried there beside the others and grandfather did it so. While he was alive he took care of the graves and kept 'em in good order; and after I married and come here to live I did. But I'm gettin' on now, and I want you young folks should know 'bout it and do it after I'm gone.

"Now, here, Susie, take this pot of petunias and set it out on the head of the grave that's got a stone over it. And if you're ever inclined to think you have a hard time, just you remember Aunt Debby and shut your teeth and *hang on!* If you tip the pot bottom-side up, and knock on it with a stone, it'll all slip out easy. Now go along with you. We've got to be starting for home soon."

There was a brief pause and then the cheerful voice went on: "If there's any flower I do despise, it's petunias! But 'twas Aunt Debby's 'special favorite, so I always start a pot real early and have it in blossom when her birthday comes 'round."

By the sound she was struggling heavily to her feet. "Yes, do, for goodness' sakes,

haul me up, will ye? I'm as stiff as a old horse. I don't know what makes me so rheumatically. My folks ain't, as a general thing."

There was so long a silence that the girl inside the house wondered if they were gone, when Mrs. Pritchard's voice began again: "I do like to come up here! It minds me of him an' me livin' here when we was young. We had a good time of it!"

"I never could see," commented the other, "how you managed when he went away t' th' war."

"Oh, I did the way you do when you *have* to! I'd felt he ought to go, you know, as much as he did, so I was willin' to put in my best licks. An' I was young too—twenty-three—and only two of the children born then—and I was as strong as a ox. I never minded the work any! 'Twas the days after battles, when we couldn't get no news, that was the bad part. Why, I could go to the very spot, over there where the butternut tree stands—'twas our garden then—where I heard he was killed at Gettysburg."

"What did you do?" asked the other.

"I went on hoein' my beans. There was the two children to be looked out for, you know. But I ain't mindin' tellin' you that I can't look at a bean-row since without gettin' so sick to my stomach and feelin' the goose-pimples start all over me."

"How did you hear 'twan't so?"

"Why, I was gettin' in the hay—up there where the oaks stand was our hay-field then. I remember how sick the smell of the hay made me, and when the sweat run down into my eyes I was glad to feel 'em smart and sting—well, Abby, you just wait till you hear your Nathan'l is shot through the head and you'll know how I was—well, all of a sudden—somebody took the fork out'n my hand an'—an' said—'here, you drive an' I'll pitch'—and there—'twas—'twas—"

"Why Grandma Pritchard! You're—"

"No I ain't, either! I ain't such a fool, I hope! Why, see me cry like a old numskull! Ain't it ridiculous how you can talk 'bout deaths and buryin's all right, and can't tell of how somebody come back from the grave without—where in th' nation is my handkerchief! Why, Abby, things ain't never looked the same to me from that minute on. I tell you—I tell you—I *was* real glad to see him!

"Good land, what time o' day do you

suppose it can be? Susie! Eddie! Come, git your berries and start home!"

The two voices began to sound more faintly as the old woman's crutch rang on the stones. "Well, Abby, when I come up here and remember how I farmed it alone for four years, I say to myself that 'twan't only th' men that set the slaves free. Them that stayed to home was allowed to have their share in the good—" The syllables blurred into an indistinguishable hum and there fell again upon the house its old mantle of silence.

As if aroused by this from an hypnotic spell, the girl on the hay sat up suddenly, pressing her hands over her eyes; but she did not shut out a thousand thronging visions. There was not a sound but the loud throbbing of the pulses at her temples; but never again could there be silence for her in that spot. The air was thick with murmurs which beat against her ears. She was trem-

bling as she slipped down from the hay and, walking unsteadily to the door, stood looking half-wildly out into the haunted twilight.

The faint sound of the brook rose liquid in the quiet evening air.

There where the butternut tree stood, had been the garden!

The white birches answered with a rustling stir in all their lightly poised leaves.

Up there, where the oaks were, had been the hay-field!

The twilight darkened. Through the forest, black on the crest of the overhanging mountain, shone suddenly the evening star.

There, before the door, had stood the waiting wood-sled!

The girl caught through the gathering dusk a gleam of magenta from the corner of the clearing.

Two hermit thrushes, distant in the forest, began to send up their poignant antiphonal evening chant.

KISA-GÔTAMI

By Arthur Davison Ficke

YOUNG Kisa-Gôtami, the purely fair
As a white pearl brought from the unknown caves
Of sparkling sea—she who was late the song
Within her father's house—now being wed,
Bore a frail man-child; in whose little face
The flickering light of life for one day shone
And then departed like a mystery.

Thereupon, when her strength had half returned,
Still clasping to her breast the lifeless form
None dared take from her, Kisa-Gôtami
Wandered the streets; as though her weary feet
Sought for some marvel, seen in vision strange,
Which should restore the child and to a dream
Turn the bewildered anguish of her soul.
When noon was golden down the waving fields,
And when the purple shadows of the dusk
Crept from the hills, still the poor traveller
Stayed not her aimless passagings, distraught,
Wandering with the wandering moon. At dawn,
Passing beyond the borders of the town,
Unto a grove of pipal trees she came
On a low hill-side; where Siddhartha—whom
Light smote in Gaya with revealing beam
And men thereafter called the Buddha—risen

For meditation in the clear sweet air
 Of early morning, sat in deep repose.
 And looking with wild eyes up to his face,
 Whereon the aspect of a holy man
 Brooded ineffably, a sudden flood
 Of utterance from her long-unopened lips
 Poured—as a river, feeling close ahead
 The presence of the wide infinite sea,
 Rolls with a sudden and importunate gush
 Its troubled current into the calm deep.

“O Lord, my grief exceeds all mortal grief.
 I shall not ever look on peace again
 Unless I find the herb. Somewhere on earth
 It must be growing now. Thy face is kind,
 And wise as with great knowledge. I am worn
 With seeking; and I am not wise. O Lord,
 Can'st thou not help me in my hour of pain?”

To her the Buddha, with compassionate eyes,
 Spake—“What is this thou seekest?”

And she said—
 “I seek the herb that bringeth life again,”
 While her glance touched the dead child in her arms.

Then the deep eyes of Buddha dwelt on her,
 Seeming to fold her in a brooding gaze
 Of comprehension and profoundest thought,
 Wherein the tides of pity rose and fell
 And swept beyond her; as his inward sight
 Opened on wider vistas and beheld
 The web of sorrow that enfolds the world.
 Until at length his musings died away;
 And his heart saw her like a pitiful dove
 Smitten and sinking in the lost abyss.

Gently he looked upon her, and then spake.—

“Be thou not troubled: let the dawnlight lay
 Cool fingers on thy brow: go thou in peace
 Into the city; there a simple herb
 Thou shalt procure—a little mustard-seed,
 The commonest thing that grows. Of such is made
 The cure for all thy grief, and this thy child.
 Heed only this—if from its strength shall come
 Aught that may profit thee in thy desire,
 Thou must obtain it from a happy home
 Wherein no child nor spouse nor sire has died.”

Then Kisa-Gôtami, white gentle one,
 Laughed loud for joy, crying—“I go, I go.”
 With simple trust, before the Buddha's feet
 She laid the dead child; and then turned in haste
 And sped unto the city with light steps,
 Nor looked behind her.

And the Buddha sat
 Brooding upon the hill-side; strange slow thoughts
 Dwelt in his eyes, and voiceless mysteries
 Swept o'er his brow like cloud-shadows that move
 Across the silent mountain-slopes at noon.
 Thus meditation ruled upon his soul
 While the dawn spent its pale and gorgeous gleams,
 And morning rose out of the wine-hued east
 Into a dome of turquoise, and the sun
 Measured its noontide height to sink again
 Slowly to westward.

Softly from the west
 Came the first evening breath; and with it came,
 Out of the city, Kisa-Gôtami,
 With quiet steps. And in her eyes the light
 Glimmered less wildly under the pale brow,
 As to the Buddha she held out her hands—
 Empty: she smiled; and tears fell; and she spake.—

“O Lord, my search is ended, and I know.
 Unto each home I went, and begged of each
 A little boon—a grain of mustard-seed.
 And all with uttermost kindness would have given,
 Save that I asked if child or spouse or sire
 Out of their midst had died; and every house
 Replied—‘Nay, we have lost a well-loved one.’
 From door to door I passed, but still the same.
 Until at length a grave and aged man
 Answered me—‘Child, the living are but few,
 The dead are many.’ And the sudden thought
 Filled me of all the other mourning hearts;
 And in the great grief I became but one—
 A tiny mote amid immensities
 Of the world's sorrow; and their kinship spread
 Like a warm cloak around me: I beheld
 All other burdened souls stretch out to me
 Infinite sisterhood. That which was I
 Ceased then to be; I knew myself a part
 Lost in the greater life. And lo! my soul
 Seemed purged and lightened and no more afraid
 Ever of the pain that filled it. Now I come
 To bear my dead unto my home again,
 And give him sepulture, and strew young flowers,
 And reassume what life may hold.”

Deep speech
 Trembled upon the Buddha's lips, and ebbed
 As ebbs a great tide on a starless shore.
 And stretching forth his hand, in the last dusk
 Of ghostly twilight, he, with voice wherein
 Dwelt all the joys and sorrows of the world
 And the wild bitterness and the final calm,
 Spake gently—“My disciple, go in peace.”

IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CITY

By Frederic C. Howe



HE belief is very general that the city is our most conspicuous political failure. I question if this is true. Men feel more hopeless about the city than they do about the State or the nation. I believe this is not justified. It is a commonplace that our cities are inefficient, if not generally corrupt. I believe this opinion is greatly exaggerated.

And the causes generally assigned for these conditions are, first, the indolence of the voter; second, the prevalence of partisan politics; and, third, personal self-interest and the absorption of the American people in money-making. These, in substance, are the reasons assigned by Mr. James Bryce as the causes of our political failures.

I do not believe these are what the lawyer would call the "proximate causes" of our municipal failures. They are rather secondary causes, possibly results which follow from antecedent conditions. They are personal, political, ethical explanations of what a more thorough analysis will show to be economic, social, and institutional faults.

In the first place, we are not fair in our judgment of the American city. Our standards are taken from the continent of Europe. We compare the cleanliness, orderliness, and beauty of the German city with the disorder, dirt, and ugliness of our own. We forget that the American city is, for the most part, a very new thing. It was born but yesterday. And it is an industrial child. The cities of Europe, on the other hand, have centuries of tradition. They were planned as capital cities, as the *Hauptstaedte* of kings, princes, and feudal overlords, rather than as industrial centres. Continental towns were but part of a feudal domain. Dresden, Munich, Mannheim, and Düsseldorf were planned by their rulers much as a retired business man might plan an estate in this country. Moreover, most of the cities of Europe were old before our cities were born. They have a heritage of love, veneration, and beauty, and they delight in this heritage.

With the exception of those of the seaboard, our cities are new. They have grown from village to town, and from town to city, with little expectation of a larger growth. Street has been laid by street to meet the demands of business. Officials are still absorbed in the most elementary problems. Highways have to be paved, sewered, and kept in repair. School-houses must be built to keep pace with the inrush of people. The American city is not unlike the first generation of pioneers which built its dugouts on the prairies as protection from the storm. Our cities have not had time to become cities. They are mere aggregations of individuals, having no racial ties in common, and few political, industrial, or social traditions which make for cohesion. All these things must be taken into consideration in our criticism of the American city. They explain in part the difference between our cities and those of the Old World.

There are still other considerations to be borne in mind in our criticism of the city. There are legal limitations which burden officials and render development almost impossible. By far the most serious of these burdens on the city is its poverty of power. It has no autonomy, no home rule, little authority to act in a sovereign way. Our cities are not free to solve their problems as they will. Charters have been drawn for the most part by legislatures distrustful of the city or by special interests solicitous only of property or special privileges in danger of regulation or control. These interests include street-railway, gas, electric-light, and telephone companies, steam railroads, docks, factories, and tenements, all of which are politically powerful and all of which readily combine to maintain a supremacy above and beyond the law. They oppose any generous grant of power to the cities. They fear municipal ownership or competition. They ward off regulation and control. The tax rate is limited. So is the bonded indebtedness. Cities cannot undertake any large enterprises until they first carry on an exhaustive campaign before the legislature or for a

constitutional amendment. By the time the power has been secured, the administration which promoted it has passed out of office or the opportunity for its use is no longer available.

The powers of the city have been kept down to routine functions, while the rights of individual property have been invested with a sacredness that is almost inviolable. The city cannot control the laying out or planning of streets or suburban allotments; it cannot determine the nature, style, or height of structures. The orderly growth of the city is left to the selfish, unregulated interest of land speculators and builders. Comprehensive planning or the development of a big municipal programme is impossible.

Even the details of police and health administration, the method of building, cleaning, and repairing streets, of controlling slums, factories, and tenements, are narrowly prescribed by laws which follow many years beyond the evils to be regulated. Nor has the city any large control over transportation, over the public utility corporations, over the building of docks, harbor, and terminals which supply the services of transit, light, heat, and power.

Nor can the city frame its own machinery of government. In many States, all cities, no matter what their size, are compelled to adopt a uniform charter. In others, partisan, political, or other considerations lead to special legislation designed in the interest of individuals, a party, or a class. The American city is a ward of the State, not unlike the infant in chancery, which the legislature watches over as though it were unable to care for itself. It is the Cinderella of our politics. It is distrusted by some, treated by many as if it were an evil in itself.

In the sense we think of the cities of Greece, mediæval Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, the American city is not a city at all. It is an agent of the State like a county, a township, or some other local civil division. Many of our city failures should be laid on the principal, not on the agent; on the State, not on the municipality.

This servitude of the city to the State is the heaviest burden it has to carry. The wonder is, not that our cities have done so badly, but that they have done so well.

Nearly all the really great cities of the world have been free cities. Athens was

free, and Athens produced the wonderful city civilization that has inspired subsequent centuries. Her people had a city sense, a city pride in their city state. Rome, too, was free, as were the Roman communities, which dotted the civilized world. During the Middle Ages there sprang up in Italy, Germany, France, and the Netherlands cities that were little republics. They obtained their freedom from feudal overlords by purchase or conquest. Their merchant princes embellished these cities with magnificent halls, structures, and cathedrals that have remained the wonder of the modern world. Some idea of the magnificence of these mediæval cities is apparent in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and the old free cities of Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Bremen.

Again, in the twentieth century, we find the freest of all cities in Germany. The municipality can do as it wills with itself. In an autocratic caste-controlled country the city has nearly absolute freedom. It can experiment as it wills. It can levy taxes as it chooses. It can own, regulate, or control street railways, gas, and other public services. It can build splendid docks, harbors, and opera-houses, theatres, art-galleries, and museums. It can promote education—primary, secondary, or higher education—in any way it sees fit, once it has satisfied the minimum standards of the state. There is no real limit to the amount it can raise in taxation or the way it secures it. No statute or constitution confines its bonded indebtedness to a low percentage of its assessed valuation. One finds German towns no larger than Buffalo, Pittsburg,⁶ or Indianapolis with a debt of one hundred and twenty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per head, or two or three times the per capita indebtedness of the American city.

Within its own confines, the German city is almost sovereign, nearly as sovereign as were the free Hanseatic towns of an earlier age. It can plan its growth far out in the suburbs, acquire forests and parkways, purchase interurban street railways and water powers, and build with the pride and love of the beautiful that inspired the merchant princes of mediæval times.

The German city is the most finished as well as the most efficient political agency in the modern world because it is free, free to experiment, free to have dreams and to

realize these dreams in its own way. This awakens the people. It inspires them to effort. It gives them a sense of affection for their city like that which they have for the Fatherland. There is the greatest rivalry among German cities. They compete with one another to be centres of commerce, education, art, and culture. The phenomenal development of modern Germany is quite largely attributable to the unhampered freedom of her cities.

The American city labors under still another limitation that is not known abroad. Municipal administration is confused by sumptuary and excise questions which are a universal cause of trouble. They arise in almost every campaign. They divert city administrations. A large percentage of the people in our larger cities has little sympathy with the rigorous Sunday and excise laws enacted by distant State legislatures, and aimed at the control of the liquor traffic. New standards of what is right and wrong, to which the foreign population is not accustomed, and which are at variance with the desire of a large part of the working people, have lured the foreign-born population, the saloon-keeper, and their friends and allies into politics.

It is not a question of whether these excise laws are right or wrong. It is the alien issue which they raise that causes the trouble. For the laws passed by the State have to be enforced by city officials. And in most reform movements they are a "red herring" drawn across the administration. The saloon question is injected into the campaign. Candidates are called upon to declare in advance whether they will enforce the State laws and use the police force in the interest of crusades and a policy of repression. These issues are emphasized by a large portion of the community to the exclusion of every other question. The big questions of efficient administration are lost sight of. An honest candidate cannot evade the question, and if he declares for the vigorous enforcement of State laws, he cements against him an organization of the underworld, those of liberal views and traditions, whose instinct is for the enjoyment of pleasures or privileges which they look upon as a natural right.

This excise issue does not enter into municipal politics in Europe. City administration is free from this confusing issue which wrecks many of our reform

movements. The emphasis abroad is upon the bigger questions of city administration.

There is yet another word to be said in extenuation of the American city, and that relates to our political tools. For the most part they are very unworkable. That is the intention of many of our city charters. They are not adjusted to democracy, which has at most a biennial chance at their control. They are adjusted to those who have the means and the time to devote to politics. Our city charters are complicated. Elections are frequently held along with State and national ones when the attention of the voter is centred on other questions. The local election is merely accidental. Moreover, the charter itself is confusing. The mayor hides behind the council, the boards which manage the various departments, boards which are frequently selected by the State or other officials over whom the people have no control. Relatively simple as is the charter of New York, I doubt if there are more than a few hundred people who know, or are in a position to find out, the powers of the various officials. They would not understand the charter if they read it.

Possibly the worst evil of all is the long ballot, which confuses all save those who have sufficient time and interest to secure the nomination and election of their own representatives to office. With from forty to fifty names in each column, and with national and State questions of commanding importance before the voter, and with a charter which only the initiated can understand, it is not greatly to his discredit if the man on the street votes a straight ticket or washes his hands of the city election as an inextricable and hopeless problem.

In recent years two movements have made great headway for the correction of these institutional or political evils. One is the commission plan of city government, the other is the principle of direct legislation. The commission plan is simple, direct, and comprehensive. It involves the election of three or five men who are intrusted with all legislative and executive functions. There is no attempt to maintain the tripartite distribution of power, which has been a political fetich since the making of the Federal Constitution. In many cities party emblems have been abolished. The names of candidates bear no partisan designation. In the cities of the West, where this experi-

ment has had a fair trial, one hears the comment from business men that "You can understand the city now. It is being run just as I run my business. There is no mystery about it." The traditions of inefficiency and graft have been almost forgotten and the city seems to have acquired a new reputation by the mere alteration in the tools with which the people govern themselves.

Responsiveness and responsibility have been secured through the initiative, referendum, and the recall. These have awakened a feeling of power on the part of the voter that has changed the psychology of the city still further. The voter feels that he can get what he wants when he wants it sufficiently hard. And he rests easy in the knowledge that nothing very bad can be done because of the final veto which he holds over legislation as well as over the officials whom he has chosen to do his work for him.

Many of our reforms in America come in through the back door. The commission form of government abolished at one stroke the long blanket ballot, the party emblem, and the old party convention. We have come close to the methods of nomination and election in the English and German cities by throwing on the scrap-heap the American idea that safety is only to be secured through a wide distribution of power and responsibility and the preservation of a system of checks and balance between officials.

In England, when an elector goes to the polls at a municipal election he votes for but one office, a member of the city council. The ballot is as short as it can be made. He is not confused by candidates for Parliament, not even by a school ticket. Elections for these offices are held on another year. The same thing is true in Germany. Moreover, the system of administration in Germany and England is so simple that any citizen can understand it. In England he knows that his councilman represents him; that he can secure a hearing either before the proper committee or the manager of a department in which he is interested. The same thing is true in Germany.

There is another burden on the American city from which the cities of Germany and England are free. Our cities suffer greatly from the political activities of the public utility corporations that use our streets under franchises and grants from

the council. Their most valuable asset is frequently the privilege of remaining free from regulation, from competition, or from municipal ownership. The rights they enjoy are of colossal value. They have been heavily capitalized. Their stocks and bonds have been sold in expectation of freedom from control. The securities are owned by banks and trust companies or held by them as collateral for loans.

These corporations constantly seek to control the city government. They contribute to campaign funds, select the party committee, and are influential in the party organization. They are consulted when nominations are made for the mayoralty, for tax assessors, and for members of the city councils. They are influential in city conventions and in alliance with the city boss. Their pecuniary interest lures them into politics. They fear direct primaries, the abolition of party emblems, the initiative and the referendum, and any change in the machinery of government which puts an end to the confusion which only they can understand.

Disclosures in a dozen cities have traced the control of the city to the doors of these corporations. Their interest in politics is inevitable. They are in constant contact with the departments of public works, of streets, and of taxation. Loss of this control may involve an increase of millions in taxes. It may mean they will be compelled to place their conduits underground, to pave streets which they injure, to reduce their rates and charges. In a hundred different ways they are dependent on the goodwill of public officials. And it is of the utmost importance to them to control the party organizations, the machinery of nomination, and those who have favors to grant or whose hostility they fear.

Unfortunately, this political activity does not end here. Those who own the public utility corporations are interested in the banks as well. The favors they have to grant run into the business of the city. They very generally own or control a portion of the press, or through advertising patronage are able to coerce the newspapers into silence or activity in their behalf. The social clubs, professions, and the avenues of political and social advancement are in the hands of the same class. How completely this organization can be used to destroy any man who dares to challenge its

power has been shown in such cities as Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, and elsewhere. During the controversies in these cities lines were drawn as in the border cities during the Civil War. Old friendships were sundered, business men were boycotted, and all thought of city matters was suspended until the duel between the public and private forces was at an end.

This conflict of public and private interests excludes much of the talent and ability of the city from active service in city politics. Business men dare not enter the council because of this conflict of interests. Nor can the professional man. He knows that his friends and business associates are interested in some one of these corporations. He may disapprove of their methods, but he either does not dare or does not care enough to undertake the cost which a conflict involves. It is this and the distrust on the part of the people of those who are identified with large business interests that keeps the business and professional man out of city politics.

That capable and successful men are not excluded from local politics by democracy is seen in the fact that our school and library boards are filled with men of this class. When free to do so they serve their community gladly without pay and with the utmost self-sacrifice. And the public is willing to trust them and is glad to do so in such places. But it is equally true that the people do not trust the business man in those positions where franchise interests are involved. They fear the influence of association, of prejudice against the rights of the public, and refuse to return business men to the council or to executive positions.

The efficiency, the honesty, and the comparative freedom from criticism of those departments of our cities which have no relations with the privileged interests strongly support the conviction that the failures of our cities are not due to democracy so much as to the ascendancy of privileged business. For wherever democracy is free, wherever there are no prizes to be gained from the control of the agencies of government, in the schools, the parks, and the library departments, we secure efficiency of a high order. On the other hand, where business interests fear efficiency, where honesty is not compatible with the preservation of spe-

cial privileges, there we have not only inefficiency but dishonesty as well.

We have generally ignored these burdens in our criticisms of the American city. They are limitations which the European city has never known. The franchises of the public utility corporations in England are under the control of Parliament. They are granted not by the city, but by a special legislative act after local inquiry has been made. The city has practically no control over franchise questions. Moreover, most of the British and German cities own the street-railway, electric-lighting, and water companies, while more than sixty per cent of the gas plants in Great Britain are in public hands.

Of the fifty largest cities in Great Britain and Germany, the following number own their public utility services:*

	GREAT BRITAIN	GERMANY
Water supply	39	48
Gas supply	21	50
Electricity supply . .	44	42
Street railways . . .	42	23
Slaughter-houses . .	23	43

These cities have been freed from the conflict of interest which divides the American city into classes, a conflict which detaches and identifies the most influential portion of our people from the city.

It is these causes rather than the indifference of our people, the absorption in money-getting, or the prevalence of partisanship in city elections that seem to me to explain our cities. The causes are economic and social, rather than personal or ethical. They are traceable to the injection of false issues, to confusing machinery, and the absence of that opportunity for city building that lures big men into politics and awakens people to a love for that which they believe to be their own. These, it seems to me, are the "proximate causes" of our failures. And until we have given our cities home rule, so that the talent and patriotism of the city can express itself; until we have freed our cities from the petty charter limitations placed upon them by the State; until we have given democracy tools that are simple, direct, and easily understood, and made it possible for the skill and talent of the community to engage in local affairs without that duality of interest that now exists; until we have done these things, we

* Taken from "Municipal Year Book of Great Britain for 1909" and the "Kommunales Jahrbuch of Germany."

should not cast up the accounts against democracy which we have never fairly or fully tried. Nor is it fair to assume that the American people are less able, less honest, or less intelligent in things political than the people of Great Britain and Germany, until we have had a fair test under comparable conditions.

Despite all these burdens the American city has achieved a degree of efficiency in certain departments that is equal to the best of any cities in the world. In some respects our cities are in advance of any in Europe. This is particularly true in the matter of taxation, bad as we think our taxing systems to be. The methods by which the city collects its revenue are as important, possibly more important, than the ways in which it spends it. And we collect our local revenues more justly than do any cities of Europe. This is one-half the problem of municipal administration. The bulk of our local taxes comes from an ad valorem tax on real estate. Probably fifty per cent of our revenues comes from land values alone. For many years the cities of Boston and New York have assessed their land and improvements with accuracy and far more scientifically than is done any place else in the world. For some years German cities have been adjusting their real-estate taxes to American methods. About 1889 the Prussian Interior Department authorized cities to assess the capital valuation of land rather than its rental value; to tax land at what it is worth rather than at what it is actually yielding. Cabbage-patches had been taxed on their income as cabbage-patches, even though the land was worth thousands of dollars an acre. Cities eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity. They adopted the American method (with some modifications) and greatly increased their revenues from real-estate values in consequence.

In Great Britain the cities have been struggling for years to get away from what is in effect a survival of the feudal system of collecting local rates or taxes from the occupier. An organization of five hundred cities and local authorities have petitioned Parliament over and over again to permit them to assess land values as is done in this country. For the English cities collect practically all their revenues from a tax on the tenant; *i. e.*, the city takes in taxes a certain percentage of the rent paid to the

owner. If property is not rented, it pays no taxes. If land is not improved, it bears no burden.

The local taxing system of English cities is most unjust. It throws almost the whole burden on the poor. This, too, explains the terrible congestion, the tenements, and the slums. For land can be held out of use in and about the English cities and pay no taxes until it is actually built upon.

New York City alone secures a larger revenue from land values than do the much-heralded "unearned increment" taxes of all the cities of Germany and all the taxes of the revolutionary Lloyd George budget of 1909 combined. The total collections of New York City from this source amount to approximately sixty million dollars a year. I think it may fairly be claimed that we have made more progress in local taxation than have any cities of the world.

It must be remembered, too, that many activities of the American city are efficiently performed. Our library systems are models. In this we have been pioneers. The rapid development of public and private libraries, the extension of branches, the opening of reading-rooms and library centres, the use of pictures and children's departments show the possibilities of our municipal democracy—when the laws of the State permit it to grow as it will.

Commissions come to America to study our library methods just as commissions go from this country to Europe to study their municipal achievements. The park systems of our cities are of the same high order. Our development in recent years has been phenomenal. Not only are our parks generous in area, but they have been laid out by experts in a far-sighted way. The Boston system is said to be the most comprehensive of any in the world, while those of Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, and a score of lesser cities compare favorably with those of any cities of Europe.

America, too, led the way in playground development, as well as in the wider use of the school-house and the social centre. The exhibits of the American city in these activities at the Berlin Town Planning Exposition were accepted as in advance of those of Europe.

From the very beginning our fire departments have been honestly and efficiently administered. These, too, have been mod-

els for foreign cities. For the most part, they have been free from the spoils system. Merit has been recognized in the selection of chiefs. New appliances have been rapidly introduced and an *esprit du corps* has been created like that of the army and the navy.

Our common schools have always been a source of pride. Expenditure is generous. Teachers, for the most part, are well trained and school equipment is of an elaborate sort. Increased appropriations for high-schools, for technical, manual training, and kindergarten training have followed one another with great rapidity. Our schools are, for the most part, honestly administered, and with a relatively high degree of intelligence and foresight. All things considered, our schools are in advance of those of any country in Europe, with the possible exception of Germany and Denmark. It is in the technical and manual-training schools that the former country excels.

Within the past ten years the American city has awakened to the idea of city beautification, to the building of civic centres, the grouping of public buildings, and the erection of public structures on an ambitious scale. Nearly one hundred cities are engaged on projects of city planning, in the opening up of congested business centres, the building of boulevards in the suburbs, and the laying out of outlying land in an intelligent and far-sighted way. The colossal undertaking inspired by the Commercial Club, of Chicago, estimated to cost over one hundred and fifty million dollars, is comparable with the work of Baron Haussmann in Paris, under the direction of Napoleon III. Cleveland is carrying through a group of public buildings on the lake front at a cost of nearly fifteen million dollars. An old section of the city is being razed of buildings. The city hall, courthouse, public library, Federal building, and Union Station are being grouped about a downtown plaza opening on to Lake Erie. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rochester, Buffalo, Hartford, and a score of cities have awakened to this idea within a very short period.

This sort of city building has seized hold of the imagination of the American city as has no other idea in a generation, and the generous response which democracy has made to the demand is a conclusive com-

mentary on the desire of the people for a better city.

Moreover, entire cities are, for periods at least, practically free from that kind of vulgar graft with which we assume our cities are honey-combed. New York under its present administration is intelligently, honestly, and for the most part faithfully facing the problems of city administration. It is hampered by State laws and subject to legislative control in ways that prevent a big vision of city building. But for three years officials have been perfecting the city's administration so as to secure economy and efficiency in its expenditure.

Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and a score of cities have been free from the scandals with which we associate city administration, while some of these cities have been governed with a high order of talent and service.

The most costly failures of our cities are not personal or political, as is usually assumed; they rather relate to the physical side of the city. We have not yet acquired that big-visioned outlook on city building that characterizes city administration in Germany, Austria, France, and, within the last few years, Great Britain as well. We have fixed our thoughts on political and legal problems to the neglect of the far more important physical things. We have not thought in city terms, have not begun to build cities, to consider comfort, convenience, and beauty. We have not controlled the harmonious development of the community with an eye to the future, and with our thoughts on coming generations. It is the absence of conscious city plans, it is our mistaken reliance on the free play of individualism, that has made our cities unattractive and wanting in the charm and comfort of those in Europe.

Officials of the American city have not yet realized that the city is a permanent thing, to be built for all time and, with a conscious, intelligent outlook on the needs of community life. We have failed to control property in the interest of the community, failed to assert the sovereignty of the city over things as we have over people. It is the economic foundations that have been neglected.

This is where we have most signally failed, and it is in these things that the next forward movement of our cities is to express itself, as it has in recent years in the wonderful cities that industrial Germany has built.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXV

COLONEL CHALLONER'S REVOLT



WE will have to make a great stand next year, Rames," said Robert Brook. "We must organize. We have time, thank goodness. There are ten of us now. A lot more will join us."

"But will they vote? That's the point," returned Rames. "Will they vote against the government's bill on its second reading?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Brook replied enthusiastically. "There are a lot of discontented people in our majority. We'll have voters—Challoner, for instance. Besides, you have friends."

Rames laughed.

"Yes, I know the kind of friends—fellows who come to you in your seat after you have spoken, pat you on the back, whisper that they are with you, and then troop like tame mice into the government lobby against you. I've watched them."

Brook, however, was not to be damped. He threw himself for the rest of that session into the work of organization. A halting speaker and an ineffectual personage, he had sat for twenty years in the House of Commons and was not tired of it. He was without distinction, he was the confidant of no minister, he was never caricatured, he was never the chairman of a committee, he rarely spoke. The recruits of each new Parliament took almost its duration before they assigned individuality to his features or honored him with a name. He was mediocrity's last word. But he had charming manners and won to a kind of friendly pity those whose acquaintance he gently made. He was born for private life, but the House of Commons had caught him as in a net. He had no other interests, he had no wife, he did not any longer even aspire to office. To be busy in the House of Commons—that was life-blood to him and a re-

newal of youth. His chance had come now. He hurried from man to man, discreet and furtive. He arranged private meetings. He hooked his little wagon to Rames's star. He approached Colonel Challoner.

Challoner, the party hack, was instinctively outraged. Was the list of ministers closed forever? No! But as he was about to repel Robert Brook's advances, the very holder of the office which he coveted stung him into revolt.

It was quite toward the end of the session. Colonel Challoner was walking through the division lobby late at night when he saw the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Charles Bradley, in front of him. There was some stir at the time because certain Indian emigrants had suffered in one of the disturbances of Southern Persia. Colonel Challoner hurried officiously to Mr. Bradley's side.

"Bradley," he said, "don't you think it would be good policy to repatriate those Indians at our expense? What?"

Mr. Bradley, a florid gentleman, youthfully middle-aged, with a sweet voice, a pompous manner, and perhaps a bare sufficiency of brains, turned to the colonel with condescending kindness.

"As a member of the government," he said importantly, "I can no longer speak freely. Ah, my dear Challoner, I tell you I regret day after day that corner seat on the front bench below the gangway, and the opportunity of supplementary questions. But that happy time has gone. You might, if you like, raise the question on the adjournment or the Appropriation Bill next week. I could then reply to you."

Mr. Bradley smiled benignantly upon Colonel Challoner as from heights of sunrise, and passed on. He had grown very lordly since his elevation to office. Still, a few paces further on it seemed worth his while to stop until Challoner rejoined him. He did not notice that the colonel had grown rather red in the face.

"If you do raise the question, Colonel Challoner, could you introduce into your

speech 'Civis Romanus sum'? I should like to hang my speech upon that. Thank you."

Even a party hack will turn if he be sufficiently trodden upon by minor ministers, and Colonel Challoner did now.

"Mr. Bradley," he asked with a most elaborate politeness, "have you ever calculated how many Under-Secretaries of State, past and present, there are alive to-day? Or how many of them have names which are even faintly familiar to the public?"

Mr. Bradley gasped and stared. This was Challoner—old Challoner—talking! Bradley was quite unprepared to cope with so unparalleled an outrage. The colonel actually went on, and in accents of railery:

"'Civis Romanus sum.' Now, why quote a phrase so banal. Surely, Mr. Bradley, it has had its day. We can do better than that if we put our heads together. Civis Romanus sum! God bless my soul! But I am willing to help you with a tag of Latin. I will introduce another sentence. Balbus shall build a wall—upon my word he shall—and you can hang your speech onto that, and be damned to you."

Mr. Bradley, however, had suffered enough of this unseemliness. He hurried forward and passed between the clerks who recorded the votes with a heightened color. Colonel Challoner followed him. But he waited at the door for Robert Brook to emerge, and then drew him by the arm into the outer lobby.

"I have been thinking over what you proposed, Brook," he said. "Certainly, certainly, we must make a stand against Fanshawe's bill. We have a duty to our constituents. We must show the government we are not to be trifled with."

Robert Brook responded with warmth.

"I thought that upon reflection you would look upon it in that way. You will be a pillar of strength to us, Challoner."

"That's very good of you," said Challoner. After all, there were some, it seemed, who knew his worth. "We must meet in the autumn—just those on whom we can depend—and arrange a plan of campaign."

"Yes," said Brook. "But where? We want, don't you think, to mask our batteries until the time comes for opening fire. We might meet at Rames's house—but it is known that he is opposed to the measure." He looked invitingly at his new ally.

"Yes, I see, I see," said Colonel Challoner a little doubtfully. There was a propo-

posal in his mind—he was not quite sure whether he would make it. It was a bold one—it was the burning of his boats.

"Well, why not?" he suddenly said. "Why not meet at my house in Dorsetshire? I have some partridges. They will provide the excuse. Let us meet in October. Let me have the names and I'll quietly ask the men before the session ends."

Mr. Brook was delighted. He called mysteriously upon Harry Rames.

"We have got Challoner," he said.

Rames shook his head.

"He'll back out."

"I don't see how he can. He is asking us all to meet at Bramling in the autumn."

Harry Rames sat back in his chair.

"How in the world did you manage that, Brook? We must go, of course."

Challoner spoke to Rames that evening. "It's to be quite an informal little party," he said with a wink, and took Rames and Brook each by the arm. Now that he had tasted the delights of revolt, Colonel Challoner too was a different man. He lost his dreariness. No longer he moulted; no longer he dripped melancholy on all who stood near to him. He passed ministers with a high head and an arrogant smile. "We'll show 'em," he said. "Yes, sir, we'll show 'em." And as he saw Bradley approaching him, "Here's Civis Romanus," he cried in tones loud enough to carry to the Under-Secretary's ears. The Under-Secretary flushed and hurried on. Colonel Challoner had told his story freely, and Civis Romanus Mr. Bradley remained for the rest of that Parliament. Colonel Challoner resumed: "We'll meet on the eighth of October. A little partridge shoot, eh? Just a few of us, jolly fellows all. You'll bring your wife, Rames, won't you? The others will."

That was a precaution which had been suggested by Brook.

"Some one is sure to let out that we are meeting at Bramling," he said. "If the men go without their wives, the gathering will have the look of a conspiracy. With them it will just be an ordinary autumn shooting party."

"Quite so," said Rames.

The House rose at eleven o'clock that night, and when Harry went home, he found his wife just returned from a dinner party. She came with him into his study and while

they sat and talked he told her that she too was to be included in the visit to Bramling. Cynthia's face clouded.

"I would rather not go," she said. "I don't think there is any need that I should."

"The other men will bring their wives."

"There will be enough then. It won't matter if one wife doesn't go."

She was looking at Harry Rames directly, but with a great disquiet in her eyes. Harry, however, persisted.

"I think you are wanted, Cynthia. We have a difficult job to keep these men together and agree upon a line of concerted action. Some women could be very useful at a juncture like this. You are one of them."

Cynthia rose with a quick movement to her feet. She stood before him, her broad forehead troubled, her lips mutinous and by her attitude she made all the more plain his need of her. The room was Rames's own study which had been lined with mahogany, and against the bright dark panelling, in her white dress, she gleamed slim and fair and beautiful as silver. Harry Rames looked her over with a smile. She was, as he put it to himself, exquisitely turned out. She had the grace and delicacy natural to a family nursed in good manners through a century, and with all her beauty she had simplicity and a desire to please.

"Yes, I want you, Cynthia," he said, and the blood rushed hot to her face and throat. She turned from him swiftly and went out of the open window onto a balcony which overhung their tiny square of garden. Rames's eyes followed her curiously. Something had gone wrong; that was clear. He could see her leaning over the rail in the darkness, her face between her hands.

Rames's survey of her had brought back to her recollection that distant morning by the wheat-field in South America when her father had looked her over horribly from head to foot and had valued her for a market. There had been just a touch of appraisal in her husband's look now. Almost she traced a resemblance in the two men's thoughts, the two men's examinations.

Harry left her to herself for a few minutes. Then he followed her:

"I think I understand, Cynthia," he said gently. "Of course it isn't a very high and lofty business we're engaged on. That's

right enough. And when you consider the sort of people our party's going to be composed of—the dissatisfied, the ambitious, the timid, and just a few who believe Fanshawe's bill a bad thing—the manœuvre doesn't look very pretty. So if you don't want to go, don't."

But Cynthia had changed her mind.

"No. I'll come, Harry," she said. "It's too late to be half-hearted now. I'll certainly come."

She turned back into the room, and picking up her gloves from a table went upstairs. Harry Rames had no doubt that he had hit upon the reason of her disinclination to go to Bramling. But as Cynthia ran up the stairs she kept saying to herself nervously, like one who would frighten fear away with words:

"Perhaps no one will notice it. Very likely no one will notice it. And if they do, they will think it an accident."

She had not been considering at all the worthiness of these autumn manœuvres. She had been thinking of a picture by Romney which hung in the dining-room of Bramling, a picture which she had never seen, but which yet she knew to be a portrait of herself. She had, however, promised to help in the making of the great career and this was one of its critical moments. It was, as she had said to Harry, too late to be half-hearted. If she failed him now, she failed him altogether. She must take the risk that others would notice the resemblance—and amongst the others, perhaps even her grandfather Colonel Challoner himself. To one determination, however, she clung. She would admit no kinship with the Challoners. Nothing should persuade her, neither the old man's loneliness nor his disappointed hopes. She held the name and the family in horror, though the name and the family were her own.

XXVI

THE PICTURE AT BRAMLING

BRAMLING is the very house for a conspiracy. It lies in Dorsetshire, hidden away at the back of the grass-walled town of Wareham on the road to nowhere. A stream runs past its door down to Poole Harbor, and its windows look across grass meadows to where the sea-cliffs lift against

the sky. Hither through one October day came in old-fashioned flies and private motor-cars the inhabitants of the Cave—Cynthia amongst the last of them with a foot which hesitated to cross the threshold. There were thirty in all assembled in the drawing-room when the dinner-gong sounded, eighteen men and twelve women. Colonel Challoner, to Cynthia's satisfaction, had to give his arm to Lady Lorme, the wife of an ex-Under-Secretary of the home office who had quarrelled with his chief and resigned. She herself was taken in by Robert Brook. Reluctance and curiosity struggled for mastery within her as she entered the dining-room, and took her seat. She would not look up at the walls, yet she could hardly but look up, and she sought furtively around the dinner-table whether any noticed the picture and her resemblance to it. But no one was looking at any picture at all. Not a remark was made or a glance thrown to show her where it hung. She looked more boldly at her companions, and coming to a greater ease began with enjoyment to laugh at herself. Not one person at the table was devoting a thought to her at all. They were all very busy, drinking their soup and talking rapidly like uncomfortable people who fear that if once their speech flags, they will never find anything more to say. They were in truth an uncongenial company, held together by a single link, their eagerness to harass their own government. Even Robert Brook, who knew Cynthia well, was talking to her with incoherence in his agitation lest the gathering at Bramling should fail. She heard Sir Faraday Lorme, a big red-faced man of sixty with a bull-neck, say across the table to Charles Payne, one of the eight who genuinely thought Fanshawe's bill a bad experiment:

"Of course, as a rule, you know I don't act with you, but—" and the rest of the sentence was lost to her ears, but it seemed to her that fully half of those present might have said as much to their neighbors. Further along the table she caught sight of Mr. Andrew Fallon, a dark, white-faced man who had only joined them because his wife had been signally and publicly snubbed by the wife of a Cabinet Minister. Cynthia could see the wife on the opposite side of the table, a portly overdressed woman with an overbearing voice; and on behalf of all her sex she felt grateful to the Cabinet Minister's wife.

A singularly gentle voice drew her attention. She turned away from Robert Brook, to find at her other side Mr. Howard Fall.

"We have spoken in the lobby, Mrs. Rames," said Howard Fall timidly. "Captain Rames was kind enough to introduce me."

"Yes, indeed," said Cynthia. "Oh, I am glad that you are here."

To her Howard Fall was, with the exception of her husband, the most interesting man in the room. She welcomed his presence whole-heartedly. He was intellect, he was modesty. Even now at her implied compliment he was blushing like a young girl and his eyes shone with dog-like gratitude. Howard Fall was then about fifty years of age; and though he was but a contemporary of Harry Rames in the House of Commons, he had already acquired there a special place of high distinction. Of too acute and logical a mind to be a good party-man, he harried with a pleasant voice and most destructive criticism, now his own party, now his opponents. He had one great quality in common with Cynthia, he was quite without affectation. He would make a brilliant speech with extraordinary diffidence. But he made it, and a genuine word of praise or thanks delighted him, as a school-boy is delighted with a sovereign. With the mild manners of a curate he combined the courage of a soldier. If he had ideas to express—and he generally had—no thought of prudence could hinder him from expressing them. Indeed, he drew a gentle contentment from the knowledge that as a rule they were troublesome to those whom he nominally supported. Cynthia had heard him more than once from the ladies' gallery, and had admired his honesty and his courage. For the moment she was enheartened by his presence. It put confidence into her. With him to help, Harry might indeed put up a fight against Mr. Devenish.

"I didn't know," said Howard Fall, "that Captain Rames was going to speak against Fanshawe's bill. Otherwise, of course, I should have been in the House to support him"; and the "of course" struck all Cynthia's comfort from her. It was so significant of the man. He was born predestined always to revolt. Any party of two had him for a third. Cynthia glanced disconsolately to where her husband sat at the

end of the table. But he showed no sign of misgiving. He was talking energetically to the four people nearest to him, and he only paused when her eyes rested upon his face. She turned away again and there above the head of Colonel Challoner, who was sitting exactly opposite to her, she saw at last the portrait glowing upon the wall.

For the moment she had forgotten it. Now it caught away her breath. She sat and stared at it. It was the portrait of a girl of seventeen, dressed in white from the big straw hat with its flapping brim to the shoes upon her feet. There was but one touch of color, a broad shining ribbon of bright blue looped about the crown of the hat, and thus dressed, the girl stood in a field of sunlight and corn, looking straight out from the picture, with a great curiosity and eagerness in her dark blue eyes. She seemed to be looking upon the gates of a world of wonder—gates which with a most tantalizing tardiness were slowly opening to let her through.

Was she herself indeed like that? The question rushed into Cynthia's mind. As pretty as that? It was impossible. Yet she had been recognized because of it. Just so then she must have looked that morning when after sending her neglected telegram to Captain Rames she had stood at the edge of the wheat on the Daventry estancia. Yet nobody recognized her now. She had the features of the girl in the portrait, the broad forehead, the straight delicate nose, the fair hair, the big dark blue eyes. Yet nobody recognized her. Perhaps, however, she had gone off. She was getting old. A gentle melancholy descended upon Cynthia. The fear lest her likeness to the girl in the picture should be remarked had quite gone since she had seen the picture. She was now rather hurt and indignant that no one had noticed it.

Lady Lorme gave the signal a little while afterward, and the ladies rose and left the men to their cigars and their discussion. Colonel Challoner opened the proceedings with a pompous, unnecessary little speech. He welcomed his guests, and he reminded them at considerable length of the object of the gathering. He concluded with a question as to whether any honorable member present had any views as to the best procedure to be adopted.

"Yes," said Harry Rames, "if I may make a suggestion. There are eighteen of

us here. I propose that we now go carefully through the list of members and consider how many more we can get to join us, upon whom we can count. I have Vacher's list here"; and he drew out from his pocket the familiar little paper-covered book with the names and addresses of the members.

"I think that's the first thing to be done," a man agreed from the other end of the table. He was a Mr. Edgington, a little, square, bald man with short side-whiskers, who seemed a cross between an attorney and a stable-boy. He was one of the many men in the House who have a subject. He had mastered the Housing question; he really knew the facts, he had the figures at his fingers' ends, and he had counted upon his knowledge to take him straight through the doors of the Local Government Board. But the doors had remained closed, and he had turned gadfly in consequence—a gadfly that trumpeted but had no sting. "To be sure about the men who will stand out against the pressure of the Whips, who will not be frightened into line by their local Associations, who retain, in a word, some self-respect and some veneration for the independence of the House of Commons—that is our first requisite," he said floridly.

The company then went carefully through the list and marked off twenty fresh names as the names of men who might be inclined to join the revolt. It was arranged that discreet letters should be written to them on the following day, and Robert Brook was appointed secretary by an unanimous vote.

"Of course we sha'n't get them all," said Lorme.

"And of those we do get, some will shirk when the division bell rings," added Howard Fall.

"No doubt," said Rames. "But if we can carry thirty men into the opposition lobby on the second reading, we shall have made a demonstration which will go far to kill the bill. It will mean sixty on a division. It will leave the government with a comfortable majority. We all want that of course,"—a chorus of approval, more or less sincere, greeted the remark—"But it will also mean that the government will hardly be able to force the bill through its committee stages by a drastic use of the closure."

"Exactly," said a tall, bearded man with a strong Scotch accent, who up to this mo-

ment had held his tongue. He represented a Northern town of Scotland, and was one of the eight who were opposed to the measure first and last because they believed it harmful to the country. "Exactly. The demonstration is very well, but if the bill is to be killed, we will have to kill it in committee. And to prepare for that must be our chief work here, Colonel Challoner."

"Yes," said Rames. "Mr. Monro is right. We must go word by word through those clauses of Fanshawe's bill, which we are fairly certain Devenish will incorporate in his measure. We must formulate amendments, and we ought, I think, to agree, to some extent, upon the speakers to move them. It will, of course, have to be a provisional arrangement—" and he was interrupted by a strident voice which belonged to a sandy-haired hunting-man with a broad red face who would have seemed totally out of place in any conspiracy.

"Yes. Devenish may sell us a pup. He's a deuce of a clever fellow is Devenish. Let him get wind of your partridges, Challoner, and he'll sell us a pup for a sure thing."

"All the more reason we should keep our gathering quiet," said Challoner. He looked round the table with an impatience which had been growing upon him during the last half-hour. "I think that's all we can do to-night."

"About all," said Monro. "There is just this suggestion I would like to make. I know a man whose business is land, and he is most experienced in it; and I thought that if you would like, I would send him a telegram to-morrow, and we could employ him to help us in framing these amendments. He is a partner in Beevis and Beevis, the land-agents in Piccadilly."

"By all means do," said Challoner. "We all agree to that, don't we? And now let us join the ladies."

He sprang up and opened the door like a man in a great hurry. When he entered the drawing-room, he crossed it at once to Cynthia's side.

"I was sorry, Mrs. Rames, that I couldn't take you in to dinner to-night. I would have liked very much that on your first evening at Bramling you should have come in with me. For, as you know, I somehow associate you with this house."

He looked at her with a very direct inquiry in his eyes. But Cynthia would not

respond to it; and he sat at her side with a wistfulness in his voice and his words against which she had a little trouble to protect her heart. But she did, for she was alarmed. When she had met him before he had spoken rather as though he wished that they were related. To-night he spoke as if he suspected that they were.

Mr. Beevis arrived the next afternoon, and for the rest of the week, while the morning was given to the partridges and the amusements of the country, the afternoon and the evening found the Cave busy upon the bill. Amendments were formulated and shared out amongst them, whilst it was by general consent left to Rames to raise the question, first of all, on the Address at the beginning of the session and then to move the rejection of the bill later on when it came before the House upon its second reading. Good progress, in a word, was made, and, to the delight of all, no whisper of this conspiracy crept into any of the daily papers. They were examined anxiously every day upon their arrival at eleven, and laid down with relief. Cynthia could not but laugh.

"I never would have believed that you could have found so many members of Parliament reluctant to see their names in the papers," she said to her husband.

"Yes, it's astonishing what modesty they can develop," he replied.

But though Cynthia laughed, the work, the concealments, the sort of restrained excitement which was diffused through the house, began to have their effect upon her. She was getting color into her life at last, she assured herself, even if it was only a dingy color. Moreover, she had the opportunity to compare her husband with his rivals in the career. Indeed, he had but one real rival in that House, Howard Fall. And though he lacked the subtlety of his intellect, he had a swifter initiative, a more telling vigor of phrase. As for the rest he stood head and shoulders above them all, and they knew it and looked to him to lead them. If he did not share the strong convictions of the honest men, he overtopped them by sheer ability, and as to the others he knew nothing either of their malice or their fear. Thus they all came hopefully to the last day of their visit; and then at one o'clock in the day the thunder-bolt fell.

It was a Sunday and the whole party had just settled down to luncheon when the whirl of a motor-car floated into the room. It was followed by the sound of a door opening and shutting, a pleasant and familiar voice was heard to inquire for Colonel Challoner, and the next moment, ushered in by the butler, Mr. Devenish entered the room. Consternation ran round that luncheon-table like a wind across a field of corn. Colonel Challoner sprang up hastily with every sign of discomfort.

"My dear Devenish. I am delighted to see you, I am sure. You are just in time for luncheon." He called to the butler to lay another place at his side. "I didn't know you were in the neighborhood. You should have let me know."

"I didn't mean to do that," said Devenish dryly. He ran his eye from face to face with a twinkling glance. Cynthia herself could hardly restrain a laugh. The independent members of the nation's Parliament looked so singularly like a set of school-boys caught by a master in the planning of a rebellion.

"Quite a large party, eh, Challoner?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, yes," replied the colonel. "The partridges, you know."

"Ah, the partridges, to be sure. But I didn't know that Howard Fall shot at anything but ministers. And even they only get winged, eh, Fall?"

Mr. Devenish strolled round the table and shook hands with Fall. Fall, however, was one of the few who was quite undisturbed.

"Yes, but I am looking to practice to improve my shooting," he said.

A place was now laid for Devenish. Colonel Challoner called to him.

"Will you come and sit here, Devenish?"

"Certainly," replied the smiling minister. "But I should first of all like to shake hands with all my friends"; and quite slowly he walked round the table and shook hands with each of the men present and those of the ladies whom he knew. He was in the best of tempers, he had a cordial word for every one except for Captain Rames. To him he merely said:

"Ah!" and the accent of his voice had in it no note of surprise. It was the ejaculation of a man establishing something which he had suspected. Then he walked to his place and sat down.

"There are eighteen members of Parliament, Challoner," he said pleasantly. "I hope that I have forgotten no one. Let me see!" Again his eye ranged round the table, obviously registering in his memory the identity of Challoner's guests. "No, eighteen members of Parliament. Have you got a partridge left?"

Rames leaned forward and met smile with smile.

"We have just left one for next year," he said, "and we have been making a careful note of the piece of land on which we think we shall get him."

Howard Fall was delighted. For he loved courage. But the others of that company were more than ever confused and disconcerted.

"He's giving us away," said one of the weak-kneed in an indignant whisper to Andrew Fallon. Fallon's white face was twisted in a grin.

"He's cutting down the bridge behind you, my friend. And I don't think he's a bad judge."

Meanwhile Devenish returned the direct gaze of Captain Rames. There was no pretence between these two. Their eyes met; they challenged each other, Rames with perfect good-humor, Devenish with a certain grimness in his smile. He nodded his head toward Rames and tightened his lips. There was not a man at that table who could not construe the gesture into words.

"You are the leader here, Rames. Very well, we'll see."

Mr. Devenish turned to his neighbor. It was Cynthia, and even to her he talked for a little while with reserve. Rames had been correct in his diagnosis of the man. A good-humored fighter as a rule, he lost his good-humor when the attack was made upon his flank. He had begun his own political career with side-shots at his leaders from the front-bench below the gangway; but he did not rejoice when the same disposition of battle was planned against himself. However, luncheon and the proximity of a beautiful woman appeased him as they should. He began to talk freely; his smile lost its grimness, his natural geniality flashed bright.

"Tell me one thing," he said suddenly.

"It depends—" said Cynthia warily.

"Very well then. Tell me another thing. Why does your portrait hang in this house?"

Cynthia's cheeks flamed. She looked swiftly across Devenish at Colonel Challoner. But he was giving no heed to them.

"Do you think it's like me?" she asked. "It is you," he replied.

"No one else has noticed the resemblance all this week," said Cynthia.

Mr. Devenish glanced along the table.

"Well, look at 'em," he said contemptuously, and they both laughed. Lady Lorme rose at that moment from the table, and Mr. Devenish, pleading the distance he had to travel, took his departure.

"I have enjoyed myself very much, Challoner," he said as the colonel came out with him to the doorway, "I can't tell you how glad I am that I thought of dropping in upon you for luncheon. I am going back to London now. Good-by."

He mounted into his car and drove gaily off. In the dining-room behind him, the sandy-haired man was saying over and over again to the dismayed conspirators:

"He'll sell us a pup. He'll sell us a pup. I'll bet you a monkey, he'll sell us a pup."

That night, when the men went upstairs, Rames passing from his dressing-room into his wife's bed-room found her still up and sitting by her fire.

"We go back to-morrow, Cynthia. It has been a long week. I hope you haven't been bored?"

"No," she said. "I haven't."

"What do you think of them? Will they run away when the fight comes?"

"Not all," said Cynthia. "But even of those who stay with you, there's not one who is a match for Mr. Devenish."

She spoke with some warmth in her voice.

"You like him?" said Harry Rames.

"I think he's a big man," she replied.

Rames, who was standing looking into her mirror, suddenly swung round.

"Shall I tell you why you say that, Cynthia?"

"Yes."

"Because he's the only man except myself who has noticed your likeness to that very pretty girl on the wall of the dining-room. I heard him mention it to you at luncheon."

He burst out into a laugh as he spoke; and in a moment or two Cynthia joined in the laugh. So Harry Rames, too, had no-

ticed the resemblance. She laughed and her eyes laughed with her lips.

"After all," said Harry Rames, "we get some fun out of it, don't we, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia and her laughter died away. "We get some fun out of it, Harry. That's just what we do get"; and her eyes turned away from him to the fire.

XXVII

DEVENISH REPLIES

CAPTAIN RAMES had arranged to travel by a train which ran directly into Warwickshire through the outskirts of London. It left Wareham at mid-day, some two hours later than the fast London trains, and though Cynthia had wished to escape in all the hurry of the general departure, she had found no sufficient reason. She and her husband were thus the last of that company at Bramling, and when all but they had gone Colonel Challoner turned from the front door whence he had been speeding his guests and invited her to walk with him in the garden. Cynthia in a flurry began to search for excuses and before she found one realized that the moment for excuses had already gone. She turned and walked with Colonel Challoner into the red-walled garden where his fruit and flowers grew. The half-hour which ever since the first evening at Bramling she had intended to avoid was, after all, upon her.

"There is not very much to see now, Mrs. Rames," said the colonel, and without any change of voice he added, "I learnt just before the session ended that you had come from South America."

"From the Argentine," said Cynthia.

"But you are English-born, of course?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Cynthia. "But I never came to England until five years ago. I was brought up partly in Buenos Ayres and partly on the Daventry estancia, two hundred miles to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. My name was Cynthia Daventry."

Cynthia rattled off her story to spare herself his questions, and for a few minutes he walked by her side in silence. But he was not altogether to be deterred.

"I had a son in South America," he continued. "He went out under—rather unhappy circumstances. He took a young

wife with him. She ran away to join him. They went to Chile. There a daughter was born—my granddaughter.”

“On the other side of the Andes,” said Cynthia.

“Yes,” said Colonel Challoner. “You were never in Chile, I suppose?”

Cynthia answered without any hesitation and in a voice schooled perfectly to indifference.

“Oh, yes, once. I have seen Valparaiso.”

Colonel Challoner was deceived by her indifference. To him, with the particular intention of his question filling his mind, it was as though she had said she had never been in Valparaiso at all.

“I knew nothing of what my boy was doing, Mrs. Rames,” he continued, “nor that he had a daughter. He left England under a cloud. I gave him what money I could afford and—I had done with him. Perhaps I was harsh—I did not think that I was. But—well, it’s not so easy to have done with people when they are your own flesh and blood, and after a time I began to make inquiries. I heard of the daughter then.”

“Yes?” said Cynthia. She looked up into his face inquiringly. She had dreaded this half-hour of acting lest the changes of color in her face, and the unevenness of her voice, should betray her. Yet now that the half-hour was here she played her part with ease, was conscious of her ease, and feared no probing question from his lips since for all questions she felt herself prepared.

“I heard that Jim and his wife and his child had all perished in one of the earthquakes, eighteen years ago. And there was I, you see, alone again, but alone for life now.”

“I am sorry,” said Cynthia.

“But the news was wrong,” the old man continued with a sudden violence. “My son—died,” and he plainly substituted that verb for another, “only five years ago. I received a cutting from a newspaper. I sent out again at once to South America a man whom I could trust; and I discovered that Jim was not killed by the earthquake, nor was his daughter. He carried her up the valley toward the Andes—tramped away, since Valparaiso was ruined, with his daughter in his arms. He wouldn’t leave her behind. No, he must have carried her across the Continent. There was good in Jim, after all, you see—only I, his father hadn’t the sense to see it.”

Colonel Challoner was not aware that it was just the weight of the little daughter in Jim’s arms which had made his journey across the Andes possible and profitable. Cynthia left him all the comfort of his delusion, and all its remorse, since the remorse was so completely outweighed by the comfort.

“That’s the last I have been able to find out,” Colonel Challoner resumed. “They disappeared up into the mountains together, and years after Jim—died—in the Argentine. As for the daughter, I have come upon no trace of her. She may have lived. She may have died. Had she lived she would have been just about your age, Mrs. Rames.”

“Indeed?”

“I suppose that you never heard of her?”

“What was her name?”

“Even that I can’t tell you. There was a daughter. That’s all I know.”

Colonel Challoner waited with his eyes upon Cynthia’s face. He longed, yet he hardly dared to hope for an answer. It would be such a wonderful thing for him if the girl facing him here in his trim brick-walled garden had when a child eighteen years ago been carried in Jim’s arms over the stupendous passes of the Andes. Surely if it were so, she must admit it now out of gratitude for Jim’s devotion. But Cynthia made no reply and he moved slowly to the door of the garden and held it open for her to pass out. She went from Bramling with her secret still her own, though some remorse now was her penalty for keeping it. She could not quite get rid of the picture of the old man at the open door in the high red-brick wall waiting wistfully for an answer to a question which he could only suggest. But she had made her plan and with a certain stubbornness—almost a hardness which marked this phase of her life—she had abided by it. If Colonel Challoner had said clearly and formally that he made no claim upon her, that he did not ask her to take her place in the family of Challoners, then she would have acknowledged what he plainly suspected. But he had imposed upon himself no such condition. On the contrary, she had been led to believe that he would claim her; and that was intolerable to her thoughts. She did not argue or reason; she recollected. And what she recollected was a night of horror when her father had claimed her for the ruin of her body and her soul.

"It's a strange thing," said Harry Rames as they were travelling across the country, "that two strangers to Bramling, Devenish and myself, noticed your extraordinary likeness to that picture on the wall, and Challoner who has sat beneath it most nights of the week for years didn't. It had become so familiar to him, I suppose, that it had ceased to have definite features."

"That's how things happen," said Cynthia and this time she uttered the phrase with relief. "When you know people very well, you cease to notice the changes, you lose count of how they look. But when we first met at Ludsey he did claim to recognize me, though he could not fix upon the place or time. I have no doubt it was because of that picture."

Harry Rames agreed. None of Colonel Challoner's suspicions had even occurred to him. He drifted off to the great subject which occupied his thoughts. How were the revolvers to be held together?

"Devenish won't be idle, Cynthia," he said. "I wonder what his next move will be."

Speculation upon that point did not help him. But he quickly acquired certainty that Mr. Devenish was not idle. For on the Tuesday morning, the very day after he had reached home, the *Times* brought him news which sent him out of his study in search of his wife.

"Look, Cynthia," he said and he handed to her the paper. Cynthia read the paragraph at which he pointed.

"Mr. Devenish returned to London on Sunday evening, and, putting off two deputations which had been arranged for Tuesday, left London hurriedly on Monday afternoon to join the Prime-Minister in Scotland."

Cynthia laid down the paper with a genuine sense of consternation. She was astonished to realize how much she now longed for the success of Harry's rather dingy plot. Fear was written upon her face.

"That means—?" she said.

"That we must look out," replied Rames. He laughed a little as a man will when the joy of battle is upon him. "Luckily, Devenish can't get at my constituency. I don't know that he would try to in any case. But he can't."

"You have Arthur Pynes with you."

"Yes. And I pledged myself before I was elected to resign at once if any respon-

sible number of my supporters objected to any action I thought it my duty to take in the House. Do you see, Cynthia?" and he laughed again. "That pledge is my safeguard. I thought it would be when I made it. If any one tries to put pressure upon me, I can always point to that pledge. I can always ask whether they would like me to resign."

"Suppose they said yes," cried Cynthia in alarm.

"I'd get in again if they did. I'd keep nine-tenths of my own people and get a good lot of the other fellow's because of my independence. But they won't! No one wants a bye-election at Ludsey. Ludsey is too busy."

"No, I suppose that's true," said Cynthia with a smile of relief. "Once more she had occasion to recognize the accuracy of her husband's foresight. But there was a little change. It was no longer, or, at all events it was not at this moment, accompanied with regret that the foresight was not being used in a higher cause. She was just relieved that on this side at all events the great career was not open to attack."

Rames took a turn across the room and stopped at the window.

"But I wonder what his next move will be," he said.

In a month he knew. The movement was swift and dramatic. Rames was summoned to London by a letter from the Prime-Minister. He travelled up from Ludsey in the morning; he reached home again in time for dinner.

"They are raising Lamson to the peerage," he said to Cynthia. "That means the under-secretaryship of the local government board will be vacant. It was offered to me."

Cynthia was radiant.

"That's splendid," she cried.

"I refused it," said Harry Rames.

Cynthia stared at him. Here was a definite step onward, a step refused.

"Why?" she asked in her perplexity.

"It would have meant the end of me, had I accepted it. It was offered me to make an end of me, to break up the opposition to Devenish's bill, to show me a traitor to my friends, and an enemy who could be silenced by a bribe. If I had taken it, not merely the government but the House, the whole House, would have despised me. I should have been done for. I should be an under-secretary for a year, two years, three

years—after that nothing and never anything so long as I lived. I refused it, Cynthia"; and he bent over the table toward her.

"You mustn't blame me. I am not failing you. I was thinking of you, my dear, when I refused office. An under-secretaryship? You remember Challoner's question to Bradley? I should have failed you had I taken it."

Cynthia was almost conscious of disappointment. She liked definite things and here was a tangible sign of Harry Rames's advancement. But she received confirmation very soon that he had been right in refusing it.

It was at the reception at the Foreign Office in January which marked the beginning of the session. Mr. Devenish himself came up to her with a smile. For a moment Cynthia felt an awkwardness at meeting him, but he was quick to put her at her ease.

"Captain Rames did well to refuse office," he said. "I congratulate you, for I suppose that you had some share in the decision."

"No," she replied honestly. "To tell you the truth I was not sure that he was right. I am not sure that I was not a trifle disappointed."

Mr. Devenish shook his head.

"His whole reputation was at stake. It's character which counts in the House of Commons. If he had taken that under-secretaryship, he would have been pigeon-holed. We should have had the measure of him. We should not have troubled our heads about him again. For once, Mrs. Rames, you were wrong; he was right."

Cynthia looked at him, her great eyes full of a gentle reproach.

"Wasn't it a little unkind of you to offer it then? You are a friend of mine, aren't you, Mr. Devenish?"

There was no anger in her voice, only a wondering melancholy, a kind of piteous despair that she was living in so graceless a world. Mr. Devenish stared, then he smiled, and he looked at Cynthia with enjoyment.

"It wants a woman to use that argument, Mrs. Rames. No man alive would have the nerve. You are out for a fight with me. Yes, but I am a friend of yours, so I mustn't defend myself." He shook his head. "The House of Commons isn't a nursery, Mrs. Rames. You have got to stand by yourself if you're going to stand, neither being kind nor expecting kindness. Captain Rames stands—and he stands to fight me. Very well—but you can't expect me to prop him up."

"I quite understand," said Cynthia in her iciest manner. "I am not at all hurt or offended. You mustn't think that, Mr. Devenish," she bowed to him distantly and sailed off with great dignity. But she had humor enough to appreciate her discomfort, and, even as she turned her back, her lips were twitching into a smile which she did not mean him to see. But ten minutes later in another of the rooms she came face to face with him again. He looked at her whimsically and with a blush and a laugh she made friends with him again.

"Tell me," he said. "Your husband refused the post with decision after the merest pause for thought, though the offer surprised him. I know that. Was he troubled about his decision afterward?"

"Not at all," said Cynthia. "He slept perfectly; he ate his dinner with absolute contentment."

"Now I am afraid of him," said Mr. Devenish and he added a shrewd saying to explain his fear. "Here's the great difference which makes art and politics incompatible. The men who succeed in politics are the men who don't worry. The men who succeed in art are the men who do. By the way, why isn't he here to-night?"

"He was here," Cynthia replied. "But he had to go home. Some one called at home and telephoned to him here. I don't know who it was."

Mr. Devenish saw Cynthia into her carriage and she drove home. The visitor was still with Harry Rames in his study when she reached home. As she went up to her room she heard his voice through the door, and once she waked up from her sleep and in the silent hours she again heard his voice. He was in the hall taking his leave of Harry Rames. Cynthia switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was three o'clock in the morning. Drowsily she asked herself who this visitor could be, but she was asleep again almost before the question was formulated in her mind.

XXVIII

WIRELESS

CYNTHIA told Harry Rames of her conversation with Mr. Devenish, the next morning as they sat at breakfast. He came down

late and she looked at him with anxious eyes as she spoke.

"I quarrelled with Mr. Devenish, but I made friends with him again before I left. You were kept late in your study?"

"Yes."

Harry Rames laid down his Sunday newspaper.

"Walter Hemming came here to find me and telephoned."

"Hemming?"

To Cynthia the name was quite unfamiliar. There had been no Walter Hemming at Bramling. She put him down for a new recruit until Harry Rames gave to him his identity and importance.

"He was one of my officers on the *Perhaps*. He has got together some money, has bought the old ship and is off to the south."

"He takes up your work?"

"Yes. He kept me up half the night talking about his prospects. I never saw a man so enthusiastic. Suppose he reaches the Pole, what then?"

Harry Rames laughed contemptuously.

"Aren't there discoveries to be made, maps to be drawn of that continent and something to be learned from the soundings?" asked Cynthia, recollecting Harry Rames's own book upon his voyage. He shook his head.

"That's all trimmings, Cynthia. You have got to surround your expedition with a scientific halo. It gets you money, and gets you official support; it gets you the countenance of the learned societies. But the man who goes south into the Antarctic goes with just one reason—to get to the Pole. Why? You can't give a rational answer to that, Cynthia. No one can. Such men are just driven on by a torment of their souls."

No stranger watching Harry Rames as he speculated with an indulgent smile upon the aimlessness of Walter Hemming's long itinerary could have imagined that he had once himself led just such an expedition. Even Cynthia found the fact difficult of belief. By so complete a dissociation of spirit he was cut off from the race of the wanderers. "Let a man be touched with insanity in the East," he said, "and he's looked upon as a holy man, touched by the finger of God. The fellows who go South and north and are driven east of Turkestan are our holy men of the West."

He turned back again to his newspaper, and then uttered an exclamation:

"They have offered that under secretaryship to Edgington!"

"Of course he'll refuse it," said Cynthia.

"Not he. He has taken it. There's the first defection."

"A traitor. I never liked him. He was thinking of himself all the while," said Cynthia, with a heat which made Harry look toward her curiously. She had not been wont to side so heartily with him and his plans in the days of the contest at Ludsey. He wondered at the remarkable change which had come over her character since that date. She who had blamed him with all the enthusiasm of a romantic girl because he would not take the high road, now walked the low road herself with her eyes concentrated upon the pathway at her feet even more narrowly than were his. A momentary pang of remorse made him wince.

"I shouldn't wonder," he answered drily, "if Devenish says the same of me."

But his comment fell upon inattentive ears. Cynthia's eyes had been caught by the blank, cheerless look of the street outside. It was a morning of black frost. There was no fog, but there was no glint of sunlight, either. London lay unburnished, like an ill-kept yacht, and the emptiness of Sunday made it dreary beyond all words. The chill of that day and the fevers of the week to come caused Cynthia's heart to sink. A vision rose before her eyes with unexpected vividness of another place where life ran occupied with smoother matters. Not in Warwickshire, but over far seas. She thought with a sudden poignancy of longing of the Daventry estancia where to-day the golden leagues of corn would be rippling to the sun and the cattle searching for the rare blades of green in the burnt pastures. A pang of remorse came with the vision. So seldom had she thought of that spacious and wide place which had lain so close to her adopted father's heart. He had prayed her to go there from time to time. Greatly she wished that she were there now.

"You have a critical week before you, Harry," she said. "It's a pity Mr. Hemming stayed so late."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Harry. "My amendment can't come on before Wednesday. It may not be chosen at all."

There are certain to be a number of amendments. And there's always the possibility that the Land Bill may not be mentioned in the King's speech. However, that's not likely. We shall know to-morrow."

The Land Bill was mentioned as one of the principal measures of the session, and Harry handed in at the clerk's table his humble prayer to His Majesty that no solution of the land question would be found lasting or real which did not provide opportunities for the acquisition of small farms as freehold properties. Thursday was set aside for the discussion of Rames's amendment, and the fact that it was deemed of sufficient importance to take precedence of a host of other amendments was in itself regarded as a triumph by his adherents.

"Go your own way over it," Robert Brook advised in an agitated voice. "Don't sink your personality in a conventional speech. You must strike a special note on Thursday. The third bench below the gangway and the corner seat. That will be the best place for you. You command the House from there. And we'll be all together around you. It's a great thing to have some voices to cheer you at your elbow. Howard Fall will speak in support of you. He always gets called." Robert Brook ceased from his stage-managements to whisper with a lengthened face, "By the way, have you heard?"

"What?" asked Harry.

"That Challoner's weakening. Yes, it's true. The whips have been getting at him, I expect. At all events he came to me pleading that the amendment need not be pressed to a division if we get anything like a friendly reply."

Harry Rames smiled.

"We shan't get that. I'll take care not to get it. So you can agree with Challoner. We can't afford to let anyone break away now. I'll speak to him myself."

The colonel strenuously disavowed any faintness of heart. "You must go to a division, Rames, unless you get a satisfactory reply. That's understood. We've got to stick to our guns. I think we all know that. Edgington's example isn't one any of us would care to follow. No. All my idea was that perhaps the government might be willing to take our view, but unable at this moment to say so publicly. However, don't you worry about us. Think of

your speech, Rames. We look to you to do something unusual on Thursday."

Harry went away to his study and from his documents and blue books labored to hammer out some spark of his own which should set fire to the Thames or to that portion of it at all events which flows under Westminster Bridge. He woke at five o'clock on the Thursday morning, and lying in bed repeated his speech word by word to himself. Then he dismissed it into the chamber of his memory to wait until it was needed. But the knowledge that the day was to be one of supreme importance to his career hung over him all that forenoon. The labor was over and therefore the strain upon him was the heavier. His nerves had free play and he wandered restlessly from room to room, calm outwardly except for some spasmodic movements which people unacquainted with him would never have remarked, but inwardly a creature in torment. He had pitted himself against his own government. The enormity of his presumption grew with every lagging hour. Failure to-day would cover him with ridicule. He saw himself as one of those bubbles ripe for pricking with which the House of Commons is perpetually iridescent. Before twelve o'clock he was already looking at his watch lest he should be too late to fix before prayers the card in the slot at the back of his seat which would reserve his place for him during the day.

Cynthia, with a covert fear, watched his fever, but said never a word, either of comfort or inquiry. It was her part to notice nothing of his agitation. She had claimed, when he had asked her to marry him, her share in the troubles and the terrors which went before the public success. But married life had taught her that much of her share must come to her by guess-work, by intuition, by observation, by any means except those of question and answer. So she said little and left Harry Rames mostly to himself, only coming upon him now and again on some indifferent errand, when they would speak for a moment or two, he chiefly at random and upon any chance subject which came uppermost in his mind. Thus once he said abruptly:

"There was a stamp struck. Did you ever see it, Cynthia?"

"No," she answered; "you must show it to me."

"I will; I have a specimen somewhere. I'll look it out."

"Do," said Cynthia in a voice which conveyed that it would be a particular joy to her to see that stamp.

But she was quite in the dark about it. She had no notion at all that he was speaking of that great territory which he had discovered far to the south, beyond the ice-floes, beyond the open blue water. It had no inhabitants, but the penguins, yet since Rames had spent a winter of darkness on its inhospitable shores and had annexed it for Great Britain, a penny stamp had been struck and postage duly established. The recollection passed in and out of Harry Rames's head, with a hundred trivial thoughts and memories. And it was the mark and consequence of his agitation that his mind acquired an extraordinary and unnatural lucidity so that his thoughts became swift visions of things with a small but surprisingly clear definition, as though he saw them through a diminishing glass.

In this supersensitive spirit he walked down Parliament Street at half-past one in the afternoon on the eastern side of the road; and when he had come opposite to the Horse-Guards he suddenly stopped. Behind the Horse-Guards Arch and a little to the north rose the great red building of the Admiralty where Cynthia and he had been made acquainted with one another. But it was not of that first meeting nor of the quarrel which ended it that Harry Rames was thinking. He was not looking at the main mass of the Admiralty Building, but only at the three grayish-blue domes which surmounted it. From these domes rose three tall spars at the points of a triangle, each of them rigged and dressed with wires to which were attached curious little hoops and contrivances of cane like Catherine wheels set for a night of fireworks. He was gazing at the mechanism of wireless telegraphy.

He had passed those poles either just here or on the other side of the Horse-Guards' Parade in St. James's Park on every day when Parliament was in session; and no doubt he had often enough lifted his head and seen them with the blind eyes of a man for the landmarks he habitually walks by. But this morning his imagination was made acute by a night of wakeful-

ness and the tension of his nerves, and he was sensitive to all the suggestion of that aerial toyshop of contrivances. He stopped. He almost fancied that he heard—so keen was the lucidity of his senses—the messages of distant ships, here tumbling on seas of storm, there upright on seas of sunshine, whizzing homeward to the dim smoke-wreathed city, crowding the air. He almost fancied that he saw them, the myriad bright spokes of an illimitable wheel which hung poised roof-high over all the world. His thoughts were swept quite away from England, and the roar of Whitehall died from his ears. He saw the big roadsteads of the East and West Indies and anchored ships mirrored in waveless seas. He saw the meetings of ships in the narrows of the great trade-routes, barkentine and schooner, tramp and liner, and in and out amongst them like the gray shadows of sharks seen beneath the water, the long cruisers of the fleet.

He walked on like a man in a dream. He left the busy harbors and the great trade-routes behind him. The stately procession of vessels receded and now he saw only one—a little, full-rigged, black-hulled ship quite alone on a silent sea, the *Perhaps*, reeling down with all her canvas drawing from her sky-sail to her spanker, reeling from her jib topsail to her mizzen, reeling down with the water breaking from her broad stern bows into the mists of the south. The picture was so vivid in his mind that he could see the brightness of the binnacle and the wheel spinning in the helmsman's hands. He paused again to consider why with a curious sense of comfort. Once before, on the occasion of his maiden speech, the vision of a ship had risen before his eyes. But then it was fear which had evoked the picture. He had longed to be safely upon its bridge doing the thing he knew how to do. Now he had no such fear. He was nervous, strung to a high pitch, but he had no desire to run away, he had no terror that the necessary words would fail him, he had no longing to stand upon the deck of the *Perhaps*. He was strung up for the contest of the afternoon. He walked slowly on and turned in at the gate of Palace Yard, and still the *Perhaps* fled southward before his eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

IN these philanthropic days we hear a great deal about the dangerous trades—that is, the trades which threaten their workers with physical deterioration. But there are other dangers than physical dangers. There are professions which threaten a special deterioration of the mind, very marked and always insidious. Our youths and maidens enter such careers unwarned. No one tells the young school-teacher of the perceptive blight, the didactic manner, the desperate intention to speak the final word on every imaginable subject, which within a few short years may stamp him or her as unmistakably a pedagogue. No one explains to the law student that surely as the earth turns round, a day will come when in every detail of life it will become his habit to find his opinion first and his reasons afterward—reasons which become more subtle, more closely knit, and more convincing to himself as his opinions grow more and more at variance with common experience. And is the physician made aware that in the exercise of his priest-like task he is ever in danger of relying more and more on his manner—stern or soothing, honeyed or hypnotic—and less and less on his information?

These risks, although impalpable, are important and real, but graver still are those attending the profession of the house-keeper. Few there are who, in the pursuance of their daily duties, are exposed to a more poisonous atmosphere than she—the combined effect of a limited field, an arbitrary power, and the complete absence of competition. Good house-keeping, if it be a virtue, is one to which many others must be sacrificed; and yet how little this is understood. How seldom any one steps forward to warn our sheltered women against the many risks, moral and mental, which they are obliged to run. In the first place, there is the risk of becoming inhospitable; for, contrary to popular opinion, this is the danger, not of the *bad*, but of the *good* house-keeper. Eager to offer her guests perfection, she is rarely willing to offer them anything less. She is always getting ready to play and never playing; occupied with arranging her house rather than with enjoying it. Spring and autumn cleaning, with improving on the last cook, and

repainting the kitchen keep the household in a continual state of abnormality, so that there is only occasionally a *dies non* on which a guest may creep in and be welcome.

And if she lacks hospitality upstairs, how much more is the area-gate closed against the unexpected visitor. How quickly can she trace the depletion in the tea-chest and the disappearance of an egg when the cook has had a friend to supper. Generosity, hospitality, and democracy are alike swallowed up in the higher duty of keeping the bills down.

Then come the risks and dangers of mean-spiritedness, and of the pernicious effects of suspicion and disappointment in small things, of laying traps for dust and deceit, and of the Eye—the well-known house-keeper's eye—which is always roving, roving in search of household crimes.

Worst danger of all is that of a slow atrophy overtaking all her human relationships, for in making the frame she only too often ruins the picture. Or, to vary the simile, she is apt to be as little a part of the drama of life as the scene-shifter is of the play. You drop in to tea. The silver is bright, the food delicious, yet your hostess sees not you, but the dent in the tea-kettle; hears not you, but the voice of a strange man in the kitchen. She looks habitually, not at her husband, but at the new laundress's touch on his shirts. She sees in her children, not their warm hearts, but their dirty hands.

The same blight is on her mental activities. Realizing that there is no hour in the twenty-four when the boiler may not burst, the little ones maim themselves, or tradesmen present hypothetical bills, she soon learns that she must either abandon the home in some greater or less particular or else give up all forms of concentrated thought. Actuated by a high conscientiousness, she usually chooses the latter alternative. This explains her strangely vague and intermittent attention. This is why she touches even the subjects of ordinary conversation as lightly as a humming-bird, which knows, if humming-birds do know such things, that at any moment it may have to go winging away to its cellar or its medicine-chest.

Last comes the danger of making a god of routine, and so losing the very object for which

she has made her sacrifices—the comfort of those she loves. For comfort cannot be attained by rule. It is a subject for independent thought and individual attention. Many, indeed, of the time-honored rules and regulations of the house-keeper are directly inimical to true comfort. To cite one is to illustrate them all. Take, for example, the great Coffee-Cup-Rule. After dinner we have just settled down comfortably to coffee and cigars when a servant enters to take away the cups. The cups are doing no harm to any one, but rather good, for many of them are serving as ash-trays in a house in which no one would dare to drop ashes on the floor. But one of the hall-marks of a good house-keeper is not to allow coffee-cups to stand, and so willy-nilly they must be removed. The servant, breathing hard after the manner of his kind, stumbles over our feet, pushes apologetically between us, as he peers about for the cups where we have cannily stowed them. He turns helplessly to his mistress and receives a telegraphic signal which seems to mean: "Look behind the vase on the mantel-piece." That one he runs to earth, but is long baffled by another hidden in a flower-pot. Will he find it? We drop our best story, or wake from our reverie, as the case may be. Yes, well-trained man that he is, he has found them all, like a second Bo-Peep. At last he departs, stumbling over feet again, and leaving us resentful or apprehensive for the rest of the evening.

Nowadays when a man asks me to stay with him in the country I feel inclined to ask: "Is your wife a good house-keeper?" For if she is I know how it will be. When I go up to dress on a hot summer evening all my shutters will be shut and the lights burning for me like furnaces. When I come down again, the book I was reading will be put away and I shall never be able to find it. I shall be waked at dawn by the sound of a brush on the stairs, and when I go away the simple articles of my toilet will be rolled so heavily in tissue paper that my bag won't close. No, the good house-keeper should make a study of a little wholesome neglect. And, to be honest, I find that most of them have.

IN the midst of the throes of "moving in," I sat down to read one of Aunt Augusta's wails of pity for me, exiled to the desolate isolation of life in the country. In those days I read with apprehensive attention Aunt Au-

gusta's letters on this subject. Now I would laugh aloud, if it were not for the pity I feel for my poor old relative, still, like all her city-bred acquaintances, roaming the world, Ishmaelitish club in hand, in hostile solitude. I do not blame them. I myself have worn but a short time the mental garb of civilization. I, too, once sullenly trod the lonely city paths.

The Teeming
Country

In fact the wrench which first loosened my clutch on my stone tomahawk befell me that first day, even as I was reading Aunt Augusta's foreboding words.

The man who had come to put in the telephone had finished his work and departed. Nowadays, when he comes to mend it, he is as welcome as if he brought the next instalment of an exciting serial story, so many continued narratives are in progress in his life. He is trying out a new variety of sweet-corn, which, if he reports favorably, may be in all our gardens next year; he has a baby which may have a new tooth; his oldest boy is beginning to wonder what he will learn to do for a living . . . there are a dozen questions to be asked and answered, for he must know about our corn and our baby too.

But the first time, I was encased in the chilled-steel armor of the city habit of impersonality. He was "the telephone man" and nothing more. I could not have told if he were four feet or six feet tall. I would as soon have thought whether he had a baby or not, as whether the chairs I was so wearily unpacking had preferences as to the color of their upholstery. So I noticed his departure only to be thankful that I could now communicate with the general store in the village. I looked up the number and took down the receiver.

"What number?" asked a girl's voice, as it does all over the country.

"Forty-two . . . ring seven," I answered, enunciating with the labored distinctness of one's brief colloquies with the Power which sits before the switchboard.

"That line's busy," said Central; as she does all over the world. But now she added this astounding code: "But Mr. Warner isn't there anyhow, Mrs. F—; I just see him go by to his dinner. There isn't anybody in the store but Eddie Elwood and he don't know a thing about stock. I'll just connect you with the house and Mr. Warner can take your order while his wife's putting the things on the table." I clung to the receiver from force of habit and gave my order to my grocer, who, oddly enough,

appeared for the first time before my mental eye as a man with a house and a wife and a dinner waiting for him; but when I had finished, I sat down in a half-unpacked chair quite weakly, to recover from a tingling shock like an encounter with a prickling electric battery when one had thought to pick up a piece of dead metal.

I will not pretend that I am naturally so superior to other city-bred people that the shock was a pleasurable one. I had much of the typical, citified horror that any one should presume in that bold, forward, self-assured, prying manner to do me a service! Straight through my armor-plate, chilled steel though it might be, had penetrated some one's unasked-for interest in my affairs. I was so astounded as to be almost alarmed, I was vaguely resentful, and very much bewildered. How, pray, did the creature know my name already and the instrument that minute installed?

For a time, nothing more of the sort occurred. I breathed arithmetical combinations into the mouth-piece and was startled by no more emanations of humanity from the other end of the line. Then suddenly lightning flashed again.

"Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I commanded monotonously, my mind all on my Sunday dinner.

"They've gone to Rutland on the morning train, to see the circus," came back over the line, "but if 'twas 'bout those broilers, they said to tell you that they were all ready and dressed, on the pantry shelf under a crock. The gall-bladder broke in one, so there's only one liver, but she's sure they'll be tender, because they were hatched in May. You can get the key at Mrs. Foster's, next door." I hung up the receiver silently. The whole countryside was in a conspiracy of promiscuity against my sacred privacy. The idea of my Sunday broilers being in every one's mouth, so to speak! It was horribly repugnant to the delicacy of personal dignity so admirably fostered by the isolation of city life.

After that, for a few days, I was fairly pelted with personalities. I was told when I remarked with my most *grande dame* manner, "Twenty-one . . . ring seven," that, "You'd better wait till ten, or a little after, to call her. She never gets her morning work done up till then and the kitchen's so far away she can't hear the bell."

A request for "Thirty-one . . . ring two" brought out the intimate information, "He's got such a tur'ble head in his head he can't hear a thing to-day. But I'll call up the Phippses for

you and when Johnny goes over for the milk he can take your message."

I asked with stern impersonality for "Fourteen . . . ring twelve," and was put off with, "She's gone to Elbury to visit her sister for the day. I see her go by real early, with the milk team. And he's out t'work. But he's ploughing that field next the Arrowsmiths', and I'll ask Mrs. Arrowsmith to holler out th' window for him to come to the 'phone."

IT was astonishing, how they lived and breathed—my unseen interlocutors—after the suggestive art of such introductions. It was not merely a bodiless voice which answered my questions about weaving rag rugs or putting up a fence. It was Mrs. Prentiss herself, fresh in a white apron, in the self-congratulatory peace of mind which comes from having "done up"

My Unseen
Interlocutors

the morning work; it was a great-shouldered, mighty-thewed ploughman, with the thrilling scent of newly upturned earth clinging about him.

Insensibly, under the constant tugging of the invincible humanness of these phenomena, the joints of my armor loosened. I began to breathe more freely than I had thought possible. One by one the steel plates slipped to the ground. I was light as air! When I called up "Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I was astonished to hear myself asking with genuine interest how the children liked the circus. I looked over my shoulder guiltily, for a cynically amused city acquaintance, as I dropped into this plebeian and rustic partaking of others' lives, but I can say for myself that I laughed unreservedly over the account of Pete's harnessing the calf to his express wagon when he got home, and of the subsequent wild course of events.

At that time I had never seen Pete or his mother. When I did, I found out that she did not wear white aprons, but clean gingham ones. It was but a detail. I had divined her as a human being. The spirit at last was there. I had discovered my eyes, my ears, my tongue. I had emerged from the solitary imprisonment of life in a city of four million inhabitants into the densely populated world of a valley which, on Town-Meeting Day, can muster at least a hundred votes. I am a citizen of the world!

Now when I open the telephone to see if the line is busy, and catch this scrap of conversation, ". . . but they do get so black when

they're old and Joel says it'll be three weeks before they're big enough to dig," I say with as spontaneous an impulse as though I had never lived in a lonely stone cañon of a street, "Oh Miss Maria, if you'll put a few drops of lemon juice in the water you boil them in, they'll be as white and mealy as new ones."

There is no pause of horrified resentment at my intrusion. A friendly voice says, "That you, Mrs. F——? Much obliged. I'll try it. Don't forget 'bout th' church supper to-night."

I take not only in good part but quite as a matter of course, Central's request to me: please when I see Mr. Prindle go by, will I call out to him that his wife forgot to put cotton thread, number sixty, three spools, on the list.

I call up Central to ask how the little Wharton boy is to-day. She will know, I am sure. Probably the doctor has stopped in to tell her, so that, without disturbing the poor mother, she can answer the anxious questions that come from far and near about the little child every one loves so well. I ask her if she has heard the train whistle for the Millbrook crossing, for if she hasn't, I have time to catch it. I call her wildly with a catch in my voice to say the baby's throat is worse and the doctor's wife says he is at the Wilsons'. Will she please "tell Mrs. Wilson to send him up here at once." I ask her how the sunset looks, for we'd like to plan a picnic to-morrow and the sunset sky in the Notch, which we can't see from our house be-

cause of Hemlock Mountain, is a sure indication of the next day's weather. I ring her up breathlessly, forgetting to use her proper title, and cry, "Oh Maggie, there's a fire started in our pine woods in Pitt Hollow. Do please phone the folks in North District where it is and ask 'em to send their men folks up there." I ask her what blackberries are worth in the village to-day, so that I may know what to pay the barefooted, tanned, sharp-eyed little Yankee who stands waiting, pail in hand. I ask her—but why multiply instances?

The essential fact is that I never ring the magic bell which set me down two miles away, without pitying my city friends. They are back in the limbo where "Line's busy" means an impenetrable wall which not Napoleon or Cæsar could break down; where "They don't answer" is a statement as grimly final as a death verdict. Why, I wonder, do they not all come out and join our community which invisibly fills the long, sweet, empty, green spaces of our valley with friends communing, offering and receiving service, advice, companionship, and comfort. Why do they not join the invisible choir which chants along the glistening wires strung through our silent forests? That is our real community—not the one of our heavy, stationary, aging bodies, but the impalpable, aerial one of our free, roaming voices, subject to one force, following one leader—but that one with well-merited devotion—the will of Central!



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

A NEW PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES

THAT Cervantes once sat for his portrait is made probable by the following passage from the prologue to his *Exemplary Novels*: "I should like if it were possible, most loving reader, to excuse myself from writing this prologue, because it was not so well for me with that which I prefixed to my *Don Quijote* that I should be anxious to repeat the experience with this. For this a friend is to blame, one of the many whom in the course of my life I have gained rather by my temper than by my genius. This friend would have been well able, as is use and wont, to engrave me and sculpture me on the first leaf of this book, since the famous Don Juan de Jáuregui would have given him my portrait, and with this my ambition would have been satisfied and the desire of some who would be glad to know what face and figure he has who ventures to come out with such imaginings into the marketplace of the world before the eyes of the people, placing below the portrait: He whom you here behold with aquiline visage, with chestnut hair, smooth and unruffled brow, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, although well-proportioned, a silver beard, although not twenty years ago it was golden, large mustache, small mouth, teeth not important, for he has but six of them, and those in ill condition and worse placed because they do not correspond the one with the other, the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion bright, rather white than brown, somewhat heavy-shouldered, and not very nimble on his feet; this, I say, is the portrait of the author of the *Galatea* and of the *Don Quijote de la Mancha*."

Evidently the author had been disappointed in a hope which he had entertained of seeing an engraved portrait of himself as frontispiece for the first edition of the *Exemplary Novels*. The friend whom he so good-naturedly blames may have been either some delinquent engraver or the too thrifty publisher, Juan de la Cuesta. Most critics infer from the above passage that the painter Juan de Jáuregui y Aguilar actually painted a portrait of his friend, that he did so prior to 1613 (the date of the writing of the prologue), and furthermore that at the said date the picture still remained in his

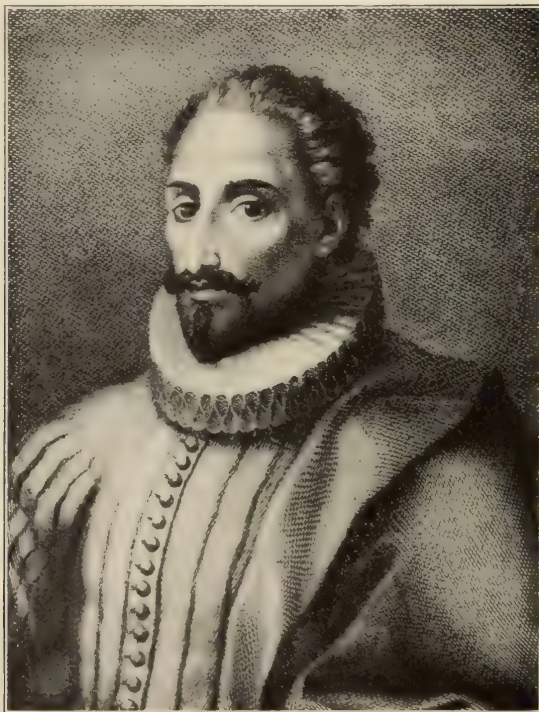
possession. The only dissenting voice seems to be that of the English commentator Ormsby, who holds that the language is ambiguous, and that the words "would have given him my portrait" may be taken to mean nothing more than that Jáuregui stood ready to paint the portrait if desired. It must be admitted that the language is vague, but the simpler explanation, that held by most scholars, appears the more plausible. However this may be, the world is grateful to Cervantes for the detailed description which he has left of his personal appearance. For three centuries this whimsical verbal portrait has remained our only authentic source of information regarding Cervantes's physiognomy; for all the hitherto known paintings and statues of Cervantes are imaginary portraits made with this description in mind. Cervantes died three years after writing the passage quoted, and, as he nowhere else makes mention of other portraits, it is highly improbable that any other authentic likeness was ever made.

From that day to this, nothing has been heard of the Jáuregui portrait. It has long been considered irretrievably lost. Consequently, Cervantophiles, the world over, are greatly stirred by a report emanating from Madrid that a painting has been discovered which purports to be the long-lost portrait referred to by Cervantes himself. The discovery was first made public by the distinguished Cervantes scholar, Señor Rodríguez Marín, in the illustrated Madrid weekly, *A B C*, June 16, 1911. Subsequently, Señor Angel M. de Barcía, of the National Library, has announced the find to scholars in the *Revista de Archivos*. Owing to the recentness of the discovery, it cannot yet be positively affirmed that the portrait is genuine. Art critics and scholars have still to pass on many questions. Nevertheless, those who have seen the original feel that there is a strong presumption in its favor.

The picture represents a man well past the prime of life, with a high forehead, arched nose, chestnut hair, silvery beard, large mustache, small mouth, light complexion—in short, a man in every respect conforming to the description which Cervantes has left of himself. And yet the note of individuality is so strong that one feels that this portrait must have been painted from the living model. This man must have

walked the streets of Toledo and Madrid. If we compare this portrait with any one of the imaginary likenesses drawn from the description, it becomes apparent that in the one case we have modelling, in the other an absence of the same; in the one case the treatment is

questioned authenticity with which comparison may be made. Jáuregui undoubtedly enjoyed some reputation as an artist, for his work is praised by Pacheco, Carducho, and Palomino; but he is now better known as a poet and the translator into Castilian of Tasso's *Aminia*



A familiar apocryphal portrait of Cervantes.

realistic, in the other the subject is idealized and conventionalized. The Cervantes of the imaginary portraits is a Renaissance dandy. The heavy-mustached figure in the new likeness suggests far more convincingly the grizzled veteran of Lepanto. Clearly this is no vulgar forgery. We have to do with an old painting, and, if it be not authentic, the resemblance must be due to chance.

The portrait bears at the top the following inscription: "D. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra"; and below: "D. Juan de Jaurigui Pinxit. Anno 1600." In the year 1600 Cervantes was fifty-three years of age, which appears to correspond to the age of the man in the portrait. The alleged painter would in the same year have been slightly under thirty. Señor Barcía detects in the drawing the inexperienced touch of a young man laboring under the influence of El Greco. It is unfortunate that there exists no work by Jáuregui of un-

Doubtless it was their mutual love for letters which brought about the friendship between the great prose writer and the poet-painter.

Unfortunately the inscription does not afford conclusive evidence regarding the picture's authenticity. There is a slight philological difficulty which renders doubtful the assumption that the inscription was painted in 1600. Cervantes, in the original text, spells his friend's name, Xaurigui. This is the orthography to be expected at the date in question. Yet the lexicographer, Covarrubias, writing in 1611, states that the substitution of j for x before the vowels a, o, and u, was already beginning to be made. It is noteworthy, however, that the name is not spelled in its modern fashion, Jáuregui. A modern forger would probably have either looked up the ancient spelling or else have used the current form in which the name appears. All students of art know that inscriptions of this sort are untrustworthy.



A presumed authentic portrait of Cervantes by his friend, the painter, Don Juan de Jáuregui y Aguilar, recently discovered in Spain.

But the rejection of the inscription would not necessarily prove that the picture itself was not what it purported to be. The lettering does not appear to be modern, and Jáuregui, who is supposed to have still retained possession of the picture in 1613, and who did not die until 1640, may have added the inscription at a date subsequent to that when the portrait was painted. Or some later possessor who knew the facts respecting sitter and artist may have added it.

It is to be regretted that those who have announced the discovery have not yet taken the public fully into their confidence regarding the

former possessors of the painting. The question of pedigree is all important. The only information as yet vouchsafed is that the portrait came into the possession of a certain Señor Albiol, who acquired it from a person whose name is withheld. Are we to suppose that Señor Albiol is respecting the pride of some ruined family reluctantly forced to part with a cherished heirloom? Or is Señor Marín withholding facts until further researches shall enable him to offer a completed study? The character of these gentlemen is such that nobody will suspect their motives;

but art lovers and students of literature are naturally impatient to have all mystery dispelled. Señor Albiol has shown praiseworthy disinterestedness in refusing to derive financial profit from his discovery. Like a true hidalgo, he has presented the canvas to the Royal Spanish Academy, its most fitting repository.

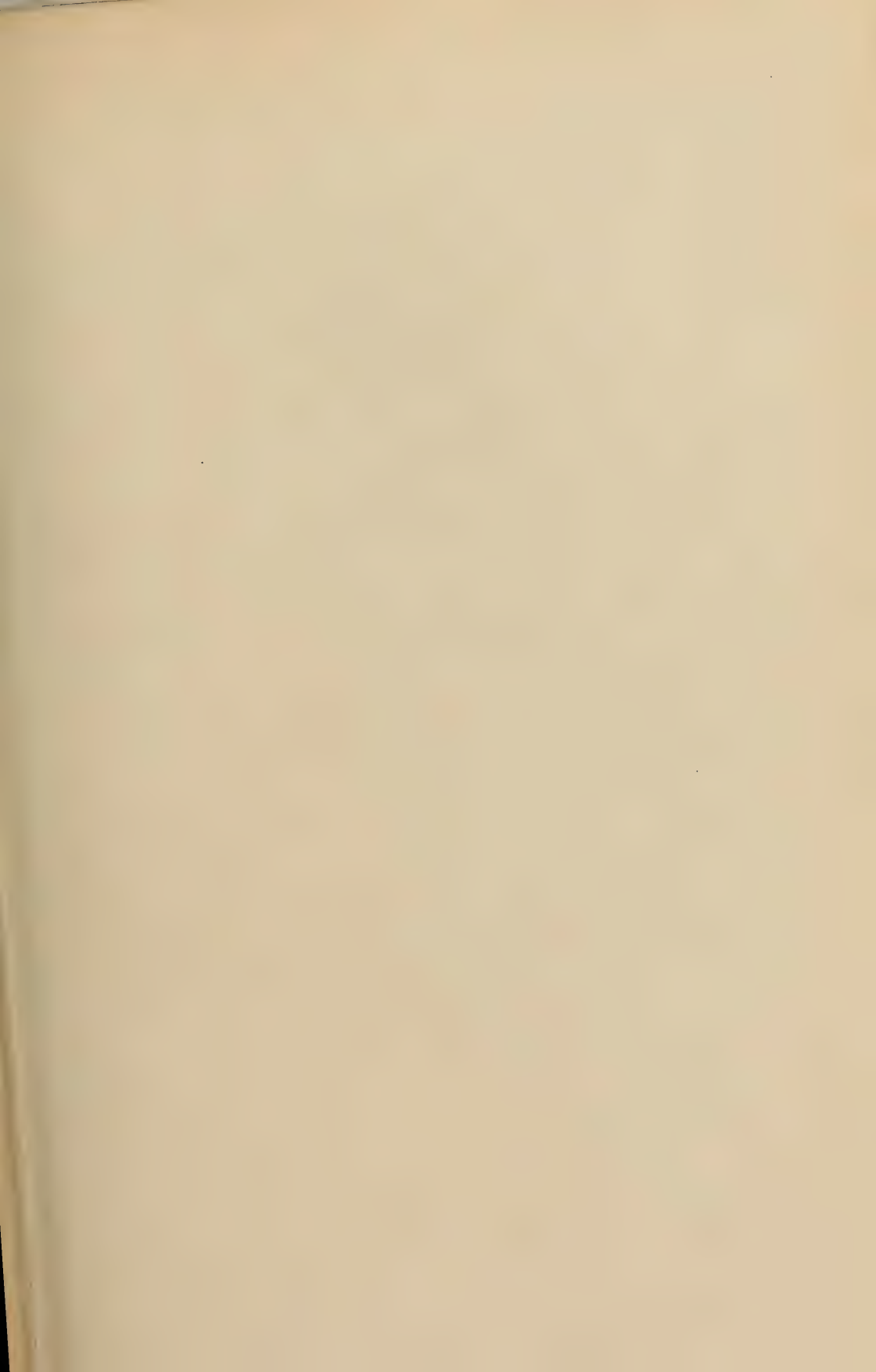
Of the various pseudo-portraits of Cervantes, the earliest is George Vertue's copper engraving of a drawing by William Kent. This appeared in an edition of the *Don Quixote* published in London in 1738. It is admittedly drawn from the novelist's description of himself. A very similar portrait is one attributed to Alonso del Arco, presented to the Spanish Academy in 1773. The resemblance to the Kent portrait is so strong that it has been supposed that the one derived from the other. If such a relationship exists, the Kent drawing must be the earlier, for there is no reason for doubting that this likeness was drawn from the description. At the time of the presentation, the Academy, desirous of settling the matter, appointed a commission of artists to pass judgment. They decided that the del Arco painting must have been done in the seventeenth century, and therefore could not derive from the English engraving. This opinion has frequently been challenged, but the matter has never been authoritatively determined. From these two portraits derive nearly all the later engravings, medals, statues, and busts which pretend to represent the lineaments of Spain's greatest author. Equally fanciful is the portrait preserved in the Arland museum of Lausanne, Switzerland. This has been attributed in turn to Velázquez, Pacheco, and Jáuregui; but it has been conclusively shown that the costume worn is that of the late seventeenth century. The unfortunate monarch, Charles IV, was negotiating for its purchase at the moment when he was driven from his throne by Napoleon. In 1864 Señor José Ascensio thought he had discovered a Cervantes portrait in one of the figures of a fresco painted by Francisco Pacheco upon the walls of the Mercenarian convent, in Seville. The fresco represents the ransom-ing from Algiers of certain Christian captives. But aside from the fact that Cervantes owed his freedom to the Trinitarian brotherhood, not to the Mercenarians, the face in question did not correspond closely to the verbal portrait. After a heated controversy, Señor Ascensio's claim failed to win acceptance. In 1879 Señor Luis Carreras thought he had found a Jáuregui painting, and identified one tiny figure of a group as a portrait of Cervantes.

Señor Carreras never succeeded in convincing anybody but himself. A palpable forgery was perpetrated in 1887 when there was offered for sale in Madrid an alleged portrait of Cervantes, signed: "Paulo Weyer, 1604." This was speedily identified by the artist, Luis de Madrazo, as a poor copy of an imaginary likeness which he himself had painted some years previously.

The foregoing brief account of Cervantes portraiture shows that there have been many reported discoveries similar to the one recently announced. The wish is father to the thought, and Spaniards, in their patriotic eagerness to possess an adequate likeness of their great compatriot, are prone to self-deception. This fact should be carefully weighed in forming a judgment as to the authenticity of the present portrait. All that can now be said is that a stronger case has been presented this time than in any of the preceding instances. A final opinion must be reserved until the facts relating to the pedigree are revealed, and until other competent art critics are given the opportunity of inspecting the original. The genuineness of the inscription is doubtful. The strongest evidence in favor of accepting the picture as authentic is the fact that we have an old painting, manifestly drawn from a living model, and which nevertheless agrees perfectly with Cervantes's description of himself.

Does the portrait satisfy our ideal of Cervantes's personal appearance? It represents the grave, dignified, serious face of the typical Spanish gentleman of the epoch. The expression is sad rather than cheerful. The countenance is not so much that of the humorist and the poet as of one who has said of himself that he was "more experienced in reverses than in verses." It is the intellectual face of a gentleman who, had we no other reason for thinking the portrait to represent the lineaments of Cervantes, might have been supposed to be some eminent author, some distinguished jurist, or merely a private individual of no distinction whatsoever. At least, that is Señor Barcia's cautious judgment. Genius is not always manifest on the exterior. The man of the portrait may have been a genius or a mediocrity. Those enthusiastic critics who see in the painted features the unmistakable stamp of genius are imagining more than they see. But when all is said, this new likeness, though the work of a mediocre artist, comes nearer than any previous one to realizing our ideal of what Cervantes must have been.

GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP.





Drawn by F. Rossen, Nevada

THAT BLACK THING UP THERE, WITH HOARSE SNORTS AND DIPPING, SWAYING BEAK, WAS ONE OF THE PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, MAKING A GRITTY MEAL.

—"A Ditch in the Desert," page 544

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THE POWER PLANTERS

By Benjamin Brooks



DOWN behind a busy town drops the sun, leaving a tall black silhouette against the yellow sky. The whistles blow, the lights peep out, the elevators disgorge their squirming contents upon the sidewalks, and the atoms thereof swarm upon a thousand slow-creeping trolley-cars.

In one of these crawling cars hangs a dapper but disgruntled youth. All his fellow strap-hangers are disgruntled too, for they cannot get home on time for dinner at this pace, nor is there current enough to light them or warm them on their way. But the youth is especially so. He mumbles profane observations about lack of power and management. The violets and the candy that he carries may help to explain his impatience.

At the very same time another far less dapper and more weather-worn youth, without candy or violets or the possibility of obtaining any, stands calmly regarding this very same sunset from a mile-high promontory in a group of blackening mountain giants. There are no fellow passengers to sympathize with his grievances—if he has any—except his sleepy old pack mule; and he feels not the slightest impatience about getting home, for he has no home unless he regards a slender roll of blankets on the mule as such.

But although these two young men are so very different in appearance and surroundings, and not the least aware of each other, they nevertheless have at this moment one thing in common: one is grumbling for, and the other is seeking for more power to carry on the momentous affairs of the human race. The youth who stands so calmly watching the setting of the sun while its last rays illumine his serene bronze face and glorify his faded khakis and leather trappings and

transform even his sad old mule into part of a plumed and blunderbussed Spanish conquest, is not an idler, but an explorer at so much per month.

As the sun disappears he looks quickly at his watch, goes to the mule pack and draws from it a curious instrument—a slender metal wand with an aluminum pin-wheel at its lower end and a sort of telephone attachment at the other. Shielding this carefully from the crashing brush, he plunges down the mountain-side, scattering stones, snapping twigs, and leaving a hot trail of dust behind him. At length he arrives at the granite brink of a beautiful green mountain stream decked with foam and humming softly to its swift self. Here he pauses long enough to slip out of the lower half of his simple raiment. He fastens a slender steel tape-line to a twig on the brink, places the telephone end of his magic wand over his ear, wades out an even ten feet from the bank, and drops the aluminum pin-wheel into the water. He appears to be listening—yes, and counting. For each time the aluminum propeller revolves it registers a certain flow of water by sounding a little tick in the telephone. Our half-clad explorer then, by testing the depth of the water every five or ten feet across the stream and counting by his watch the number of ticks per minute, is able to note and compute in his little field-book out of his upper-story pocket just the amount and velocity of water that flows in that stream at such an hour on such a date. Personally he does not care a wooden button what this amount is; but way down and out of the mountains, back in town, is a group of hard-headed gentlemen with five or ten million dollars to invest who care very much. At regular intervals he will make a point of riding to the nearest post-office and wiring a code message stating all about it, but just

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South Fork dam and flume, San Joaquin, California.

now his real interest is in a deep green pool a hundred yards down stream. To this he repairs in long jumps, shedding his remaining garments by the way, stands a moment in graceful long-limbed nakedness on the crown of a bowlder, then, sending a long and terrible yell echoing away up the heights, he dives smoothly into the pool. When his silver-white body rises to the surface again he swims up the back eddy to the white rapid at the pool's head and, reaching into this with long, vigorous strokes, comes sailing down again at racing speed to his landing-place. This seems to afford him great satisfaction. He has done it regularly once a week for a whole year. Two hours later he will be calmly sleeping in a gem of a mountain meadow with his mule hobbled, his fire dying out, and nothing on his inner conscience but fried bacon. To come upon him thus you would never suspect that he is the forerunner, the lone advance scout of a great toiling army.

But next come the skirmishers—a mere handful of men, with long, sinuoustapes and straddling, far-seeing instruments. They make first but a thin line of attack, striding

swiftly up stream, smashing brush, blazing trees, and flashing signals and angles from one headland to another. The amount of water in our stream has been found. Now for the general figuration of this wild, up-tilted country, to see how best it can be turned to power. The head of this expedition is a rare mixture of genius and concentrated horse-power. By intuition or long practice he sees his way through the most intricate confusion of mountains on purely imaginary lines. The long water ditch that is to follow him he carries in his mind's eye and trails behind like a comet—its bold curves, its spindling trestles, its borings into the cliff. On he crashes through the brush, clinging to the cliffs, scaling the splintered heights, setting his little advance flag—a lean, striding, danger-proof, weather-proof, untiring man with the eye of a hawk—the locating engineer. After him come the transit-men, reducing to exact angles and distances his rough intuitive outline, and with them the sweating axemen, chainmen, and the “stake artist” just out of Cornell, marking and numbering the stakes. Hard upon their trail come the level-men, carefully



Tunnel and conduit, San Joaquin.

recording the height of each point of measurement, and with them goes still another sort of artist—the “topographer.” A great deal depends upon the topographer. His business is to run out side measurements and take elevations from the thin main line and fill his book with a mixture of figures and little sketches—glimpses of the line of march: here a little gorge for a future trestle, there a narrow jutting point for a tunnel—so that if all the pages of his book were cut out and made into a frieze they would read along like the “Odyssey.” Finally comes the most extraordinary genius of them all. There he goes striding his dusty jackass, his blousy shirt rasping through the undergrowth, his thick-soled slippers dangling from his toes, his queue coiled tight as a rattlesnake around his bare head, with his little tin cook-stove under one arm and an old cotton umbrella poised against the blinding sun. You know cooks—wonderful cooks in great cafés, in little coffee-joints around the corner, but not such a cook as Ah Chung, who, having no tent to fold up like the Arab, straps his pantry to a mule, puts his kitchen

under his arm and his worldly goods in his copious sleeves and follows with unfaltering trust this fleeting company of scientific vagabonds—who can, at any time, on any mountain-side, in any weather, guarantee to keep twenty ravenous men well fed and happy and remain happy himself so far from his own countrymen and his Celestial kingdom.

Thus the expedition passes—once, then once again on the same trail, but this time more exactly; for now they have determined just what is to be done. Far back in the mountains they have chosen the high point for the beginning of the flume. The stream that is to feed it is rather intermittent, unfortunately, but in the pretty meadow where our advance scout slept so many months ago they will impound a lake to feed it during the dry season; and the bold promontory where he stood watching the sunset that evening will be the top of the penstock; and a thousand feet below by his swimming-pool will nestle the powerhouse with its water-driven generators. How very much this engineering depends upon imagination!

Now for a long, long time the wilderness is left to itself. The water runs untrammelled and unmeasured. Snow buries the surveyor's stakes and Ah Chung's ashes. Can it be that the hard-headed gentlemen with the ten millions have forgotten? Hardly. Just now they are employing expensive and famous engineers to figure

ness and minimum of time, to build bunk-houses, cement-stores, cook-sheds, and stables.

Like deeds of devastation are now going on in twenty different places for a stretch of twenty miles up and down the course of our fair green river. The fish die, the bears break up housekeeping. Only the squir-



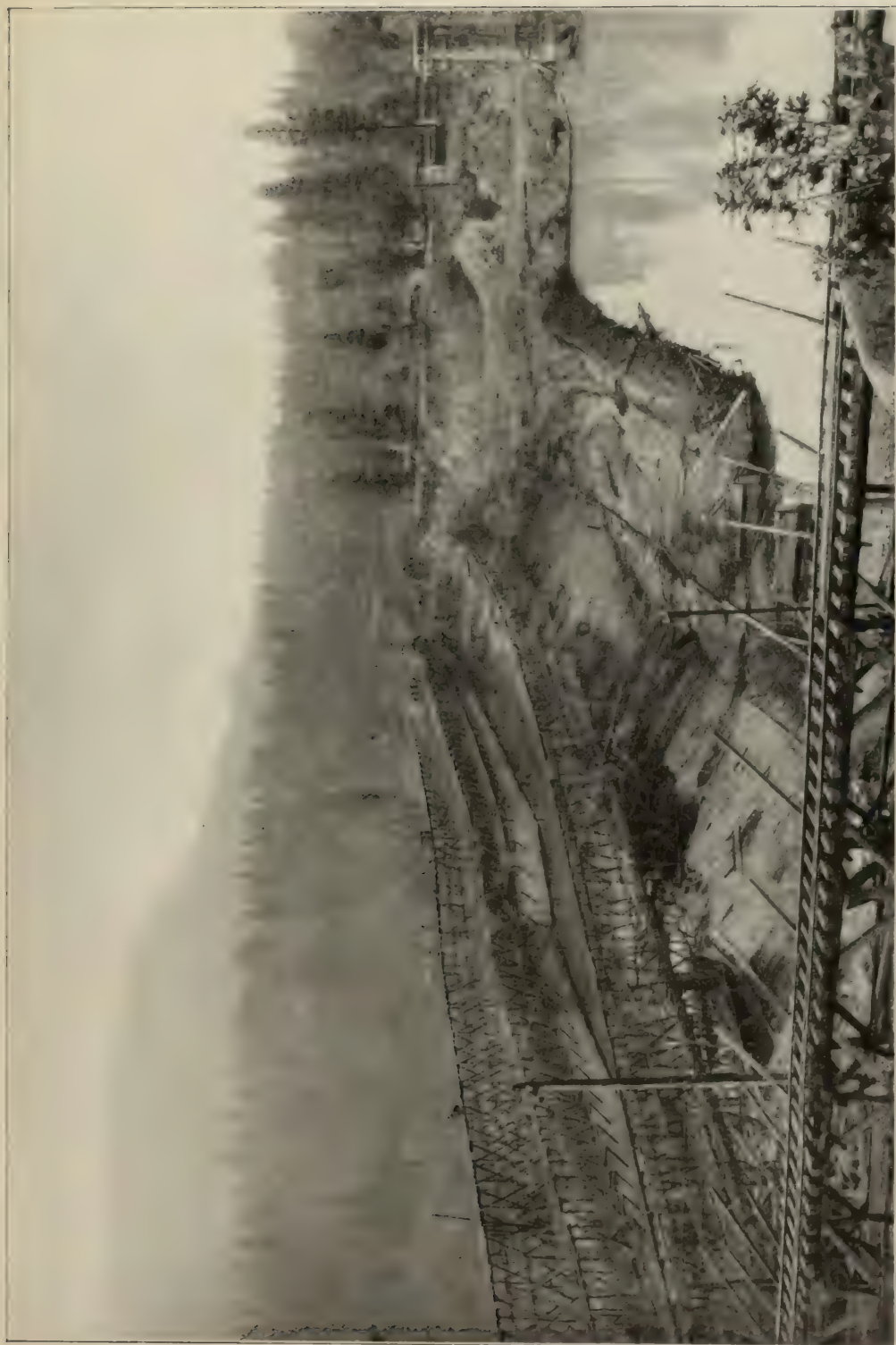
Outlet of temporary spillway during flood, San Joaquin.

ways and means; map-makers to translate the notes of the skirmishers, draughtsmen to draw plans.

Another year sees our party in the field once more. No artistic topographer accompanies them now, but a raw-boned giant in overalls, for whom art is all in vain. A devastating hoard answers his bellowings through the woods, his profanity, the direction of his windmill arms. One hundred men and one hundred mules are at his command, and he treats them all alike. He is a driver—a doer. Down come the crashing pine-trees for his bridges; bang go the granite boulders out of his path; and as soon as his plough—almost red-hot, jumping stones and tearing roots—has made anything like a road of it, along come wagons full of rough lumber, out of which he contrives, with the maximum of hideous-

rels remain, staring with astonishment, and the mountain lions screaming in the night at the tethered mules. Across the lower end of our meadow men are stringing great steel cables anchored on the mountain flanks and swinging in the air. Donkey-engines with ropes fastened to tree-trunks are pulling themselves right up the mountain-sides on skids. They look like black spiders drawing in and climbing their webs. Having once got foothold, they will begin pulling concrete-mixers, rock-crushers, and timbers after them.

High on a neighboring cliff is a new scar. Every day at sunset it will emit sharp thunder and clouds of dust, for this is the quarry from which comes the rock to build the dam. In the next camp live the ditch-diggers—swarthy gentlemen from Italy and Spain. In the next the tunnel-men with



Dam under construction, looking west, San Joaquin.

their dynamite and pounding drills, and the air-compressor with its measured grunt. On the crown of the promontory stands a hoisting-engine. It has already begun lowering the great pipes down hill over a rickety pair of rails; and a gang of riveters hang upon the mountain-side and rivet them in place. From far down the canyon they

ing mountain roads rutted to the axle-trees, crooked and hot and dusty beyond belief. Day after day goes the weary procession of creaking wagons, coupled two and three in a string with a dozen mules ahead of them—freight below, hay on top, and dust over all—the load, the harness, the mules, the drivers, are all one color with it. Slowly,



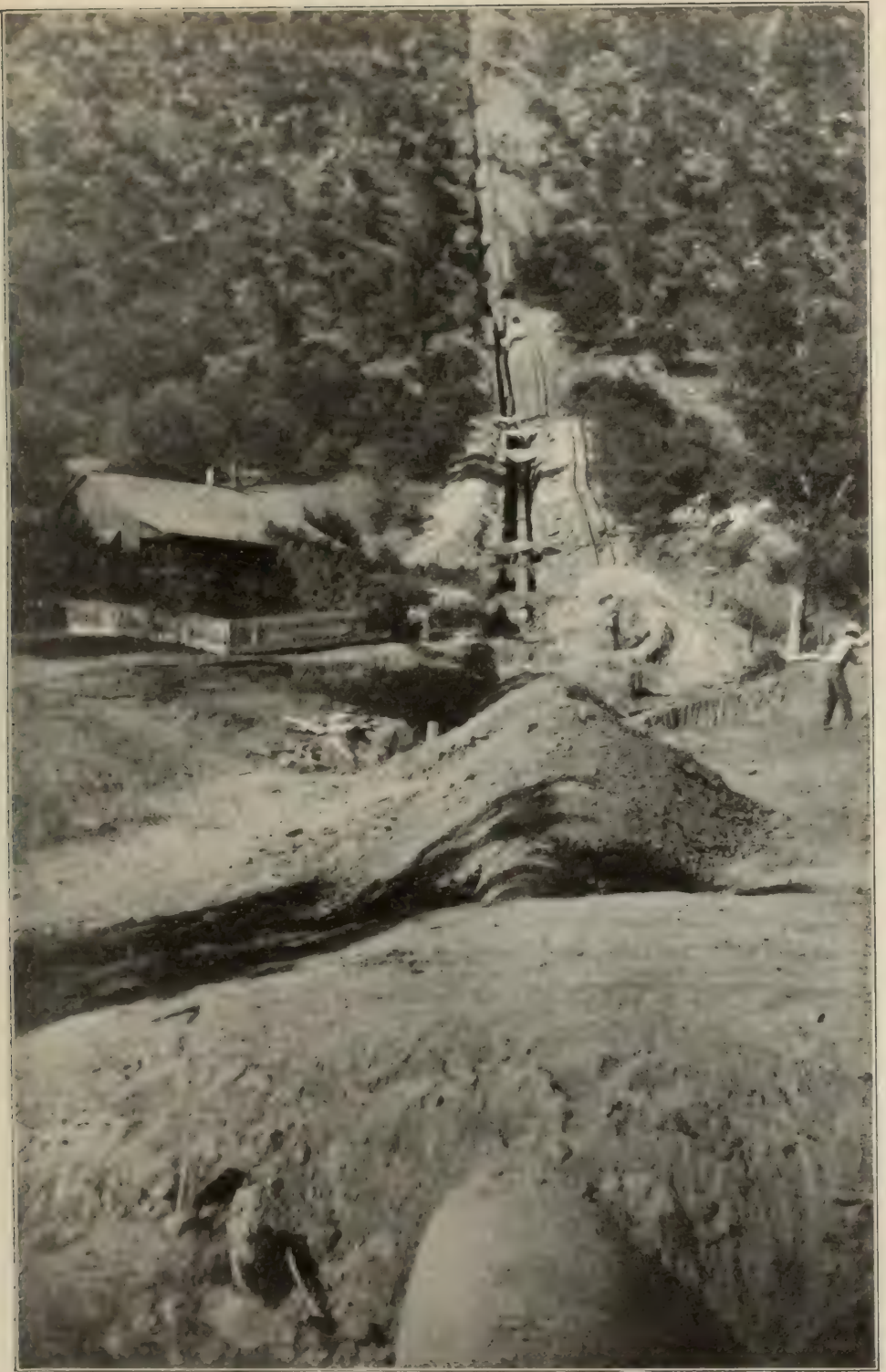
Uplanding pipe.

look like ants upon a wall; but at close range you may perhaps look through their coating of dust and sweat and perceive they are indeed human beings. At four o'clock in the morning with the first peep of day you will hear their hammers echoing from crag to crag. At midday they sleep; for nobody could endure to work in a steel pipe that the sun has made too hot even to touch. And in the cool evening you will hear them again, like Rip Van Winkle's gnomes.

So the great project is fairly started. Mighty hard work—desperately hard work this engineering water power out of a wilderness! But the hardest and cruelest of it all is freighting in the material. Thousands of car-loads of cement, lumber, powder, and machinery are to be transferred to wagons at the poky little station in the foot-hills and teamed seventy miles over heart-break-

ing mountain roads rutted to the axle-trees, crooked and hot and dusty beyond belief. Day after day goes the weary procession of creaking wagons, coupled two and three in a string with a dozen mules ahead of them—freight below, hay on top, and dust over all—the load, the harness, the mules, the drivers, are all one color with it. Slowly,

so very slowly, they creep and wallow on—the driver shouting monotonously at his stock, guiding them with a single rein or occasionally leaving his saddle to run ahead and lash some particularly weary and lop-eared unfortunate with his heavy whip. But materials we must have, even at fifteen dollars a ton. Here, then, are near a hundred miles of the wildest country in which toil and live a thousand men, their hundreds of live-stock, their score of concrete-mixers, their dozen camps, their long procession of freight. They require these thousands of tons of material and fuel; blankets, clothing, tobacco, doctors, surgeons, dentists, barbers; now and then, poor chaps, a priest and an embalmer to ship what is left of them home. Their great timber-and-tar-paper dining-rooms with their long rows of tin plates must be supplied with the best of food.



Pipe line

The car of the ditch along the mountain flank.

Many a man can run a store or a hotel or a job; but who is the man who can run six big hotels, six general stores, six overworked livery-stables, a few machine-shops and smithies, an overloaded stage line, and a great power development besides? Perhaps you have met great men before—a victorious general, a great statesman, or a king or two? Then you will not fail to recognize the superintendent of construction when you meet him on the trail.

In spite of the dust and roughness of his surroundings he will be riding a beautiful clean-limbed horse, groomed to the last degree of sleekness. His thin white riding-shirt will be spotless, his riding-breeches creased, his putties polished. Although you know he rarely sleeps twice in the same bed and carries no baggage, yet he will appear miraculously fresh and clean-shaven and cool. You will particularly notice his austere bronze countenance, his observant gray eye under his straw helmet, and the level firmness of his voice as he dictates to his stenographer who rides beside him. Much of his ability depends on the fact that he does not try to do everything himself, but wisely chooses his lieutenants; yet if you were to question him about this great project you would be astonished at the tremendous amount of detail he carries in his head.

He knows the date of arrival of the first shipment of generators from New York, and when the steel pipe from Germany arrives in San Francisco, how many cars of cement are in each warehouse, what the next teamster has on his wagon, and the next, and the next after him; what section of the penstock they are riveting in place this afternoon, and the number of the blue print to refer you to for this or that construction. And yet through this mass of detail he sees clearly and largely the whole undertaking. There is no accounting for such a man. May be he was at the head of his class at college, and may be he was just a barefoot farm-boy who ran away and worked on the railroad. He is spending five million dollars a year and drawing a very few thousands for himself. He has been everywhere on the semi-civilized globe, but if you ask him what he would rather do than anything else, he will tell you it is to settle down on a farm again, so that he could get re-acquainted with his wife and

send his sons to a good school under the American flag. This is a myth; but he believes it himself, not realizing that he is an incurable gypsy. There is a vast amount of adventure and romance in his life, but a great deal of loneliness and privation too, and he is bound withal to be a great and very brave man.

Well, there is a year or two or three of this, and then things begin to be finished. Under our high-swung cables over the green meadow has grown a huge dam block by block, course by course, and the meadow is no more. In its stead, reflecting the blue sky, lies a lovely lake—and none the less fair for being artificial. The tunnel-drillers have met head on at the tunnel's midpoint, and the muffled thunder of their blasting has died away. The scar of the ditch along the mountain flank is beginning to heal over with undergrowth. The penstock rises, a sleek black column against the mountain, a thousand feet high. At its lower end is a rectangular web with insects crawling over it—in reality a power-house with the steel erectors still busy on it—and if we can trust ourselves to the silent driver of the hoist and huddle upon his little cable car, he will let us swiftly down to it—stiffening our hair and dislodging our commissaries by the way—and we may see what is going on within. During our descent a measured clang, as from a Cyclop's forge, echoes through the canyon, and upon arriving we find sweating machinists with a battering-ram pounding home the last bolts that hold the cast-steel buckets on the cast-steel wheels.

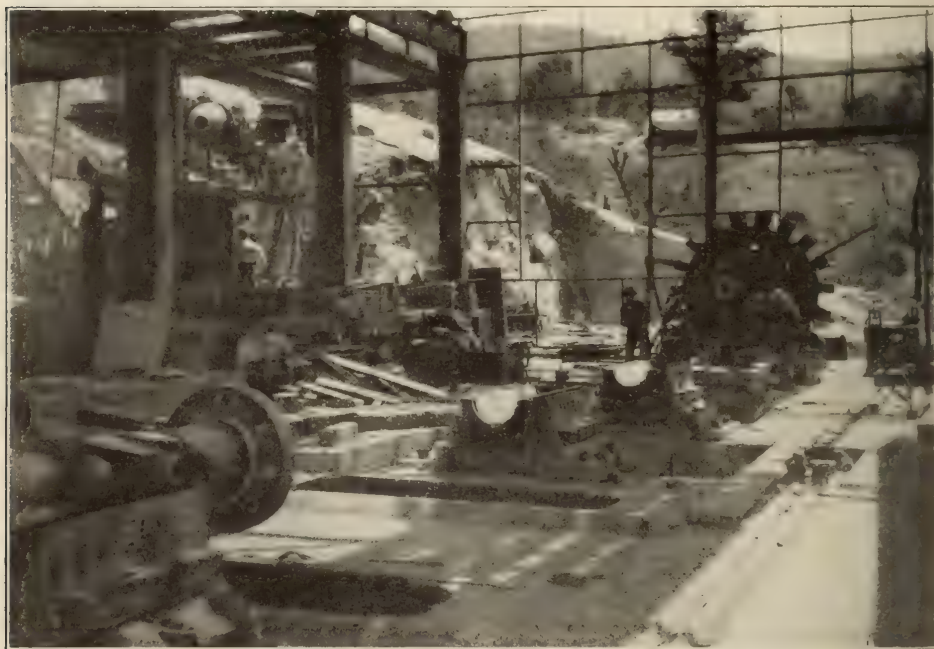
Such wonderful wheels, these! Just plain steel disks, not so big as the drivers of a locomotive, but capable of a thousand turns a minute without bursting, with but a score of buckets on their rim exactly the shape of a clam-shell opened out flat, but larger—more like the halves of a muskmelon scraped thin and pressed closely side by side. But it has taken near a generation of experiment and calculation to develop their exact shape and exact curves to the point where they can receive the impact of our high mountain stream, shooting from the big nozzles with force enough to pierce a brick wall, and turn the maximum amount of its energy into mechanical or electrical power. The inventor and patentee of these wondrous water-wheels is here to start



Pipe line under construction, San Joaquin.

them. He looks like a very plain, ordinary man in his travelling duster, his hat tilted back, his cigar protruding from his gray stubble of beard. So he is. A plain workman once and a plain workman still; but a mighty keen one. He has lectured before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, before the University of Tokio and the Uni-

wheels and generators have been balanced on their mutual shaft to the nicety of a watch-movement. The bearings have been scraped and levelled, and scraped and levelled literally to the breadth of a hair, for with all their constant deluge of pumped oil, fifty tons at a thousand revolutions is a heavy load to bear. On the very eve of



Machinery being installed in a power-house.

versity of Berlin, always on the same subject, "Buckets and Power." Incidentally, he is accumulating a fortune; but it will rest upon his sons in Cornell to spend it. He hasn't time.

Here, too, is a pale young man from Schenectady who has spent five thousand on a university education and then five years at two dollars a day testing and building electrical machinery with the General Electric so as to clinch matters both ways. Now the whole world is his to roam and to work in; but every day he takes his life in his hands, for his is the ticklish task of steering the accumulated energy of, say, a hundred thousand horses clear across country on three strands of wire that have just now crept over the hills from civilization in tow of a crew of linemen.

The date of starting—many times postponed—at last approaches. The power

starting comes a strange roaring sound high up the mountain. You rush out to see what is happening and collide with the superintendent running in to the telephone. Everybody is on the run. One of the engineers is emptying an automatic gun in the air with the hope of signalling the upper camp. Another is snatching a transit from the racks to peer at a high white plume of spray on the mountain. Every one knows what has happened. The great penstock has burst. Down the mountain now tumbles a small avalanche of water, mud, and stones, and a shouting foreman with twenty scampering men is trying to fill in the ditch leading to the power-house with dirt, timbers, cement bags—anything to divert it.

Thank fortune it was but a single seam near the top pulled apart by the contraction of the long pipe with the chill of the water.



Stanislaus power-house in the Sierras.

Two days and two nights of continuous work will fix it.

And now the hour of starting is at hand. The master mechanic, with a last look at everything, begins to open the valves, the nozzles begin to spurt, the wheels begin to revolve. A few forgotten timbers and old wheelbarrows float off in the tail race, which is soon to be a foaming torrent. Little by little, feeling the warming bearings, listening for ominous noises, he "lets her come up." In a few hours, everything being cool, he will let her reach her thousand turns and watch the governors floating; but as yet they spin without load. Next day the electrical expert will cautiously throw his switches, and she will begin to hum. But the voltage is still very low—just to warm up the generators. In forty-eight hours more he will begin raising it gradually—very gradually—until finally it has reached the frightful pressure of, say, sixty thousand volts. The wires zizz with it. The insulators smell of ozone. The wheels roar a deep, full-loaded roar. Men go about feeling the bearings; they watch the flow of oil; the master mechanic smokes his pipe, and keeps his eye on his gauges, and listens. He has been on his feet forty-eight hours now. He is very hungry and tired, but does not realize it in the least. Beside him stands the young man from Schenectady, also smoking hard and watching his volt-

meters and pilot-lights. He looks much older than when he began, for he has not had a wink for sixty hours.

But the worst is now over. Everything is going nicely. It is about time for the directors to repair to the office and open the champagne. They are about to do so when, bang! goes something—a muffled gun-like report followed by a noise like rolling drums. Instantly the place is a blaze of reddish-yellow fire. Smoke rolls out from behind the switchboards. A man gropes his way blindly out—a man with no hair nor eyebrows nor lashes left, with blackened face and half-charred hands. Some one runs to his aid to lead him away and bandage him with oil and cotton. All our sympathy goes with him; but we ourselves must fly to open the main switches and break the roaring current. At this the wheels, relieved of all their load, spin faster and faster, humming higher and higher until they threaten to burst. But now the governors begin to deflect the nozzles—not to close them, for there is no known way of stopping a thousand-foot column of water—and the streams, passing beneath the wheel-buckets, leap out across the river like a constellation of slim, white, curving comets that uproot trees on the opposite bank. Meanwhile come men with arms full of fire-tubes to fight down the blaze, for they must fight it without water.

So the champagne has to be postponed a day or two till the spare parts and connections can be substituted for those that burned out. But in the end the great undertaking is done and the power of melting snows goes coursing swiftly and smoothly, although menacingly, to carry on the affairs of humanity.

A week later comes a stage load of bronzed and jolly engineers down the mountain to civilization. They board their train. What a novelty is a train after two years! They arrive in town. What a glorious spectacle is a town! Whoopee! First a grand dinner—boiled shirts, all. Then let's invite the telephone girls to the theatre or a dance—the lovely telephone girls we know so well by wire but have never seen. Here's a new vaudeville star. Beauty! Never heard of her before! Listen to that new rag-time! What do you know about those hats—and those skirts! Inverted wheelbarrows and close-fitting cement bags are now all the rage. We are behind the times. So, one way and another, it begins to look like a big night to-night. It will be

largely a matter of luck if our exuberant engineers (who have remained absolutely law-abiding for two years without the aid of the police) are not all juggled, like a bunch of freshmen, before morning.

The delights of civilization for them, however, are but fleeting delights. Their money and their first enthusiasm are soon gone, leaving them strangers among the crowds that sweep past them. A few days or a few weeks and you will see them singly or by twos and threes making for the railway station, their blankets over their shoulders. Once a rover always a rover—soldier, sailor, or engineer. So it's "Good-by, Bill. You're an idiot to chase off to the Philippines; but cable me if you go broke"; and "So long, you old coyote. Write me when you get there. I've always been curious to know what South Africa is like. Back to the high spots in the old Sierras for mine. So long." Thus sorrowfully dissolves their jolly old fraternity away into space, far from the land they have enriched—sorrowfully but bravely; for such is the fate of the power planters.

WATER POWER IN INDUSTRIAL LIFE

By David B. Rushmore



TWELVE hundred million people, civilized and otherwise, are indebted for their existence and conditions of life to the energy received from a little disk in the sky, ninety-five million miles away. The savage lives directly from the products of nature, but civilization is founded on the harnessing of natural forces to serve the purposes of mankind. So long as man was satisfied with the fruits and vegetables which he found, and the results of his hunting and fishing, there existed no demand for the utilization of other energy than that expended by the human machine. When certain men desired more than they could themselves produce, they enslaved their fellow-beings and compelled them to servitude. Gradually, however, a degree of civilization was

reached in which even this was insufficient, and it became necessary to utilize the store of energy which nature had placed at hand. The use of water power by the ancients was the first step in this direction, and the utilization of other sources of power has been a development of a comparatively recent period of history.

The development of a new country is much like that of the world in general. Existence was in early days supported by the free products of nature and by hunting and fishing. This was succeeded by a period of agriculture, to be followed later by an industrial era. As the forces of nature and its large store of energy were utilized, it was possible to obtain for each individual a product of labor far beyond the capacity of any man. Energy, which, means stored-up work, may be obtained



Dam at Roosevelt, Arizona. Built in connection with the Salt River irrigation project.

(Built by the U. S. Reclamation Service.)

from a number of different sources with which nature has provided us, or from the moving forces of wind and water. The energy available comes directly or indirectly from the one source—the sun. A supposed shrinkage of the sun of one-tenth its diameter in something over two million years is sufficient to give us a power on earth directly available from the sun's rays of two hundred and more billion horsepower. With the exception of a few experimental plants this energy is not being directly drawn upon.

As is well known, our principal sources of power are in the deposits of coal, peat, and lignite, in the supplies of oil and natural gas, in the forces of falling water and moving air, and in the rays from the sun. At some future period part of our power may come from the refined products of vegetable growth in the form of alcohol.

A distinction exists between these classes of power which is of the utmost importance. If we do not utilize the work stored up in the coal, oil, etc., it lies available in the earth for use at any time. Not so,

however, with the power of the passing wind and flowing water—if not utilized from day to day, so much of their force is forever wasted. True conservation, therefore, dictates that our water powers should be developed to their utmost commercial possibilities, and that our coal deposits should thus be preserved.

The United States is passing rapidly from an agricultural country to an industrial one, and this transition is accompanied by a large increase in power consumption and an enormous drain on the fuel resources of the country. In 1900 the coal mined in the United States was approximately 270,000,000 tons. In 1910 this was over 500,000,000 tons, an increase of 85 per cent, being accompanied by an increase in population of approximately 20 per cent. This doubling in the output of coal over a decade has been the rate of growth for some time, and, if continued, the extinction of our known coal deposits will be a question of a comparatively few years. The cost of mining coal is increasing every year and will probably continue

to do so, even with the improvements in methods.

Due to the improvements in generating machinery, the efficiency of utilizing the coal for power purposes is constantly being increased, but a natural limit is being approached. It is evident, without further argument, that the interests of the people demand a rapid development of all the water powers which will in any way tend to decrease the coal consumption.

It has been estimated by the Geological Survey that the available water power of the United States at minimum flow is approximately 36,000,000 horse-power, and that this can be increased five or six times by suitable storage facilities. A recent report by Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith states that 6,000,000 horse-power has been developed in the United States for electrical and other industrial purposes.

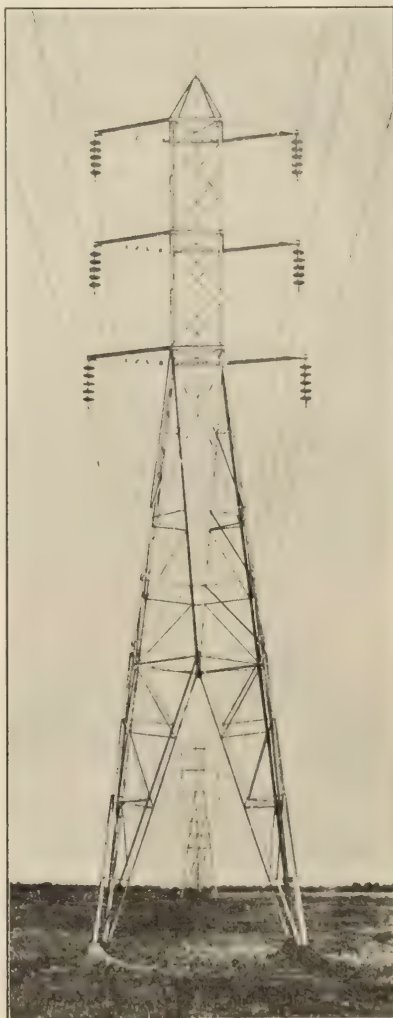
Before the perfection of electrical apparatus and the possibilities of power transmission, it was necessary to utilize the water power at the point of development, and this reached its greatest application in the mills of New England. The possibility of developing the water power at the point where it exists, but of utilizing the power at the places of greatest convenience, has been brought about by the use of electricity, and this has been an important feature in modern industrial undertakings. The layman does not always

consider that electricity is not in itself a source of power, but is merely a convenient and efficient means of transmitting and utilizing the power from some prime mover.

The water powers of the United States are naturally grouped into a number of more or less separate geographical divisions. A water power depends primarily upon rainfall and altitude. Rainfall varies greatly throughout the country, and also, unfortunately, from year to year. Of the water which falls as rain, probably only about one-third runs off in the various brooks and rivers, and it is this which affords such an attractive form of power for our industrial life. We need power for running our railroads, lighting our cities, running our factories, and for a large number of manufacturing and miscellaneous purposes.

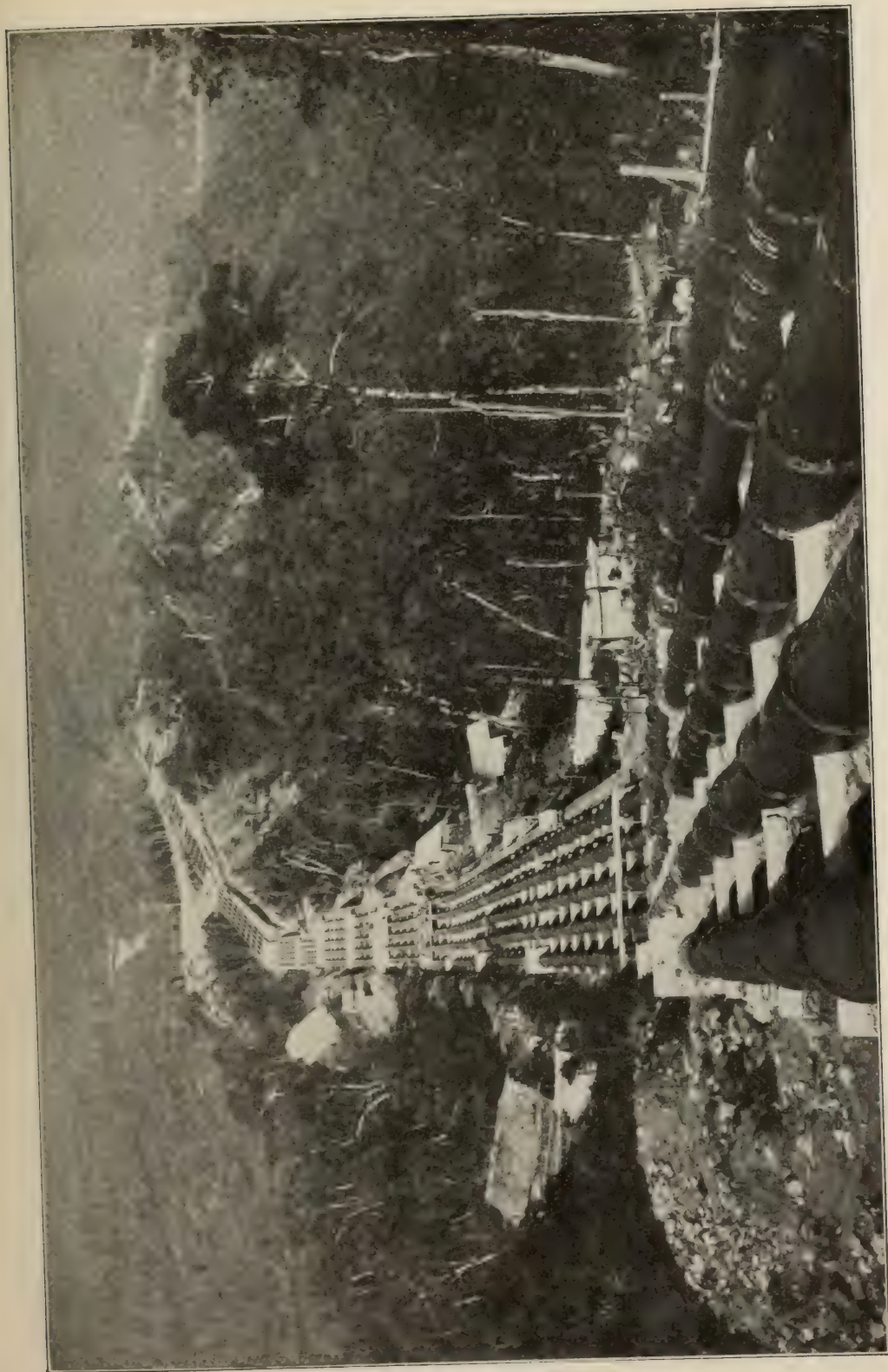
Many people have been led into a serious error by considering that, since in a water-power development the so-called fuel is free, the development must necessarily be a commercial success. Of the many items of fixed charges and operating expenses which make up the total cost of power

from any source, the cost of fuel is but one. In places, however, where fuel is unusually expensive, we find water powers to have reached their greatest development, and this is especially true of the situation on the Pacific coast. Water power must necessarily compete in an open

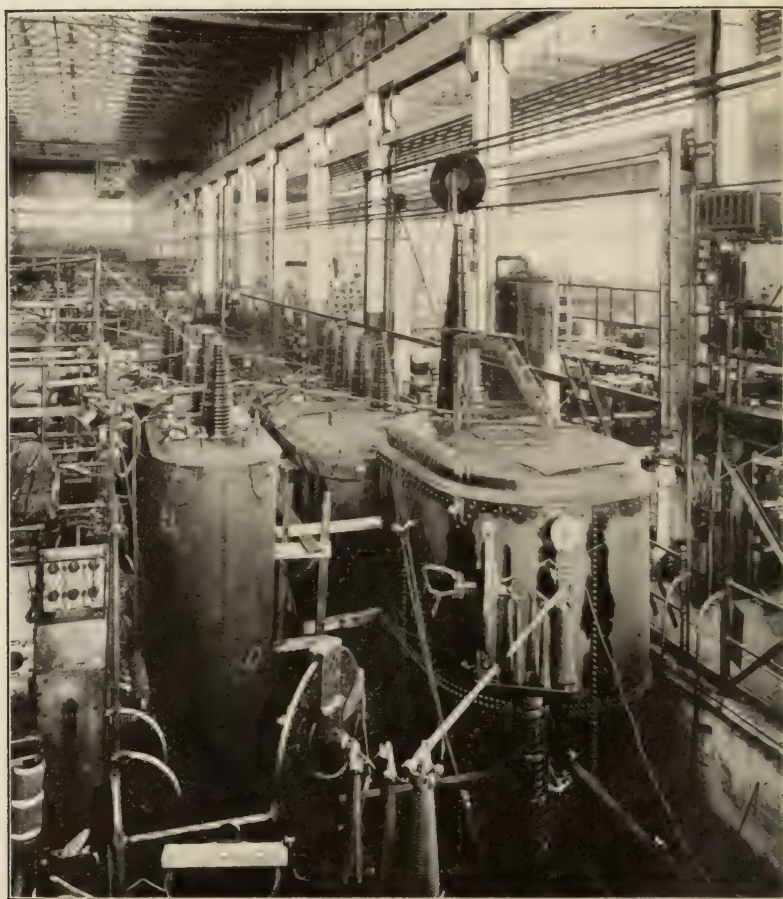


Double circuit steel tower transmission line of Great Western Power Co., Cal.

Two independent circuits at 100,000 volts, using five disks in each suspension insulator. The ground wire which shields the lines from lightning disturbances runs over the central top-point of the towers.



Pipe line at the top of Itatinga, Mt. Cila Docas de Santos, Brazil



An exceptional assemblage of high voltage transformers.

market with power from other sources, and to reach a commercial success must be more cheaply produced.

The rivers on the eastern slope of the Appalachian range flowing into the Atlantic Ocean give in general rather low heads, with comparatively large quantities of water. On the contrary, those on the Pacific slope are usually high head developments, the heads running in many cases from 1,600 to 2,500 feet, and with smaller volumes of water to be handled.

From an engineering stand-point, the design for a low and high head is entirely different. In the high head developments of California and other Western States, a small quantity of water is often diverted from the stream well back in the mountains and carried along the mountain side by means of flumes and ditches,

at a gradient which is sufficient for the proper flow of the water until the desired head is reached, when the water is allowed to pass from its position, then well up on the mountain, back into its original river-bed, developing at the same time the electric power, which is then transmitted over the wires for perhaps 100 or 200 miles. Such power-houses are usually in very inaccessible places, and there is but little possibility of using the power in their vicinity except for a small amount of mining work. In a few instances, such as at Oroville, California, the gold dredges furnish a "load" of considerable magnitude, but this is rather unusual, although this method of mining has been considerable of recent years. "Load," it should be explained to the laymen, means work to be done. The "peak of the load" is

the maximum of work done at any one time.

In California a number of hydro-electric developments (electricity produced by water power) were considerably simplified due to the availability of a large number of ditches which had in earlier days been used for hydraulic mining work. In some cases the length of these ditches was from twenty to thirty miles, in most cases, however, being considerably shorter. It is probable that over 5,000 miles of ditches were at one time in existence in California for use in hydraulic mining, but since this method has fallen into disuse these ditches have in many instances been utilized for hydro-electric plants.

In the case of water powers connected with the rivers of the great Mississippi Valley and the so-called Appalachian streams, the power-house is usually situated either at or near the dam, so that the canal is either very short or altogether absent.

New England has many small water powers, most of which were developed before the period of electricity, and which have been used for its wonderful manufacturing industry, especially in connection with the textile work. These reached a period of maximum development about the year 1870, and such towns as Lawrence, Lowell, and others probably owe their existence in a not inconsiderable degree to the water powers furnished by the rivers flowing through them.

A large group of water powers exist on the variable streams of the Appalachian water-shed, which for years lay undeveloped by reason of the absence of any apparent market. With over 320,000 horsepower under their control, the Southern Power Company is developing from these water-falls one of the largest and most interesting of the comparatively recent systems to come into existence. About one-fourth of this power has already been developed in four of the large hydraulic stations, and plans for developing the remainder are well worked out and will be followed as the demands of the market increase. The growth of the cotton mill industry in the section supplied by this system in North and South Carolina has been most unusual. Power is now supplied to over 150 cotton mills, but few of which

were in existence at the time the system was begun. In this case, the market for power has increased more rapidly than it was possible to supply it, and there is at present a demand for it far in excess of the generating capacity of the system. Besides the above-mentioned cotton mills, the power is used for lighting and industrial work in forty-five towns and villages and for a half-dozen or more street-car systems. A large interurban system is now under construction, which will take power from this same system, and a plant for the manufacture of nitric acid from the air will also draw on the same source for its energy. No better example is to be found in this country of the great industrial development which is being brought about by the utilization of hitherto unused water powers. It is very interesting to note, however, that, due to the extreme variation in the flow of these streams and a considerable variation from year to year, it has been necessary to supplement the energy derived from the water powers by steam stations, which are now being installed, and it is probable that with the growth of the system a much larger capacity of steam units will follow.

The State of Michigan, with its enterprising individuals, has for years led the world in the use of high voltages for electric power transmission, being the first to use over 70,000 volts; going next to 110,000 volts with the Grand Rapids-Muskegon line, and now operating 145,000 volts with the Eastern Michigan Power Company. It is not improbable that in the course of a few years the State of Michigan will be largely covered by a network of high tension lines, fed from its water powers and supplying power and light to the different cities.

Notable among the hydro-electric systems of this country is that of the Washington Water Power Company at Spokane, Washington, and this has also been one of the most successful of these enterprises from a commercial standpoint. The system has been greatly extended from year to year, and now supplies power for the large mining district in the Cœur d'Alene and for the lighting and railway systems in the many towns through which it passes. Tacoma and Seattle are surrounded by a network of transmission

lines which are fed by the water powers in that part of the country, and a large part of the industrial development of these two cities is due to the abundance of power supply which exists. In fact, in the State

eminent in the number of stations feeding into the one system, and in the very large numbers of miles of the high tension transmission. The high cost of fuel in this part of the country brought about the very early development of some of the water powers, and for a long time the history of electric power transmission in the United States was largely made up of that of the companies centring around San Francisco. The developments which started with the Nevada County and the Yuba River plants changed later into the Bay Counties System; then into the California Gas and Electric Corporation, and now, with the absorption of the local Lighting Company in San Francisco, into the great corporation known as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is the greatest hydro-electric transmission system in existence. On this system will be found the mile-stones which marked the progress of the development of the art, and it is interesting to note that in many of the stations the inductor alternator, now a practically obsolete type of machine in this country, is still to be found.



of Washington there exists several hundred thousand horse-power as yet undeveloped in the water-falls of its rivers. The possibilities of this as regards the future growth of the State can hardly be over-estimated.

The cities of Duluth, Butte, Denver, and Salt Lake City are all centres of large transmission systems. In the last three, not an inconsiderable part of the power supplied from the water-falls is used for mining work, and there seems to be no valid reason why the large amount of energy required for the mining of ore on the great Messaba range should not be furnished by the Great Northern Power Company at Duluth.

Of all the great transmission systems in this or any other country, however, that centring around San Francisco stands pre-

In addition to the great system of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, there are two powerful enterprises, the Great Western Power Company and the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, which feed into the same power market and which one might naturally expect would at some future time all be consolidated into one big system.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is the best illustration of a large transmission system, has installed in water power plants a capacity of 93,000 horse-power, and in steam plants about 96,000 horse-power on the entire system. The water storage of these plants for both power and irrigation would be sufficient to supply the city of San Francisco with water for two years. There are over 550 miles of ditches and flumes and nearly 13 miles of pipe-line. Fifty-one electric generators supply the energy delivered to the

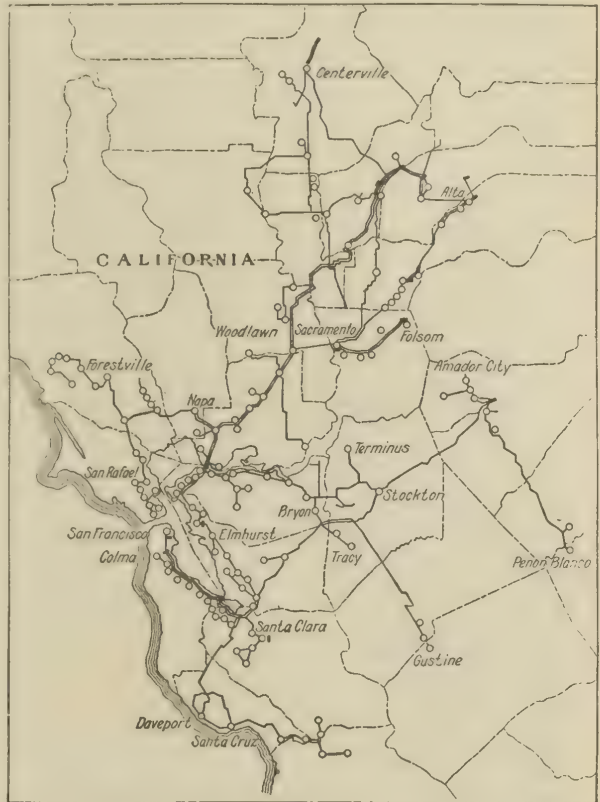
overhead wires, being driven by water-wheels, steam turbines, and engines. One hundred and seventy-eight sub-stations have over 200,000 horse-power in transformers which are connected to over 1,000 miles of high-voltage power transmission lines, and over 1,800 miles of distributing lines. Such a representative system, founded primarily on water-power development, plays a part of first importance in the life of this great community, and may be said to be one of the foundations on which the marvellous commercial activities of the State depend.

The greatest single hydro-electric installation up to the present time is now being constructed on the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa. This will have an installed generator capacity in thirty units of approximately 400,000 horse-power, and will transmit power to St. Louis and Burlington at present, and later may reach Chicago and many other places within the radius of its distributing possibilities. The water which backs up in the river at flood periods materially lowers the head so that the number of units to be operated at any one time will be dependent upon the water conditions. Probably, as has been the case at other places, a large market will come to the power development and we shall see large manufacturing industries grow up at the source of this cheap energy.

Prominent, however, among the water-power developments and one of the earliest for electrical use in any large capacity, was, of course, that at Niagara Falls. With an available water power far beyond that of the machinery installed, the problem of development was relatively simple except for the factor of magnitude.

The earliest hydro-electric developments consisted simply of one generating station with one or more receiving stations. Most modern systems, however, such as those around San Francisco and

Los Angeles, utilize the energy from a number of successive falls, the different generating stations being tied together and operated in parallel with each other and with existing steam auxiliary stations.



The greatest centre of power transmission in the world.

The flow of most streams varies considerably, and where the capacity of the generators installed is above the minimum flow of the stream it is often necessary to fill out the deficiency of water at low periods with connected steam plants. A new water-power development not infrequently causes the shut-down of a large number of existing steam plants. These, however, need not be discarded, but should be kept and held in reserve. They can be employed to carry the "peak of the daily load curve" (the maximum of work done during the day), allowing the water power to be run at a constant output. Again, in cases of interruptions to service from the hydro-electric plant, the steam plant can be used to prevent the interruption to the supply of power.

In order to take care of the variation of stream flow, some power companies sell what is known as primary and secondary power, primary power being that which the company engages to supply every day in the year, and secondary power that supplied for certain months in the year or when there happens to be a supply of water in excess of the demands of the primary power users. Steam plants are usually installed, however, thus allowing the larger part of the power to be sold on a primary basis.

There has been some uncertainty regarding the cost of water-power developments, which has in a number of well-known instances rendered the commercial outcome somewhat different from that which was anticipated. The idea until recently quite prevalent, that, because the water which represented the fuel was free, the cost of power was nothing and that a gold mine and a water power were synonymous, has received many a rude shock. The unexpected is always against success, and there is always an abundance of it. Mining work is probably the most speculative of enterprises, because one cannot see what lies beneath the ground, but hydraulic development seems to have held a second place, largely because of the want of proper investigation or the lack of proper information on which to base the estimates. These are, however, fortunately becoming more and more rare, and the most recent of these developments have had associated with them thoroughly trained engineers, and are creating a very good reputation among the class of investors who put their money into such enterprises.

The creation of permanently useful value by bringing into existence something which will labor usefully for all time is a thing well worth while, and especially when accomplished through difficulties it brings with it a satisfaction hard to equal.

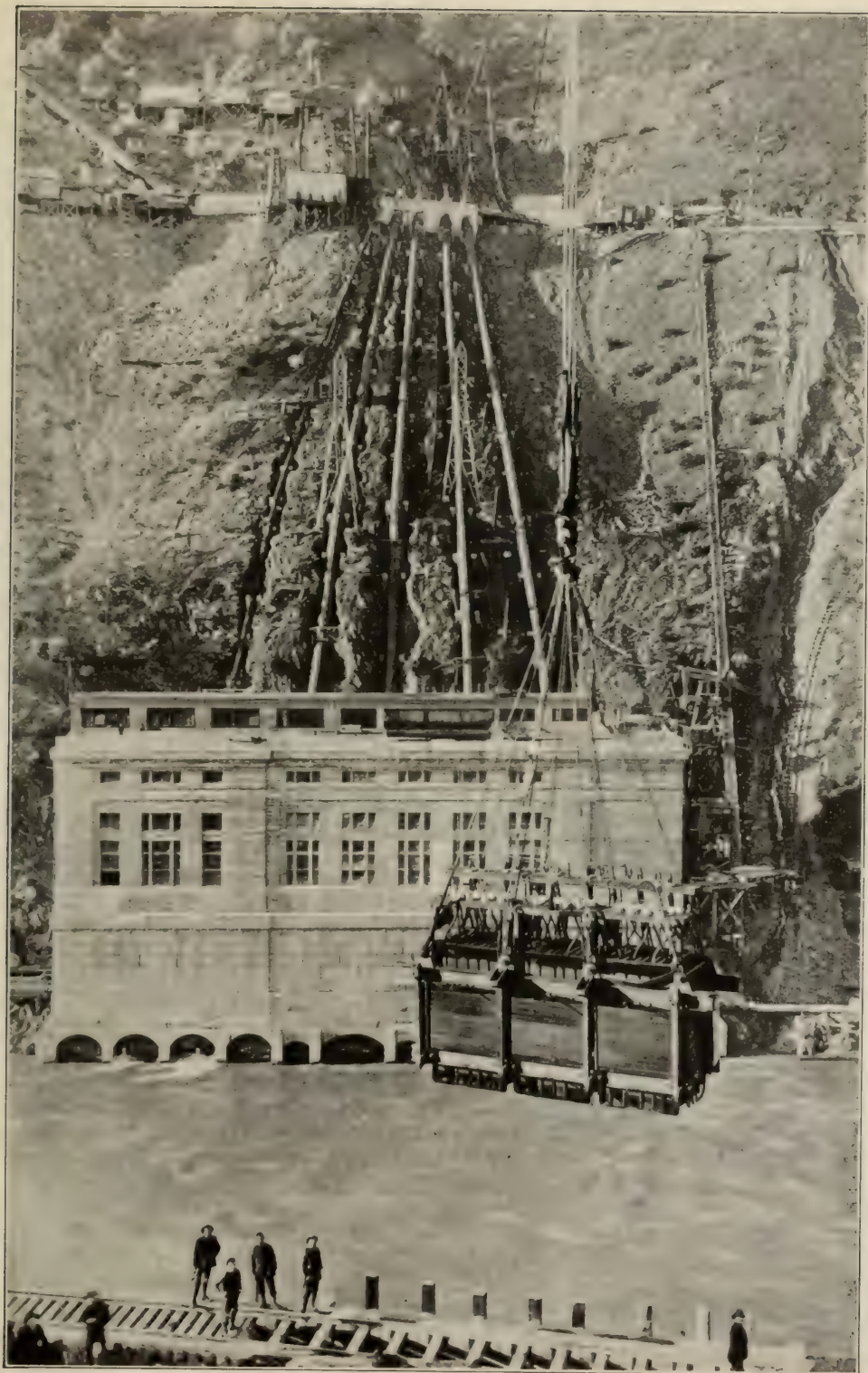
In the development of a water power, the first thing to be ascertained is the supply of water, the question of head being usually one easy to determine. In obtaining this information, records must be available over a long term of years, and here is where a mistake is generally made. Investigations by the United States Geological Survey of the stream flow in many

parts of the United States has served to give a first idea of the power available at these places. These observations are excellent so far as they go, but they should be supported by the results of a special investigation made to determine the particular point in view, especially where the flow of water is small and where the capacity of the power-house will exceed the minimum flow. Arrangements are made for the storage of water in many cases, and this is always desirable where the cost makes it permissible; but there is usually an apparent necessity for haste, and assumptions are made on incomplete data. As a rule, boring should be made over the dam site, and the most careful investigations made where tunnels are to be dug or canals of any size excavated.

The rights which must be obtained in order to use the water, form an important field of the investigation, and these are often affected by previous grants in connection with mining and irrigation enterprises, especially in the Western States.

After the necessary data on stream flow, storage, and construction for dams, power-houses, etc., has been obtained, the most important of questions arises. That is, to ascertain whether a certain and profitable market for the power is to be had. A hydro-electric plant is in reality nothing but a factory wherein electric energy is manufactured, and the object of the construction of this enterprise is naturally to make money on the investment. Not a few plants have been practically completed before definite arrangements for selling the product have been finished, and as bond interest has an unfortunate habit of continuous activity over this period, there exist certain possibilities in the way of holding up the company or of a receivership which are always apparent and have not infrequently been utilized. As the business has become much better known, however, the cases in which this happens have become of somewhat rare occurrence.

A careful survey and estimate having been made and the power market canvassed, rights and options obtained, the proposition is now ready for financing. The different lines of development in this country for mining, railway, power, etc., which have necessitated the raising of



Hydro-Electric Power Station of Great Western Power Co., Feather River, Cal.

Note the core of the 10,000 kw. 110,000 volt, three-phase transformer in the foreground, which is in process of being carried across the river.

large sums of money, have necessarily developed certain men and organizations that have become specialists in these lines, and for this reason a considerable misunderstanding has of late arisen regarding an apprehended control of water powers.

All electric lighting and power enterprises have a natural appreciation in value so that but few water-power developments which have successfully started their operations have had trouble afterward, the trouble in most cases being a direct result of errors of estimate, or unexpected financial upheavals, or the impossibility of obtaining the expected market for power.

Each power plant is a special case, and direct comparisons with other plants, on which to base estimates of the cost of the work, can seldom be made.

The building of long mountain roads, the tunnelling of mountains, the excavation for dams, the construction of transmission lines in almost inaccessible places, the erection of miles of wooden flumes on steep mountain-sides—all these operations will differ so much from any previous ones that reliable estimates are made with difficulty and sufficient allowance for excess in cost is necessary. Occasionally the financing of a company has been so limited that there has not



Corona discharge of high-tension line.

This shows the luminous appearance of the line at a voltage above what is known as the critical point, where the electrical pressure is so great that the electricity is discharged into the air surrounding the wire, thus giving it a luminous glow. The point at which this takes place is the limit to commercial transmission of electric energy, and is dependent upon the electrical pressure, the size of the wire, and the altitude.

Naturally, certain engineers and banking firms have been more familiar with water-power developments than with other lines, and have associated themselves more prominently with such activities than elsewhere. Like everything else to be bought in the world's markets, money costs something to obtain, and the price necessarily increases with the risk. No legislation has been able to change the natural law of competition for the supply and demand of money, although it has and can throw around such investments wise or unfortunate restrictions. The hazard which attended some of the early developments of water powers made it necessary to pay a high price for the money used, but with the increasing stability of those undertakings, the cost is being proportionately reduced.

been available sufficient funds to complete the work. The many developments which have been made within their estimated cost redound greatly to the credit of the people who have carried them through. When, however, the property is financed and the various contracts let for the construction work and for the apparatus to be installed, the sudden burst of activity is a marvel of our present times. Hundreds and sometimes thousands of men and animals, and all kinds of contractor's machinery, are brought into construction camps, often in distant mountain regions to which access is gained with difficulty, and the hydraulic work, power houses, lines, and sub-stations spring into being in a wonderfully short time. Considering the very rapid development of the art, the wonderful successes

which have resulted are worthy of great admiration.

Of all the different phases of water-power development in this country, none have been more useful or more important than those in connection with the Reclamation Service of the Federal Government. The object of this work has been the development of the arid lands of the country into homes for settlers, by supplying the rich soil with sufficient water to make the cultivation of crops a valuable industry.

The primary object of the Reclamation Department has been the storage of water and its supply through the canals and ditches to the farms. With the large amount of water stored and the head which is almost always available, the possibility for a hydro-electric development usually exists, and in most cases this has been a part of the work of the Reclamation Service in its different projects. In most cases the power is developed at the dam site, and in other cases part of it there and part of it as it flows from the reservoir into the valley where it

is to be used for irrigation. The electric power generated in this way is largely used for pumping in order to reach higher levels than are possible by the natural flow of the water, and partly to keep the water from reaching the surface and evaporating. There is always a considerable auxiliary load of lighting and miscellaneous power work in the towns through which the transmission lines pass.

Of the many developments of the Reclamation Service in the different Western States, probably the most interesting, and certainly a representative one, is that of Roosevelt, Arizona. The so-called Salt River Project is something over sixty miles from Phoenix and about forty miles from Prescott, in a place so inaccessible that government roads had to be built to allow the material for the construction work to be hauled in. Here a lake is formed nearly 30 miles in length, by damming up the water of two streams, and an area of 240,000 acres in the valley around Phoenix is to be irrigated by this water. There is a power development of some



An unusual photograph of lightning discharges between sky and earth.

Lightning is the most dangerous enemy of power transmission.

magnitude at the dam, and a number of power-houses at different places below, as the same water is used over and over in its fall to the plains where it is used for irrigation. The dam itself is a marvel of engineering construction. It is 284 feet high, and 168 feet thick at the base. Its construction at this most inaccessible place was accompanied by many interesting features of road construction, cement manufacture, etc. The ownership of this great work will pass from the Federal Government to a Water Users' Association, which is composed of the owners of the land to be irrigated.

Other developments along these lines have taken place in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, and many more are still under consideration.

The possibilities of the use of electricity in connection with agricultural work are many, and this is one of the most promising fields of the future. The direct use of electricity for stimulating plant growth is a subject which is being actively investigated at present, and with as yet unknown possibilities.

The development of the electrical side of power transmission is but entering its second decade. From 10,000 volts electrical pressure, in the old Telluride Plant, 145,000 has now been reached. The advance is due to an increased knowledge of electrical science, and a constant improvement in the materials used for insulation of apparatus and line. The old glass telegraph line insulator evolved into a complicated porcelain structure of many petticoats and various forms, and the insulators suddenly ceased to be the limiting feature in transmission voltage when the suspension or disk type was produced. The old-line construction of wooden poles, cross-arms and pins, has given place to modern pole or tower structures of galvanized steel, which give greater strength, a longer life, and freedom from many causes of interruption. Copper and aluminum, both stranded in the larger sizes, are used for the line conductors as the prevailing price and judgments dictate. Where the electrical pressure and wire diameter are so related that the electricity is at the point of escaping into the air, the wires become

luminous, the glow being distinctly visible in darkness. This is one of the limits to increasing pressure which must be respected especially at the higher altitudes. On the lines of the Central Power Company, where they cross the Continental Divide, the critical point is just reached.

The large generators which change the mechanical power of the water wheel into electric energy have increased greatly in size. They are being constructed to-day in steam turbine units of 30,000 horsepower and for water wheel service the same capacity is being considered. Such units are economical in cost and in space. In installations where but one power-house supplied the transmission system, it was considered good practice to use not less than four units so as to provide for a possible shut-down over one unit, in which case the other could be run overloaded while repairs were made. In modern systems with a number of generating stations, the number and size of units is generally determined by other considerations.

The modern three-phase high voltage power transformer of twenty-thousand horse-power bears slight resemblance to its pigmy ancestors. With its giant tank and huge cooling coils, it has become a wonderful piece of apparatus. The switch for high voltages and large capacities has entirely changed its relative position in importance, magnitude, and cost. When a switch is opened under emergency conditions, a flow of energy is interrupted and all of the elements necessary for a powerful explosion are at hand. The successful solution of the switching problem for modern power stations has been the result of much careful study and costly experimenting.

The cost of producing power is not understood by all. In any kind of manufacture we have two classes of charges which make up the cost of the product. The first, known as the fixed charges—interest, depreciation, insurance, and taxes, is independent of the output. The second, the operating expenses, such as fuel, salaries, repairs, etc., is in some measure directly proportional to the quantity of goods manufactured. If the fuel is free, as in a water power, the other items all remain, and the power cost is only fractionally reduced. Again, if, as is often the



Wood stave pipe in process of construction.

This pipe is much used in the West for large volumes of water where the pressures are comparatively low. It is often used for upper end of pipe line where the lower part is made of steel pipe.

case in a water-power plant, the investment per horse-power of capacity is several times that of the steam plant, it may happen that the fixed charges are increased more than the operating expenses are reduced, and thus the electric power generated by the water actually costs more than a steam plant. When the long and expensive transmission lines and the necessary steam auxiliary stations are included, water power is not necessarily a cheap source of supply. In most cases, however, where a sufficient quantity of water is available at all times, hydro-electric power is the cheapest in the world.

As the supply of fuel becomes exhausted our water powers will naturally enhance in value and we shall become more dependent upon them for power purposes. But a fraction of the available powers have as yet been developed. The present policy of the Federal Government makes it extremely difficult to develop those streams and rivers where some question of public land is concerned. It is probable that in the near future some reasonable method of Federal and State regulation will be evolved, and the continued development of our water powers will be one of our great future industrial possibilities.



A DITCH IN THE DESERT

By E. Roscoe Shrader

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



“T’S always blowin’ in Mo-harvey,” I was informed by a leather-brown citizen of that desert metropolis. Personal experience confirmed him entirely. There is nothing to stop it, for Mojave squats low and alone in a vast plain of sand, which rears only a useless growth of greasewood, cactus, and sage. It boasts a couple of “cement block” buildings, but, for the most part, frame structures and tents anchored to stout poles line its streets. A scarce half-dozen in number, these, after the short space of a couple of “blocks,” discouraged-like, blur themselves in the scorched surrounding barrier of nothingness. The municipal board of Mojave needs to go to no expense for street-sweepers, for the ever-present wind keeps its thoroughfares clear and clean to the hard-baked surface. From the active patronage of its thirst-quenching establishments, of hospitable title and multi-colored design, I should judge much of the spares and lodges in the throats of its inhabitants.

Mojave, for nearly a half century, has been an important port of the great American Desert. It has outfitted numberless Jasons who have fared forth from its shelter to search for golden treasure. It has received the wagon trains of ore rumbling

down from mines in the barren northern mountains.

Some five years ago, prospectors of a new order came to Mojave. From a rapidly growing community across the Coast Range to the southward they came in search of water, much more precious to that community than silver or gold. The water question in this portion of our great southwest has always been paramount in importance. The year’s supply of moisture must fall between the months of November and April. Many a year has been marked by insufficient rainfall. Los Angeles stands at the head of this section, and is typical of the rapid advance in population throughout. Continual development of water went on as the city grew, but the time has come when local conditions are no longer adequate. A herculean effort must be made for an ample, permanent supply.

So the prospecting engineers made their way across the desert, past Death Valley, the lowest point in the United States, and up among the noble Sierra Nevadas to the base of Mount Whitney, our highest land. On the sides of this great watershed lie perpetual snows, which constantly feed the valleys below with an abundance of pure water. Here was the solution of the difficulty, but to place this water in Los Angeles was plainly a daring, tremendous task. This valley, which the engineers found, is

two hundred and fifty miles distant, and much of the journey lies across the dry death of the Mojave. Los Angeles owns her water-works, and these her engineers, undismayed at the huge undertaking, only exceeded by two or three other projects of its kind, determined to win the city's co-operation. This came with a shout. Bonds were voted. The city knew these men and trusted them.

For the preliminary survey, party after party was thrown into the field. They were scouts for the main army of laborers and machinery which was to invest and subdue a land repellent of life; to make it bear across its rugged shoulders the vivifying liquid for the southern country. They had, to begin with, the faint scratch of a stage road, running north from Mojave to Keeler. This road is punctuated by seven "water-holes," the breathing places of the desert in the early days for wandering prospectors, and, later, points for stage stations, where horses were exchanged. Now they are recorded on the maps for construction camps and power development. Broad mesas stretch far away to the east, terminating in the purple ranges of the Panamint Mountains, the western boundary of Death Valley. The billowing surface is covered with clumps of greasewood, scarce as high as a burro's back, thorny cactus, and the pale, fragile sage. The growth close at hand spreads out in orderly spaced patches of dull green. On a distant roll of the plain, rising to the level of the eye, it solidifies into soft, dark tone. Of living things you may see a coyote or jack-rabbit—if your eyes are sharp. I once went to an ancient inhabitant for information about a yellow bunch-grass, which is seen only in rare instances. "That yelluh grass," said he, "used tuh grow over this hull business, but yuh see, th' sheep goin' up into th' Sierras tuk it out clean."

"Who would ever start across here with sheep?" I remonstrated.

"Well, them old-timers did it, just the samey, son," was his reply. "They knew the water-holes, all right, and most of 'em would git across."

This stretch of burning sand and ragged growth is the desert which is most familiar to the uninitiated, but only those who have travelled within its borders can know how much more of death and desolation is ex-

pressed by its mountains. They have a character all their own. Theirs is not the grandeur of the Rockies, whose pinnacles rise mightily into the blue from out a mane of forest growth. Theirs is not the possession of luxurious beauty laden with the scent of pine and spruce and redwood, such as is given the lofty Sierras. They are tumbled together in tawny, maze-like confusion, ugly, sullen, repellent. The desert herbage straggles over their rounding sides and upward for a space, and then, faint-heartedly, dies out. Their summits, rounded and stunted by erosion, are crumbling slowly, inevitably, to the level of the plain. Here and there, in bold, rugged outcrop, the rocky framework of their interior is bared against a brazen sky. Down in the canyons the blighting heat of the sun is conserved and multiplied to almost furnace-like intensity.

The work of preliminary survey was carried on against all these odds. In many places the engineers' footsteps were the first to echo among the baked walls. At times, even fuel was not to be obtained—many a dry camp was made. With infinite patience a path was found, and the invisible lines drawn tight that would link Mojave's waste to civilization.

In Owens Valley, discovered by the water hunters, the city had quietly secured options on one hundred and twenty square miles of land, with full water rights attached. The price paid when the project was finally launched was one million dollars. Here the waters will be rounded up. There will be a storage reservoir in Long Valley, north of Owens, from which the water will be allowed to flow down Owens River for a distance. As Owens River flows finally into an alkaline sink, the aqueduct planners are prevented from using its entire course. Thirty-five miles from the river mouth the aqueduct water is diverted into an open canal, fifty feet wide and ten feet deep, and for twenty miles is thus conducted, high above the bed of the river. Then it enters the confines of a concrete-lined ditch, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet deep, to be carried along a range of the Sierra foot-hills for some forty miles, gathering to itself, as it goes, additional mountain streams. This first stage of the journey will be completed when it spreads out into the great Haiwee reservoir, whose surface is to cover fifteen square miles, and whose



I Rescue Strangers
11.

Dragon by L. K. Shaw-Shaw

It will make its way through the desert, . . . lying a gray streak across the mesas. Page 54

contents alone will be able to satisfy Los Angeles' demands for three years' time. Loosed from Haiwee it will make its way a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, through the desert, circling the inhospitable slopes, boring its flinty anatomy, and lying a gray streak across the mesas. Then at the Fairmount reservoirs, under the north slope of the Coast Range, it will be given a rest.

Once more released, it will plunge into the mountain side, and for five miles course through Elizabeth tunnel, emerging on the southern slope of the mountains. At this point it will be dropped eight hundred feet upon the turbines of two great hydro-electric plants; on once more by conduit for seven miles, and then another drop of seven hundred feet to generate more power; again a journey of sixteen miles to the wheels of a third great power plant, and, with this last task done, it will come to rest in the San Fernando reservoirs. Thence it will be carried the remaining twenty miles to Los Angeles by conduit. From Haiwee reservoir southward the aqueduct dimensions will vary according to grade and pressure, but ten feet high and twelve feet wide will be the general average. Two hundred and sixty million gallons daily can be rushed through this tube, and the city, whose life-blood it is, may go on growing for years without taxing its capacity. Los Angeles' present water consumption is about thirty-five million gallons daily, which leaves ample surplusage to be thrown into the fertile surrounding valleys for irrigation.

While satisfying the need for water is the first consideration in the enterprise, the power developed in the plants above San Fernando will follow a close second in beneficial import. The revenue from the thousands of horse-power turning the city's machinery and car systems, together with that received for the water in irrigation, will speedily repay the cost of the project. As the water is brought the entire distance by gravity up-keep is reduced to the lowest figure.

Opportunity was given private contractors to bid on the work, but all estimates carried the total cost so far above the municipal engineers' figures, that the city determined to throw the whole proposition over to its men. They have set the cost of the aqueduct at about twenty-three million dollars.

The next problems, those of placing the army of men and tons of bulky machinery on the line of work, the development of power and water, and establishment of transportation facilities in this land which refused any aid whatsoever of itself, loomed large over that of the preliminary work, arduous as it was. At points in the Coast Range, near the terminal, and as far north on the desert as Mojave, the work could be begun with little difficulty. The real tussle of the job was to bring the ditch through the Mojave, and there it stood, its thirsty miles of mountains and plain defying the wits of a whole corps of engineers, in just the same way it had defied the lone prospector, adrift with his burro.

Thus it was the dusty little town in the midst of the desert awoke one day to find itself important. It was as if an army of conquest had made it its head-quarters. Tons of freight and machinery were deposited at its dingy station. Each day's trains brought detachments of men, engineers in khaki and corduroy and high boots; laborers, if they had the fare. If no fare was possessed, whole squads "hoofed it in" along the railroad. Out over the old stage road went straining ten-mule teams, and along a line of stakes, straggling through the desert reaches, arose the first camps of construction, the shining white of their canvas making a new note of color in the pervading grayness.

This work of establishment was painfully slow, in itself not an inconsiderable enterprise. Wagon roads must be built through the trackless country; camps to live in this land of little moisture must have water found and brought to them; power must be developed before the drills and dredges could be operated. A year and a half went by, and the chief's report showed but a few hundred feet of the aqueduct actually completed. The work of preparation, however, had been well done, and from that time on the great ditch has been pushing through the earth at a record-breaking pace. Whole divisions are being completed below estimates. The city's trust is being justified. The engineers, with their young, vigorous assistants in the field, are making good.

It was soon discovered that the long, laborious wagon haul northward from Mojave must be eliminated. A western road was asked to build a railroad to Keeler,

paralleling the aqueduct line. This was refused, but the city's men, undismayed, took upon themselves, besides the task of the aqueduct, that of building a railroad as well. The route had been set out and work commenced when the railroad company suddenly changed its mind, and for the freight contract with the aqueduct agreed to take the road off its hands. As soon as it could be operated, work on the ditch progressed much more rapidly. There is still much tough teaming to be done, for the line of work lies well up in the mountains, several miles distant from the railroad. Although these mountains from a distance appear to be old piles of rotting, disintegrating sand, they present to the workman a core of hardest rock. Instances have been met where every inch of a road had to be "shot out" with dynamite. It is slow going and expensive road-building, this.

With the exception of a point near Tehachipi, it was necessary to go nearly as far north as the intake for water for power and camp use. Four water systems were established, and mains soon made their way along the course of the ditch. With the major issue before them, these men are not for long concerned with the laying of a paltry sixty miles of three- or four-inch pipe. It looks in places as if they had walked straight across country, dragging it after them as though it were a hose. It will span lightly an arroyo to climb straight up the sheer wall of the cliff beyond, and then descend as precipitously the other side. In such a place it must be anchored every little distance to keep it from breaking apart of its own weight. Three hydro-electric power plants have been established in places of sufficient water supply to operate the dredges at work on open canal at the intake, some of the power shovels, the machine-shops, and air-drills. Power will also come from them for lights, and to maintain the complete telephone system which binds all the camps together, and all to the chief at city head-quarters.

Four or five years will be consumed in the building of the aqueduct. Each division over the course has its camp capital, from which post the division engineer controls the activities of its several subsidiary construction camps. The system of the project making every bunk-house, mess-hall, or corrugated iron warehouse alike, does not

keep each camp from investing itself with an individuality of its own. Among these Cinco, in the "Jawbone," lies panting on the lifting slope of the valley, exposed to the full strength of the sun; Boulder, camped high, overlooks the plain, its structures dwarfed among great, monumental rocks which give Boulder Mountain its name; lovely Grapevine, amid a scrap of verdure in the great cup of a canyon, one of the precious water-holes, shelters its lucky inhabitants in envied desert luxuriance.

What is it that brings this young engineer chap out here in these lone places? Truly, he is young, in nearly every case. Sometimes you would say he had not turned thirty, and his assistants, with desert-fostered beards and a forced bravado of experience, seem barely loosed from their schools. Though not so many miles separate him from the busy world, he is as effectively removed as his fellow in Panama; he suffers as inhospitable a climate. He represents a new impulse in the world. It is not that of the soldier, nor that of the discoverer, and yet, it may be, a touch of both. It is with the discoverer's instinct that he finds his course, and the general's planning that he breaks through opposing barriers. But above these, in this young man, throughout the arid West and all the land, is the impulse to make useful useless places, to loose the powers lying long latent in our great natural resources. The power of modern science has given him the air of a master over the varied forces of the earth. The other fellow stands in awe when he speaks, in quiet tones, of eliminating a mountain, or spanning a high, cliff-bound gulf.

The open life makes him most democratic. He cannot move with too much nicety among his men. He must have them with him. You most always find him at the general mess.

He has a complex army of men under his control. Clerks and draughtsmen, mechanics and miners, and the rank and file, the hobos. "Stakers," as these well-known gentlemen are termed on the ditch, make up the general mass of laborers. They come in from somewhere and work awhile at a camp. Then, leaving with their roll of blankets and a bottle of water, foot it to the camp below, there to repeat the performance, and so on, out into the comforts of



Painted by E. Rossie Strader.

The signal to hoist is given, and the car swings out over the canyon. The car keeps rising, the camp below is but a toy.—Page 546.

civilization. It is said the aqueduct is being built by hobo labor.

Energetic and resourceful this man must be, ever on the alert to keep the careful watch needed along many hot miles of ditch excavation. Set out by yourself for the next camp up the line, and you will not have travelled half the day before you feel it all. The road is making around the mountains, whose rounding ridges have broadened gradually until, under you, they are almost merged in great, wave-like rolls with the sloping plain. Your eyes can see a hundred miles, but you cannot hold them on the distance long, for the blinding surrounding glare of the sun forces you to close them for relief. What a stillness! There's not a living thing to be seen except your mules, grunting into their collars ahead. Maybe a whirlwind rises, thirty miles away, and races, spectral, swaying, across the valley floor. You come to an arroyo and rattle, with slapping traces, down its side and over its bone-white stones. On the far bank a crook in the road changes the light, and far ahead against the mountains appear two gigantic boulders. Blended before in the grayness, they now stand boldly out, and you know them to be the looked-for beacons of a friendly course. Five miles beyond, with a turning to the left, lies your camp. A few stray clouds pass before the sun, and their shadows, miles wide, make insignificant patches on the expanse. The desert in the light is accentuated to a gleaming gold. The shadows touch a far range, which turns to purple; the one beyond stands out a glaring red.

Now the mountains close at hand begin to round inward. You reach the turn, and the road becomes a grade dug along a canyon-side. Below you an arroyo issues from the canyon's mouth, its stones, bone-dry, shining white against the dusty growth of either bank, and spread out fanlike into the desert. Around the shoulder of the mountain the canyon's interlacing slopes are before you, and beyond them, rising a mighty rampart over all, is the jagged, rocky summit of the range. High on the mountain side you see an even scratch of familiar gray—the ditch. Zigzagging to and from it are the smaller scratches of workmen's trails, and you note with much satisfaction their general direction to be the same as that of your road. Where all these

marks come together is—camp. There is now no need to urge the team. With ears pricked forward they turn the last obscuring ridge, and there, between wide-spreading mountain sides, it lies.

Most wonderful sight! There are trees again, green trees with white tents, and houses around about on terraces notched in the canyon walls. Surely you haven't been touched by the sun, but that is the sweet sound of running water you hear! A boy, with apron rolled up about his waist, steps from the mess kitchen, and shielding his eyes with his hand, gazes inquiringly. In a cloud of dust, past the corral you go, and draw up under a big cotton-wood by the office. The "boss," with boyish, unshaven face, is there to greet you. Shortly, down the trails, which seem to hang almost over the camp, come the men in answer to the supper call. Two lengths of rough, carpentered tables, in the long, narrow hall of the mess, are attacked by a hungry horde. The polite, conversational meal of civilization is banished here. This is the place to eat—the talk can come outside. A big pan of meat starts at the head of the table, and stays not in its going until it reaches the foot, its contents vanished. Cooks' boys struggle back and forth with mountains of bread and huge pots of coffee. Their fate it is to catch all the boisterous joking. But from their vantage point between the rows of bending backs revenge is swift and easy. Here an eater dodges from a rap on the head with a ladle, there a roar resounds among the rafters, when another is punched over into his plate. The pie is downed and, with little lingering, the men get out, each one with a fresh puncture in his meal ticket by the steward on guard at the door.

The camp is strongly built for one whose existence will no doubt terminate with the completion of the aqueduct. The office building, with its quarters for the engineer and assistants, and its comfortable, shielding porches, stands under a huge cotton-wood tree beside the creek. The camp store, of mongrel architecture, half canvas, half wood, is just across the stream. All the necessities of desert life are there, from clothing to tobacco. In a row stand the bunk-houses, rough, strong, but comfortable, a room for each two men. Built to protect the men from an unmerciful sum-

mer sun, they are prepared to withstand, paradoxical though it may appear, the desert's winter cold. In that season the mercury drops at times to within ten degrees of zero. The system of the camp is complete in its hospital. Although alike in its temporizing structure, it is prepared, in its cleanly and systematic interior, to cope with the accidents to which a hardy work exposes the men. A surgeon is in charge, with a hospital steward for assistant. He is ready, as the engineer, to travel at a call to any of his division camps. These have temporary hospital tents under the care of a hospital steward. Warehouses and machine shops—the hospitals for the mechanical beasts of the aqueduct—the steam shovel, the caterpillar traction engine, and the drill—are of corrugated iron. Stout barns and corrals are constructed for the live-stock.

Breaking a way for the circling streak of conduit above the camp is one of the big shovels. In use throughout the work, these are driven both by steam and electricity. A steam shovel is no uncommon sight to-day, but the effect produced by one of the big mechanical monsters, high-perched against the glare of the desert's dead mountain-side, comes differently. It seems almost as though you had been transported to some ancient period, and that that black thing up there, with hoarse snorts and dipping, swaying beak, was one of the prehistoric animals, making a gritty meal.

The steel-tusked shovel leans into the ditch, and with a few stertorous puffs from the engine, noses about for a mouthful. Into the rock it plunges, with rattle of chains and the screeching grit of steel on rock. A rapid series of puffs, and it rears swiftly into the air, dust clouds streaming in its wake. Swaying out over the rim of the ditch, with a grin of its gaping jaws, it drops the load. A few stones, finding no lodgement on the side, go on down to the valley in great skips and bounds, but before their clatter has ceased the shovel is again in the ditch. This time it rises with a huge rock in its clutches, and swings over to a bunch of attendants on the bank, who jump forward with crowbars and perform a monstrous dental operation. The rock it is bringing up from the ditch is placed on the outer side, thus strengthening that side, and laying the foundation for a road for patrol when the work is completed.

Perched out on the great beam, at his levers and "trip rope," like an East Indian mahout astride the neck of his elephant, sits the master of the metal brute. At will he can make it dig or lift, push, pull, or bump.

"How on earth did you ever get it up there?" I asked.

"To get one of those shovels over here when we first started work *was* somewhat of a trick," replied my friend. "Then we had to take it apart at the railroad, get the sections over by mule team, and assemble them again on the mountain. Now, since we've got the 'caterpillars,' we can hitch two or three of 'em onto a shovel and snake it up to the base, where there is an easy slope. Then we get it up to the ditch on its own steam. Simple enough, you see."

With an emphatic "Of course!" I tried to look scientifically intelligent, and as though I could "see."

Ahead of the shovel is a gang of drillers, using "hand steel." These men prepare for blasts, by which the surface is shot just enough to break the rock, and so ease the progress of the shovel. Following in its wake come men who complete by hand the shaping of the ditch. Then a force of carpenters build the moulds, and the reinforcing steel is placed. The concrete pourers follow, carrying the liquid stone from mixer to moulds, and beyond them the finished conduit appears gray-white, with curious, rib-fashioned cover. In a long, swinging curve it follows a recession of the mountain-side, to appear *bolai* against the distance on the adjacent promontory. Lost from sight and again to be seen in ever-diminishing proportions, it makes its tortuous way until it reaches the gulf of a great desert canyon. Here is a place where the engineer sat himself down and with knitted brows turned his imagination loose. To span the gap would require an enormous structure, five hundred feet high, a mile or more wide. Multiplied by the numerous times this condition confronts him would mean the aqueduct's cost sailing into the impossible. To carry the aqueduct to the head of the canyon and back again down the other side was for the same reason not to be considered. There was nothing to do but to go straight over the side to the canyon's bottom and climb



The concrete pourers follow, carrying the liquid stone from mixers to moulds.—Page 544.

again "to grade" on the opposing wall—so he traced on his plans a letter V and throughout the aqueduct's course these gigantic initials are being set up. A number are built of steel to withstand the terrible force of water falling from great heights, and are called, in technical terms, "inverted siphons." Some of them will approach two miles in length, and about fifteen miles in all of this novel construction will be required. This makes up a little load of steel of over eighteen thousand tons to be carried across the desert.

The difficulties in every phase of the work show with what effectiveness old Mojave opposes invasion. I don't believe there is a place in the world where the problems of transportation are more varied and difficult.

Transportation by mule team, shortly after the work began, was seen to be expensive and ineffectual. A larger, more powerful means must be secured. At nearly every turn the aqueduct presented problems for original treatment. In this work, precedent doesn't seem to count for much. It is up to the engineer to get around his diffi-

culty in any way he can. So the "caterpillar" traction engine was pressed into the service of the ditch, to navigate the sea of sage and sand. It has proved a most efficient and economical means of transportation. Great weight of machinery that it is, its pace surely links it with its diminutive namesake. But give it time, and it gets there with enormous burdens. The type used on the aqueduct is driven by gasoline motor. You look for a pair of big driving wheels, but do not find them. In their place a chain of broad links of steel, corrugated to grip the sand, revolves about small wheels, which are at once sprocket and drive wheels. This is its own road which it carries and lays as it goes. A single broad wheel in front serves to steer its course. Perched in the rear, up under a flapping canvas canopy, sits the helmsman of this new "ship of the desert." The clutching, evasive fingers of the sand have been stayed, not by lightening the load, but by pressing a still heavier one upon them. A "caterpillar," slowly topping a rolling wave of the desert floor, with broad-tired

freighters grinding heavily in tow, joins itself in your mind, at first thought, to all traditional forms of desert travel. But when you see its burden, equal to that of a dozen caravans; that a great piece of machinery, which makes the load of one entire wagon, could not be gotten by a dozen mule teams up the canyon grade where it must go; and when the horrible racket of its unmuffled motor beats in your ears, you finally confess: "This belongs to to-day. It is different. It is new."

Not so much innovations, but none the less spectacular and daring, are the methods adopted to get men and material to the different points inaccessible by road or trail. There are thrills to be had from the dipping over a declivity on a little car tethered to a strand of cable, at the mercy of an engineer, hand on lever, beside his "drum" at the top; and the sensations of aerial travel in an enlarged package carrier strung across the gap of a canyon. To find a way to cut off an hour of deviating trail; to reduce the expense of delivery of material—these are some of the joys of the engineer. He is as proud of their successful accomplishment as he is of his major job, the ditch. Layman or visiting engineer is treated alike. Without delay he starts off with the "green one" to inspect the new "hoist." There, securely anchored in a huge mass of rock on the canyon side, is a series of big bolts and steel cables. These, by gigantic knots and bolted clamps, hold a single cable, a mere spider's thread between the mighty walls, swinging upward five hundred feet to the other side. Going on at a great rate about the relative merits of "inch" and "inch and a half" cable, "tensile strength," "traction," and so on, he gets him over to the station of this air railway. On a post at the side he presses a button. The cable begins to sing, and looking along its length a speck is seen swinging downward. Descending, enlarging, it soon scrapes on the platform—the car of the system. This is a stout wooden affair, with two sides about a foot high. The ends are open. A chain from each corner attaches it to the running gear, which is a two-wheeled truck.

"Come on, let's go up," invites the host. All but the "green one" climb aboard, and he, not able at the sudden summons to produce a reasonable excuse, with one last hesitating glance at good old Mother Earth,

joins them. The signal to hoist is given, and the car swings out over the canyon. The camp buildings below take on the proportions of chicken coops. The "green one" sits holding to one of the chains, and swings his legs over the side in an effort at outward calm. He wonders if he hadn't better keep all of himself up on the car, and if his feet are really still there at the end of his legs. He doesn't care to be caught looking for them over the edge. The car keeps rising, the camp below is but a toy. Every once in a while there comes a little jerk from the traction cable, and a corresponding chill courses up and down his spine. Why is it, wonders he, that those wretched chaps standing calmly by him have to discuss a runaway load of machinery, which smashed to flinders at the bottom the week before; or the ways and means of saving oneself if the traction cable should break. He glances along the arc of steel falling away below him. How small it looks! More often he measures the remaining stretch above him. At last, after a terrible moment of giddy swinging beside the upper landing, he climbs out on a terrace cut in the mountain's side. Here are supported the machine shops, power installation, and housing for the mules, attendant on a tunnel opening into the canyon wall.

Doubly isolated, in the heart of the mountain, a good dozen city squares distant, is a little knot of human energy, slowly fretting its way with vibrating steel through the flinty core. The tunnel needs no timbering. It is piercing some of the hardest rock known. At the portal nothing can be heard of the activity at the "breast." The way is rough, over a narrow-gauge track and lengths of snaky air tubes. The tunnel's air is cooler and begins to take on a clinging dampness. A faint purr falls on the ear from the blackness ahead. It rises louder, a clatter, a racket, and then, as the obscurity resolves itself into mysterious moving forms, becomes a dreadful din, the clamor of a whole battery of Gatlings in swift discharge. This is the drill shift. Two machines are raised on a platform, attacking the upper part of the rock, a man, grime-streaked, at each. Braced mute against the vibrating drills, their eyes strain forward as though they can see the mysterious line which the transit men have pointed for them through the mountain. They work

amid the eternal furor of battle. Nothing can be heard until the drills are changed. All orders must be given by signs. One body. There is a unity in this effort against the rock which shows well-developed team work among the men. Like foot-ball play-



They are built of steel to withstand the terrible force of water falling from great heights, and are called "inverted siphons."—Page 545.

of the men on the platform reaches a hand with his pipe and tobacco to his helper among the coiling air pipes below. The helper fills the pipe, lights it in his own mouth, and hands it up to his mate, who turns puffing to his machine as though this were always the way pipes were lit for a

ers, they press forward together against the opposition.

The work has, in truth, been made a great game for the men by the aqueduct builders. The excavation, whether tunnel or conduit, in rock or clay, is classified, and a ten-day average progress set for each. A

gang, when it exceeds the average, receives a bonus. The men in rock, where five feet gained to a shift is reckoned an honorable accomplishment, strain as hard for the extra inch as the sprinter who endeavors to clip a fraction of a second from his record.

Down at Red Rock summit there is an Irishman, rather under-sized, and red-headed. His conversational powers are not brilliant along some lines, but very forceful in others. His boots and corduroys are never clean of a yellow clay. With his yellow-daubed gang he has gone through that clayey sandstone eleven hundred feet in thirty days—a world's record in tunnel excavation. Over in the Jaw-bone, whose character is admirably indicated by its name, a lean, wiry young man, brown as a Navajo, is putting that toughest of divisions through below the estimates alike of private builders and canal chiefs.

The drillers, through with their attack on the rock, the holes are charged with powder and "shot." "Now, isn't that pretty?" said an old tunnel foreman, as he proudly directed my attention to the orderly pile of blasted rock following the "shooting" at the tunnel breast. "The boys can lay it out about any way they please. Get in here in Eleven, where they are ready to shoot, and we can get an idea of how the holes are arranged. Here you've got a centre cut hole," said he, as we wound up at the end of Eleven. "Around it there are thirteen other holes; the two lower ones we call 'lifters.' Now, when the boys shoot, this arrangement will throw the rock out a good piece, and break it up pretty well. By varying the hole placement, and changing the timing of the fuses, you can break the rock up more or less, or throw it one way or the other. Just a minute now, and we'll light up our little Christmas tree."

After having examined everything about the "breast" to see that nothing was left to prevent a successful "shot," all the workers, with the exception of two, started back through the tunnel. At a word from the foreman, they began "spitting" the coiling lengths of fuse, which marked, in crude geometrical design, the work of the drillers. We tarried an instant, just long enough to see this "Christmas tree" sputtering away in the face of the rock.

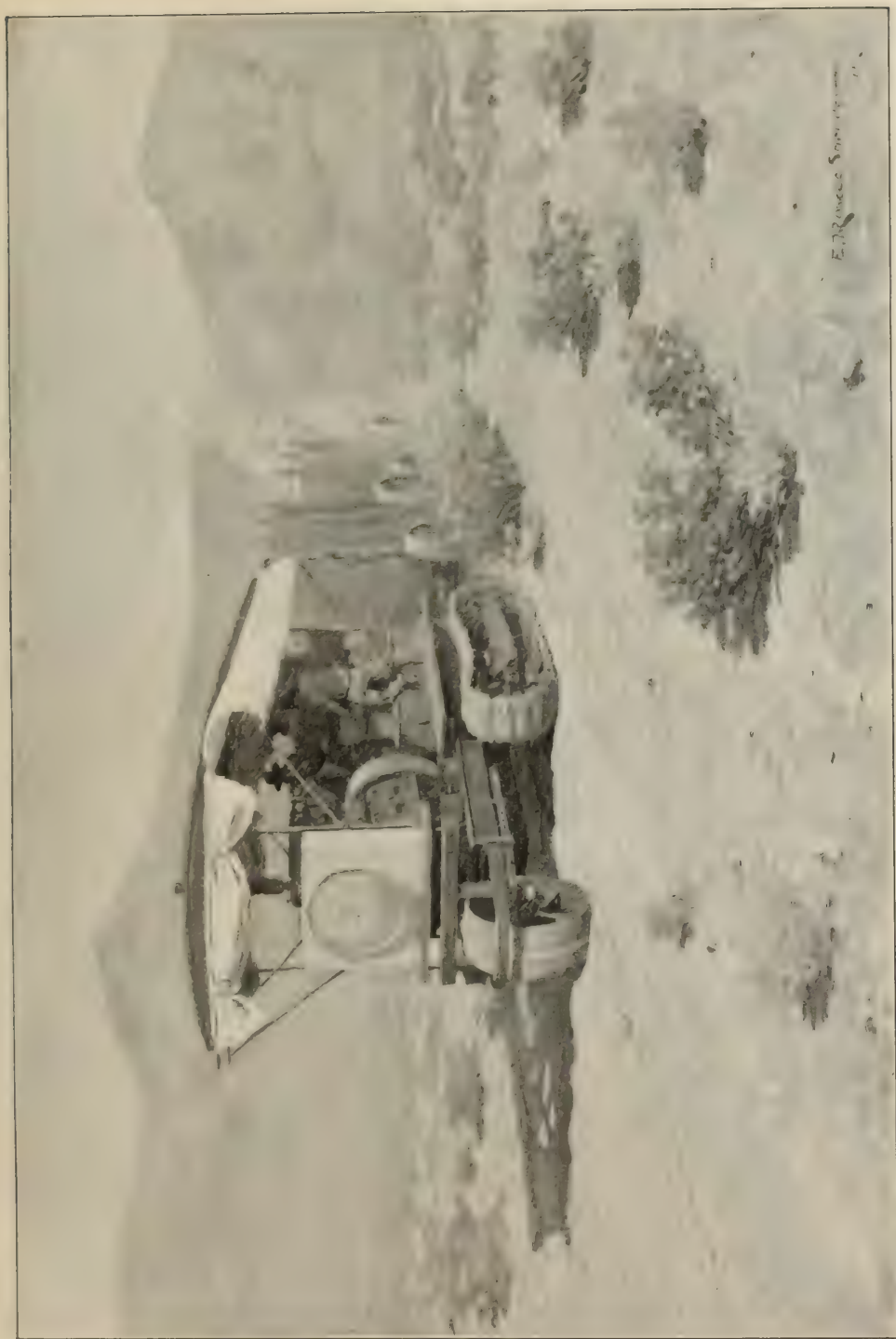
"I guess you won't care to stay for the rest of the celebration," my friend said.

"But you don't need to hurry, for we've got five minutes to get out of range." Well down the tunnel and safe around a curve, we presently heard the muffled "bump-bump-bump" of the distant exploding charges. Careful count was kept of the shots to see that none had missed. The "Christmas tree" had, with the force of giants, obeyed the will of its masters. Amidst the gray, boiling clouds of smoke and gases we found the rock, well broken up, and thrown out in a well-ordered mass. The first rude cut of the tunnel made by the blasts at the "breast" is afterward shaped up in quite a neat manner by smaller shots along the side called "trimmers." After I had seen what this man could do with rough holes in the rock and powder, I would have believed him if he had said he could "shoot" so that the rock would pile itself in cars, and start for the dump!

The rock torn from the solidity of the mountain becomes, in the technical terms of excavation, "muck," and then it is the mucking gang, with mules and rumbling cars of steel, comes in for its shift. Alongside the drillers', their's is the prosaic task.

The members of the "mucking gang," tin lunch buckets in hand, are waiting at the platform to "go on" when the car with the "green one" returns from its perilous soaring. A big, cool, gray shadow comes creeping over the canyon from the western wall, and begins to climb the other side, absorbing as it goes that rim of flaming cadmium. Up the camp street arises the clamor of a massive triangle, beaten by a significant individual in bare brown arms, and an apron sometime white. The "green one," with alacrity and no effort to disguise his feelings, joins the throng at the door, and disappears within the savory-odored mess hall.

In the reviving coolness of evening the office porch becomes the club-room, the social parlor of the camp. Groups at one end, with guitar or mandolin, are doing "close harmony," with old college songs. Down the porch-rail is a border of broad, tan-shirted backs and grimy mountain boots, twined about the braces. On the steps sit dusky figures, elbows across knees, or sprawling back. A light shows in the mess kitchen across the way, where the cooks' boys are clattering through their late task. Over all is drawn a broad band



E. Russell Smith

Drawn by E. Russell Smith

Perched in the rear, up under a flapping canvas canopy, sits the helmsman of this new "ship of the desert." — Page 543.

of star-dotted sky between canyon walls, hushed and looming. The talk going round cannot wander far from the ditch. It's told how "W" is held up for cement because his "caterpillars" are both knocked out; how "bum the grub is" down at Dove Springs; that "R" is going to bring his wife up with him to Sun Canyon; that "they're going away over seventy feet a day up on the Olancho"; and then, what they'll all do when the "durned old thing is finished." The "green one's" chance comes in, too, and he gives the intimate, personal news of the other part of the world to an appreciative audience. Gradually the groups break up, the porch becomes deserted, and all is quiet in the desert night.

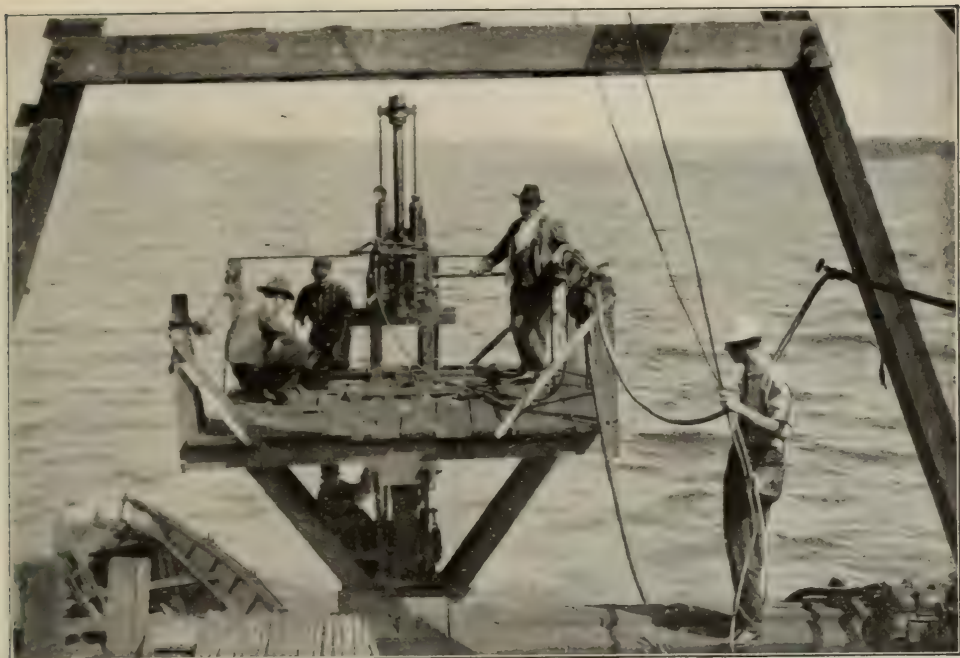
Down in the camp's draughting rooms are maps and blue prints, covered with curves and angles and figures. Up in the

mountains and across the mesas the great bore is repeating them in proportions unerring and heroic. Section is joining section, tunnel is meeting tunnel; here a "siphon" links together the opposing arteries, and there a great reservoir stands ready with open gates. Soon a great day will come for the city, a day when the "staker" will swing blankets to back, and fill the water-bottle for the last time; when miners and engineers will lay aside their tools and troop back to civilization. The turbines of the huge power-houses will begin to turn, and a flood from the far Sierras will pour forth to quench the thirst of the Southland.

And the lank mountain lion, atop some one of Mojave's grizzled crags, remonstrant at encroaching habitation, raises his voice in melancholy yowl.



The lank mountain lion, atop some one of Mojave's grizzled crags, raises his voice in melancholy yowl.



Boring in the middle of the Hudson River with a diamond drill to determine character of underlying strata. The drill platform is supported by the steel tube or casing which followed the drill down 700 feet to prevent the hole caving in.—Page 556.

THE DEEPEST SIPHON TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

By Robert K. Tomlin, Jr.



WHEN we were little tads, sailing toy boats in the big wash-tub out in the backyard, we learned how a siphon may be used to make water pump itself. After we had grown tired of playing with our miniature Dreadnaughts grandpa showed us the trick of emptying the tub with a siphon made of an old piece of garden-hose; he simply filled the hose with water, stuck one end in the tub, let the other hang over the side, and the water lifted itself over the edge and flowed away. Another sort of a siphon—one big enough to run a subway train through—is being built to drain a tub, in the form of a reservoir, large enough to float all the battle-ships of the United States navy, and forms the master-link in the hundred-

mile chain of dams, aqueducts, tunnels, and pipe-lines which Father Knickerbocker is building to carry water from the Catskill Mountains to his family of five million in New York City. It is not, scientifically speaking, a siphon, but the engineers call it an "inverted siphon." It is really a mighty tunnel in rock, driven a quarter of a mile below the surface of the Hudson River, and is capable of belching forth in a single day enough water to fill two and one-third million miles of one-inch garden-hose.

The Hudson River siphon is shaped like a letter U which some Titan might have traced, for its legs or shafts are almost as long as the two tallest sky-scrapers in the world, placed one on top of the other, and the cross-bar or tunnel covers a distance of more than ten city blocks. It is the deepest

water-works pressure tunnel in existence today. The Catskill water supply will be fed into the big black maw of this monster tube under a pressure of 44,000 pounds per square foot, and as the depth of the tunnel below the surface is approximately 1,100 feet, the static pressure at the bottom will be 94,260 pounds per square foot—probably as much as existed in the very early types of cannon which fired chunks of rock instead

per square foot. In some of the deepest pneumatic caisson work ever undertaken to provide foundations for a building the "sand hogs" were put under a pressure of 7,240 pounds per square foot, although experimenters in England have entered a steel chamber and withstood the enormous pressure of 13,200 pounds per square foot. The pressure in the Hudson River siphon when it is filled with water, however, will exceed



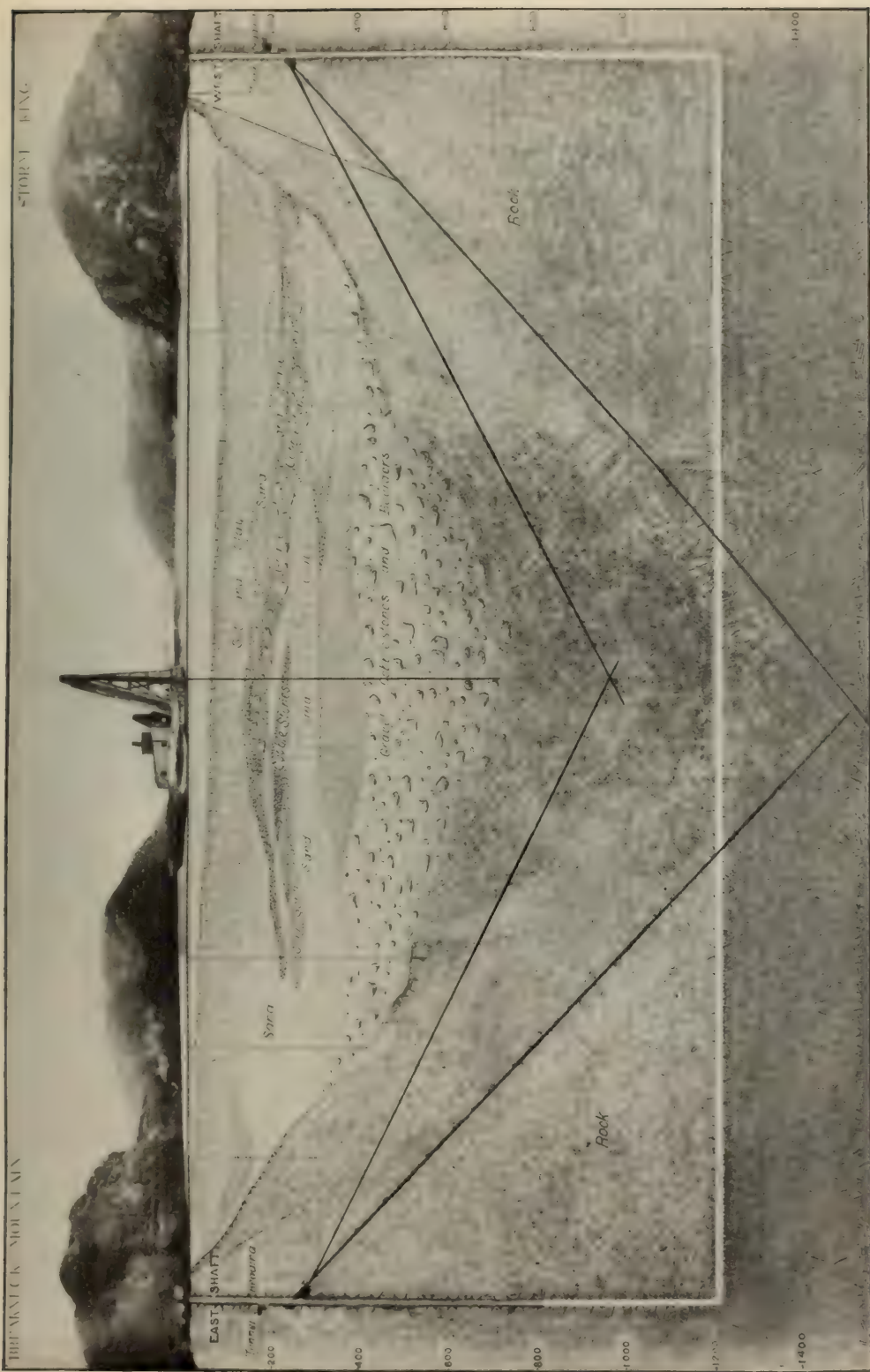
The power-plant at the Breakneck Mountain end of the siphon, showing tramway leading to shaft which taps the aqueduct heading.

of steel projectiles. The siphon has to be built to withstand great bursting stress, and is in reality a colossal concrete gun loaded with water instead of powder.

When the siphon is filled with water no diver could hope to descend more than a fifth of the distance into one of its shafts and come out alive, for the greatest depth at which any submarine worker has accomplished useful salvage is somewhat less than 200 feet. Angel Erostarbe, a Spaniard, is reported to have recovered \$45,000 in silver bars from the wreck of the *Skyro*, off Cape Finisterre, in 182 feet of water; the pressure which he withstood was 11,360 pounds

many times over anything that man has been able to live through.

Comptroller Prendergast will have to unlock his strong-box and count out something like \$162,000,000 to pay for the new Catskill water-supply system, and in order to get the best results for this vast outlay there has been assembled the best engineering brains in the country to solve the various problems of design and construction incident to the building of the dams, aqueducts, tunnels, and steel pipe-lines. The engineering staff numbers about 1,000 men, while the contractors' forces aggregate about 16,200.



Cross-section of the great Hudson River siphon.

Showing the two vertical shafts and connecting tunnel, and the character of the material forming the river bed. The black in-lined lines show the paths followed by the long diamond-drill borings which demonstrated the existence of a safe foundation for the high-pressure conduit.—Page 556.

No ordinary man could hope to start at the City Hall and walk to the upper end of the Catskill aqueduct line in much less than a week.

Any one who has ever sailed up the Hudson on the Albany day boat remembers the two big mountains which tower up from the water's edge a few miles beyond West Point. Storm King, on the west side, and

moment. But New York's engineers know the strength of their prisoner and have made its cage strong beyond all chance of failure.

The water which will pour down into the gullet of this subterranean monster of concrete and rock will be collected in the vast Ashokan reservoir which is being formed by the Beaver Kill dikes and the Olive Bridge dam, a massive barrier of cyclopean ma-



In the tunnel heading, a quarter of a mile below the Hudson.

Showing how vertical columns support pneumatic percussion drills which bore holes for blasting charges.

Breakneck, on the east, form a mighty gorge through which the river flows on its way to New York harbor. These massive piles of granite, the result of some geologic convulsion, stand guard over the Hudson River siphon, for underneath the narrow band of water between them lies the mighty water-works tunnel, deep down in bed-rock. The scene is one of silent bigness, of huge black shadows and tons of giant boulders, poised on the mountain-sides ready to break loose.

Water under great pressure is always a dangerous captive. It is like a wild beast caged and waiting to break its bonds at any

sonry and concrete blocks whose crest will tower 210 feet above the existing bed of Esopus Creek. The huge basin will hold 130,000,000,000 gallons of water, enough to flood the entire area of Manhattan Island to the upper window-sills of a three-story flat. The length of its shore line, forty miles, will measure about half the distance between New York and Philadelphia, and when the gates in the big dam are closed and water is allowed to rise seven villages within the reservoir area will be submerged, one of them under twenty-five fathoms of water. In this vast work for the living the



Storm King Mountain where the aqueduct goes under the Hudson.

A fleet of drill scows, the surveyors of the deep tunnel, aligned off the power-station at the base of Storm King.

dead are not forgotten; within the limits of the tract to be submerged are thirty-five cemeteries from which 2,800 bodies are being exhumed and moved to new burial grounds upon which the waters of the big artificial lake will not encroach.

From the dam the aqueduct line extends south, twisting and turning among the hills and valleys of the Hudson Highlands in sinuous bends like a monster snake. It continues down the west side of the Hudson piercing through hills and dipping under valleys until it reaches Cornwall, in the shadow of Storm King Mountain, where the crossing under the river is being made by the siphon.

J. Waldo Smith, chief engineer and commanding officer of the army of engineers forming the Board of Water Supply's force, had made extensive preliminary investigations with diamond drills of the depth and character of the rock through which it was proposed to tunnel, and when tunnelling was begun every reasonable doubt regarding the successful completion of the project had been removed. To build a siphon capable of resisting such great hydrostatic pressure it was necessary to locate the tunnel in solid ledge-rock and send the bore through at so great a depth that the weight of the rock cover above the tube would be more than sufficient to withstand the upward thrust of the water.

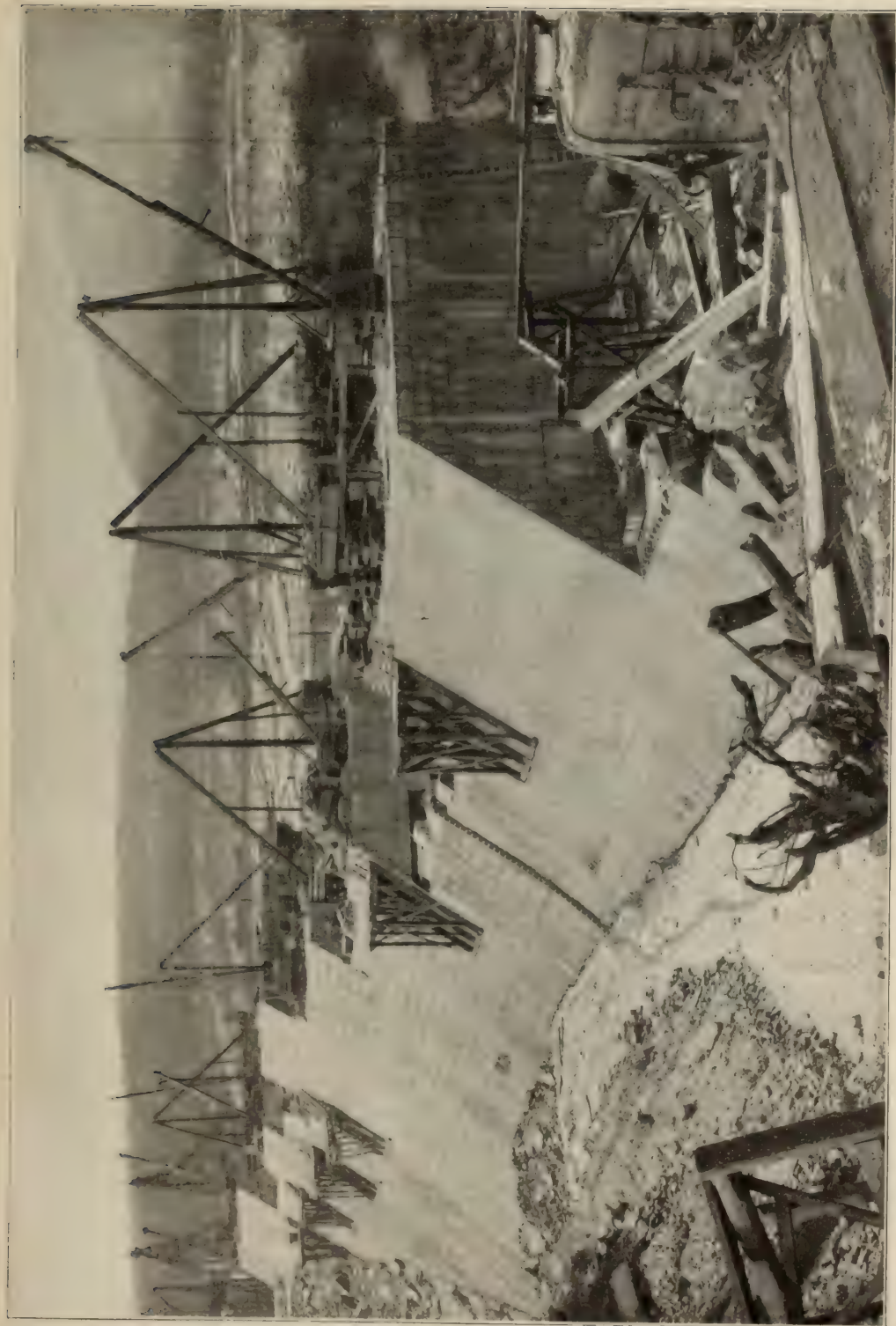
The task of finding ledge-rock suitable for driving the tunnel through was one of the most difficult problems of the work, and investigations extending over several years were made before it was considered safe to start actual work. The bed of the Hudson River is a mass of silt, clay, gravel, and boulders, material which the geologists call "glacial drift," and vertical borings put down from scows anchored in the river over the tunnel line showed that this soft material extended down to a depth of over 700 feet below the surface. It was necessary to locate the siphon tunnel below this soft material in sound rock.

Away back in the preglacial days the indications are that the country in the region of the Hudson River valley was considerably higher than at present and that it has since undergone a very marked settlement, with the result that the old stream bed in its lowered position was filled in with debris of silt, clay, and boulders.

Thousands of years ago the stream, in its journey to the sea, had worn out a deep gorge or U-shaped notch in the rock floor. Then the glacial period came and went, and as the vast ice sheet melted and moved into the sea it acted like a huge chisel gouging the gorge between Storm King and Break-neck Mountains still deeper. The melting of the ice resulted also in the deposition of vast quantities of silt, clay, and boulders in the old stream bed, so that by degrees the gorge was filled in with glacial drift and the river is now separated from the old rock bed through which it flowed ages ago by at least seven hundred feet of this soft material.

To determine how far below the glacial drift solid rock existed vertical borings were first put down from scows anchored in the river, but although the engineers probed into the depths of the gorge with their drills, like a surgeon at work on a patient under ether, they were not successful in locating ledge-rock at mid-stream. Finally, it was decided to attack the work from the sides of the river instead of from the water surface, and inclined borings were started with diamond drills, one from each shore, pointed downward so as to cross each other away down underneath the Hudson where it was thought that rock existed. Two pairs of these inclined holes, which are only an inch or two in diameter, were drilled successfully from chambers in shafts about 300 feet below the surface, and the paths they followed are shown by the long black lines in the illustration on page 553. The longest boring measured over 2,000 feet. Both sets of borings crossed in solid ledge-rock at the points shown, and the tunnel, therefore, was located between the bottoms of the two sets of holes, making it absolutely certain that the siphon could be driven entirely through solid ledge if located 1,100 feet below the level of the Hudson River.

The deep inclined diamond-drillholes are one of the most interesting features of the Hudson River siphon work. On account of their length—the deepest one measuring 2,051.6 feet and the shortest one 1,651.4 feet—they are unique in this part of the country, although longer borings have been made—for example, at the South African gold-fields and in some of the mining regions in the West. The holes are made by a hollow steel cutting-bit in whose lower edge is set a ring of costly black diamonds. The dia-



A glimpse into the methods of building the immense Ashtokan dam, behind which all the battle-ships of the United States Navy could ride.

Derricks shown on top for handling the concrete, and laborers' platforms which are elevated as each course is laid. The completed dam will be 1,000 feet long, 210 feet high, and 190 feet wide at the base.

monds mounted in a drilling-bit often have a value of several thousand dollars. The bit is several inches in diameter and is rotated through a long line of rods by an engine driven by compressed air. The diamonds cut a small circular ring in the rock, leaving what is known as a "core" of rock at the centre. This core passes up through the hollow bit as the drill eats its way downward, and is held fast by a device known as a "core lifter," which grips the slender column of rock around which the diamonds have cut and allows it to be pulled up to the ground surface and examined. It was therefore possible to obtain samples of rock throughout the entire length of the holes, so that before starting upon the tunnelling under the Hudson River the engineers knew exactly the character of the material through which the bore would be driven.

The grinding of the diamonds upon the tough rock generates enormous heat, and a stream of cold water has to be pumped down into the hole through the hollow drill rods to cool the cutting-bit and wash up chips of rock to the surface. In one of the holes the amount of cooling water was insufficient, and the heat generated by the friction of the rapidly rotating diamonds became so great that the steel cutting-bit was converted into a molten mass and drilling had to be temporarily abandoned. Later another and larger drill was put in to ream out or enlarge this hole, and the core lifter brought to the surface a mass of steel, rock, and diamonds fused into a solid lump by the high temperatures to which they had been subjected.

Sometimes one or more of the costly black diamonds are torn loose from their settings in the drilling-bit, and when this happens the drillers are in as much of a predicament as a girl who loses the stone in her engagement ring, but they resort to an ingenious scheme for recovering the diamonds from the depth of the holes. They pull up the drilling rods, remove the bit, and smear the end with cobbler's wax. The rods are then lowered into the hole until they reach the bottom. The diamonds sink into the sticky wax and are held fast while the rods are withdrawn. The diamonds then may be picked out of the wax and used again. This simple trick has saved thousands of dollars.

Old diamond-drillers are very intelligent and resourceful men. Years of experience

teach them to interpret the chatter of their machines, and they can readily tell by the sound of the drill alone when different rock strata are being penetrated. To them every little movement of the drill has a meaning all its own, while to one not schooled in such work there is apparently no variation in the action of the machine. It is simply a mass of revolving cog-wheels which keeps up an incessant and meaningless din.

Deep diamond-drill holes very seldom follow a straight line, the tendency often being to incline upward. This fact was realized by the engineers in charge of the work, and they followed the generally adopted method of surveying such borings in order that they might know the exact inclination of the hole at frequent intervals in its length. This method, which is highly ingenious, consists in lowering into the hole a glass test-tube or vial of the type used so commonly by the homœopathic practitioners for carrying their pills; this vial was half filled with a dilute solution of hydrofluoric acid which has one peculiar property: it is a very corrosive liquid and attacks all silicates, such as glass or porcelain, with which it comes in contact. It is therefore used to a large extent in etching glass, and on account of its destructive action on an ordinary bottle must be preserved in vessels of platinum, lead, or gutta-percha. Its ability to etch glass was the property which made it invaluable to the engineers upon whom was imposed the task of finding out just what course the deep borings were following.

The glass vial, containing the acid, was lowered into the inclined boring and allowed to remain absolutely undisturbed for about half an hour. In this position the axis of the vial was at the same inclination as the axis of the boring, while the surface level of the acid was, of course, horizontal. In the half-hour interval, during which the vial was at rest, the hydrofluoric acid started its attack upon the glass walls of the tube which contained it, etching a clearly defined ring around the inside of the vial. The glass tube then was pulled up to the surface and the angle between the axis of the tube and the plane of the etched ring measured. This angle, after certain corrections had been applied for the capillarity of the liquid and for the refraction of light through glass, gave the information sought—the slope of the boring at the point of

measurement. By taking these observations at frequent intervals in the hole it was possible to plot the entire course of the boring with considerable accuracy.

murky, fog-laden hole with a line of electric lights losing itself in the blackness. In the distance the pandemonium let loose by drills hammering on rock drifts back,



Section of a siphon half lined with concrete and collapsible steel moulds removed.
The roof also will be coated with concrete.

The all-important question in tunnelling concerns the number of feet the headings are advanced each day. Night and day, in eight-hour shifts, the contractors' men toiled underground with drills and dynamite until the headings met on January 30, the last blast being fired by Mayor Gaynor. It is from the bottom of one of the 1,100-foot shafts that the bigness of the Hudson River tunnel makes itself felt. Out in the direction of the river extends a

near at hand the sibilant gasp of the drainage pumps creates an intermittent roar, and way up above is a little circular patch of daylight which gives one the sensation of looking through the wrong end of a telescope at a distant object.

Upon the engineers rests the responsibility of keeping the two bores at the right line and grade. With transits and levels the line is surveyed time and again to eliminate any chance of error and with the pre-

cautions now taken and the high accuracy of the surveying instruments obtainable it is not uncommon to have tunnel headings meet with an error of only a fraction of an inch.

Although the headings have met and communication is established between the two sides of the river the work is by no means complete, for the rough surfaces of the rock bore would obstruct the flow of water through the hole and it is possible that pieces of rock might cave in and clog up the tunnel. The finishing work of building the siphon, therefore, consists in lining it with a thick circular shell of concrete. Collapsible steel "forms," or moulds, will be used for this work; they will be set up within the tunnel and concrete will be packed in between their outer surfaces and the rock walls and roof of the bore. When the concrete has hardened these forms will be removed, leaving a smooth, white, finished cylinder, fourteen feet in diameter, through which the Catskill water will flow.

The Hudson River siphon has involved a great deal of careful study on the part of those who conceived and designed the structure. There was no precedent for a water-works tunnel at such a depth, so that many new problems arose in connection with it, and every precaution was taken to explore the river-bed thoroughly. The men who planned this work and are now directing its construction are the engineers of the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York. Mr. J. Waldo Smith, the chief engineer, has general charge of the entire Catskill aqueduct project. Mr. Robert Ridgway, department engineer, directs the work on about sixty miles of the line, including the Hudson River siphon, and Mr. William E. Swift, division engineer, has immediate supervision over the deep tunnel under the river. The designs of the structure were prepared by the head-quarters department at the Water Board, Mr. Alfred D. Flinn, department engineer, and Mr. Thomas H. Wiggin, Sr., designing engineer.

Preparing the way for the Catskill water supply for the boroughs of New York City.

The tunnel shaft at the Worth monument, Madison Square, where Fifth Avenue and Broadway cross. One of many in connection with tunnelling under Manhattan. It is known as shaft No. 18. Depth 205 feet.



THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOUNG.

V



DOWN the river road loped Arch Hawn the next morning, his square chin low with thought, his shrewd eyes almost closed, and his straight lips closed hard on the cane stem of an unlighted pipe. Of all the Hawns he had been born the poorest in goods and chattels and the richest in shrewd resource, restless energy, and keen foresight. He had gone to the settlements when he was a lad, he had always been coming and going ever since, and the word was that he had been to far-away cities in the outer world that were as unfamiliar to his fellows and kindred as the Holy Land. He had worked as teamster and had bought and sold anything to anybody right and left. Resolutely he had kept himself from all part in the feud—his kinship with the Hawns protecting him on one side and the many trades with old Aaron Honeycutt in cattle and lands saving him from trouble on the other. He carried no tales from one faction to the other, condemned neither one nor the other, and made the same comment to both—that it was foolish to fight when there was so much else so much more profitable to do. Once an armed band of mounted Honeycutts had met him in the road and demanded news of a similar band of Hawns up a creek. "Did you ever hear o' my tellin' the Hawns anything about you Honeycutts?" he asked quietly and Old Aaron had to shake his head.

"Well, if I tol' you anything about them to-day, don't you know I'd be tellin' them something about you to-morrow?"

Old Aaron scratched his head.

"By Gawd, boys—that's so. Let him pass!"

Thus it was that only Arch Hawn could have brought about an agreement that was the ninth wonder of the mountain

world, and was no less than a temporary truce in the feud between old Aaron Honeycutt and old Jason Hawn until the land deal in which both leaders shared a heavy interest could come to a consummation. Arch had interested Colonel Pendleton in his "wild lands" at a horse sale in the blue-grass. The mountaineer's shrewd knowledge of horses had caught the attention of the colonel, his drawling speech, odd phrasing, and quaint humor had amused the blue-grass man, and his exposition of the wealth of the hills and the vast holdings that he had in the hollow of his hand, through options far and wide, had done the rest—for the matter was timely to the colonel's needs and to his accidental hour of opportunity. Only a short while before old Morton Sanders, an Eastern capitalist of Kentucky birth, had been making inquiry of him that the mountaineer's talk answered precisely, and soon the colonel found himself an intermediary between buried coal and open millions, and such a quick unlooked-for chance of exchange made Arch Hawn's brain reel. Only a few days before the colonel started for the mountains, Babe Honeycutt had broken the truce by shooting Shade Hawn, but as Shade was going to get well, Arch's oily tongue had licked the wound to the pride of every Honeycutt except Shade, and he calculated that the latter would be so long in bed that his interference would never count. But things were going wrong. Arch had had a hard time with old Jason the night before. Again he had had to go over the same weary argument that he had so often travelled before: the mountain people could do nothing with the mineral wealth of their hills; the coal was of no value to them where it was; they could not dig it, they had no market for it; and they could never get it into the markets of the outside world. It was the boy's talk that had halted the old man, and to Arch's

amazement the colonel's sense of fairness seemed to have been touched and his enthusiasm seemed to have waned a little. That morning, too, Arch had heard that Shade Hawn was getting well a little too fast, and he was on his way to see about it. Shade was getting well fast, and with troubled eyes Arch saw him sitting up in a chair and cleaning his Winchester.

"What's yo' hurry?"

"I ain't never agreed to no truce," said Shade truculently.

"Don't you think you might save a little time—waitin' fer Babe to git tame? He's hidin' out. You can't find him now."

"I can look fer him."

"Shade!"—wily Arch purposely spoke loud enough for Shade's wife to hear, and he saw her thin, worn, shrewish face turn eagerly—"I'll give ye just fifty dollars to stay here in the house an' git well fer two more weeks. You know why, an' you know hit's wuth it to me. What you say?"

Shade rubbed his stubbled chin ruminatively and his wife Mandy broke in sharply:

"Take it, you fool!"

Apparently Shade paid no heed to the advice nor the epithet, which was not meant to be offensive, but he knew that Mandy wanted a cow of just that price and a cow she would have; while he needed cartridges and other little "fixin's," and he owed for moonshine up a certain creek, and wanted more just then and badly. But mental calculation was laborious and he made a plunge:

"Not a cent less'n seventy-five, an' I ain't goin' to argue with ye."

Arch scowled.

"Split the difference!" he commanded.

"All right."

A few minutes later Arch was loping back up the river road. Within an hour he had won old Jason to a non-committal silence and straightway volunteered to show the colonel the outcroppings of his coal. And old Jason mounted his sorrel mare and rode with the party up the creek.

It was Sunday and a holiday for little Jason from toil in the rocky corn-field. He was stirring busily before the break of dawn. While the light was still gray, he had milked, cut wood for his mother, and eaten his breakfast of greasy bacon and

corn bread. On that day it had been his habit for months to disappear early, come back for his dinner, slip quietly away again and return worn out and tired at milking time. Invariably for a long time his mother had asked:

"Whut you been a-doin', Jason?" And invariably his answer was:

"Nothin' much."

But, by and by, as the long dark mountaineer, Steve Hawn, got in the daily habit of swinging over the ridge, she was glad to be free from the boy's sullen watchfulness, and particularly that morning she was glad to see him start as usual up the path his own feet had worn through the steep field of corn, and disappear in the edge of the woods. She would have a long day for courtship and for talk of plans which she was keeping secret from little Jason. She was a Honeycutt and she had married one Hawn, and there had been much trouble. Now she was going to marry another of the tribe, there would be more trouble, and Steve Hawn over the ridge meant to evade it by straightway putting forth from those hills. Hurriedly she washed the dishes, tidied up her poor shack of a home, and within an hour she was seated in the porch, in her best dress, with her knitting in her lap and, even that early, lifting expectant and shining eyes now and then to the tree-crowned crest of the ridge.

Up little Jason went through breaking mist and flashing dew. A wood-thrush sang, and he knew the song came from the bird of which little Mavis was the human counterpart. Woodpeckers were hammering and, when a crested cock of the woods took billowy flight across a blue ravine, he knew him for a big cousin of the little red-heads, just as Mavis was a little cousin of his. Once he had known birds only by sight, but now he knew every calling, twittering, winging soul of them by name. Once he used to draw bead on one and all heartlessly and indiscriminately with his old rifle, but now only the whistle of a bob-white, the darting of a hawk, or the whirl of a pheasant's wings made him whirl the old weapon from his shoulder. He knew flower, plant, bush, and weed, the bark and leaf of every tree, and even in winter he could pick them out in the gray etching of a mountain-

side—dog-wood, red-bud, "sarvice" berry, hickory, and walnut, the oaks—white, black, and chestnut—the majestic poplar, prized by the outer world, and the black-gum that defied the lightning. All this the dreamy stranger had taught him, and much more. And nobody, native born to those hills, except his uncle Arch, knew as much about their hidden treasures as little Jason. He had trailed after the man of science along the benches of the mountains where coal beds lie. With him he had sought the roots of upturned trees and the beds of little creeks and the gray faces of "rock-houses" for signs of the black diamonds. He had learned to watch the beds of little creeks for the shining tell-tale black bits, and even the tiny mouths of crawfish holes, on the lips of which they sometimes lay. And the biggest treasure in the hills little Jason had found himself; for only on the last day before the rock-pecker had gone away, the two had found signs of another vein, and the geologist had given his own pick to the boy and told him to dig, while he was gone, for himself. And Jason had dug. He was slipping now up the tiny branch, and where the stream trickled down the face of a water-worn perpendicular rock the boy stopped, leaned his rifle against a tree, and stepped aside into the bushes. A moment later he reappeared with a small pick in his hand, climbed up over a mound of loose rocks and loose earth, ten feet around the rock, and entered the narrow mouth of a deep, freshly dug ditch. Ten feet farther on he was halted by a tall black column solidly wedged in the narrow passage, at the base of which was a bench of yellow dirt extending not more than two feet from the foot of the column and above the floor of the ditch. There had been mighty operations going on in that secret passage; the toil for one boy and one tool had been prodigious and his work was not yet quite done. Lifting the pick above his head, the boy sank it into that yellow pedestal with savage energy, raking the loose earth behind him with hands and feet. The sunlight caught the top of the black column above his head and dropped shining inch by inch, but on he worked tirelessly. The yellow bench disappeared and the heap of dirt behind him was piled high as his head, but the black column

bored on downward as though bound for the very bowels of the earth, and only when the bench vanished to the level of the ditch's floor did the lad send his pick deep into a new layer and lean back to rest even for a moment. A few deep breaths, the brushing of one forearm and then the other across his forehead and cheeks, and again he grasped the tool. This time it came out hard, bringing out with its point particles of grayish-black earth, and the boy gave a low shrill yell. It was a bed of clay that he had struck—the bed on which, as the geologist had told him, the massive layers of coal had slept so long. In a few minutes he had skimmed a yellow inch or two more to the dingy floor of the clay bed, and had driven his pick under the very edge of the black bulk towering above him.

His work was done, and no buccaneer ever gloated more over hidden treasure than Jason over the prize discovered by him and known of nobody else in the world. He raised his head and looked up the shimmering black face of his find. He took up his pick again and notched foot-holes in each side of the yellow ditch. He marked his own height on the face of the column, and, climbing up along it, measured his full length again, and yet with outstretched arm he could barely touch the top of the vein with the tips of his fingers. No vein half that thick had the rock-pecker with all his searching found, and the lad gave a long, low whistle of happy amazement. A moment later he dropped his pick, climbed over the pile of new dirt, emerged at the mouth of the passage, and sat down as if on guard in the grateful coolness of the little ravine. Drawing one long breath, he looked proudly back once more and began shaking his head wisely. They couldn't fool him. He knew what that mighty vein of coal was worth. Other people—fools—might sell their land for a dollar or two an acre, even old Jason, his grandfather, but not the Jason Hawn who had dug that black giant out of the side of the mountain.

"Go away, boy," the rock-pecker had said. "Get an education. Leave this farm alone—it won't run away. By the time you are twenty-one, an acre of it will be worth as much as all of it is now."

No, they couldn't fool him. He would keep his find a secret from every soul on earth—even from his grandfather and Mavis, both of whom he had already been tempted to tell. He rose to his feet with the resolution and crouched suddenly, listening hard. Something was coming swiftly toward him through the undergrowth on the other side of the creek, and he reached stealthily for his rifle, sank behind the boulder with his thumb on the hammer just as the bushes parted on the opposite cliff, and Mavis stood above him, peering for him and calling his name in an excited whisper. He rose glowering and angry.

"Whut you doin' up here?" he asked roughly, and the girl shrank, and her message stopped at her lips.

"They're comin' up here," she faltered.

The boy's eyes accused her mercilessly and he seemed not to hear her.

"You've been spyin'!"

The dignity of his manhood was outraged, and humbly and helplessly she nodded in utter abasement, faltering again:

"They're comin' up here!"

"Who's comin' up here?"

"Them strangers an' grandpap an' Uncle Arch—an' another rock-pecker."

"Did you tell 'em?"

The girl crossed heart and body swiftly.

"I hain't told a soul," she gasped. "I come up to tell *you*."

"When they comin'?"

The sound of voices below answered for her. The boy wheeled, alert as a wild-cat, the girl slid noiselessly down the cliff and crept noiselessly after him down the bed of the creek, until they could both peer through the bushes down on the next bend of the stream below. There they were—all of them, and down there they had halted.

"Ain't no use goin' up any further," said the voice of Arch Hawn; "I've looked all up this crick an' thar ain't nary a blessed sign o' coal."

"All right," said the colonel, who was puffing with the climb. "That suits me—I've had enough."

At Jason's side, Mavis echoed his own swift breath of relief, but as the party turned, the rock-pecker stooped and rose with a black lump in his hand.

"Hello!" he said, "where did this come from?"

The boy's heart began to throb, for once he had started to carry that very lump to his grandfather, had changed his mind, and thoughtlessly dropped it there. The geologist was looking at it closely and then he began to weigh it with his hand.

"This is pretty good-looking coal," he said, and he laughed. "I guess we'd better go up a little further—this didn't come out all by itself."

The boy dug Mavis sharply in the shoulder.

"Git back into the bushes—quick!" he whispered.

The girl shrank away and the boy dropped down into the bed of the creek and slipped down to where the stream poured between two boulders over which ascent was slippery and difficult. And when the party turned up the bend of the creek, Arch Hawn saw the boy, tense and erect, on the wet black summit of one boulder, with his old rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"Why hello, Jason!" he cried, with a start of surprise; "found anything to shoot?"

"Not yit!" said Jason shortly.

The geologist stepped around Arch and started to climb toward the foot of the boulder.

"You stop thar!"

The ring of the boy's fiery command stopped the man as though a rattlesnake had given the order at his very feet, and he looked up bewildered; but the boy had not moved.

"Whut you mean, boy?" shouted Arch. "We're lookin' for a vein o' coal."

"Well, you hain't a-goin' to find hit up this way."

"Whut you want to keep us from goin' up here fer?" asked the uncle with sarcastic suspicion. "Got a still up here?"

"That's my business," said little Jason.

"Well," shouted Arch angrily again, "this ain't yo' land an' I've got a option on it an' hit's my business to go up here, an' I'm goin'!"

As he pushed ahead of the geologist the boy flashed his old rifle to his shoulder.

"I'll let ye come just two steps more," he said quietly, and old Jason Hawn be-

gan to grin and stepped aside as though to get out of range.

"Hol' on thar, Arch," he said, "he'll shoot, shore!" And Arch held on, bursting with rage and glaring up at the boy.

"I've a notion to git me a switch an' whoop the life out o' you." The boy laughed derisively.

"My whoopin' days air over." The amazed and amused geologist put his hand on Arch's shoulder.

"Never mind," he said, and with a significant wink he pulled a barometer out of his pocket and carefully noted the altitude.

"We'll manage it later."

The party turned, old Jason still smiling grimly, the colonel chuckling, the geologist busy with speculation, and Arch sore and angry, but wondering what on earth it was that the boy had found up that ravine. Presently with the geologist he dropped behind the other two and the latter's frowning brow cleared into a smile at his lips. He stopped, looking still at the black lump and weighing it once more in his hand.

"I think I know this coal," he said in a low voice, "and if I'm right you've got the best and thickest vein of coking coal in these mountains. It's the Culloden seam. Nobody ever has found it on this side of the mountain, and it is supposed to have petered out on the way through. That boy has found the Culloden seam. The altitude is right, the coal looks and weighs like it, and we can find it somewhere else under that bench along the mountain. So you better let the boy alone."

Little Jason stood motionless looking after them, little Mavis crept from her hiding-place. Her face showed no pride in Jason's triumph and few traces of excitement, for she was already schooled to the quiet acquiescence of mountain women in the rough deeds of the men. She had seen Jason going up that ravine, she could simply not help going herself to learn why, she was mystified by what he had done up there, but she had kept his secret faithfully. Now she was beginning to understand that the matter was serious, and for that reason the boy's charge of spying lay heavier on her mind. So she came slowly and shyly and

stood behind him, her eyes dark with penitence.

The boy heard her, but he did not turn around.

"You better go home, Mavie," he said, and at his very tone her face flashed with joy. "They mought come back agin. I'm goin' to stay up here till dark. They can't see nothin' then."

There was not a word of rebuke for her; it was his secret and hers now, and pride and gratitude filled her heart and her eyes.

"All right, Jasie," she said obediently, and down the boulder she stepped lightly, and slipping down the bed of the creek, disappeared. And not once did she look around.

The shadows lengthened, the ravines filled with misty blue, the steep westward spur threw its bulky shadow on the sunlit flank of the opposite hill, and the lonely spirit of night came with the gloom that gathered fast about him in the defile where he lay. A slow wind was blowing up from the river toward him, and on it came faintly the long mellow blast of a horn. It was no hunter's call, and he sprang to his feet. Again the winding came and his tense muscles relaxed—nor was it a warning that revenues were coming—and he sank back to his lonely useless vigil again. The sun dipped, the sky darkened, the black wings of the night rushed upward and downward and from all around the horizon, but only when they were locked above him did he slip like a creature of the gloom down the bed of the stream.

VI

THE cabin was unlighted when Jason came in sight of it and apprehension straightway seized him; so that he broke into a run, but stopped at the gate and crept slowly to the porch and almost on tiptoe opened the door. The fire was low, but the look of things was unchanged, and on the kitchen table he saw his cold supper laid for him. His mother had maybe gone over the ridge for some reason to stay all night, so he gobbled his food hastily and, still uneasy, put forth for Mavis's cabin over the hill. That cabin, too, was dark and deserted, and he knew now what had happened—that blast of the

horn was a summons to a dance somewhere, and his mother and Steve had answered and taken Mavis with them, and the boy sat down on the porch, alone with the night and the big still dark shapes around him. It would not be very pleasant for him to follow them—people would tease him and ask him troublesome questions. But where was the dance, and had they gone to it after all? He rose and went swiftly down the creek. At the mouth of it a light shone through the darkness, and from it a quavering hymn trembled on the still air. A moment later Jason stood on the threshold of an open door and an old couple at the fireplace lifted welcoming eyes.

"Uncle Lige, do you know whar my mammy is?"

The old man's eyes took on a troubled look, but the old woman answered readily:

"Why I seed her an' Steve Hawn an' Mavis a-goin' down the crick jest afore dark, an' yo mammy said as how they was aimin' to go to yo' grandpap's."

It was his grandfather's horn, then, Jason had heard. The lad turned to go, and the old circuit rider rose to his full height.

"Come in, boy. Yo' grandpap had better be a-thinkin' about spreadin' the wings of his immortal sperit, stid o' shakin' them feet o'clay o' his'n an' a-settin' a bad example to the young an' errin'!"

"Hush up!" said the old woman. "The Bible don't say nothin' agin a boy lookin' fer his mammy, no matter whar she is."

She spoke sharply, for Steve Hawn had called her husband out to the gate, where the two had talked in whispers, and the old man had refused flatly to tell her what the talk was about. But Jason had turned without a word and was gone. Out in the darkness of the road he stood for a moment undecided whether or not he should go back to his lonely home, and some vague foreboding started him swiftly on down the creek. On top of a little hill he could see the light in his grandfather's house, and that far away he could hear the rollicking tune of "Sourwood Mountain." The sounds of dancing feet soon came to his ears, and from those sounds he could tell the figures of the dance just as he could tell the gait of an unseen horse thumping a hard dirt road. He leaned over the yard fence—looking, listening, thinking.

Through the window he could see the fiddler with his fiddle pressed almost against his heart, his eyes closed, his horny fingers thumping the strings like triphammers, and his melancholy calls ringing high above the din of shuffling feet. His grandfather was standing before the fireplace, his grizzled hair tousled and his face red with something more than the spirits of the dance. The colonel was doing the "grand right and left," and his mother was the colonel's partner—the colonel as gallant as though he were leading mazes with a queen and his mother simpering and blushing like a girl. In one corner sat Steve Hawn, scowling like a storm-cloud, and on one bed sat Marjorie and the boy Gray watching the couple and apparently shrieking with laughter; and Jason wondered what they could be laughing about. Little Mavis was not in sight. When the dance closed he could see the colonel go over to the little strangers and, seizing each by the hand, try to pull them from the bed into the middle of the floor. Finally they came, and the boy, looking through the window, and Mavis, who suddenly appeared in the door leading to the porch, saw a strange sight. Gray took Marjorie's left hand with his right and put his right arm around her waist and then to the stirring strains of "Soapsuds Over the Fence" they whirled about the room as lightly as two feathers in an eddy of air. It was a two-step and the first round dance ever seen in these hills, and the mountaineers took it silently, grimly, and with little sign of favor or disapproval, except from old Jason, who, looking around for Mavis, caught sight of little Jason's wondering face over her shoulder, for the boy had left the blurred window-pane and hurried around to the back door for a better view. With a whoop the old man reached for the little girl, and gathered in the boy with his other hand.

"Hyeh!" he cried, "you two just git out thar an' shake a foot!"

Little Mavis hung back, but the boy bounded into the middle of the floor and started into a furious jig, his legs as loose from the hip as a jumping-jack and the soles and heels of his rough brogans thumping out every note of the music with astonishing precision and rapidity. He hardly noticed Mavis at first, and then he

began to dance toward her, his eyes flashing and fixed on hers and his black locks tumbling about his forehead as though in an electric storm. The master was calling and the maid answered—shyly at first, coquettishly by and by, and then, forgetting self and onlookers, with a fiery abandon that transformed her. Alternately he advanced and she retreated, and when, with a scornful toss of that night-black head, the boy jiggled away, she would relent and lure him back, only to send him on his way again. Sometimes they were back to back and the colonel saw that always then the girl was first to turn, but if the lad turned first, the girl whirled as though she were answering the dominant spirit of his eyes even through the back of her head, and, looking over to the bed, he saw his own little niece answering that same masterful spirit in a way that seemed hardly less hypnotic. Even Gray's clear eyes, fixed at first on the little mountain girl, had turned to Jason, but they were undaunted and smiling, and when Jason, seeing Steve's face at the window and his mother edging out through the front door, seemed to hesitate in his dance, and Mavis, thinking he was about to stop, turned panting away from him, Gray sprang from the bed like a challenging young buck and lit facing the mountain boy and in the midst of a double-shuffle that the amazed colonel had never seen outdone by any darkey on his farm.

"Jenny with a ruff-duff a-kickin' up the dust," clicked his feet.

"Juba this and Juba that!
Juba killed a yaller cat.
Juba! Juba!"

"Whoop!" yelled old Jason, bending his huge body and patting his leg and knee to the beat of one big cowhide boot and urging them on in a frenzy of delight:

"Come on, Jason! Git atter him, stranger! Whoop her up thar with that fiddle — Heh — ee—dee — eede-eele — dedee-dee!"

Then there was dancing. The fiddler woke like a battery newly charged, every face lighted with freshened interest, and only the colonel and Marjorie showed surprise and mystification. The double-shuffle was hardly included in the curriculum of the colonel's training-school for a

gentleman, and where, when, and how the boy had learned such Ethiopian skill, neither he nor Marjorie knew. But he had it and they enjoyed it to the full. Gray's face wore a merry smile, and Jason, though he was breathing hard and his black hair was plastered to his wet forehead, faced his new competitor with rallying feet but a sullen face. "The Forked Deer," "Big Sewell Mountain," and "Cattle Licking Salt" for Jason, and the back-step, double-shuffle, and "Jim Crow" for Gray; both improvising their own steps when the fiddler raised his voice in "Comin' up, Sandy," "Chicken in the Dough-Tray," and "Sparrows on the Ash-Bank"; and thus they went through all the steps known to the negro or the mountaineer, until the colonel saw that game little Jason, though winded, would go on till he dropped and gave Gray a sign that the boy's generous soul caught like a flash; for, as though worn out himself, he threw up his hands with a laugh and left the floor to Jason. Just then there was the crack of a Winchester from the darkness outside. Simultaneously, as far as the ear could detect, there was a sharp rap on a window-pane, as a bullet sped cleanly through, and in front of the fire old Jason's mighty head sagged suddenly and he crumbled into a heap on the floor. Arch Hawn had carried his business deal through. The truce was over and the feud was on again.

VII

KNOWING but little of his brother in the hills, the man from the lowland blue-grass was puzzled and amazed that all feeling he could observe was directed solely at the deed itself and not at all at the way it was done. No indignation was expressed at what was to him the contemptible cowardice involved—indeed little was said at all, but the colonel could feel the air tense and lowering with a silent deadly spirit of revenge, and he would have been more puzzled had he known the indifference on the part of the Hawns as to whether the act of revenge should take precisely the same form of ambush. For had the mountain code of ethics been explained to him—that what was fair for one was fair for the other; that the brave man could not

fight the coward who shot from the brush and must, therefore, adopt the coward's methods; that thus the method of ambush had been sanctioned by long custom—he still could never have understood how a big, burly, kind-hearted man like Jason Hawn could have been brought even to tolerance of ambush by environment, public sentiment, private policy, custom, or any other influence that moulds the character of men.

Old Jason would get well—the colonel himself was surgeon enough to know that—and he himself dressed and bandaged the ragged wound that the big bullet had made through one of the old man's mighty shoulders. At his elbow all the time, helping, stood little Jason, and not once did the boy speak, nor did the line of his clenched lips alter, nor did the deadly look in his smouldering eyes change. One by one the guests left, the colonel sent Marjorie and Gray to bed and grandmother Hawn sent Mavis, and when all was done and the old man was breathing heavily on a bed in the corner and grandmother Hawn was seated by the fire with a handkerchief to her lips, the colonel heard the back door open and little Jason, too, was gone—gone on business of his own. He had seen Steve Hawn's face at the window, his mother had slipped out on the porch while he was dancing, and neither had appeared again. So little Jason went swiftly through the dark, over the ridge and up the big creek to the old circuit rider's house, where the stream forked. All the way he had seen the tracks of a horse which he knew to be Steve's, for the right forefoot, he knew, had cast a shoe only the day before.

At the forks the tracks turned up the branch that led to Steve's cabin and not up toward his mother's house. If Steve had his mother behind him, he had taken her to his own home; that, in Mavis's absence, was not right, and, burning with sudden rage, the boy hurried up the branch. The cabin was dark and at the gate he gave a shrill, imperative "Hello!"

In a few minutes the door opened and the tousled head of his cousin was thrust forth.

"Is my mammy hyeh?" he called hotly.

"Yep," drawled Steve.

"Well, tell her I'm hyeh to take her home!" There was no sound from within.

"Well, she ain't goin' home," Steve drawled.

The boy went sick and speechless with fury, but before he could get his breath Steve drawled again:

"She's goin' to live here now—we got married to-night." The boy dropped helplessly against the gate at these astounding words and his silence stirred Steve to kindness.

"Now, don't take it so hard, Jason. Come on in, boy, an' stay all night."

Still the lad was silent and another face appeared at the door.

"Come on in, Jasie."

It was his mother's voice and the tone was pleading, but the boy with no answer turned, and they heard his stumbling steps as he made his way along the fence and started over the spur. Behind him his mother began to sob and with rough kindness Steve soothed her and closed the door.

Slowly little Jason climbed the spur and dropped on the old log on which he had so often sat—fighting out the trouble which he had so long feared must come. The moon and the stars in her wake were sinking and the night was very still. His reason told him his mother was her own mistress, and had the right to marry when she pleased and whom she pleased, but she was a Honeycutt, again she had married a Hawn, and the feud was starting again. Steve Hawn would be under suspicion as his own father had been, Steve would probably have to live on the Honeycutt side of the ridge, and Jason's own earlier days of shame he must go through again. That was his first thought, but his second was a quick oath to himself that he would not go through them again. He was big enough to handle a Winchester now, and he would leave his mother and he would fight openly with the Hawns. And then as he went slowly down the spur he began to wonder with fresh suspicion what his mother and Steve might now do, and what influence Steve might have over her, and if he might not now encourage her to sell her land. And, if that happened, what would become of him? The old hound in the porch heard him coming and began to bay at him



Drawn by F. C. John.

"Hit aint no use, Mavis," he said, "the law's agin us an' we got to wait."—Page 570.

fiercely, but when he opened the gate the dog bounded to him whining his joy and trying to lick his hands. He dropped on the porch and the loneliness of it all clutched his heart so that he had to gulp back a sob in his throat and blink his eyes to keep back the tears. But it was not until he went inside finally and threw himself with his clothes on across his mother's empty bed that he lost all control and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke it was not only broad daylight, but the sun was an hour high and streaming through the mud-chinked crevices of the cabin. In his whole life he had never slept so long after daybreak and he sprang up in bed with bewildered eyes, trying to make out where he was and why he was there. The realization struck him with fresh pain, and when he slowly climbed out of the bed the old hound was whining at the door. When he opened it the fresh wind striking his warm body aroused him sharply. He wondered why his mother had not already been over for her things. The chickens were clustered expectantly at the corner of the house, the calf was bawling at the corner of the fence, and the old cow was waiting patiently at the gate. He turned quickly to the kitchen and to a breakfast on the scraps of his last night's supper. He did not know how to make coffee, and for the first time in his life he went without it. Within an hour the cow was milked and fed, bread crumbs were scattered to the chickens, and alone in the lonely cabin he faced the new conditions of his life. He started toward the gate, not knowing where he should go. He drifted aimlessly down the creek and he began to wonder about Mavis, whether she had got home and now knew what had happened and what she thought about it all, and about his grandfather and who it was that had shot him. There were many things that he wanted to know, and his steps quickened with a definite purpose. At the mouth of the creek he hailed the old circuit rider's house, and the old man and his wife both appeared in the doorway.

"I reckon you couldn't help doin' it?"

"No," said the old man. "Thar wasn't no reason fer me to deny 'em."

He looked confused and the old woman gulped, for both were wondering how much the lad knew.

"How's grandpap?"

"Right porely I heerd," said the old woman. "The doctor's thar, an' he said that if the bullet had 'a' gone a leetle furdur down hit would 'a' killed him."

"Whar's Mavis?"

Again the two old people looked confused, for it was plain that Jason did not know all that had happened.

"I hain't seed her, but somebody said she went by hyeh on her way home about an hour ago. I was thinkin' about goin' up thar right now."

The boy's eyes were shifting now from one to the other and he broke in abruptly:

"Whut's the matter?"

The old man's lips tightened.

"Jason, she's up thar alone. Yo' mammy an' Steve have run away."

The lad looked at the old man with unblinking eyes.

"Don't ye understand, boy?" repeated the old man kindly. "They've run away!"

Jason turned his head quickly and started for the gate.

"Now, don't, Jason," called the old woman in a broken voice. "Don't take on that way. I want ye both to come an' live with us," she pleaded. "Come on back now."

The little fellow neither made answer nor looked back, and the old people watched him turn up the creek, trudging toward Mavis's home.

The boy's tears once more started when he caught sight of Steve Hawn's cabin, but he forced them back. A helpless little figure was sitting in the open doorway with head buried in her arms. She did not hear him coming even when he was quite near, for the lad stepped softly and gently put one hand on her shoulder. She looked up with a frightened start, and at sight of his face she quit her sobbing and with one hand over her quivering mouth turned her head away.

"Come on, Mavis," he said quietly.

Again she looked up, wonderingly this time, and seeing some steady purpose in his eyes rose without a question.

With no word he turned and she followed him back down the creek. And the old couple, sitting in the porch saw them coming, the boy striding resolutely ahead, the little girl behind, and the

faces of both deadly serious—the one with purpose and the other with blind trust. They did not call to the boy, for they saw him swerve across the road toward the gate. He did not lift his head until he reached the gate, and he did not wait for Mavis. He had no need, for she had hurried to his side when he halted at the steps of the porch.

"Uncle Lige," he said, "me an' Mavis hyeh want to git married."

Not the faintest surprise showed in Mavis's face, little as she knew what his purpose was, for what the master did was right; but the old woman and the old man were stunned into silence and neither could smile.

"Have you got yo' license?" the old man asked gravely.

"Whut's a license?"

"You got to git a license from the county clerk afore you can git married, an' hit costs two dollars."

The boy flinched, but only for a moment. "I kin borrar the money," he said stoutly.

"But you can't git a license—you ain't a man."

"I ain't!" cried the boy hotly; "I got to be!"

"Come in hyeh, Jason," said the old man, for it was time to leave off evasion, and he led the lad into the house while Mavis, with the old woman's arm around her, waited in the porch. Jason came out baffled and pale.

"Hit ain't no use, Mavis," he said, "the law's agin us an' we got to wait. They've run away an' they've both sold out an' yo' daddy left word that he was goin' to send fer ye whenever he got wharever he was goin'."

Jason waited and he did not have to wait long.

"I hain't goin' to leave ye," she flashed.

(To be continued.)



AMFORTAS

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I AM the Sinner purer than the sin,
I am the Doer worthier than the deed,
I am the Loser, who was meant to win,
I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the creed.

I, the Inheritor of Holiness,
The Knighted Guardian of the Mystic Grail—
Lo! I am lost in deep and dire distress,
For I have loved the best, and yet could fail—

I was the bearer of the Holy Spear,
But, through my sin, the sacred Thing I bore
Turned on my breast, and what I held most dear
Has left an anguished wound for evermore.

Mine was a Soul free born to love the light,
 Astir with wingèd hope and fair emprise,
 Self-slain, and chained to dark and dreadful night,
 Though doomed to deathlessness, it faints and dies.

To love the right, and yield unto the wrong,
 To have the best, and know it, yet to lose,
 To be the weak, though born to be the strong,
 To crave the pure, and yet the loathly choose—

Perchance the tortured terror which I bear
 Forever burning in my bleeding breast
 Shall purge my sin and win for me a share
 In the Redeemer's gift of perfect Rest.

I am the Sinner purer than the sin,
 I am the Doer worthier than the deed,
 I am the Loser, who was meant to win,
 I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the creed!

OUT THERE

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROBINSON



SARAH HYDE lived with her mother and her sister Sybil in an old-fashioned apartment house downtown, about midway between Fifth Avenue and the "L." At any rate, there she slept and spent most of her evenings and Sundays,—except when helping at the settlement,—but her days were spent under an electric drop-lamp in a law office in Wall Street. She was a trifle pale, therefore, and subdued, but nobody noticed that, because she was so good and self-sacrificing, and listened with a quick, bright look to everything other folks said.

Her middle name was De Puyster, but one of the bright young men in the office said it ought to be Cinderella. Mrs. Hyde, whose forbears had been important people on the Island of Manhattan since the days

when the Battery was uptown, belonged to various societies for the preservation of such memories, and she could talk authoritatively and even with a sort of faded affection about the times when Broadway stages had sleigh-runners in winter and straw was put on the floor to keep the passengers' feet warm.

Not much interested in anything that had happened since 1880, she was, at other moments, rather difficult. She went out little, for the city seemed to forget the Hydés after their money disappeared, and when one has kept one's own horses in one's own stable, in one's own back yard, before loft buildings crowded with guttural fur-and-feather merchants flowed over and buried the place, taxicabs seem a trifle new and vulgar, even if not expensive. Mrs. Hyde might be found at her tea-table every afternoon at

five, but most of the rest of her time she spent in rereading the early English novels and deploring the fact that New York society had become a mere whirling mass of disintegrated units.

Sybyl Hyde "sculpted." The north room of the little apartment—properly its dining-room—had been turned into a studio. There was always a queer smell of oil and clay about the place, and various queer, greenish lumps which were some day going to be finished. Indeed, Sybyl had once completed a bas-relief of a friend of the family—by enlarging on paper with a pantograph a portrait of the gentleman published in *Town and Country*, cutting out and pinning the diagram to a flat surface of clay and working over the composition for several months. Mrs. Hyde thought it all rather odd, but Sybyl's bohemian friends said that it was very artistic and promising, and the gentleman himself paid her twenty-five dollars and sent it to an elderly aunt in New Hampshire for a Christmas present.

Sybyl was determined to leave no stone unturned in the cultivation of her talent, and she was indefatigable in her attendance at Carnegie Hall concerts, matinée performances of "plastic" dancers and studio teas. These necessities counted up, and some of Sarah's salary as a stenographer went for tickets, or to pay for the beer and sandwiches and cigarettes which assisted in alluring for an evening Sybyl's artistic friends. But as they and Sybyl agreed, it was hard for a girl brought up in a strict conventional environment really to advance unless she got a breath now and then of the fresh ozone of the world of those who do things.

Sarah always spoke proudly of Sybyl's work, and although she rarely could stay up for her sister's parties because of next morning's alarm clock, she often got home in time—it was on these days that the colored maid who came in each morning from Minnetta Lane was most likely to be indisposed—to wash the glasses and things left over from the evening before. At this hour, too, she wrote her mother's notes—for Mrs. Hyde had not allowed herself to fall into the habit of doing without a social secretary and such things, together with playing the piano at the Parish House socials on Friday evenings and similar odds and ends, kept her quite free of the perils of introspection.

Sybyl often wished she had been born practical and domestic, like her sister—for after all, as she said, one was really much more contented so—and Mrs. Hyde, although she rather shrank from the thought of a young unmarried girl leaving her proper sphere to elbow about in business, was genuinely grateful for the addition which Sarah's salary made to their slender income, and she expressed a common sentiment when she told her daughter, as she often did, that she didn't know what they would do without her.

Leatherbee and Wigett, for whom Sarah had written letters and copied briefs until it was sometimes playfully said that she knew the law better than the judge himself, felt the same way. They had begun, especially the younger men, who worked for nothing and did most of the slaving, as it seemed to them, for which the firm got the fees, by finding it pleasant to have a fresh young girl about their dusty offices. She was a ray of sunshine in their dark lives. They grew quite sentimental about her, indeed, when, a case well won and a comfortable dinner before them in their college club uptown, they fell into a mellow enough humor to stop talking law in the abstract and merely gossip.

They were less frequently seized with these fits as the years went by. Possibly Sarah had faded a bit. At any rate, fresher rays of sunshine came into the office, and the men, ever adaptable, dropped back to the younger generation. If Sarah noticed these barometric changes she did not show it, and whatever she may have lost in merely superficial bloom she more than made up by those subtler services with which women make themselves indispensable and revered.

It was she who stayed after hours, of her own free will and gladly; who protected the preoccupied males from visitors whom they were too busy or disinclined to see; who typed without dictation semi-social notes whose addresses her employers, dashing out of the office for the country, flung back as they ran (she had learned to make neat forgeries of all their bold signatures); who banked and grudgingly doled out, after almost documentary proof that he needed it, the office boy's weekly salary. Indeed, among the girls who, having no ancestors to live up to, merely toiled for theatre tickets and clothes designed to make their help-

less employers forget home and country, the whispered phrase, "Let Sarah do it!" became a recognized part of the office slang. She steadily grew in grace. There is no reason, indeed, why she should not eventually have worked away every atom of the dross of self and become an uncanonized saint, had she not suddenly discovered, one rainy April morning, that she was thirty years old.

No woman, perhaps, reaches that event without having scrutinized it from afar, but the complete realization, at any rate, struck her with the crashing suddenness of thunder. She was riding down to work in the "L." It was at the season when a sagging but persistent winter had not yet given way to spring and all the Olympians are sailing for Bermuda or the Riviera; when pavements are a shiny paste of melted snow and mud; when people catch germs and things, and New York is a sodden, dripping cavern through which, day and night, echoes the sullen sound of grinding dollars.

The cold which Sarah had caught in November, after staying downtown three nights running without her dinner, had hung on. Awakening at two that morning, she had listened and shivered in her bed—it had seemed for weeks as if she were never really warm—until half-past five, then dropped off and slept through the alarm clock's warning to jump up in a sort of shaky terror, dress by lamp-light, and scurry to her train without bath or breakfast. The car was crowded and smelt of damp rubbers and wool and a few faintly smoking and carefully cherished cigar-butts. There were no seats, and hollow and trembling a little she hung to a strap as the train wrenched round the turn at Bleecker Street and rasped into West Broadway.

Over the top of the newspaper with which the man before whom she swung maintained his ignorance of her presence, she suddenly found herself looking into the yellow glass eyes of the great black cat which, lighted at night, had once served to lure adventurous spirits into a restaurant behind it, there to engage in unequal combat with its fifty-cent table d'hôte. The black cat had thus looked at her every morning for nearly ten years, but to-day she unexpectedly saw it as she had seen it one June evening during the first summer that the family had found it necessary to give up Narragansett and keep to their flat in town.

She remembered the dress she wore and the straw hat of the man—boy he must have been—who conducted that thrilling adventure, and she could see herself leaning on the table poking a straw into a little glass of green mint, while the orchestra howled "Santa Lucia" and the young man—disappeared these many years—blew cigarette smoke impressively through his nose and talked on and on, eagerly, without taking his eyes from her face. A depression almost physical in its weight, as if the atmosphere itself had turned thick and viscous, seemed to descend upon her and envelop her. At the same instant her thoughts flung forward to the present, and she awoke as if to something wholly new and terrible, that this was her birthday.

Her heart stopped, then rushed into her throat. Her neck throbbed, her cheeks burned, and she looked round as if something sudden and fatal were threatening her, looked round for a way of escape. The train rumbled on, the loft buildings filed past in monotonous repetition, the men pored over their papers, and the brakes were just grinding down for Park Place, when she found herself reading an advertisement above her head.

It was the picture of a young man jogging along on a cow-pony in the blue-and-gold brilliance of a western desert. In the distance was a range of terra-cotta hills toward which a faint trail meandered through scanty chapparal, and as the horseman proceeded, lazily rolling a cigarette, his bronze face under its well-worn slouch hat bore a wise and vaguely humorous smile, as if life brought him no more difficult problem than to capture three square meals a day, ride round in the sunshine, and sleep under the stars. In large letters at the top of the placard were the words:

OUT THERE.

The toilers of the world, it appeared, were invited to come and pitch their tents. "Out there the sun is shining. Come where it shines all the year round and life is big and free. There's room for everybody. There's a place for YOU. For full particulars, time-tables, etc., consult Eastern Passenger Agent S. F. & P., 225 Broadway."

Sarah read the placard over several times. She looked at the men round her,

still inextricably absorbed in their papers. She returned to the placard. From the background of her consciousness something was approaching. Nearer and nearer and stronger and stronger it came, like hoofbeats in the fog, and all at once gripped and swept her away. The men changed. The city changed. The rectangular buildings with their rivers of people flowing at their feet changed. From being something fixed and inexorable, they became amusingly, grotesquely accidental and small. She was another person. It only happened that she was doing what she was in a particular way. There were other ways, countless ways; other worlds, infinite worlds, bigger, more real—out there.

"I'm *not* old!" she thought as she hurried down the narrow canyon of Wall Street. The gray walls of the Sub-Treasury and J. P. Morgan's offices were like pictures in some old magazine. "You've had me—you've had me for ten years, but you can't have me now! I'm out for myself and nobody can stop me!"

She ripped through mountains of work that morning like a reaper through ripe wheat. It was Monday and every one out of sorts and cross. Yet even Mr. Wigett's sarcasm left her unafraid. "Only a poor old man!" she thought.

At lunch time she drew her balance from the bank. There was three hundred and sixty-three dollars and eighty-five cents. Then she went to the ticket office.

"Yes?" said the clerk. "Where do you want to go?" She had no idea. She murmured something about their advertisement in the elevated.

"California?" asked the young man with a smile.

"Yes," she answered severely. "Give me a ticket to California. That's as far as one can go, isn't it?"

"Unless," ventured the young man, "you want to come back."

"I don't want to come back," said Sarah. She returned to the office with a green ticket, folded over and over and long enough, it seemed, to take her around the world. Sarah had never been farther away from New York than Boston. Her work kept her that evening until every one was gone. Then she wrote a note to Judge Leatherbee and took the "L" uptown. She stopped at a dairy-lunch place near the

Eighth Street station for her supper and hurried home.

The Van Cortlandt Dames, a newly organized society for the preservation of the colonial spirit, was giving its first reception that evening, so that Mrs. Hyde was not at home, but Sybyl called faintly as Sarah passed her room. The gas was lit and Sybyl lay in bed, a bowl of hot water steaming on a chair beside her and her face buried in hot cloths.

"Ah!" Sybyl sighed her relief. "I thought you'd never come! Some people are coming in to-night—we'll have to get something for 'em."

Sybyl lifted the wet cloth and folded it closer about her eyes, and from an invisible crack in it emerged a languid and rather hopeless "Sandwiches?" Sarah, in her damp mackintosh, gripping her still dripping umbrella, stared at, and, as it were, through her sister. "I can't," she said quietly "I can't do it to-night!"

She turned into her own room. "But, Sarah," a muffled protest followed, "you've got to. I can't make sandwiches!"

She pulled a suit-case down from the upper shelf of the closet and swiftly stowed away in it a few necessary things. From time to time there came a semi-audible wail from the adjoining room. Once, "Is there any peanut butter in the house?" came cold and clear—evidently in the interval between cloths. Sarah continued packing.

She snapped the bag shut, washed her hands and face, poked up her hair, put on her mackintosh again, and picked up her suit-case and umbrella. As she paused at her sister's door Sybyl was moaning ceilingward. "You've got to feed 'em—right after dinner—just the same. . . ." Carefully balancing the steaming cloth on her upturned face, she punched the pillow into a more sustaining fulness. Sarah watched her.

"Sybyl," she started, "I—" then suddenly ran forward, threw her arms about her sister, and brushing aside the towel, pressed her face against the moist, steaming cheek.

"Good-by!" she said. Sybyl jumped and sat up in bed, her hair tumbling over her incarnadined face, her eyes blinking in the sudden light.

"What's the matter!" she cried. She took in the mackintosh, suit-case, umbrella.

"I'm going away!" said Sarah.

"*Away!*" The younger sister slid part way out of bed, and sitting erect, gripped the sheet as if to save herself from being swept away. "Sarah, you're not yourself! Something's happened!"

"I'm quite myself," answered the older girl evenly. "I'll write you. . . . Good-by!" she cried, and she hurried down the hall.

"Sarah! . . . Sarah!" Over the fourth-floor banister the artistic sister leaned, dishevelled and aghast. "You can't leave me like this . . . where are you going . . . *where* are you going?"

"Never mind!" cried Sarah, a little shrill and shaky now, "somewhere—out there!"

For two days it rained. The whole world seemed to have dissolved into water and mists and sodden gray. Crouched in the soiled plush embrace of the Pullman, Sarah watched in a sort of waking trance towns and forests, the uncanny monotony of mist-hung plains, stream past her dripping window. She went to sleep the third night to the windy thresh of raindrops on the metal roof overhead and a thunder that rolled and rumbled across the empty prairies as if all the gods were bowling. She was alone, free, a little terrified and strangely happy.

She awoke slowly next morning into consciousness of a strange aerial stillness—a stillness in which the train seemed to be sailing like a balloon, remote, alone. A blade of light at the edge of her closed window-curtain slit the twilight of her berth, and even the lifeless air of the closed car was pierced by something from without, keen and cool, inexpressibly clean and untarnished.

Leaning on her elbow, she pushed up the curtain a few inches—everything she had known and been seemed brushed aside like so many marks wiped from a slate.

They were floating on the rim of an untouched world. Across a gulf of terracotta rock, of gray-green sage below—miles below—and black-green pines above, she was looking straight out and up, to summits of virgin snow. Incandescent in the morning sun, they blazed against the blue behind, rising through that incredible clearness, the very soul of light. It seemed as if she could sail across that intervening ether, companion of those bright ascending snows. Nothing was impossible.

"Good God!" she said reverently, and felt she was born again.

She threw on her clothes. To a woman she found in the dressing-room—a shabby woman in a red wrapper, rubbing cold cream into the lines about her eyes—she prattled as to a life-long friend. She talked to the waiter in the dining-car with a strange, unprecedented sensation of clairvoyantly understanding and sharing the existence of that dusky gentleman without in the least pausing in the swift flight of her own. The cup of coffee went to her head like some rare unearthly wine. She hurried to the back platform—the rear half of the Pullman had been turned into an abbreviated observation-car—with the feeling that there was not a moment to lose; that the world had suddenly become crowded with things of which one must seize all one could as they poured dizzily by. On a camp-stool in the corner sat a plump, pink, placid young woman with a baby in her arms. Sarah gathered her in with mountain shoulders and canyons.

"Heavens!" said Sarah, and she threw out her arms and hugged them to her breast.

"Like it?" said the young woman pleasantly. "It *is* pretty. It's too bad we missed the Devil's Gorge, though. We came through that in the night. I seen it once goin' down the other way. You go through in the afternoon and see it fine."

Sarah looked down at the young woman,—at her clear skin, her unlined face and general air of being at home in the world,—at her and the baby. Even the baby seemed different. Even he was conscious of the general excellence of the universe. Healthy as a young trout, he gazed complacently heavenward, apparently aware that his eyes matched the mountain sky and thoroughly approving of it. Sarah bent over him and touched his incredibly soft cheek, and as he enthusiastically reached upward and gripped one of her fingers in both his strong, damp little fists, and thus held, proudly stiffened his little back and let himself almost be lifted off his mother's lap, she gave a quick cry, and dropping to her knees wrapped baby and mother both in her hungry, inexperienced arms. They were strong young arms, not the less so, perhaps, from having pounded the keys of a typewriter eight hours a day for the better half of ten years.

The mother looked down approvingly. "He likes you," she said.

The train panted slowly up and over the divide and then in wide descending loops began to roll down the western slope. "Maybe," suggested the cheerful mother, "you'd like to watch him a while. I haven't had breakfast yet. Don't let him fall overboard. . . ."

It was one of those leisurely trains which, meandering off into a region of washouts and sagging road-beds, live up to the dashing phrases of the time-table by trailing behind their day coaches and a "tourist" car or two an antiquated Pullman. Voyagers less guileless than Sarah joined swifter caravans, and on the deserted platform, surveying that bright aerial world, she and her baby were quite alone.

A strange excitement, sweet, poignant almost to the point of pain, thrilled through her as she felt that plump, soft, warm little body in her arms. She lifted and mothered it gently. She pressed it to her until the little fellow, squirming deliciously, began a whimper, which, releasing him quickly, she quieted with renewed gentleness. She devised fancied discomforts for him and hurriedly and with business-like despatch remedied them.

The train entered a belt of pines, rumbled across short trestles up through which, from foaming streams beneath, came sharp, cool breaths, and presently straightened out into open country again—a wide plateau country, spotted here and there with brown range cattle. Holding that little body, Sarah felt a new warm strength and courage in her own; a sense of belonging to those splendid unfolding distances, with a grip on things, and as the train whistled for a station and the mother took her child, something of Sarah herself seemed to go.

A dripping water-tank slipped by, a freight-shed, and as the train stopped before a low station with a corrugated-iron roof, a horseman, jogging in from the trail that disappeared in the horizon, swung off his pony, and picking up a bag on the station platform approached the train. Sarah caught her breath. For she had seen him before. He was the young man of the "L" train picture.

She threw him a quick look as he came out on the rear platform and snapped open a camp-stool—a lean, tanned, young man

with pleasingly compact shoulders and sensible gray eyes—and at once she noticed that instead of not having a care in the world, he looked as if he had all of them. He seemed driven and tired. He flopped down, and leaning back against the car with almost an air of defiance, waved an ironical hand at the distant foot-hills. "Good-by!" he sang out.

Sarah watched him out of the corner of her quiet eye.

"It's a lovely country, isn't it?" she ventured.

The young man turned on her savagely, stopped short, blinked, and the taut lines of his face relaxed.

"Do you think so?" he demanded.

"I should say I did!" cried Sarah. "It's like the things you see in pictures!"

"Oh!" assented the young man. He leaned back and surveyed the horizon again with his ironical smile. "You see, I live here." The train bowled on down the slight down grade. The flour-like desert dust raced after them in a little cloud, and from below came the soothing clickity-clack and long *whee-ee-sh—wha-aa-sh* of ties and rails.

"Is it a ranch?" asked Sarah.

"It may be some day," said the young man dryly.

Sarah could feel his quick appraising eyes. "Do you see that gray peak—there behind the foot-hills—the bare one, with the patch of snow? Well, that's it. Down in that strip of ultramarine. That's my ranch."

Sarah followed his arm. She looked at the young man, returned to that distant strip of misty blue, and so stared from one to the other as if he were some sort of prestidigitateur.

"Think of living in a place like that!" she whispered. "The bigness of it!"

"Yes," assented the young man without enthusiasm, "there's plenty of room."

"All the wide out-doors!" Sarah turned toward him, her quiet eyes suddenly bright. The young man scowled slightly.

"Have you any idea how wide that is—up on my place, for instance? It's eighteen miles in an air line from my front door to the top of that peak. It's twenty miles to the nearest neighbor and he's a human grizzly that crawls in his cave at the first snow and stays there until spring. He ought to be in a zoo. It's forty miles to



Some of Sarah's salary went to pay for the beer and sandwiches and cigarettes.—Page 572.

the mail, and you can't get there for four months except on snow-shoes."

"Yes!" said Sarah, "but think of the things you get away from! Where they can't get at you. Just be yourself and live!"

"That's all right," nodded the young man. "Did you ever try it?"

"You mean you're lonesome?"

"Lonesome?" he almost shouted.

"Ha!" he jammed his hands in his pockets and stared down the retreating track.

"Roll on!" he waved again, "roll on!"

He turned to Sarah. "Yes, lonesome, if it comes to that! But you don't mind that if you're making money at it. Wait

till you show your friends 'how to make the ranch pay'! . . . Oh, it can be done all right," he added hastily. "Only——"

The young man's voice trailed off into gloomy silence. "It's like anything else. There's a lot of things you don't allow for. Here's a forest supervisor, for instance. Wants to make a record for his district—we pay so much a head for cattle, you know—and he lets in a big outfit from across the range—over behind that peak. Summer range is overstocked, winter feed cleaned off, and what with that and the the snow—we've had six feet of it all over the place—half my stock died on my hands.

His face stiffened. "They crawled right up to my door—hung on the fences, too weak to get over. No hay—nothing under the snow—and there they were, dying and freezing before our eyes. I tell you it isn't so blamed picturesque as you might think!"

He caught himself suddenly. "I don't know why I'm boring you with all this! I——" he stopped, turned away, then slowly back at her with a look—boyish, wistful, unspoiled—that sent through her a quick and almost terrifying desire. All at once she wanted to stroke the young man's curly hair, to press his tanned cheeks to hers, to mother that healthy troubled face in the hollow of her neck and shoulder.

"It doesn't bore me," she said in a whisper. Their eyes met, and she felt a quick surge of gratitude as he rescued her with a frank "Oh well, I guess it got on my nerves. One thing and another—it hit me all at once, and I put on my hat and ran. That's it—ran away!"

"I know," nodded Sarah. "It was just that way with me." She met him with level, defiant eyes. "I just had to."

"You?"

"Yes," said Sarah quietly. "I just flopped over. It was time to swing and I swung. And I don't mind telling you"—Sarah twisted her slim muscular hands one over the other—"I don't care if I never swing back! That's the way I feel about it!"

The young man stared, drew a sharp, quivering breath, and then suddenly leaned forward and looked into her eyes. "Why do you?" he said. Sarah trembled a little.

There was a crash which threw them back against the car, then a series of thumps, and the antique Pullman veteran, doubtless of many such encounters, calmly rolling

over, somersaulted both into the sage-brush and gravel on the other side of the fence.

Sarah found herself sitting bolt upright, —in front of her, like some incredible biograph picture, the smoking locomotive, a helpless beetle on its back,—the express car wedged sidewise and smashed, the overturned coaches through whose broken windows the passengers were dragging themselves; and staring at her, with a thread of crimson running down his forehead, a very pale young man.

She felt like fainting, but as no arrangements for such dissipations had been made at Leatherbee and Wigett's, she had learned to get over them, even on those occasional late afternoons when the keys mixed and the room went round and round. So she got over this now, and tearing a strip from her petticoat, soaked it in the stream across which they had been wrecked and returned to wash the blood and dust from the young man's face.

He took it obediently, murmuring, however, "Poor little girl!" and resting a slightly shaky hand on Sarah's arm as if he imagined, somehow, that he were helping along. And then, in the middle of it, the world became strangely quiet and suddenly went black. She was just about to fall—down—down—but pulled herself up and came back. The young man had his arm about her and he was smoothing the hair from her forehead with the damp cloth. "I'm not hurt!" she said and started to rise, but he insisted that she was. There was something new and delightful about that to Sarah.

"All right, then, I am!" she said, and her head dropped back in his arm. It was a capable arm. The strong curve of the biceps pressed through the sleeve against her cheek. His free hand smoothed her forehead and she looked past it, through lashes nearly closed, up into the peace of cloudless blue. And the young man kept whispering, "Poor little girl!"

All at once, opening her eyes, she abruptly sat up. "I insist on it!" she said, and began to straighten her damp hair. "I——" She turned away quickly, but he seized her and drew her toward him and kissed her wet cheek.

"I've been lonesome so long!" he said brokenly, pressing her face to his. Sarah shut her eyes tightly.

"So have I!" she whispered. . . .

Leaving the passengers gathered proudly about the wreck, figuring out exactly what

sharp against the blue; below these, sheer faces of rock dropped earthward, down and down to the tumbling stream and their



The man before whom she swung maintained his ignorance of her presence.—Page 573.

they had been saying and thinking just before the crash came, they disappeared in the cool aisles of the canyon at the bottom of which the little stream ran. Far above, where the sun hit, terra-cotta peaks shone

tiny selves. It was as still as a cathedral—cool, shadowy, abysmal, except where a cross canyon, like a transept, poured down its transverse beam of light.

Sarah was soon herself again—more

than herself. She sprang from rock to rock. She climbed after her leader—eager, quick to understand—and all the time with the feeling of beginning life over again. "Aren't you tired?" he asked once.

"Never!" said Sarah. She was standing on a rock a bit above him. "Catch me!" she cried, and she laughed and leaped down into his arms. She could have flown if she wished.

They climbed to a high ledge, made coffee and toast. Far away and below—incredibly far—they could see the passengers gathered, ant-like, about the wreck.

They drank up their little pail of coffee and the young man scrambled down for more water. Lying flat, with elbows on the rock and chin in her hands, Sarah proudly watched him, careless and sure as a mountain sheep. Looking up as he kneeled at the stream a full quarter-mile drop from where she lay, he waved and she fluttered her handkerchief. And this exchange, across the silent, unprecedented distance, was strangely exciting and delightful—she, quiet little Sarah Hyde, talking across the mountain tops.

They came down the canyon as the cool mountain twilight was closing in. The east-bound trains, it appeared, were held up by a washout, there was no down train until next morning, and the passengers had settled down to a very passable imitation of a camp of happy brigands. Little fires twinkled in the canyon bed; down by the trestle some one was playing an accordion and two or three women's voices quavered plaintively into song.

The young man spread some Pullman blankets on the ground. He unearthed sandwiches and canned peaches and tea and made a little fire. Then, after they had finished supper, he rolled two cigarettes, one of which

he gave to Sarah.

"Never mind," he smiled, "you've got to this time. It's very symbolical. . . .

"It means forever and forever," he said, as the two little clouds of smoke mingled in the still air.

The fires burned down, the tired passengers huddled closer in their blankets and gradually the canyon was still. As Sarah and the young man watched, still awake, the intense blackness above them began to be thinned with a misty radiance. In the zenith the sky grew almost blue, and the sharp canyon rim far above to the east became rimmed with living silver.

The silhouettes of the slim pines devel-

oped clearer and blacker against the growing light behind, and finally, over the canyon edge, climbed the round moon. It rose, cool and radiant, above the dead rocks, and down across the rim, as clear against the blackness as the beam of a search-light, spread its silver mist.

Sarah caught her breath and put out her hand until it touched the young man's arm. His own hand closed on it and he bent and kissed the tips of her cold fingers. And the silver mist poured over the canyon rim and buried them, hands clasped and faces upturned. . . .

The moon climbed slowly up the sky and hung small and bright nearly overhead. Sarah had dropped back in her blanket and



"Sarah! Sarah!" Over the fourth-floor banister the artistic sister leaned, dishevelled and aghast.—Page 575.

with hands under her head looked up at the stars.

"I think we could make that ranch pay," she said. The young man tossed fresh wood in the fire. "Of course we could!" he agreed. She did not see him slip his own blanket under her head and carefully cover her up. She did not see him because, gazing up at the stars, wearier in body and

wider awake in mind, it seemed, than ever she had been before, she quite shamelessly dropped asleep. She fell asleep, and the watchman beside her little knew that it was only the husk of Sarah Hyde that lay there and that she herself had fled two thousand miles away.

She had fled back to the city—to a town transfigured, glamourised over with the in-



effable radiance of dreams. The iron music of the streets; the fragrant warmth of rooms, through which, in the soft glow of shaded lamps or firelight, flowed familiar welcoming faces; all that life she had run away from, its tingle and rush and sweet security, suddenly, in the night's strange clairvoyance, took on a new and overpowering significance.

It leaned toward her, so to speak, to rescue her before too late—to snatch her from something that closed in, sinister, threatening, implacable, materializing into a shape and face. . . . She tried to run, strained to escape it and suddenly, with a cry, woke up.

The moon had gone, a mist was falling and a cold breath, the melancholy chill that comes before the dawn, moaned up the canyon. The river-bed was still black and tenebrous, but the peaks, dimly lit now by the first streaks of the gray-morning, lifted aloof, trailing their ghostly scarfs of fog into a world cold, sterile, cruelly still. All about her, like shrouded corpses, lay the companions of her incredible adventure, and now her young man—a terrible and terrifying presence—was stretched beside the ashes of last night's fire, sound asleep as a locked door.

A surge of unendurable homesickness swept over her. She ached for home; for her own little room, her familiar bed near the airshaft window, with the muslin cur-

tains stirring peacefully, a far-off "L" train rumbling by at the end of the street and the early morning milk-bottles clinking at the foot of the shaft. She touched the young man's arm.

"Yes!" he answered, wide-awake at once, "what's up?"

"Listen!" Sarah cried, gripping his coat-sleeve and thrusting toward him her pale wild face; "I can't! Do you understand? It's a mistake—I was out of my mind yesterday! I'm going back, I want to go home!"

He regarded her keenly. "That's all right," he said gently, "it's the altitude—it gives you the willies when you aren't used to it—just wait till I make you some coffee."

"I do know what I'm saying!" cried Sarah. She shook her fists up at the cold, gray peaks. "Listen—I hate those dreadful mountains! I hate the whole country—it's horrible! It's all empty and horrible!"

"You want to go back to New York?"

"I want to go back to people! People

—do you understand? Tame people—all about you. And things where they belong!"

A curious light shone in the young man's eyes. "So you wouldn't make a good ranchman's wife?" he said.

Sarah shot him a look. "I don't think I'd make a good wife for anybody. I don't want to!" She jumped to her feet and



"It means forever and forever," he said, as the two little clouds of smoke mingled in the still air.

Page 580.



"Listen!" Sarah cried. "I can't! Do you understand? It's a mistake."—Page 582.

shaking out her skirt began to jab hairpins into her hair. "Just let me work. Yes, work! I'd be going down to the office now with the men reading their morning papers and me reading mine and as good as any of them!"

The young man nodded, but said nothing.

"Working *with* 'em!" cried Sarah, stung by his unconcern. "Do you know what that means? All those minds—overhead, downstairs, across the street, all about you—doing things! Concentrated vitality—that's what it is! And you just dive in and swim in it! I tell you it's tremendous to get mixed up with men's brains that way! You can't imagine what it means!"

The young man regarded her steadily. "So *that's* what it does to you," he said. . . . "I suppose you'd get attached to a jail even, if you stayed there long enough." He stepped close to her. "Do you know what all that really is? Riding on the engine—that's what it is. Riding on the engine when you could be engineer. I thought you women were practical."

"I am practical," insisted Sarah, "that's the trouble with me."

"Then let the men chase their fancy pictures." He took off his hat and solemnly tapped his head. "Here's a mind to get mixed up with—what's the matter with it?"

Sarah turned away with a little cry of impatience. "You don't understand," she persisted, staring off into the thinning mist.

"Oh, yes I do," he said, "I've been there. It was a fine picture of myself as a pioneer—breaking the trail and all that—that got me." He threw his arm toward the mountains they had left behind. "We got the ranch on a foreclosure—there was my chance, and my partner bet me I couldn't make it pay and—and here we are. That's the kind of a pioneer *I* am!"

"You mean you're not?" asked Sarah.

"I'm a broker," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm one of those men across the street. I'm one of those great minds."

His look suddenly tightened. "And I want you. I hadn't been on that platform more than a minute yesterday before—"

Sarah huddled away from him, twisting her cold fingers over and over. "I want to forget yesterday," she shivered.

The young man was silent for a moment. Down by the trestle some one shook himself out of his blanket and stretched his arms. All over the little camp gray bundles began to come to life. "Leave out yesterday," he said suddenly. "It's morning now. Here we are—two people with a chance. The question is, are we going to take it?" He bent closer to Sarah and closed his hand over her cold fingers. "Hadn't we better stay together?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," sobbed Sarah.

"Back to New York. . . ." The young man threw up his head and seemed to listen as if, through the graying light, he, too, could hear the far-off, familiar rumble of the town. . . . "Do you know those rainy nights with the asphalt shining under a blanket of mist . . . an autumn night with

everybody back in town and the new plays on. . . . Can't you see people at dinner—that's what you think of it back here—just the right light and just the right people—and then up the avenue through the rain, past all the other people scooting off to their dinners and things and down to our seats just in time for the curtain? . . ."

"How do *you* know?" Sarah protested. The young man laughed.

"There's a place waiting," he said steadily—"just as I left it. We'll keep the ranch for summers. . . . You ought to see my old-fashioned mantel and the real mahogany doors. . . ."

"Where?" demanded Sarah.

"Tenth Street, just west of Fifth—fifth floor, front."

Sarah gave a quick little shriek and covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she cried, whirling toward him with a happy break in her voice. "That's the flat overhead!"

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

IX



DO trust you draw the line at old-age pensions."

The remark was addressed to me by my neighbor, Hugh Armitt Dawson, in the lounging-room of his summer palace at Ocean-Lea where a party of both sexes was gathered after luncheon.

The shade of deprecation in his tone, inspired doubtless by consciousness that he was the host, was contradicted by his failure to await my response—thus showing that he suspected me of the worst—for he proceeded as follows:

"It is both absurd and futile for a citizen of a democratic country to profess disbelief in democracy. I have said more than once to some of you that I am second to none in loyalty to our national principles and institutions. Is it surprising, however, that persons in my position—men of considerable substance through no wrong-doing—should talk intemperately nowadays? Be goaded into saying more than we actually mean? Reflect a moment. We have seen cherished landmark after landmark disappear within a surprisingly short period. Less than a generation ago it was axiomatic that a human being could do as he chose with his own—conduct and enlarge his business without let or hindrance, enjoy the increment of sagacious investments in the shape of stock dividends, make a testamentary disposition of property which the courts would protect, bequeath his estate at death without curtailment (except in rare emergencies due to war), and in general feel secure as to those rights of property which the strong minds of immemorial generations have termed vested and sacred. Society—a noisy portion of it—has stepped in and revolutionized this tradition. One may be indicted to-day who transacts business in the old-fashioned method. You, Mr. Phi-

losopher"—he waved his hand at me—"assure me that a progressive legacy tax, the imposition of a higher rate on my comparative abundance than on my neighbor's scantier possessions, is an emblem of enlightened justice for the reason that I am better able to bear the burden than he. I am unable to discern the equity or the logic of such a discrimination, but I submit to it as the established law. So, too, I recognize that it is within the power of the courts to set my well-considered ante-mortem wishes at naught by entering into a partnership with my contesting heirs and my legatees to frame a will repugnant to my intentions. As a good American I bow with all the grace at my command to the decision of the majority in these matters, whatever my private feelings. But I cannot forbear to utter my warning against the measure at which society is now casting unmistakable sheep's eyes, which might fairly be defined as a stride in furtherance of public bankruptcy. When the State says to the proletariat (let us substitute 'plain people' if you prefer), 'On reaching a certain age you will be supported from the public till,' the entire social structure, the key-stones of which are thrift, ambition, filial affection, and becoming pride, will be imperilled. Can you imagine a greater menace to the foundations of organized society than such a standing invitation to inebriety and shiftlessness? It would discountenance saving, put a premium on heedless living, encourage children to let their aged parents shift for themselves, and serve to atrophy all those qualities the flower of which is manly self-respect."

Mr. Dawson knows how to marshal his arguments effectively and at the same time appear to emulate reasonableness. Those present gave unmistakable signs of approval, which encouraged him to add the portentous words:

"No economic system will stand it."

Even Josephine who, in view that I was under fire, might have been expected to ab-

stain from applause, saw fit to remark, "The generosity of wage-earners toward their aged relations is a constantly impressive moral lesson to those of us who are better off. If this pious incentive were taken away would not the world be the worse for it?"

"And there is another factor in the case, Mr. Dawson, which supplements your unanswerable presentation," exclaimed my friend Dr. Meredith, who happened to be a guest. "As a physician I find myself in my more thoughtful moments confronted with a disturbing doubt. Perhaps those of you not in close touch with my profession are unaware of the progress made by modern medicine in the arrest of zymotic disease—the prevention of the spread of fevers, small-pox, and kindred ailments traceable to rapidly multiplying and pernicious organisms. As a consequence, human life has been appreciably lengthened; thereby increasing the number of the infirm and aged. In prolonging existence at the expense of plagues and epidemics, are we not necessarily playing into the hands of arterial degeneration, cancer, and the other progressive ills which prey upon decrepitude and longevity? Statistics cannot fail to demonstrate this. Nor are we merely protecting healthy persons from germs in order that they may live longer; we are doing our best in the name of enlightened philanthropic medicine to keep alive those constitutionally incapacitated for the struggle of life—the insane, the epileptic, the feeble-minded, and the criminally shiftless. Soft-hearted democracy exalts the right of the maimed individual to continue to live—and to live in comfort; and though we segregate him and sometimes limit his or her power of reproduction, we keep the breath in his body as long as possible. So sacred a thing is tainted human existence, that the modern tendency is to incarcerate the murderer in preference to electrocuting him; and yet, quaintly enough, our American democracy makes light of the annual toll of healthy lives levied by the revolver, the railroad, and the automobile, the total of which far surpasses that of any nation under the sun. But whether the thought which sometimes haunts me—that democracy in its zeal to remedy certain evils is verging on medico-philanthropic hysteria—be well-founded or not, the conclusion is inevitable that the

current attitude of society tends to swell largely the army of those to be reckoned with under any system of pensions based on needy old age."

I was about to respond, but Josephine anticipated me. "Surely," she said, "few would seek State aid who could possibly avoid it. The stipend fixed would be exceedingly small—a bare living emolument—and decent self-respect would limit the applicants mainly to the dregs of society and the genuinely unfortunate."

Both capital and science laughed simultaneously, evidently regarding this statement as naive.

"My diagnosis," said the physician, "would be that thousands upon thousands would shape their lives to take advantage of it—obtain something for nothing. It would remove the chief incentive for saving and help to paralyze human ambition."

"Our national experience with the Civil War pension list scarcely leads to your opinion, my dear lady," said Mr. Dawson; and capital followed up this painful reminder by inquiring, "What security have we that the stipend would remain exceedingly small? Is it not reasonable to assume that the terms of such an easy method of subsistence would presently be made more attractive?"

"Now I for one don't think so meanly of human nature." Again it was a woman who ventured to controvert such authority—no other than our mutual friend Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote. "Nor can I believe that your panicky predictions of economic disaster are justified. Is the old-age pension anything more than a decent, twentieth-century substitute for the almshouse?"

"Precisely this and nothing else," I asserted, feeling that inasmuch as Mr. Dawson's initial speech had been addressed to me, it was time to take part in the controversy. And yet it was by no means clear why our host had singled me out as likely to defend this special form of socialism. We had been talking of nothing more agrarian or obnoxious than the remote prospect of free municipal theatres as a sequel to free hospitals, free libraries, free band concerts, and free art museums. I regretted the absence of my radical daughter-in-law and her still more radical brother, Luther Hubbard, who would have been able to take up the cudgels with conviction; whereas, in

justice to my own scruples, it was necessary to qualify my bold beginning by explanation.

"Let me say, however, by way of preface," I proceeded, "that firmly as I believe some pecuniary provision should be made for those who have outlived their usefulness as subordinates—I believe even more firmly that, wherever possible, a portion of any such fund should be supplied by automatic contribution on the part of those to be benefited—clerks, school-teachers, mill hands, or who ever they may be."

"Now you talk like a sane man," said Mr. Dawson, which, considering I had been silent hitherto, savored of aggression. Nevertheless I accepted the encomium as a compliment seeing that it served to set me straight in the estimation of my two sons-in-law, Jim Perkins, the architect, and Harold Bruce, the Congressman and man of affairs, both of whom had been staring at me with eyes which suggested that they were wondering how much of a lunatic I was capable of becoming under the spur of obstinate controversial loquacity.

"We—I mean the great world of business," continued Mr. Dawson, "admit the desirability from several points of view that a system of pensions for superannuated employees should be established in every large enterprise. Initiated and safeguarded by the employer, if you choose, but maintained in part at least through regular contribution by each individual of a portion of his salary as a condition of future benefit. Under such a system of give and take the portion which the employer or corporation voluntarily sets aside from its profits for this purpose is never begrudged, whether it be regarded as a humane gratuity or a sensible business expense. For by this mutual arrangement the worn-out subordinate is enabled to retire gracefully and the employer saved the choice between keeping on his pay-roll men no longer efficient and cutting off their livelihood. But alike in the interest of world political economy, justice, and proper human dignity, the first requisite is that those chiefly to be benefited should bear a suitable share of the burden."

The expansiveness of Mr. Dawson's concluding words intimated that he had conceded all any reasonable philanthropist should ask and had at the same time defined a theory of conduct which should by its sheer equability keep even lunatics at bay.

"Your system covers the ground admirably so far as it goes," I answered. "But let me put you a question. Suppose, for example, that I, who am now a reasonably respected grandfather, had started life with no revenue but my own strong arms—emigrated as a young man to this country. We will grant me honest, but uneducated and not over intelligent, and so unlikely to rise higher than my associates. Suppose that instead of prospering as many do, I had been followed by hard luck through no fault of my own. Hard luck is not solely due to drink and idleness, as the well to do are apt to insinuate with some complacency. I obtain municipal employment as a day laborer. The work is well suited to my capacities, and I buckle down to it with the vigor of youth. The vigor of youth prompts me also to marry, and the girl of my class who accepts me is content to live on the two dollars a day which I earn—rather fat pay in our estimation. I keep sober and steady, but the inevitable happens—a baby is born. As we live in close quarters and the church to which we belong favors large families, you can scarcely blame us that we find ourselves before we know it the parents of several children; one of whom is sickly. But we manage well enough until my wife develops out of a clear sky symptoms of tuberculosis. The doctors are hopeful and generous; the neighbors kind; and she is sent by charitable visitors to a cure for consumptives. But the loss of the woman of the house entails expense which keeps a day laborer at his wit's end to avoid debt. She comes back after a number of months cured—but she is never strong. We struggle along, and, though we have our ups and downs, I manage to keep my head above water. Now and again, owing to bad times or politics, I lose my job; but my strong sinews and my reputation for steadiness save me from remaining idle long. The years slip away and—to prolong my hypothetical case sufficiently to introduce the climax—I am still hale at sixty-five, when I hear some fine morning from the foreman, 'Sorry, but you're through. The boss says he must have a younger man.' I've half realized I was not so strong as I once was, but this strikes me all of a heap. I've been honest and temperate, but honesty and temperance won't restore the vanished strength to my back and arms. The truth dawns on

me—I'm worn-out, and if I were a horse or a dog, they'd knock me on the head or chloroform me. Being a human being who has reared a family and done the best he could under the circumstances, I've got to choose between living on charity or go to an institution as a penalty for not having saved from my abundant means enough to support me in my old age."

As I paused there was silence. I could see Mr. Dawson frown. But, oddly enough, it was Josephine who reinforced him with the artless speech, uttered as though in reverie: "Yet every now and then one hears wonderful tales of how a workingman has brought up a large family, sending his sons to college and fitting his daughters to be trained nurses or opera singers, on some such paltry wages. Presumably they must be true—but it's a mystery how they manage."

"Yet they do manage somehow," resumed my antagonist. "'Thrift, thrift, Horatio.' And when they're superannuated they smoke their pipes at their children's firesides and do odd jobs about the premises for their board. The hypothetical case you instance was a municipal employee, who in this country receives at least two dollars daily—fat pay according to his own statement. If I correctly distinguish the object of your pathetic narrative, it was to demonstrate that twelve dollars per week cannot bear the strain of automatic contribution."

"I am certainly suspicious of the inexorability of a system which insists that one in such circumstances should bear what you term his share of the burden," I answered.

"Is it your desire, then, to pension every city laborer? If so, why, pray, are his circumstances more deserving than those of the employee of the private contractor who receives from twenty-five to fifty cents a day less?"

"Or why is a day laborer more deserving than the worker in any other class?" broke in my architect son-in-law, Josie's husband. "I rather think the average small man of almost any occupation—the fellow who hasn't been successful and has rusted out—shopkeeper, mechanic, or professional man, has quite as hard a time at the fag end of life as the day laborer."

I flashed a glance of gratitude at the last speaker, though I recognized his words as

an offshoot of dissent. At the same moment I heard Josephine say under the influence of what appeared to me almost second sight (an occasional miraculous way she has of anticipating and summarizing my deductions):

"Perhaps it's the unsuccessful man of every sort—the one who has rusted out—whom grandpapa has in mind." Then turning to me she added: "I wasn't aware, Fred, that you were an advocate of old-age pensions."

"I have never proclaimed myself as one. It was Mr. Dawson who took my advocacy for granted," I replied guardedly. "At the same time (for I can't answer every one at once), why is there greater economic iniquity in pensioning the day laborer than in providing pensions for our judges, policemen, firemen, and school-teachers? The tendency is to permit all these public servants to retire at a certain age after a lengthy term of service and not to require automatic contribution from their salaries during employment. Oh, yes, I know the familiar arguments in support of the distinction and the exemption. The fireman, like the war veteran, risks his life; the policeman protects the public property; the judge maintains the conscience and dignity of the State; the school-teacher moulds the intelligence of the precious future generations. Their several callings are ordinarily inconsistent with much saving. Society can afford the extra expenditure as an inducement to efficient men and women to grow old in these employments, and the pension awarded them represents a blending of attenuated gratitude and civic humanitarianism."

"Compare the insufficient salaries paid our American judiciary, excepting those of the State of New York, with the lordly provision made in England," commented Mr. Dawson. "It is niggardly for one of the wealthiest nations in the world to pay, for instance, a Federal judge, who has the power to dissolve huge corporations, but six thousand dollars a year for his services."

"Yet," I replied, "the moment you give him ten or twelve his ability to contribute automatically from his salary toward his own pension increases. And at six thousand, although he is expected to present a neat front to the world, his ability to contribute is far greater than that of the day laborer. I agree that democracy is inclined

to be niggardly in recompensing its useful public servants; but please remember at the same time that in exempting certain callings from the self-respecting burden of contribution we are showing favoritism. If we choose to justify the discrimination on the ground that the pension is partly by way of reward for service to society—analogueous to the largesse which a nation bestows on a victorious captain—well and good; but there's no logic in it. If the pension is to be a premium on success and respectability to the exclusion of the under dog, we further exemplify the saying that unto him who hath shall be given and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

My friend Dr. Meredith does not conceal his impatience when convinced that the other man is talking nonsense, and the instant I paused he rebuked me with "A premium on success? My dear sir, ever since the world began the rewards of human society have been based on some kind of success, and must be until the end of time. It's a law both of nature and of human morals that the prizes of life should fall to those who help the world along whether by genius and exceptional gifts or by honesty, thrift, and sobriety, rather than to those who retard its progress by sloth, inefficiency, intemperance, and all the proclivities of vice. It is sentimentality not to recognize that a considerable proportion of the population of the globe is congenitally lazy, congenitally defective, congenitally criminal, and congenitally shiftless. Which of the greatest nations has not risen to power by abetting the laws of nature—rewarding and advancing those best qualified to serve her? Democracy may see fit to equalize or redistribute the rewards, but she cannot hope to run counter to processes which are as old as the evil which is in man."

"And in woman," murmured Josephine. "Why is it that the older one grows, the more perplexing the world becomes? I used to imagine that a grandmother, when not happy in the present, would be fondly dreaming of the past. But thanks to Fred's insatiate appetite for new problems, I am kept constantly harrowed by discussing what ought to be and peering into the future."

"Because your husband is an incorrigi-

ble radical under the guise of an innocent philosopher," ventured Mr. Dawson.

"And on this special subject purblind to the influence of certain innate, immutable tendencies," proclaimed Dr. Meredith. "If I understand him correctly, he would pension the enemies of society at the expense of those who have benefited it."

"Hear, hear!" cried our host defiantly. But it was some comfort to me that my two sons-in-law refrained from swelling the note of hostility and seemed waiting for the completion of my argument. Having been forced into the discussion, I felt a little like one whose back is against a wall. There was no alternative but to capitulate or defend myself. And yet I was fighting Luther Hubbard's battle rather than my own. No wonder Josephine was surprised to hear that I favored old-age pensions, for, to tell the truth, until attacked I had been but dimly aware of it. Yet now the reply flowed from my lips with all the fervor of belief:

"Why does not he who has made a miserable failure of life stand more in need of assistance in his latter days than the man who has prospered? You approach the subject from the point of view of what a human being has deserved—and you steel your hearts and fortify your bank accounts with the complacent creed that it is every man's fault if he is poverty-stricken in his old age. You lay the entire blame on his shortcomings—the catalogue of which you have just graphically set forth—and maintain that the only claim which he has on the community is that of the mendicant. If he cries 'peccavi!' you are prepared to relieve his urgent necessities in the name of charity which warms the cockles of your heart. For a long time you sent him to the almshouse, pointing to it with pride. That outpost of philanthropic mercy has been superseded by the soup kitchen, the charitable society, the social visitor, and the various institutions for the care of the defective."

"Involving an enormous cost, levied by taxation on the prosperous and thrifty," Mr. Dawson succeeded in interjecting; which gave an opportunity to his ally to inquire ironically, "And while you are about it, why not provide a stipend for the criminal? Then the logic of the situation would be flawless."

Thus goaded I retorted: "Yet I am confident that the time is coming, and is not far off, when society will be ashamed that it ever approached the question of relief for the imppecunious aged from any other point of view except their dire necessities. When you conjure up the old-age pension list you behold a long line which stretches out to the crack of doom—millions of lazy, shiftless mortals reaching out their dirty palms for the pittance which the State provides after they have become unfitted to labor. Your frenzied imagination depicts human ambition palsied, filial love atrophied, and the pittance swollen by the greed of the multitude to a ruinous allowance for everybody, the inevitable sequence of which will be universal bankruptcy. The difficulty is that you underestimate both the dignity of human nature and its common sense. I am unable to foresee the likelihood of any such carnival of extravagance as the result of relieving the individual superannuated in the struggle of life from the reproach of mendicancy. I see in it the working of a more enlightened sense of justice, which refuses longer to lay almost hysterical stress on the frailties of human nature as the underlying cause of human lack of success, but weighs in the same scale with these the other contributing factors, some congenital, some due to opportunity and chance, which contribute to the production of the man who has rusted out. It means the growing recognition that henceforth sheer failure under our economic system is not to be regarded as a crime, the punishment for which is starvation or an almshouse, without regard to extenuating circumstances for which the system itself is partly responsible. The case I cited was an average one; average in that it presented no larger element of fault in the victim than that of thousands; and the mistake you gentlemen make is in assuming that a modest provision by the State in lieu of the work-house for those incapacitated by age or infirmity for the labor or employment in which they have grown feeble, will tempt humanity in the gross to throw economy to the winds and wallow in idleness. As Mrs. Foote says, I have not such a mean opinion of human nature, despite our disreputable Civil War pension statistics. Nor," I added with a glance at Dr. Meredith, "shall we be any less likely to keep our criminals under lock

and key because society affords to the worn-out veteran of a life of travail or even of inefficiency the bare means of subsistence."

X

My friend Dr. Meredith showed what he thought of my involuntary defence of old-age pensions by confiding to my son-in-law Harold Bruce as they walked down our host's avenue—but in so loud a whisper that I could not avoid overhearing:

"I fear the old gentleman is breaking up. I have known various cases like this—men of sound and discriminating judgment, who have suddenly become susceptible to every sentimental whimwham of an irresponsible age. It's a well-recognized form of mental degeneracy."

"He may be losing his grip a little," assented my son-in-law, for whose reply I deliberately listened, "but that political doctrine is in the air; and a man who like myself has to speak in public must be familiar with both sides of the question, if only to be able to warn people intelligently of its dangers."

This was almost exoneration from the charge of lunacy, and let me down gracefully. For if a man of my years can get a fairly favorable verdict from his family on that score, when he is supposed to be out of ear-shot, he need not fear the judgment of the rest of the world.

It would have been easy to take umbrage at Dr. Meredith's insinuation and thus imperil our long intimacy. He is two years my senior and, apart from his distinguished attainments as a physician, cherishes what I regard as pessimistic opinions. He surveys the present by the light of the past and is constantly making invidious comparisons which reflect on current conditions and theories. You will recall how set he was in his belief in the degeneracy of the rising generation because of its ignorance of the classics, the Bible, and Shakespeare. An old-fashioned disciplinarian himself as well as scholar, he is only too ready to distrust and anathematize any panacea which militates against his pious inherited conviction, fortified by personal observation, that the poverty, misery, and lack of success of the multitude are mainly due to their own shortcomings. He would tell you that human nature in the gross is essentially evil—and

that in order to distinguish the sheep from the goats and keep the latter from multiplying unduly, we can not afford to dispense with any of the stringent safeguards by means of which society has hitherto kept its vicious and degraded members at bay. If he could have his individual way, he would sterilize by law the criminal and the shiftless. Why, if we exert ourselves to destroy the noxious germs in milk by chemical treatment, to improve the breed of animals and enhance the quality of fruit and vegetables (I can hear him say), should we be so mealy-mouthed and sentimental in dealing with degraded human nature?

Dr. Meredith is what might be termed a Calvinist of human science. There is no exertion or sacrifice he would not make to assist the economically elect; but when it comes to the rank and file of comparative outcasts he steels his heart and satisfies his intelligence by the formula that whatever has been must be, and devotes his energies to the improvement of our penitentiaries, mad-houses, soup kitchens, and hospitals to the exclusion of any form of relief which involves a change in economic preconceptions.

On such a man the perusal of this extract which a great uncle of mine of the same name transcribed from the prison records of Newgate in proof of what he himself witnessed in London in 1788, little more than a hundred years ago, ought to have the effect of the worst jolt which a modern taxi-cab can inflict on the human system relaxed, though doubtless the economic Calvinists of the period saw nothing monstrous in the spectacle. "Phoebe Morris was barbarously (sic) executed, and burned before Newgate for coining. A well-made woman of thirty, of pale complexion and not disagreeable features. When she came out of prison she trembled greatly at the appearance of the stake, which was fixed half-way between the scaffold and Newgate Street. She was then tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, the steps on which she stood were withdrawn and she was left suspended. A chain fastened by nails to the stake was then put round her body, two cart-loads of fagots were piled round her, and after she had hung for half an hour the fire was kindled. The body hung by the iron chains,

and the fire had not quite burned out by noon, in nearly twenty-four hours, that is to say. A great concourse of people attended on this melancholy occasion."

Were I to call this episode to Dr. Meredith's attention by way of demonstrating how rapidly the point of view of posterity has altered, it would be just like him to reply after a moment of appalled silence: "We have gone to the other extreme in our day. I wouldn't have any one burned in chains; but more than half the murderers who ought to be executed escape either through sentimentality or technicalities of legal evidence."

And the difficulty is that I could not deny the truth of the impeachment. Moreover, my sympathies would be with him on this particular point, in spite of my admitted compassion for human derelicts.

But the tendency of philanthropic legislation seems to suggest that we shall both soon be in the minority in our conviction that the criminal who takes the life of another human being with malice aforethought should be electrocuted with all possible despatch rather than incarcerated at the cost of State. There is reason to fear that humanity's ethical instincts have been so completely swept away from their ancient moorings by the swelling tide of the brotherhood of man that the penalty of a life for a life will presently appear no less barbarous than the horror chronicled by my ancestor.

It is just here that I find in the lurking suspicion that he may not have been altogether wrong regarding my mental condition the true cause why I failed to take offence at Dr. Meredith's indignity. While I stoutly insist that, if I am breaking up, so is he, certain very live doubts, akin to my belief in capital punishment, lead me to wonder whether a maudlin tendency to palliate original sin may not be an even more insidious sign of advanced mental decay than fossilized faith in the past or whispering so loud that every one can hear. It is to be remembered that I was goaded into advocacy of old-age pensions. Consequently, while I still cling to my opinion, I am not deaf to the plausibility of the argument that these doubts which harass me are the product of lucid intervals in an otherwise senile train of thought. I prefer, of course, to believe the converse true, and that the doubts are mere symptoms of failing vigor in a

sanely progressive outlook. But be this as it may, they claim the right to discredit, if they can, the modern philanthropic programme.

Consider, for instance, the issue cited by Dr. Meredith, the growing prejudice against capital punishment, which in certain communities has culminated in its abolition. Is it not a flagrant case of putting the cart before the horse to hold sacred the life of the brutal murderer before taking the requisite steps to protect the reputable citizen from a variety of deadly perils due to easy-going democratic indifference to homicide? Is it not an anomaly that as a nation we should be suffering qualms at the execution of criminals and yet taking no effective measures against the annual harvest of death from railroad accidents, the automobile, the ubiquitous pistol, and other perils by which hurrying and law-violating America constitutes a single human life one of the cheapest commodities in the market? Even my opponents in argument were shocked by the reminder that the burning of a colored woman in chains had the sanction of English law at a later date than our Declaration of Independence. Yet who is unaware that to tie a negro to a tree and roast him to death without opportunity for a trial receives the tacit approval of one section of what our native glorifiers are fond of describing as God's people, and is no uncommon spectacle?

A progressive, optimistic grandfather suspected of harboring the delusion that the democratic mass will aspire in proportion to its opportunities must certainly face the charge that ours is an age of mob judgment which supplies condonation for whatever suits the public fancy. "Any one would do the same in our place, and so it's right; it's got to be right" threatens to become the rule-of-thumb hysterical motto of conduct. Summary vengeance has latterly become the fashion because the public chooses not to be "too hard" on the offender who takes the law into his own hands under circumstances which excite its sympathies. Nearly every one reserves the right to break the law which happens not to suit him or her. It is only the open menace of public disgrace coupled with imprisonment which prevents constant unblushing violation of our custom regulations by men and women who claim to be our social leaders. Is it

surprising that the chauffeur clad in a little brief authority, should, in imitation of the returning traveller who says "I've a right to bring in my own wardrobe free of duty, and I will if I can," revolt at being required to slow down when a pedestrian blocks the crossing? We are asked to take notice that engines tearing through our streets have "come to stay," that the man who desires to live must recognize this and keep out of the road, and are reminded that the citizen who is run over by a vehicle in Paris has to pay the damages.

In consequence of the national craving to be carried from one destination to another as rapidly as possible, coupled with the fear of losing time if additional safeguards be required, we remain comparatively callous to the death of our neighbor if we escape. The easy-going democratic tendency to take chances and not to fix the responsibility for catastrophes finds an ally in the popular disposition to "let up" on an offender after the first outburst of indignation on the plea that he may "lose his job." This pathetic but hideous phrase serves constantly as a screen for the negligent and guilty and serves to lower the standard of efficiency.

So hysterical is our concern for the living at the expense of the dead that it is notorious how speedily we forget the silent sufferings of those bereaved and left destitute through murder or homicide in our eagerness to find some loop-hole of escape for the accused. Compared with the rejoicing of the multitude over one murderer saved from the electric chair, the sympathy for the random ninety and nine victims is apt to be a tepid emotion. For the first few days following an exceptionally picturesque taking of life the public heart throbs with avenging compassion for the slain and his family. In its eagerness to detect or run down the assassin, the community through its hired agents, the reporters, endeavors on each new occasion to reinterpret the word indelicacy. Nothing is too sacred for its feverish probings. It violates the privacy of the afflicted in order to lay bare their sufferings, adding by means of the camera a fresh pang to human grief. And we are all familiar with the plausible but disingenuous plea by which a congratulatory press defends itself and patrons from the charge of sickening, morbid curiosity. How often after a lurid inquisitorial campaign are we invited on

the editorial page to contemplate the efficacy of the modern newspaper (and this one in particular) in unearthing the important evidences of crime. Once proclaimed as the henchman of the white-robed goddess Justice, it is easy to maintain that private sensibilities must not impede the searchlight of the myriad-eyed modern detective; though no one knows better than any editor that nine-tenths of the harrowing details printed pander to the appetite of the mass for fresh horrors.

But very shortly the emphasis changes. The victim and his household no longer occupy the centre of the stage, which is now held by the accused. The dead man is safely buried, and, unless exhumed by the District Attorney, is of no more use as copy. His unhappy family, prostrate from suffering and publicity, are permitted to sink into obscurity, fortunate if they have escaped insult or recrimination. The accused, lately condemned on every side as the assassin, has become suddenly almost a hero, and an object of envy to a considerable constituency in humdrum circumstances who, through scruples or lack of temperament, have never attained notoriety.

The fortunes of a successful brigand or highwayman at large of the olden days were perilous compared with those of the contemporary murderer after indictment. Though supposed to bear a charmed life, the brigand or highwayman was tolerably certain to be shot or hanged sooner or later; whereas no one has a surer prospect of dying in his own bed than he who commits a picturesque or popular contemporary murder. How can it be otherwise while society remains so squeamishly afraid of appearing "too hard" on any one, that it connives at the elimination from the panel of all jurors whose intelligence or moral sense would fit them to serve? It is notorious that the dearest and but thinly concealed hope of counsel for the defence is to obtain a disagreement by working on the sympathies of perverted or ignorant natures. Is it strange that picturesqueness should associate itself in the popular imagination with the career of one who, notwithstanding wide-spread secret belief in his guilt, succeeds in thwarting justice by disagreements, long delays, innumerable exceptions to the admission of evidence, the success of any one of which may involve a new trial, and flimsy appeals

to the Supreme Court of the United States? Indeed it would be odd if the easy-going rank and file did not class him with the other successful men of the day who have thrust their heads above their fellows into the "lime-light"—trust magnates, aviators, North Pole discoverers, and the like—and think of him after a decent lapse of time as "under a cloud," but pretty nearly a national hero.

If indeed we who seek to promote the brotherhood of man claim that a more sensitive spirit of mercy and the desire to do more exact justice are at the root of democracy's leniency toward law-breakers, rather than the blunted moral sense which suggests itself, we certainly cannot ignore American democracy's lack of sensitiveness in other relations. A grandfather who sums up impartially the changes which have taken place since he was young, must include sundry manifestations which people half a century ago were accustomed to associate with a lack of delicate feelings. The attitude of much of our democracy to-day is so rampantly optimistic that its favorite phrase, "I feel good," is typical no less of its general self-satisfaction than of its superiority to grammar. The noble hope which our Republic—and indeed all democracies—holds out to every individual of being able to make the most of him or herself seems strangely coupled in the ordinary mind with emancipation from many of the ancient courtesies or niceties of life.

In the closely-packed, ill-ventilated cattle pens which the free-born American tolerates as a conveyance in every city and its suburbs—preferring the agony of hanging to a strap to a moment's delay—is not the prevailing sentiment a purpose to obtain a seat by superior struggling and keep it? The excuses are plausible enough: the tired man needs rest and wishes to read his newspaper; the recipient is so rarely grateful; whoever is nearest the door is sure to rise for a cripple or tottering octogenarian; and one of the "rights" of the modern woman is to stand. But the impression left on the unprejudiced observer is that the idea of "making good" in every competition so completely possesses the average young American that renunciation of anything won by agility or force seems almost quixotic, unless the beneficiary be an elderly acquaintance, a pretty girl, or some one on

crutches. The rows of able-bodied youths who hold the best seats in every public conveyance would suggest the doubt whether mothers still continue to impress upon their offspring that amiable self-sacrifice and deference to seniority are virtues which no triumphant democracy can afford to discard. Yet the day-dreams of many of these same scorners of politeness unquestionably include the risk of life for a drowning child or fidelity at his post in the hour of danger.

Altruistic as we believe ourselves in our large social conceptions, there are many signs that the tacit American motto in small things is "the devil take the hindmost." The old-fashioned theory that a gentleman will not grab the best seems a far-fetched and unbusiness-like neglect of opportunity to many who despise what they term aristocratic "frills." We laugh at and ascribe to Semitic sources the oft-quoted reply of the diner who complained that his companion had left him the smaller duck. "You in my place would have chosen the smaller? Vell, you've got what you wanted; what you kicking at?" But we detect with relish therein a certain discriminating logic symbolical of the times. There is reason to believe that many of the miscreants who despoil gardens of their flowers and orchards of their fruit would have serious compunctions at stealing a purse, and deem the appropriation of these tempting trifles as the mere justifiable exercise of a democratic prerogative concerning anything which is ripe. "The owner ought to have been quicker"; and, provided they are not caught (or sometimes even if they are), they can feel sure that this humorously practical view of the situation will make the offence seem trivial to a considerable portion of the community. But (I can hear Hugh Armitt Dawson inquire), if democratic self-complacency can thus temper the Eighth Commandment, why might it not easily breed a frame of mind which would discover in the old-age pension a tempting stimulus to premature inertia?

Perhaps the most signal change in our sensibilities is the growth of the appetite for publicity; a more or less world-wide by-product of the brotherhood of man, and partly due to much ampler advertising facilities and means of quick communication, but nowhere more conspicuous than in our native civilization. To be sure its seed is

the noble human craving for glory. But so strangely streaked has the original pure flower become by successive graftings induced by a confused sense of values that renowned in the popular mind to-day is largely synonymous with the ability to attract attention. Indeed, so prolific is the contemporary hot-house horticulture of greatness, that at the mention of a familiar name one often is at a loss to remember whether it represents distinguished service or monumental chicanery. Though it might be thought cynical to assert that the first requisite in any field of human endeavor is a capable press agent, few will deny that the once prized and graceful flower, individual privacy, appears old-fashioned to the younger generation.

That none but essentially vulgar people would court publicity regarding private entertainments used to be taken for granted, and would be still if it were not for the testimony of any editor whom one chooses to consult that a considerable portion of the information concerning social affairs set forth in the newspapers is volunteered by those who figure in them. Do you know the Wilmot Browns? If so, you will recognize them as an agreeable family with fashionable proclivities, but not exceptional in any way. Yet their rather unimportant doings are constantly heralded in the press; made at times the subject of a special despatch. I long ago grew weary of reading of their comings and goings, but have steadily refrained from harboring the suspicion that they connive at the publicity. Yet it was a staggering blow to me to hear one of my granddaughters say the other day that she envied the Wilmot Browns and would like to be equally conspicuous if she could. I found on questioning her that she looked on this ability to figure persistently in the public eye as a sign of real celebrity and regarded the means by which this was accomplished—direct communication with the press, polite attentions to a female society reporter, or complete particulars supplied by a discreet butler—as a mere secondary matter of detail.

The discovery of this covetous point of view—a sort of worm in the bud feeding on the damask cheek of one of my most intelligent granddaughters (whose name I will not disclose lest she change her opinion

later), has served to open my eyes to the true importance of her cousin Dorothy Perkins, to whom I have occasionally referred in these pages, and who so conducts herself that nearly everything she does gets into the newspapers. Shocking as it may sound to those who regard maidenly decorum as essential to the evolution of a fine woman, she is already virtually a public character. I used to think that this must be mortifying or at least distasteful to her. But I have gradually come to the conclusion that she not merely likes, but dotes upon it, and regards (with the acquiescence of her contemporaries) the notoriety as a sign that she is "making good" according to the standards of the day.

No one can have kept track of my various convictions without coming to the conclusion that straitlaced reactionary is the last term which could be applied to me, and I have already indicated that the world has no patience with a peevish grandfather. It would, therefore, seem fruitless to cling to one's preconceptions of delicacy in the face of the new interpretation of an auto-intoxicated democracy. Though it used to be the fashion to let the office seek the man, even the most visionary idealist to-day should be satisfied if an aspirant for any vacancy awaits the interment of the deceased before announcing his candidacy and "placing himself in the hands of his friends." It costs so much to live that no self-respecting man can afford to run the risk of not being thought of. But when it comes to feminine sensibilities, especially those of the budding

woman, with whom our dearest hopes for the race are tenderly associated—

At this precise point I was suddenly cut off by Josephine, who had been following my strictures closely without dissent.

"In the matter of cigarettes, Fred, you are aware how strongly I feel. I do not defend Dorothy; though many women of the highest refinement in foreign countries are addicted to their use. But if only that clergyman who preached against her—and he was seeking notoriety no less than she—had chosen to condemn at the same time the inelegant, unladylike, and disfiguring habit of chewing gum in which the rank and file of American women persistently indulge, he would have been doing better public service. They look so hideously complacent in the process."

It is obvious to me every now and then that Josephine's faith in the approaching brotherhood of man has its reserves, though she sympathized so acutely with John McGillicuddy's inability to recover suitable compensation for the loss of his leg. You will recall that she was chary of enthusiasm when I defended the theory of old-age pensions. Yet firmly convinced as I am that the day of the poor-house is over, I must say that her criticism served to supply me with one more count for the indictment I had just been drawing against the shortcomings of our self-complacent democracy. Perhaps no better example of the dangers of the triumph of democracy over aristocracy is its substitution of highly moral chewing gum for the deleterious cigarette.

(To be concluded.)

OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD

By Alice Learned Bunner

THE frightened fox, whom baying hounds pursue,
Flies to his hole and there is lost to view;
The dove, with arrow pointed at her breast,
Drops to the hidden covert of her nest;
The savage, with his enemies at hand,
Seeks tent and kinsman for his final stand;
Instinctively the hunted seeks its lair,
Hoping that peace and safety may be there.
How wretched he who to his hearth-fire goes
And there beside it finds his deadliest foes!

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS

IV. THE ANGEL OF LIFE



COPLESTONE was the first of our tenants who had taken his house through me, and I was extremely proud of him. It was precisely the pride of the mighty hunter in his first

kill; for Coplestone was big game in his way, and even of a leonine countenance, with his crested wave of tawny hair and his clear sunburnt skin. In early life, as an incomparable oar, he had made a name which still had a way of creeping into the sporting papers; and at forty the same fine figure and untarnished face were a walking advertisement of virtue. But now he had also the grim eyes and stubborn jaw of the man who has faced big trouble; he wore sombre ties that suggested the kind of trouble it had been; and he settled down among us to a solitude only broken in the holidays of his only child, then a boy of twelve at a preparatory school.

I first heard of the boy's existence when Coplestone chose the papers for his house. Anything seemed good enough for the "three reception-rooms and usual offices"; but over a bedroom and a play room on the first floor we were an hour deciding against every pattern in the books, and then on the exact self-color to be obtained elsewhere. It was at the end of that hour that a chance remark, about the evening paper and the latest cricket, led to a little conversation, insignificant in itself, yet enough to bring Coplestone and me into touch about better things than house decoration. Often after that, when he came down of an afternoon, he would look into the office and leave me his *Pall Mall*. And he brought the boy in with him on the first day of the midsummer holidays.

"Ronnie's a keen cricketer at present," said Coplestone on that occasion. "But he's got to be a wet-bob like his old governor when he goes on to Eton. That's

what we're here for, isn't it, Ronnie? We're going to take each other on the river every blessed day of the holidays."

Ronnie beamed with the brightest little face in all the world. He had bright brown eyes and dark brown hair, and his skin burnt a delicate brown instead of the paternal pink. His expression was his father's, but not an atom of his coloring. His mother must have been a brunette and a beautiful woman. I could not help thinking of her as I looked at the beaming boy who seemed to have forgotten his loss, if he had ever realized it. And yet it was just a touch of something in his face, a something pensive and constrained, when he was not smiling, that gave him also such a look of Coplestone at times.

But as a rule Ronnie was sizzling with happiness and excitement; and it was my privilege to see a lot of him those hot holidays. Coplestone did not go away for a single night or day. Most mornings one met him and his boy in flannels, on their way down to the river, laden with their lunch. But because the exclusive society of the best of boys must eventually bore the most affectionate of men, I was sometimes invited to join the picnic, and on Saturdays and Sundays I accepted more than once. Those, however, were the days on which I was nearly always bespoke by Uvo Delavoye, and once when I said so it ended in our all going off together in a bigger boat. That day marked a decline in Ronnie's regard for me as an ex-member of a minor school eleven. It was not, perhaps, that he admired me less, but that Delavoye, who played no games at all, had nevertheless a way with him that fascinated man and boy alike.

With Ronnie, it was a way of cracking jokes and telling stories, and taking an extraordinary interest in the boy's preparatory school, so that its rather small beer

came bubbling out in a sparkling brew that Coplestone himself had failed to tap. Then Uvo could talk like an inspired professional about the games he could not play, about books like an author, and about adventures like a born adventurer. In Egypt, moreover, he had seen a little life that went a long way in the telling; conversely, one always felt that he had done a bigger thing or two than he made out even to me. To a small boy, at all events, he was irresistible. Had he been an usher at a school like Ronnie's he would have had a string of them on either arm at every turn. As it was, a less sensible father might well have been jealous of him before the holidays were nearly over.

But it was just in the holidays that Coplestone was at his best; when the boy went back in September, we were to see him at his worst. In the beginning he was merely moody and depressed, and morose toward us two as creatures who had served our turn. The more we tried to cheer his solitude, the less encouragement we received. If we cared to call again at Christmas, he hinted, we should be welcome, but not before. We watched him go off bicycling alone in the red autumn afternoons. We saw his light on half of the night; late as we were, he was always later; and now he was never to be seen at all of a morning. But his grim eyes had lost their light, his ruddy face had changed its shade, and ere long I saw him reeling in broad daylight.

Coplestone had taken to the bottle—and as a strong man takes to everything—without fear or shame. Yet somehow I felt it was for the first time in his life; so did Delavoye, but on different grounds. I did not believe he could have been the man he was when he came to us, if this curse had ever descended on Coplestone before. Yet he took it rather as a blessing, as a sudden discovery which he was a fool not to have made before. This was no case of surreptitious, shamefaced tippling; it was a cynically open and defiant downfall, at once an outrage on a more than decent community, and a new interest in many admirable lives.

Soon there were complaints which I was requested to transmit to Coplestone in his next lucid interval. But I only pretended to have done so. I thought the complainants a set of self-righteous busybodies, and I vastly preferred the good-will of the delinquent. That was partly on Ronnie's ac-

count, partly for the sake of the man's own magnificent past, but partly also because his present seemed to me a fleeting phase of sheer insanity, which would end as suddenly as it had supervened. The form was too bad to be true, even if Coplestone had ever shown it before; and there was now some evidence that he had not.

Delavoye had come down from town with eyes as bright as Ronnie's.

"You remember Sawrey-Biggerstaff by name? He was second for the Diamonds the second year Coplestone won them, and he won them himself the year after. I met him to-day with a man who lunched me at the United University. I told him we had Coplestone down here, and asked him if it was true that he had ever been off the rails like this before, only without breathing a word about his being off them now. Sawrey-Biggerstaff swore that he had never heard of such a libel, or struck a more abstemious hound than Harry Coplestone, or ever heard of him being or ever having been anything else! So you must see what it all means, Gilly."

"It means that he's never got over the loss of his wife."

"But that happened nearly three years ago. Ronnie told me. Why didn't the old boy break out before? Why save it all up for Witching Hill?"

"I know what you're going to say."

"But isn't it obvious? Our wicked old man drank like an aquarium. His vices are the weeds of this polluted soil; they crop up one after the other, and with inveterate irony he's allotted this one to the noblest creature on the place. It's for us to save him by hook or crook—or rather it's my own hereditary job."

"And how do you mean to set about it?"

"You'll be angry with me, Gilly, but I shan't be happy till I see his house on your hands again. It's the only chance—to drive him into fresh woods and pastures new!"

I was angry. I declined to discuss the matter any further; but I stuck to my opinion that the cloud would vanish as quickly as it had gathered. And Coplestone of all men was man enough to stand his ground and live it down.

But first he must take himself in hand, instead of which I had to own that he was going from bad to worse. He was a man of

leisure, and he drank as though he had found his vocation in the bottle. He was a lonely man, and he drank as though drink was a friend in need and not the deadliest foe. He was the only drunkard I ever knew who drank with an impenitent zest; and I saw something of him at his worst; he was more approachable than he had been before his great surrender. All October and November he kept it up, his name a byword far beyond the confines of the Estate, and by December he must have been near the inevitable climax. Then he disappeared. The servants had no idea of his whereabouts; but he had taken luggage. That was the best reason for believing him to be still alive, until he turned up with his boy for the Christmas holidays.

It would be too much to say that he looked as he had looked last holidays. The man had aged; he seemed even a little shaken, but not more than by a moderate dose of influenza; and to a casual eye the improvement was more astounding than the previous deterioration, especially in its rapidity. His spirits were at least as good as they had been before, his hospitality in keeping with the season. I ate my Christmas dinner with father and son, and Delavoye and I first-footed them on New Year's Morning. What was most remarkable on these occasions was the way Coplestone drank his champagne, with the happy moderation of a man who has never exceeded in his life. There was now no shadow of excess, but neither was there any of the weakling's recourse to the opposite extreme of meticulous austerity. A doctor might have forbidden even a hair of the sleeping dog, but to us young fellows it was a joy to see our hero so completely his own man once more.

Early in January came a frost—a thrilling frost—with skating on the gravel-pit ponds beyond the Village. It was a pastime in which I had taken an untutored delight, all the days of my northern youth, and now I put in every hour I could at the clumsy execution of elementary figures. But Coplestone had spent some winters in Switzerland, and he was a past master in the Continental style. Ordinary skaters would form a ring to watch his dazzling displays, and those who had not seen him in the autumn must have found it hard to credit the whispers of those who had. His pink

skin regained its former purity, his blue eyes shone like fairy lamps, and the whole ice rang with the music of his "edge" as he came careening like a human yacht. It was better still to watch him patiently imparting the rudiments to Ronnie, who picked them up as a small boy will, and worked so hard that the perspiration would stand upon the smooth brown face for all that wondrous frost. It froze, more or less, all the rest of those holidays, and the Coplestones never missed a day until the last of all. I was hoping to find them on the ice at dusk, if only I could manage to get away in time, but early in the afternoon Uvo Delavoye came along to disabuse my mind.

"That young Ronnie's caught a chill," said he. "I thought he would. It'll keep him at home for another day or two, so the ill wind may blow old Coplestone a bit of good. I'm feeling a bit anxious about him, Gilly; wild horses won't drag him from this infernal hill! Just at this moment, however, he's on his way to Richmond to see if he can get Ronnie the new *Wisden*; and I'm sneaking up to town because I know it's not to be had nearer. I was wondering if you could make time to look him up while we're gone?"

I made it there and then at the risk of my place; it was not so often that I had Ronnie to myself. But at the very gate I ceased to think about the child. A Pickford van was delivering something at the house. At a glance I knew it for a six-gallon jar of whiskey—to see poor Coplestone some little way into the Easter term.

Ronnie lay hot and dry in his bed, but brown and bright as he had looked upon the ice, and sizzling with the exuberance of a welcome that warmed my heart. He told me, of course, that it was "awful rot" losing the last day like this; but, on the other hand, he seemed delighted with his room—he always was delighted with something—and professed himself rather glad of an opportunity of appreciating it as it deserved. Indeed, there was not a lazy bone in his little body, and I doubt if he had spent an unnecessary minute in his bedroom all the holidays. But they really were delightful quarters, those two adjoining rooms for which no paper in our stock had been good enough. Both were now radiant in a sky-blue self-color that transported one to the tropics, and certainly looked better than I

thought it would when I had the trouble of procuring it.

In the bedroom the blue was only broken by some simple white furniture, by a row of books over the bed, and by groups of the little eleven in which Ronnie already had a place, and photographs of his father at one or two stages of his great career. I was still exploring when an eager summons brought me to the bedside.

"Let's play cricket!" cried Ronnie—"do you mind? With a pack of cards—my own invention! Everything up to six counts properly; all over six count singles, except the picture cards, and most of them get you out. King and queen are caught and bowled, but the old knave's Mr. Extras!"

"Capital, Ronnie!" said I. "Shall it be single wicket between us two, or the next test-match with Australia?"

Ronnie was all for the test, and really the rules worked very well. You shuffled after the fall of every wicket, and you never knew your luck. Tom Richardson, the last man in for England, made sixty-two, while some who shall be nameless went down like ninepins in the van. In the next test (at Lord's) we elaborated the laws to admit of stumping, running out, getting leg-before and even hitting wicket. But the red kings and queens still meant a catch or what Ronnie called "a row in your timber yard." And so the afternoon wore on, until I had to mend the fire and light the gas; and then somehow the cards seemed only cards, and we put them away for that season.

I forget why it was that Ronnie suddenly wanted his knife. I rather think that he was deliberately rallying his possessions about him in philosophic preparation for a lengthy campaign between the sheets. In any case there was no finding that knife, but something much more interesting came to light instead.

I was conducting the search under directions from the bed, but I was out of sight behind the screen when I kicked up the corner of loose carpet and detected the loosened board. There, thought I, was a secret repository where the missing possession might have been left by mistake; there were the actual marks of a blade upon the floor. "This looks a likely place," I said; but I did not specify the place I meant, and the next moment I had discovered neither knife nor pencil, but the

soiled, unframed photograph of a lovely lady.

There it had lain under the movable bit of board, which had made a certain noise in the moving. That same second Ronnie bounded out of bed, and I to my feet to chase him back again.

"Who told you to look in there? Give that to me this minute! No—no—please put it back where you—where you found it!"

His momentary rage had already broken down in sobs, but he stood over me while I quickly did as he begged and replaced the carpet; then I tucked him up again, but for some time the bed shook under his anguish. I told him how sorry I was, again and yet again, and I suppose eventually my tone bewrayed me.

"So you know who it is?" he asked, suddenly regarding me with dry bright eyes.

"I couldn't help seeing the likeness," I replied.

"It's my mother," he said unnecessarily.

His manner was curiously dogged and unlike him.

"And you keep her photograph under the floor?"

"Yes; you don't see many about, do you?" he inquired with precocious bitterness.

There was not one to be seen downstairs. That I knew from my glimpse of the photograph under the floor; there was nothing like it on any of the walls; nothing so beautiful, nothing with that rather wild, defiant expression which I saw again in Ronnie at this moment.

"But why under the floor?" I persisted, guessing vaguely though I did.

"You won't tell anybody you saw it there?"

"Not a soul."

"You promise?"

"Solemnly."

"You won't say a single word about it, if I tell you something?"

"Not a syllable."

"Well—then—it's because I don't want Daddy to see it, for fear——"

"—it would grieve him?" I suggested as the end of his broken sentence. And I held my breath in the sudden hope that I might be right.

"For fear he tears it up!" the boy said harshly. "He did that once before, and this is the last I've got."

I made no comment, and there were no further confidences from Ronnie. So many things I wanted to know and could not ask! I could only hold my peace and Ronnie's hot hand, until it pinched mine in sudden warning, as the whole house leaped under a springy step upon the stairs.

"Not a word to anybody, you know, Mr. Gillon?"

"Not one, to a single soul, Ronnie!"

But it was a heavy seal that was thus placed upon my lips; heavy as lead when I discussed the child with Uvo Delavoye; and that was almost every minute that we spent together for days to come.

For Ronnie became very ill.

In the beginning it was an honest chill. The chill turned to that refuge of the General Practitioner—influenza. Double pneumonia was its last, most definite stage; the local doctor made no mistake about that, and Coplestone appealed in vain against the verdict, before specialists who came down from London at a guinea a mile.

It was a mild enough case so far. The boy was strong and healthy, and capable of throwing off at least as much as most strong men. He was also a capital little patient—and Coplestone was a magnificent patient's father. He did not harry the doctors; he treated the elderly Scotch nurse like a queen; he was not always in and out of the sick-room by day, and he never set foot in it during the night. In the daytime Delavoye took him for long walks, and I sat up with him at night until he started nodding in his chair.

The first night he said: "You must have some whiskey, Gillon. I've got a new lot in." And when I said I seldom touched it—"I know you don't, in this house," he rejoined, with his hand for an instant on my shoulder. "But that's all right, Gillon!—Do you happen to know much about Dr. Johnson?"

"Hardly anything. You should try Uvo."

"Well, I don't know much myself; but I always remember that when the poor old boy was dying he refused the drugs which were giving him all the peace he got, because he said he'd made up his mind to 'render up his soul to God unclouded.' Now I come to think of it, there's not much analogy," continued Coplestone with a

husky laugh. "But I know I'd rather do what Dr. Johnson wouldn't than go up clouded to my little lad if ever he—wanted me!"

And he took about a teaspoonful from a mistaken sense of hospitality, but no second allowance as the night wore on. The next night I was able to refuse without offending him; after that the decanter was never touched. Yet once or twice I saw the stopper taken out in sheer absence of mind, only to be replaced without flurry or hesitation.

Self-control? I never knew a man with more; it came out every hour that we spent together, and before long it was needed almost every minute. One day Delavoye dashed into the office in town clothes and with a tragic face.

"They want a second nurse! It's come to that already," he said, "and I'm going up about it now."

"But isn't that the doctor's job?" I asked, liking the looks of him as little as his news.

"I can't help it if it is, Gilly! I must lend a hand somehow or I shall crack up. It's little enough one can do, besides being day-nurse to poor old Coplestone, and this afternoon he's asleep for once. What a great chap he is, Gilly, and will be ever after, if only we can pull the lad through and then get them both out of this! But it's two lives hanging on one thread, and that cursed old man of mine trying all he knows to cut it! I'll euchre him, you'll see. By hook or crook I'll balk him——"

But white clouds were tumbling behind the red houses opposite, and Delavoye dashed out again to catch his train, like the desperate leader of a forlorn hope, leaving his dark eyes burning before mine and his wild words ringing in my ears.

Quite apart from the point on which he was never sane, he seemed to have lost the otherwise level head on which I had learnt to rely at any crisis; but Coplestone still kept his, and I admired him more and more. He still took his exercise like a man, refrained from harrying nurse or doctor, showed an untroubled face to the sick-bed, but avoided the room more and more, and altogether during the terrible delirious stages.

"If I were to stay there long," he said to me once, "I should make a scene. I



I even saw him with his thin arms locked round the neck of the young nurse.—Page 602.

couldn't help it. There are more things than one to cloud your mind, and I've got to keep mine unclouded all the time."

He kept it very nearly serene; and his serenity was not the numbness of despair which sometimes wears the same appearance; for I do not think there was a moment at which Coplestone despaired. He had much too stout a heart. There was

nothing forced or unnatural in his manner; his feelings were not deadened for an instant, but not for an instant would he give them rein. Only our sober vigils cut deeper lines than his excesses before Christmas, and every night left him a hard year older.

We spent them all downstairs in his study. Neither of us was a chess-player,

and I was all unversed in cards, but sometimes we played draughts or dominos by the hour, as though one of us had been Ronnie himself. Often we talked of him, but never as though there were any question about his eventual recovery. Coplestone would only go so far as to bemoan the probability of an entirely lost hockey term, and his eye would steal round to the photograph of last year's hockey eleven at Ronnie's little school, in a place of honor on the mantel-piece, where indeed it concealed one of his own most heroic trophies.

Fitted and proportioned like half a hundred others on the Estate, that study of Coplestone's is one of those Witching Hill interiors that time cannot dismantle in my mind. It was filled with the memorials of a brilliant boyhood. There were framed groups of four Cambridge crews, of two Eton eights, of the Eton Society with Coplestone to the fore in white trousers, of the "long low wall with trees behind it" and of the "old gray chapel behind the trees." There were also a number of parti-colored caps under the oars, and more silver in the shape of cups, salvers, and engraved cigarette boxes than his modest staff of servants could possibly keep clean. Over the mantel-piece hung the rules of the Eton Society under glass—with a trophy of canes decked with bright blue ribbons.

"It all looks pretty blatant, I'm afraid," said Coplestone apologetically. "But I thought it would interest Ronnie and perhaps bound him on to cut me out. And now——"

He stopped, and I hoped he was not going on, for this was when Ronnie was at his worst and the second nurse had arrived.

"And now," said Coplestone, "the little sinner wants to be a dry-bob!"

I have not naturally a despondent temperament, but that night I for my part was wondering whether Ronnie would ever go to Eton at all. The delirious stage is always terrifying to the harrowed ignoramus watching by the bed; it is almost worse if one is downstairs, trying not to listen, yet doing little else, and without the nurse's calm voice and experienced eyes to reassure one. That was how I spent that night. The delirium had begun the night before, and been intermittent ever since. But Coplestone was not terrified; he kept both nerve and spirits like a hero. His thought for me

brought a lump into my throat. Since I refused to leave him, I must take the sofa; he would do splendidly in the chair. He did better than I could have believed possible. He fell peacefully asleep, and I sat up watching his great long limbs in the lowered gaslight, but always listening while I watched.

Ronnie had not the makings of his father's fine physique. That was one of the disquieting features of the case. He was fragile, excitable, highly strung, as I felt his poor mother must have been before him. He was tragically like his hidden portrait of her. I saw it as often as I was permitted a peep at Ronnie. What had she done amiss before she died? Was she even dead at all? Those were the things I wanted to know about her, but after my pledge to Ronnie I felt unable even to discuss the poor soul with Delavoye. But she was only less continually in my mind than Ronnie himself and to-night it seemed she was in his as well.

"O mummie! Mummie—darling! My very, very own little mummie!"

God knows what had taken me upstairs, except the awful fascination of such wanderings, the mental necessity of either hearing them or knowing that they had ceased. On the stairs I felt so thankful they had ceased; it was in the darkened play room, now a magazine of hospital appliances, kettles, bottles, and the oxygen apparatus; it was here I heard the joyous ravings of his loving little heart—here, on the threshold between his own two rooms, that I even saw him with his thin arms locked round the neck of the young nurse who had taken over the night duty.

She heard me. She came to the door and stood in silhouette against the cheerful firelight of the inner room. Its glow just warmed one side of her white cap and plain apparel, then glanced off her high white forehead and made a tear twinkle underneath.

"He thinks I'm his mother," she whispered—"and I'm letting him!"

I went out and pulled myself together on the landing, before sneaking back into the study without waking Coplestone.

In the morning I was dozing behind my counter without compunction, for the vigil had been an absolutely sleepless one for me, when the glass door opened like a clap of thunder, and in comes Delavoye rubbing his hands.



"I've saved your boy for you. Do you mind letting me go?"—Page 605.

"The doctor's grinning all round his head this morning!" he crowed. "You may take it from me that there's a lot of life in our young dog yet."

"What's his temperature?"

"Down to a hundred and a bit. One

thing at a time. They've scotched that infernal delirium, at all events."

"Since when?"

"Sometime in the night. He's not talking any rot this morning."

"But he was fairly raving after mid-

night. I went up and heard him myself."

Uvo broke into exulting smiles.

"Ah! Gilly," said he, "but now we've got an angel abroad in the house. You can almost hear the beating of her wings!"

"Is that your own, Uvo?"

"No; it's a bit of a chestnut in these days. But it was said originally of the angel of death, Gilly, and I mean the opposite sort of angel altogether."

"The young nurse?"

"Exactly. She's simply priceless. But I knew she would be."

"You knew something about her, then?"

"Enough to bring her down on my own yesterday and blow the doctor! But he's all for her now."

So, indeed, was I; for though a tear is nowhere more out of place than on the cheek of a trained nurse, yet in none is it such welcome evidence of human interest and affection. And there was the tender tact of the pretence to which she had lent herself before my eyes; even as a memory it nearly filled them afresh. Yet I could not speak of it to Coplestone, and to Delavoye I would not, lest I were led into betraying that which I had promised Ronnie to keep entirely to myself.

Nurse Agnes we all called her, but I for one hardly saw her again, save on the daily constitutional in gray uniform and flowing veil. The fact was that the improvement in Ronnie was so marked, and so splendidly sustained, that both his father and I were able to get to bed again. The boy himself had capital nights, and said he looked forward to them; on the other hand, for final sign of approaching convalescence, he became just a little difficult by day. Altogether it was no surprise to me to learn that two nurses would not be necessary after the second week; but I was sorry to hear it was Nurse Agnes who was going, and I thought that Uvo Delavoye would be sorrier still.

There was something between them. I felt sure of that. His rushing up to town to fetch her down, the absurd grounds on which he had pretended to justify that officious proceeding, and then his candid enthusiasm next day, when his protégé had shown her quality, all these were suspicious circumstances in themselves. Yet by themselves, at such a time, they might easily have escaped one's attention. It was a more

than suspicious circumstance that brought the whole train home to me.

I was getting my exercise one mid-day when there was nothing doing; suddenly I saw Nurse Agnes ahead of me getting hers. Her thin veil flew about her as she stepped out briskly, but I was walking quicker still; in any case I must overtake her, and it was a chance of hearing more good news of Ronnie; for we never saw anything of her at night, except in firelit glimpses through the sick-room door. Evidently these were not enough for Uvo either; presently I saw him sauntering ahead, and when Nurse Agnes overtook him, instead of my overtaking her, he hardly took the trouble to lift his hat. But they walked on together at a pace between his and hers, while I waited in a gateway before turning back.

So that was it! I was delighted for Uvo's sake; I tried to feel delighted altogether. At any rate he had chosen a wonderful nurse, but really I had seen so little of the girl . . . if that was the word for her. In the apparent absence of other objections, I was prepared for a distinct grievance on the score of age.

However, she was going. That was something, and Uvo did not seem particularly cut up about it after all. But he brought the cab for her himself when the time came; he did not come in; but I saw him through the window as I sat at draughts once more with Coplestone, because it was a Saturday afternoon and Ronnie was not quite so well.

"This must be for Nurse Agnes," I said innocently. "It seems a pity she should go so soon."

"But she's not going yet!" cried Coplestone, upsetting the board. "She's going this evening; the other nurse told me she was. Of course I've got to see her before she goes!"

"I fancy that's her cab," said I, unwilling to give Delavoye away, but feeling much more strongly that Nurse Agnes had saved Ronnie's life.

"I didn't hear the bell," said Coplestone.

"Still, I believe that's Nurse Agnes on the stairs."

I had heard one creak, but only one, and the nurse was on tiptoe outside the door as Coplestone opened it. She might have been a thief, she seemed so startled.

"Why, nurse, what do you mean by trying to give me the slip?" he said in his

heartly voice. "Do you know they all tell me you've saved my little chap's life, and yet I've hardly seen you all the time? You'd always fixed him up for the night by the time I'd finished dinner, and I've been so late in the morning that we've kept on missing each other at both ends. You've got to spare me a moment now, you know!"

But Nurse Agnes would only stand whispering and smiling in the half-lit hall.

"I—I mustn't lose my train," was all I heard.

And then I realized that even I had only heard her voice once before, and that now it did not sound the same voice. It was not meant to sound the same—that was why—I had it in a flash. And in that flash I saw that Nurse Agnes had been keeping out of our way all these days and nights, keeping us out of her way by a dozen little tacit regulations which had seemed only proper and professional at the time.

But a fiercer light had struck Coplestone like a lash across the eyes. And he started back as though stung and blinded, until Nurse Agnes tried to dart past the door; then his long arm shot out, and my blood ran cold as he dragged her in by hers.

"You!" he gasped, and his jaw worked as though he had been knocked out in the ring.

"Yes," she said coolly, facing him through her veil; "and they're quite right—I've saved your boy for you. Do you mind letting me go?"

I forced my way past the pair of them and rushed out to Delavoye waiting with the cab.

"Who is she? Who on earth is this nurse of yours?" I cried without restraint.

He drew me out of ear-shot of the cabman.

"Has Coplestone spotted her?"

"This very minute—but who is she?"

"His wife."

"I thought she was dead?"

"No; he divorced her three years ago."

"Who told you?"

"Ronnie."

"And you never told me!"

"I promised him I wouldn't tell a soul."

The little rascal! He had bound us both; but there was a characteristic difference, as between Delavoye and me, and the feelings that we inspired in that gallant little heart. Whereas I had surprised its secret, Ronnie had confided in Uvo of his own free will and accord.

"And it was he who begged me to bring her, Gilly, when he was at his worst! He said it was his one hope—that she could pull him through—that he knew she could! So I found her, and she did. She wasn't really a nurse, but she was his mother; she was his Angel of Life."

"Will she be forgiven?" I asked, when we had looked askance at the study windows, that gave us back only the wavering reflections of shrubs and of the chimneys opposite.

"Will she forgive him?" returned Uvo sardonically. "It's always harder for the one who's in the wrong, and there's always something to be said for him or her!"

"Does she know that her husband needs to be saved as well?"

"Hush!" said Delavoye. The door had opened. Coplestone came out upon the step and stood there feeling in his pockets.

I held my breath; and the only creature who counted just then, in all that road of bleak red houses, and in all the wintry world beyond, was the great shaken fellow coming down the path.

"You might give this to the cabby," said he, filling my palm with loose silver. "Just tell him we sha'n't want him now!"



The road from Versailles to Louveciennes.

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

By Walter Pach

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY RENOIR



TO have attained the famous three-score years and ten, and be producing work which surpasses that of his youth and middle age, to have seen the public change in its attitude from hostility to homage, to be one of the best-loved of living painters: such is the lot of Pierre Auguste Renoir.

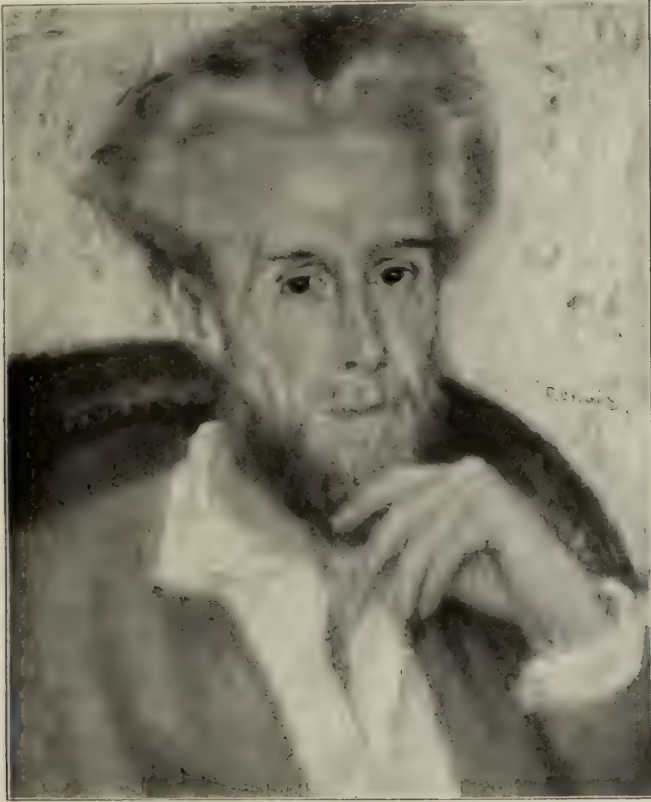
Between the earliest and latest periods of Renoir's career, there are some twenty or twenty-five years where the artist, having reached a full knowledge of his means, passes from masterpiece to masterpiece, and produces, with astonishing rapidity, a large number of portraits, landscapes, and figure-pieces, like the "Moulin de la Ga-

lette," at the Luxembourg, the "Déjeuner," and the "Dancers" in the collection of M. Durand-Ruel, and the portrait of Mme. Charpentier and her family at the Metropolitan Museum.

Had Renoir ceased painting in 1875, he would still be placed among the great artists of France. From the early pictures, beautiful in their drawing, in their uniting of firmness with softness, in the effect of color, that he drew from combinations of the quietest tints—frequently almost monochrome—he passes by degrees to the opulence of his second period. Color suffuses the work with more and more of variety and intensity. If the amplitude of the colorists of the old time, like Rubens, has

not again been reached, neither can it be claimed that they explored the realm of color in all the directions that have since been taken. A Renoir beside a Rubens is easily seen to fall short of the simplicity and breadth of organization that the older work

Where most other painters of the period, begun by Manet and Monet, have been content to say that sunlight is one thing, mist and rain another, or that objects out of doors look different from those in a studio, Renoir has felt the need of going beyond



Portrait of M. Choequet.

possesses in such supreme degree, but we have come to understand that this is but a natural—if not absolutely necessary—effect of Renoir's penetration to hitherto unresolved phases of the problem. Let no one think that this simply means a search for nuances, a rendering little and precious what was before large and massive. On the contrary, Renoir's work is essentially large in conception. But with the modern study of light, with the substitution of color for blackness in representing shadow, for example, a whole world of new problems has confronted the painter, and it is Renoir who first of all has seized on these elements and transferred them from the science of optics to the art of the picture-maker.

this. With his wonderful instinct for the æsthetic relations, with the lyric quality of his temperament, he has placed himself in line with the great colorists of the past in recognizing that color has a nature and function apart from the questions of representation—and by the pure beauty with which he invests it. And, as we always find with the very great men, he does not obtain the æsthetic qualities at the expense of his appreciation of nature, but carries along the two phases in perfect harmony.

At the end of his second period, Renoir is in control of a complete, well-balanced art. His draughtsmanship is one of the finest products of the great French tradition

that has its source in both the Italian and the native genius; so too his stable design and his color, each original with the man. full consciousness that he has never allowed his brush to run on in the aimless facility that is the pitfall of born painters like him-



Portrait of Mlle. X.

Before any picture by Renoir, we are impressed with his perfection — before a collection of pictures representing the successive phases of his development, we become aware of his indefatigable zeal for progress. There is even a certain wistfulness; perhaps at times it has seemed to him that it were well if he had more of the sternness of the profound Cézanne. With the self, it seems as if he sometimes wished that he might know more of the tragedy and great struggle that are so much a part of life, and across which men come nearest to the realities. And just this longing gives the final beauty to his art—without dulling the radiance of his color, without saddening for an instant the lovely personages of his pictures, there is the feeling of the art-

ist's great seriousness. Even as his color is indescribably rich and subtle in its closeness to nature, so the whole joy of

to renew our belief that what has once been attained is attainable again. And while the work itself is what we must really con-



Dancer

his art is subtle and redolent of its closeness to life.

The thought that work like Renoir's is being done to-day is full of stimulus. We are so often tempted to think that the past is overwhelmingly the domain of greatness. At such times it is important to be reminded of the great art of our own period, and thus

sider, yet its closeness to us, its relationship with us is emphasized if we can see a little of the man who produced it.

In the few months of each year that Renoir's infirmities permit him to leave the warm climate of the south of France, he comes to Paris, sees pictures, works in his studio, or even abroad. Last summer he made a trip to Munich and painted portraits there.

His manner of receiving a visitor is most simple and kindly; he is pleased at a new expression of liking for his pictures, is will-

result. When you have laid in the first tones, do you know, for example, which others must follow? Do you know to what



The Dance in the Country.

ing to talk or to listen. It was to hear him talk that I came, and the following notes are from long-to-be-remembered conversations with him:

"There are things about your work that we should like to know. When we find the colors in such perfect relation to one another, we wonder how you arrive at such a

extent a red or a green must be introduced to secure your effect?"

"No, I don't; that is the procedure of an apothecary, not of an artist. I arrange my subject as I want it, then I go ahead to paint it, like a child. I want a red to be sonorous—to sound, like a bell; if it doesn't turn out that way, I put more reds or other colors till I get it. I am no cleverer than



Mme. Charpentier and Her Family.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

that. I have no rules and no methods; any one can look over my materials or watch how I paint—he will see that I have no secrets. I look at a nude; there are myriads of tiny tints. I must find the ones that will make the flesh on my canvas live and quiver.

"Nowadays they want to explain everything. But if they could explain a picture it wouldn't be art. Shall I tell you what I think are the two qualities of a work of art? It must be indescribable, and it must be inimitable. Take a thing like the Eiffel Tower. It is not art, because it can be duplicated by any one who has it described to him, and who knows how to make such things. But you cannot make any more Titians, and you cannot copy Notre Dame. There is the Pantheon at Rome; they thought they could make a copy of it in that votive church at Naples, opposite the Royal Palace, but the Pantheon is a great thing, and that church is a dead thing. So when they try to build like the Parthenon, they find that those lines which seem so

straight and regular and simple are very subtle and hard to follow. The more they measure, the more they realize how much the Greeks departed from regular and banal lines in order to produce their effect.

"So in our Gothic architecture: each column is a work of art, because the old French monk who set it up and carved its capital did what he liked—not doing everything alike, as results when things are made by machinery or by rules, but each thing different—like the trees in the forest.

"The work of art must seize upon you, wrap you up in itself, carry you away. It is the means by which the artist conveys his passion; it is the current he puts forth which sweeps you along in his passion. Wagner does this, and so he is a great artist; another composer—one who knows all the rules—does not do this, and we are left cold and do not call him a great artist.

"Cézanne was a great artist, a great man, a great searcher. We are in a period of searchers rather than of creators. We love Cézanne for the purity of his ideal. There



Garden at Sorrento.

never once entered his mind any thought but that of producing art. He took no heed of money or of honors. With Cézanne it was always the picture ahead of him that he cared for—so much so that he thought little of what he had done already. I have some sketches of his that I found among the rocks of l'Estaque, where he worked. They are beautiful, but he was so intent on others—better ones—that he meant to paint that he forgot these, or threw them away as soon as he had finished them.

"I so much like a thing that Cézanne said once: 'It took me forty years to find out that painting is not sculpture.' That means that at first he thought he must force his effects of modelling with black and white, and load his canvases with paint, in order to equal, if he could, the effects of sculpture. Later, his study brought him to see that the work of the painter is so to use color that, even when it is laid on very thinly, it gives the full result. See the pictures by Rubens at Munich; there is the most glorious fullness and the most beautiful color, and the layer of paint is very thin. Here is a Velasquez" (he reached for a book of reproductions after that master, and hunted out a late portrait of the little Infanta); "it is a perfect picture. See that dress with all the heavy silver embroidery they used in Spain at the time. If you stand away from the painting, it gives you the impression of the weight of that dress. When you come close, you find that he has used only a very little pigment—a tone, and some touches for the metal. But he knew what the painter must do. Cézanne was a man of big qualities and big defects. Only qualities and defects make no difference. What counts is always that passion of the artist, that sweeping men with him.

"The person who goes hunting for defects is the professor. He thinks himself very smart when he says: 'There is a foot that is not well placed.' He finds them in Rubens and in Velasquez. I have always loved Giorgione's 'Concert Champêtre,' in the Louvre. Once, as I stood looking at it, some one said to me: 'That woman's arms are too short.' I had never thought of such a thing. But that is what the professor thinks of. He does not see how the work of the master is made up of good qualities and of defects, how every part of the picture should be as it is, for it is impossible to

take one part and say: 'This produces the effect.' If you observe the great painting by Veronese, the 'Marriage at Cana,' you will find that the lines are not according to the rules of perspective, and he has made the figures in the different planes quite different from the proportionate size you would expect; but those people are in their place, everything has its true importance, and the picture is a great decoration. It is a rare gift, the sense of decoration. Rubens had it; Delacroix had it."

"And you would say Gauguin also, would you not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "his work was superb in that respect."

"If it had been that 'Concert Champêtre' that was stolen instead of the 'Joconde' I should have been more disturbed. Of our Leonardos I like better yet the 'Virgin with St. Anne,'—those two women,—how feminine they are! And the mystery of that background! The 'Joconde' is a great picture, but almost too beautiful. The Giorgione is unique, unparalleled."

"Have you found, M. Renoir, that your opinions of the old masters change much in the course of time?"

"No—only for some pictures it takes very long until one reaches the judgment one finally holds. With some pictures I do not think I realized their true beauty till I had known them for thirty years—the Poussins, for example. The greatest works reveal a new beauty each year I come back to them. There is the 'Marriage at Cana'—I admired it when I was young, one can scarce avoid doing so, one *knows* that it is a great thing. But it was only at a much later time that I could feel I had something of an intimate understanding of it—of the way he has controlled the architecture of that enormous picture, and the way all those brilliant, even violent colors work together with a break.

"Titian is a man who always stays great for me. His painting is a mystery. Raphael's you can understand, and you can see how he worked (that doesn't mean that you can paint Raphaels). But you can't tell how Titian worked. No one ever painted flesh as he did. And then that 'Virgin with the Rabbit' seems to have light coming out from it, like a lantern. It seems to rise above painting."

To a question concerning one of the younger painters who is much discussed at

present, M. Renoir answered: "I cannot very well speak of him. I am prevented from going about freely; I cannot see everything that is going on. And then, too, one is of one's time, in spite of oneself. Ask me about Manet, Monet, Degas, and Cézanne, and I can give you clearly formed opinions, for I lived, worked, and struggled with them. But with the young men of the new generation—men who have not yet given the full measure of their art—the question is different, and I cannot speak so freely."

But if M. Renoir is unwilling to pass upon matters that he has not studied to his satisfaction, he has no doubt that there is a standard for works of art, and that they stand or fall according to their agreement, or non-agreement, with it.

"There is nothing outside of the classics. To please a student, even the most princely, a musician could not add another note to the seven of the scale. He must always come back to the first one again. Well, in art it is the same thing. But one must see that the classic may appear at any period: Poussin was a classic; Père Corot was a classic. When I was a student, Corot was unknown, Delacroix and Ingres were laughed at; the men considered great were Scheffer and Delaroche. That seems strange to-day, but it was really so. And the thing that corrupts taste is government patronage of art. Here is a case within my immediate knowledge. A rich banker had chosen amongst the most illustrious painters of his time to have the portraits of his family painted. These portraits are criticised, and he replies very sagely: 'I know about finance; I don't know about painting. If those portraits are bad, it is through no fault of mine, for I looked through the catalogue of the Salon, and chose the painter with the most medals, just as I would do in buying my chocolate. If I had gone to the painter you recommend, people would say I was trying to economize.'

"The bad system begins in the schools—I was in all of them and all were bad. The professors were ignorant men; they did not teach us our trade. Even to-day I do not know whether my pictures will last. When I have noticed them yellowing, I have tried to find out the cause. I have changed the colors on my palette ten times and I cannot

be certain yet that I have arrived at a choice that will yield a permanent result.

"Now this was not always so; it is only since the Revolution that the principles of the old masters have been swept away. Look at Nattier's pictures—how well they are preserved; then look at what follows and you will see what I mean. The old masters were taught each step of their trade, from the making of a brush and the grinding of a color. They stayed with their teachers until they had learned well the ancient traditions of the craft. And the tradition has never been an obstacle to originality. Raphael was the pupil of Perugino; but that did not prevent his becoming the divine Raphael."

M. Renoir was here recurring to ideas expressed in an article, written as an introduction to the "Treatise on Painting," of Cennino Cennini. From M. Renoir's paper—the one piece of writing he has ever done—I cannot resist noting one or two passages. Nothing could be more interesting, for example, than to find the great artist—at once so modern and so much an inheritor from the past—speaking with veneration of the part a common religious sentiment had in harmonizing the efforts of the masters whom Cennino writes about, and how also their conception of the divine formed their ideals. "It will readily be agreed that if men conceived celestial personages in the image of earthly ones, it is truer still that this divine organism had, in its turn, a considerable influence on the mind and conditioned its ideal." In another place he speaks of what fine workmen do for a country. It is they, he says, more than the great artists—whose genius can but infrequently "be confined within frontiers and epochs"—who register the characteristics of their country. To-day workmen of this type scarcely exist; they have been succeeded by machinery, and the spirit of the old iron-workers, potters, and joiners is practically lost. M. Renoir once told me of a young frame-maker who applied to him for advice as to how he could make better frames. "I told him some things I knew about how the beautiful old frames were made, and he went off to have a try at it. Some days later he came back and said: 'Monsieur, I don't earn my nine cents an hour making frames like that.' 'My little friend,' I answered, 'when one is trying to advance,

one doesn't estimate the progress by the number of cents one earns per hour. For twenty years my pictures did not sell, but I kept on with them. If my lunches were light, and my daily expenses very small, that was not the question that I considered. It was what I was doing in my painting."

One other little remark seems to me to show the spirit of the man. "Sometimes I talk with the peasants down there in the South. They say their lot is an unhappy one. I ask: 'Are you sick?' 'No.' 'Then you're fortunate—you have a little money; if you've had a bad season you don't suffer from hunger; you can eat, you can sleep, you have work that takes you out into the open air, into the sunlight. What more can any one want?' They are the happiest of men, and they don't even know it. After a few more years I am going to leave my brushes and do nothing but live in the sun. That suffices."

WEST AND EAST

By Henry Adams Bellows

A VAST new land, half wakened to the wonder
Of mighty strength; great level plains that hold
Unmeasured wealth; and the prophetic thunder
Of triumphs yet untold.

A land of eager hearts and kindly faces,
Lit by the glory of a new-born day;
Where every eye seeks the far-distant places
Of an untravelled way.

Oh generous land! Oh mighty inspiration
That floods the morning of the world to be!
Thy people are the builders of a nation,
Lofty, benignant, free.

Yet, at a trivial word, a star's clear gleaming,
A bird's sweet song, a sunset fading fast,
There comes a longing for the homeland, dreaming
Upon its sacred past.

A land of dear, remembered faces, moving
Through happy days that had to have an end;
Each stream is a companion known and loving,
And every hill a friend.

A longing to behold the mountains, rearing
Their great, gaunt heads; and once again to be
Upon the barren, wind-swept headland, hearing
The surges of the sea.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXIX

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY



AN hour later Cynthia drove down to the House of Commons, anxious and yet expectant of triumph. For on this afternoon Harry Rames should particularly excel; the occasion was so confederate with his gifts. In debate he was as yet too inexperienced to shine with any brilliancy. His success had been made with prepared speeches. He had not as yet the art to handle words, the tools of debate, with such precision that he could express vividly in an argument across the floor just what he meant, and no more, and no less. He was not at ease with his vocabulary when a sudden call was made upon it, and his lack of ease became manifest and spread, as it always does, discomfort. He was nervous within that chamber, and unless he was fortified by sedulous preparation the nervousness showed. He was, in a word, on the way to becoming a polished debater, but as yet he was at school. This afternoon, however, he had not to reply, not to intervene in the middle of a discussion; his business was to make the set speech which set the debate going. And here he was on his own good ground. He could prepare the vivid phrase and, a quality perhaps still more important, he could speak it. He had an invaluable gift which had stood him in good stead when he had delivered his maiden speech. He was able so to deliver a carefully concocted speech as to give the impression that he was thinking aloud. He gained his effect by an apt breaking off of sentences and a recommencement, by a sudden drop to the homeliest of colloquialisms, by a seeming deliberation in the choice of his words, so that the picturesque and living sentence which had been so carefully thought out, appeared to leap new-minted from a furnace of conviction. He had been shrewd enough to recognize with

his own unflattering estimation of his powers that an amendment to the address provided him especially with a rare opportunity.

When Cynthia reached the ladies' gallery she had some trouble to find a place whence she could command the House. The gallery was full, since it was the beginning of the session. For the same reason the House itself was not. Even though questions were being asked of the ministers, a time when the House is seldom less than crowded, there were to-day vacant spaces on the benches. The real business of Parliament would not begin until the debate on the address was concluded. Members still lingered in the country or the South of France. Rames's amendment was considered rather as a dress-parade than an engagement. It was not expected that he would press his views to a division. At the last moment suave words from a cabinet minister would no doubt dissuade the recalcitrant as they had done a thousand times before.

But his supporters were there clustered close below the gangway on the three back benches; Howard Fall two seats away from Harry Rames, chirruping gently and rubbing his hands together with delight; beyond him the sandy-haired man from the Shires with an eye on Devenish upon the treasury bench, and prepared at any moment for the production of that threatened pup which the Minister for Agriculture was sure to sell them; beyond him again Colonel Challoner and the timid spirits all trying to look unconscious and most of them pretending that they only occupied these particular seats by the merest accident. But they were in full view. Robert Brook had seen to that. They were labelled plainly and legibly, and if some of them went astray, they would still get the credit of having reached their destination. In front of all were the earnest men who believed the policy of Devenish to be dangerous. Behind all under the shadow of the gallery were the younger bloods, all as convinced as their graver seniors in the front, but still

youths spoiling for a row and totally unawed by the frock-coats of the treasury bench. Their business was to cheer and to ejaculate, not to speak. Thus had Robert Brook disposed his forces for the battle. He himself sat between Harry Rames and Howard Fall, and looking about him was proud of the array.

Before questions had come to an end Cynthia had squeezed herself into a place on the first row of seats behind the stone-grille. She had now from her eyrie the whole group within her view, or rather, the tops of all its particular heads. She waited impatiently. Every now and then a sudden fluttering like the waving of little flags ran with a crackle of sound along the benches below and showed that another page of questions had been asked. They must now come to an end surely, she thought in her ignorance. Her mistake was colossal. The speaker had only this moment come to the questions of the Irish members, and there was a postmaster in Ballymena who had last week committed the hideous crime of refusing a registered letter at two minutes to eight by the church clock. Upon this important matter, by question and supplementary question, the Imperial Parliament was forced to concentrate its attention till the hands of the clock above the door pointed to a quarter to four. Then the speaker rose, a buzz of talk rose to Cynthia's ears, a few members called upon by name came forward from behind the speaker's chair to the clerk's table with private bills, others drifted out into the lobby and the tea-room and the smoking-rooms. Then once more the speaker rose. His canopied chair was just beneath Cynthia. She could not see him but she heard his voice quite clearly. "Captain Rames."

Rames rose amidst vociferous applause from his own group and some cheers from the opposition. The personal question flashed into Cynthia's mind.

"Would he look up toward the gallery in which she sat?"

He threw his head back. It seemed that he did. Cynthia leaned forward as though across that distance her eyes could answer and sustain him. She forgot that the only light in that gallery was fixed against the wall behind her, and that nothing more particular or individual of her was visible upon the floor of the chamber than the wide sphere of her hat.

He was not so nervous, she realized at once, as he usually was. Nervousness gave to his voice a peculiar vibration which was not without its effect in arresting attention. Cynthia missed it now. But the sentences which she already knew by heart followed, one behind the other, spaced and regular as the waves of a calm sea. She forgot that little significant omission of manner. She followed the argument as she knew it, and it was developed step by step as it had been prepared. Harry Rames had spoken for five minutes when a lady on Cynthia's left whispered in an audible voice to her neighbor on the right:

"I thought you told me that Captain Rames was a brilliant speaker.

"Not I, dear," came the reply. "These men of action are seldom effective in their speeches. I shouldn't expect him to do better than he is doing."

Cynthia moved indignantly. The poor woman must be off her head. But if she did not know what good speaking was, she might at all events hold her tongue. She looked down again into the well of the House and became perplexed. The benches were actually emptying. The double doors opposite to her, which led from the chamber to the lobby were swinging silently backward and forward with a perpetual motion as the members passed out, and the space just in front of those doors, the space behind the bar, as it is called from a black painted line upon the matting, where no doubt once a barrier stood, that space where members may stand and where she had seen them stand packed on other days while Harry spoke, was almost empty. There were just one or two standing there, but they were obtaining orders for the galleries from the sergeant-at-arms. Then the voice at her elbow spoke again in an accent of resignation.

"He is very, very dull."

Cynthia clenched her hands. She would have dearly liked to have boxed her neighbor's ears. Was he dull, she asked? And the dreadful continuous buzz of voices, which always rises when a speaker has lost the attention of the House, rose from the benches below to answer her. With a sob only half suppressed Cynthia was forced to admit the truth. The incredible thing was happening. Harry Rames at the crisis of his fortunes was signally failing.

"If he fails it's partly my fault," she thought. "I helped in the preparation of the speech."

For it was word for word the prepared speech which he was delivering; the very phrases chosen for their simplicity and their force were uttered in their due place. Yet the effect was dreary beyond measure. Even the ardent spirits beneath the gallery had ceased to applaud; they sat back in the shadow, all their enthusiasm quenched. A still worse sign, Mr. Devenish had laid his writing-pad and his fountain-pen on the table in front of him; he took no more notes, he leaned back with his arms folded and his eyes closed, a typical picture of a cabinet minister, a man inured to patience and the bedfellow of boredom.

"Why is Harry failing?" Cynthia asked of herself despairingly. And the answer came from her neighbor.

"You know, my dear, I don't believe that what he's saying is nonsense if one only had the necessary concentration to follow it. But his delivery's so bad that he makes attention impossible."

Again Cynthia was constrained to admit the criticism. The chosen sentences were uttered, but no conviction winged them. Harry's gifts of speech were that afternoon quite hidden. He was as one delivering a recitation which by constant repetition had become at once meaningless and automatic. His voice trailed away into lassitude. There was no spirit behind any word.

The buzz of voices increased, a protesting voice called "Order, order," and then Harry faltered and stopped, stopped quite noticeably. A general cheer rose to encourage him—for the House of Commons can be generous, especially to those who are dropping out of the race—and twisting his hands together suddenly, almost with the air of a man waking from a dream, Harry Rames staggered on again. Cynthia's heart went out to him in a rush of pity. What he must be suffering! He had staked so much upon this afternoon. So much had been expected of him. Cynthia's thoughts went back to the week at Bramling. With what high hopes that company had counted upon his leadership!

"If he would only finish!" she prayed. She looked upon him as a man in torment. She leaned her elbows on the rail in front of

her, closed her ears with her thumbs and shut her eyes. She took at once, with the exaggeration of her years the blackest view.

"He has attacked his own government and frightened no one." Thus her thoughts ran. "His career will be affected, perhaps ruined. A really bad mistake may take a man years to overcome in the House of Commons. Who was it said that? Mr. Smale. This is a really bad mistake. The debate itself may collapse. That would mean ruin."

So she reasoned until in a clap the truth of the mistake came upon her, its cause, its meaning.

"I ought to have foreseen his failure," she murmured. "It was bound to come. Sooner or later it was bound to come. For his heart is never in the theme but always in the career."

She might indeed have looked upon it as a retribution—a just retribution.

"And a year ago I should so have looked upon it," she reflected, and sat back in her seat amazed at the change which had been wrought in her. The magnitude of it was now for the first time revealed to her. Success following success, each in its anticipated sequence, had sealed up from her the knowledge of herself. It had needed the failure to reveal it.

She leaned back in a confusion of her emotions. She heard no longer any word of the debate. For a little while the House of Commons vanished and was not. She glanced swiftly backward across the months of her marriage and now could detect the indications of the change. Gradually she had ceased to clamor for ideas; she had looked only at the man and had desired him to tower above his fellows, since that was his desire. And the reason for the change? She jumped to it with her heart on fire. But while she thus began to make her account with herself a perfunctory cheer and the speaker's distinct pronouncement of another name broke in upon her reckoning. The voice of her neighbor brought her back to earth.

"Mr. Howard Fall. I hear he's quite a favorite speaker."

The turn of the words recalled irrelevantly to Cynthia Harry's indignant story of the elector who had told him that he was well patronized in Ludsey. The recollection brought a smile to her face. But the smile

faded as her anxieties came home to her. Would the debate collapse?

Howard Fall was already upon his legs seconding the amendment; and in a little while she saw members enter through the doors, stand for a moment at the bar, and then, as though here was matter worthy of their attention, slip into places upon the seats. Cynthia's first feeling was one of relief. Yes, the House was undoubtedly filling up. Then, as a burst of laughter followed upon one of Fall's sallies against Devenish, a sharp pang of jealousy pierced her. The lady at her elbow incensed her by a laugh of approval—a ridiculous snigger Cynthia termed it.

"Yes, now he's really brilliant," she said, and Cynthia had to hold herself in, so impelled was she to explain to the lady exactly what she thought of her judgment and her manners and her family and of everything which appertained to her. But she did not. She remained outwardly calm, though inwardly she seethed.

"Mrs. Rames," a quiet voice called to her from behind. She turned and saw Robert Brook. She left her seat and went to him.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously, her heart leaping with a fear of calamity.

"Nothing," Brook reassured her. "Your husband asked me to look after you. He can't well leave the House." Another burst of laughter intermingled with applause rose up to them. Devenish had petulantly interrupted Howard Fall, and interruptions Howard Fall thrived upon. "Isn't he in splendid form?" cried Brook with enthusiasm. "His speech is just the twang of a bow and each time an arrow finds its mark."

"No doubt," said Cynthia, eying him coldly.

Brook looked at her quickly.

"Perhaps you would like some tea, Mrs. Rames. Shall we go? The debate will tail off for a bit after Fall has finished."

He led the way to the lift. Cynthia hurried after him.

"Why?" she cried. "And what do you mean by tailing off?"

There was an impatience in her voice with which Brook was unfamiliar. "Do you mean that the debate will collapse?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "But the big-wigs won't speak until later. The subject is much too important to drop for want of argument. Indeed, there are enough men

eager to speak to carry the debate well over to-morrow, if that were possible."

They came out from the lift and walked down the long corridor toward the lobby between the rows of books protected by their frames of gilt wire. Robert Brook continued cheerfully:

"Rames, to be sure, wasn't at his best in opening the debate. But no man always is. There's not a soul in the House who doesn't know that."

"Then this afternoon won't put him back?"

"Why should it? It was he who had the shrewdness to recognize the opportunity which this question affords, and to select this particular line of attack. He engineered the whole movement. That's known. And if he carries his own people into the division lobby with him, and the opposition into the bargain, he will have established a fine reputation for Parliamentary capacity. That counts, Mrs. Rames; take the word of an old hand. That counts here more than speech-making."

"Does it?" cried Cynthia, smiles breaking through the tragic gloom of her countenance. But the smiles vanished. She shook her head wistfully. "You are merely saying this because you see that I am troubled."

"But it's none the less true. This House has a corporate life which is rather difficult for those who are not members of it to understand."

Robert Brook certainly seemed very well contented. Cynthia, however, was not satisfied.

"But will he carry his people with him into the division lobby—now?" she asked. "Won't they a little have lost faith?"

"Not a bit. You see, Howard Fall has quite saved the situation," Brook replied cheerily and Cynthia suddenly stepped on ahead. The name of Howard Fall was beginning to exasperate her. She stopped, however, as they came into the round hall of the lobby.

"On the whole," she said with the loftiest impartiality, "I liked my husband's speech a good deal better than I did Mr. Howard Fall's. Perhaps on a second thought you will too, Mr. Brook."

She surveyed him steadily with a pair of cold blue eyes, and then her face suddenly dimpled to a smile of appeal.

"You really mean that I can't see him?"

"The man who starts a discussion must hear it out. That's a sound old rule, and if it's not so religiously kept as it used to be, the House of Commons is the worse."

"I can send him a little note at all events."

"Certainly. Write it and I'll give it to a messenger."

"A messenger!" said Cynthia doubtfully. "Will it be sure to reach him? It's rather important."

Brook smiled.

"Very well. I'll take it in myself, Mrs. Rames."

Cynthia took a little diary from the bag she carried, tore out a leaf, scribbled hastily:

"You did splendidly. Everybody thinks so. Cynthia"; and having calmly perpetrated that obvious untruth, she twisted up her message and handed it to Brook. The sandy-haired man from the Shires was drifting about the lobby. Brook called to him. "Look after Mrs. Rames for a moment, will you?" he said, and hurried off through the swing doors.

It seemed a very short time to Cynthia before he came back, though in that short time she had not so much as addressed a word to her companion. She looked at Robert Brook's hands. They were empty and a shadow passed over her face.

"Did you give it him?" she asked.

"I passed it along the bench and saw that it reached him. I didn't wait for him to open it."

The shadow passed from Cynthia. She was disappointed now but not hurt, and in a second the disappointment passed too. This was not the day on which small things should be allowed to sting.

"Now you'll have some tea," said Brook.

"No, I don't think I will stay any longer to-day, Mr. Brook," she replied. Now that her fears were dispersed she was in a hurry to get away and be alone with her new secret. "I am keeping you from the House, and you are our whip, aren't you?"

The flattery did not compensate Mr. Brook for his loss. The privilege of parading a pretty and well-dressed woman before the envious eyes of less fortunate colleagues is one which no member of Parliament, not even its sedatest representative of non-conformity, would forego without regret; and in a remote, philandering way, Robert

Brook was a kind of ladies' man. Cynthia was wearing a trim coat and skirt of dark velvet, and from a coil of fur about her throat her face rose like a summer flower, and was framed in the wide border of her blue hat.

"My duties are light just now," he protested, but Cynthia lifted up her hands in her great muff appealingly and coaxed him.

"You will let me go now, Mr. Brook, won't you?" Her eyes besought his permission as though without it she could not go, and Mr. Brook was duly reduced to subservience.

"Good-bye," said Cynthia, and she swung off, the long ends of her stole swinging about her hips, and her step indescribably light. Robert Brook watched her pass down the corridor to the rails where the visitors waited, and sighed in a melancholy fashion. It seemed to him for the moment contemptible to be a bachelor. For there was something strange and peculiarly appealing about Cynthia to-day—a winsomeness, a warmth. She seemed all aqiver with youth. A swift variety of moods swept across her face in lights and shadows, and gave to her vitality. Her feet moved with a dancing buoyancy. All that Robert Brook felt the sandy-haired man from the Shires summarized in one reflective sentence:

"I should like to kiss that girl," he said. "It would do me a great deal of good."

XXX

THE LETTER

CYNTHIA ran down the broad flight of steps into Westminster Hall and skimmed across the historic flags of that ancient building without a pause. What at this moment was Charles the First to her, or even Mr. Gladstone? She came out into Palace Yard and drove home through the dusk just as the lamps in the shop-windows and on the refuges were beginning to bring some gleams of cheerfulness into the black February streets. She sat back in the corner of her car with her muff tightly held against her breast as though to cherish close some knowledge treasured there. When she reached her house she let herself in with her key and walked with secret steps into Harry's study. Once there, she locked the

door and with the firelight dancing upon the walls to keep her company, she sat down to make her reckoning with herself. But in truth the reckoning was already made.

The great bargain, on her side at all events, was a bargain no more, could never again be a bargain. A veritable revolution had taken place in her that afternoon. She knew it from the depth of her sympathy with Harry in his failure—above all from the surprising sharpness of her disappointment when Robert Brook had returned with no answer to her scribbled message.

For the failure as a factor in their fortunes she cared not a straw. Indeed she welcomed it, since it was that which had wakened her. She had believed herself to be defective in the quality of passion, and her sense of the defect had hurt her like a bitter humiliation; she had envied wistfully the other women who possessed passion, even the wantons who flaunted it. Now the humiliation was gone. She rejoiced. She leaned back in her chair with her eyes closed and sailed over magical seas which were joyous and golden. She loved. She was like some lady of old Italy lit to swift flame by the first kiss from her lover's lips. Only it was a trivial irony in closer keeping with our modern days that what had kindled her who had demanded ideas, was a failure due to nothing but the lack of them.

Cynthia rejoiced; for she loved. That pain and disappointment were in store for her she did not doubt. But she ran forward to meet the pain. She was young. Sooner all the pain in the world than the automatic placidity of years without fire or inspiration. She recognized frankly that though upon her side the bargain was no longer any bargain at all, it still was just a bargain to her husband. A sign had been given to her that afternoon, a little sign, yet great in its significance. She had pleaded to herself as she sat in the ladies' gallery that when Harry rose, and just before he began to speak, he had looked up to where she sat as though he were conscious of her presence, as though he drew strength from it. But he had not looked up. Even at the time she had known that he had not. "I merely pretended to myself that he had," she frankly admitted now. "His movement was nothing more than the natural muscular action of a man bracing himself

for an effort." She herself, Cynthia, had not been, she felt sure, at that moment in the remotest of his thoughts.

"If Harry had changed toward me as I have toward him," she argued, "he would have looked up, not only because he wanted to, but because he would have remembered what I had said to him on that very point the afternoon when he asked me to marry him."

But in spite of her conviction she rejoiced. Some kinship she could claim with Juliet. For all her longing was to give and to give, and still to give. She had sought desperately for color in her life. She had welcomed politics in the hunt for it. She had it now and to spare—enough to daub the world. The handle of the door was tried and through the panels her astonished maid told her the hour. Cynthia sprang up and unlocked it.

"I shall dine at home to-night," she said. "The cook must get me some dinner, anything."

The maid reminded Cynthia that she had arranged to dine with some friends and visit a theatre.

"I know," said Cynthia. She had made the plan so that she might not spend in loneliness the anxious hours of this evening. But since she had made the plan the world had changed its hues.

"You must telephone and say that I can't come," said Cynthia remorselessly as she ran upstairs.

Whilst she dressed she considered what she should do with this wonderful evening. She meant to spend it alone—yes, but that did not quite content her. Somehow it should be made memorable. Something she must do which, but for this day of days, she never would have done. Something which must not merely mark it as a harbor boom marks a turn of the channel, but must be the definite consequence of it. Cynthia, in a word, went down to her solitary dinner much more akin than she had ever been since to the girl who, eager for life with the glorious eagerness of youth, had run down the stairs on the morning of her seventeenth birthday into the dining-room of the Daventry estancia. Half-way through dinner the thing to do, in order fitly to commemorate the day, came to her in a burst of light.

She went back to Harry's study and sitting at his writing-table, composed with great care a letter of many pages. The

hours passed as she wrote and re-wrote, and glancing at the clock before the end was reached, she saw that it was already past eleven. Then she hurried. The division at this moment was being taken. Within the hour Harry would have returned, and indeed she had only just folded her letter in its envelope when she heard his step in the hall.

She heard the door open and shut. He was in the room. But she kept her head bowed over her letter lest her face should betray her overmuch. Nor for a moment did she speak, since she did not quite trust her voice. It was Harry who spoke first.

"You have come back? I did not expect you so soon."

"I never went. I stayed at home."

"Oh! You are not ill, Cynthia?"

"No. But I felt that I had been rather hard and cruel——"

"You?"

"Oh, yes, I can be." Cynthia was stamping down her envelope with an elaboration of care which almost suggested that it was never meant to be opened. "I was in this case. So I stayed at home and wrote this letter to make amends. I should very much like it to be posted to-night, Harry. The servants have all gone to bed. I wonder if you——"

"Of course. You are afraid that you might change your mind about it in the morning."

"Not at all," replied Cynthia with a laugh. Harry Rames walked over to the table.

"Give it to me, Cynthia," he said; and at last Cynthia raised her head and rather shyly her eyes sought his face. At his first glance she stood up quickly and she did not give him her letter. Harry Rames was standing, his face white and drawn and harassed. He had been answering her vaguely, as though the words came from him by reflex action rather than through a comprehension of what she said. For a moment Cynthia was afraid to speak. The beating of her heart was painful. Then she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Something has happened, Harry?" she faltered.

"Something terrible," he replied, and walking to the fire he warmed his hands at the blaze like one smitten with a chill.

"The debate collapsed? Your people didn't follow you into the lobby? Oh, Harry!"

She went to his side.

"No. That's not the trouble. We did better in the division than I had anticipated. Of course we had the labor party solid against us. But that we had reckoned on. On the other hand, some of the Irish members came along with us, and it had been expected that they would all abstain. No; we ran the government majority down to thirty-one. Devenish is shaken, I can tell you. He passed me after the division was over, without a word and white with passion. No, Cynthia; we did very well." He moved away from the fire and sat down in the chair at his writing-table. "I took all my people into the division lobby with me—except one."

Cynthia put out a hand and steadied herself against the mantel-piece.

"Except one?" She turned toward him, her face troubled, her eyes most wistful. "One failed you—one alone. Oh, Harry, it wasn't Colonel Challoner?"

But though she asked the question, she did not need the answer. Her foreboding made her sure of it.

"It was," replied Harry, and Cynthia turned again to the fire. A little sob, half-checked, burst from her. Then she tore the letter which she had been at such great pains to write, across and again across, and dropped the fragments into the fire.

"The Challoners are no good," she said in a voice curiously distinct and hard.

"Don't say that, Cynthia," Harry Rames answered gently.

"I do say it. I ought to know."

The words were uttered, and only then she realized what she had said. She looked quickly toward her husband, but he gave to her cry no particular significance. His brain seemed to register her words, not to comprehend them. Cynthia was conscious of a great relief. Loud at her heart rose a hope, a prayer that in all things, all qualities, even to tricks of manner, she was her mother's child, and had nothing of her father. Never would she acknowledge her relationship with that family. Never would she admit her name. Her first resolve and instinct had been right. The Challoners were no good.

"No, I should not say that, Cynthia," Rames repeated. "He's dead."

Cynthia turned swiftly upon the word. Her dress rustled as she turned, and when

that sound ceased there was absolute silence in the room. Cynthia stood by the mantel-shelf still as stone. Her face was white, and a look of awe overspread it. With her lips parted and her eyes troubled and wondering, she watched her husband. Harry Rames sat with a large silver paper-knife in his hands, looking absently straight in front of him. And in a little while he broke the silence by absently tapping with the blade of the paper-knife upon his blotting-pad. The sound roused Cynthia. She moved to a low chair close to the writing-table.

"Dead? Harry, I don't quite understand."

The tapping ceased.

"His heart was wrong. He died in the division lobby—actually while the division was being taken."

"In the division lobby? But you said you didn't take him with you."

"I didn't. He was in the government lobby."

Cynthia's face contracted with pain. A low moan burst from her. "He was actually voting against you!"

"Yes."

Harry added reluctantly:

"Our revolt killed him."

Cynthia sat down in the chair.

"Tell me everything, will you, Harry?" she entreated, and thus the story was told her.

"The whips got at Challoner. You know Hamlin, don't you? But you don't know his methods, Cynthia. He doesn't bully you if you revolt. He doesn't threaten. He takes you affectionately by the arm and makes you feel a beast. His round brown eyes survey you with a gentle and wistful regret. You leave him, convinced that he personally will be dreadfully hurt if you vote against the government. You are glad to be rid of him as you are glad to be rid of a man whom you have injured; and within the hour he is at your elbow again, pursuing the same insidious, amicable strategy. That's how he worked on Challoner, and Challoner was not the man either to withstand him or to tell us boldly that he was going to—" ("rat" was on the tip of his tongue, but he caught the word back and substituted) "change his mind. So, do you see, he stayed with us to the last minute. It was arranged that the division should be

taken at eleven. As soon as the speaker rose to put the question, Challoner, who had been standing at the bar of the House, slipped out through the lobby and down the stairs to a little smoking-room on the opposite side of the passage to the big strangers' smoking-room. That room is very often quite deserted. Few people, indeed, use it at any time. In a corner of that room he sat behind a newspaper all of the ten minutes during which the division bells were ringing."

"To avoid meeting any of you?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"But how do you know he was there?"

"He was seen by one or two of the Irish members who did not intend to vote at all. They went into the room while the bells were ringing and saw him."

"I understand."

"As soon as the bells stopped, as soon, in a word, as he was quite certain that we should be all in our lobby, he started up quickly. There is just a little time between the moment when the bells cease ringing and the moment when the lobby doors are locked, and it becomes impossible, if you are outside the lobby, to record your vote. But it is only a little time. If you want to vote you have to hurry. Challoner was a good distance away, and he had a flight of stairs to ascend. He hurried, he ran; I expect, too, that he was agitated. His courage had failed him. He must prove his loyalty to his official leaders at all costs. He reached the lobby in plenty of time. Monro, you remember him, the Scotchman? He was at Bramling."

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"He saw Challoner. He was standing by the entrance door of our lobby. We were in the 'No' lobby, for the question we had to vote upon was that the original words of the address 'stand part,' and to enter the 'Aye' lobby a man must pass our entrance door and traverse the House. Monro saw Challoner hurry past the door and, thinking that he had mistaken our lobby and was under the impression that the question he had to vote upon was that the amendment be substituted—in which case, of course, we should all have been in the 'Aye' lobby—he called to the colonel. Challoner didn't hear, or wouldn't hear. He hurried on, and once inside the govern-

ment lobby, collapsed onto the bench which runs along the sides. He died within a couple of minutes."

He ceased. The shock of this swift calamity had driven from Cynthia's thoughts all her indignation against the Challoners. She pictured to herself that old, unhappy, disappointed man, dropping at last between the shafts, the pack-horse of politics. Not even the insignificance of an under-secretaryship had come to requite him for his tedious years of service. And it never could have fallen to him. That she recognized. Again the silence was broken by the tap-tap of the paper-knife upon the blotting-pad.

"It's a Juggernaut, that House, isn't it? You said that once, Cynthia," said Rames.

"I did? I don't remember."

Cynthia was perplexed by his distress. Sensibility was not to be counted amongst his qualities. Yet he sat there with trouble heavy upon him, and every now and then a shiver of the shoulders, a shiver of repugnance.

"This has shocked you terribly, Harry," she said.

"Yes. I have known death before now, but never death without any dignity. That's what I find terrible." He paused for a moment and then said in a low and distinct voice:

"I am to blame for it, Cynthia."

"You?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I ought to have left him alone. I ought never to have taken advantage of his disappointments. I dragged him into the revolt to serve myself—yes, that's the truth, Cynthia. We both know it. I dragged him in without giving him and his character a thought. He was the real party hack. To him the men upon the treasury bench were as gods walking the earth. A nod from one of them in a passage, a handshake in a drawing-room, a little private conversation with a cabinet minister in the division lobby—that was the kind of food which sustained him through how many years! And he was a good cavalry officer once, I am told." Harry Rames suddenly swung round toward his wife. "That's strange, isn't it? Very strange. He must have come into the House of Commons twenty years ago a very different man. But I suppose the walls closed round him and crushed the vitality out of him. You once

had a phrase about such men—the prisoners of the House of Commons. He was one of them. I did a cruel thing when I enlisted him. For I might have known that he must desert. I am to blame for his death."

"No," Cynthia protested.

"Yes."

"Even if you might have known that he must desert, you couldn't have foreseen that he would hide from you till the last moment."

"That's just what he would do."

"Even so, you didn't know, Harry, that he had heart disease."

"Would it have made any difference if I had?" And that question silenced Cynthia.

Harry Rames fell again to tapping with his paper-knife upon the blotting-pad. He tapped aimlessly, the silver handle flashing in the light, the ivory blade striking and resounding. But gradually an intention seemed to become audible in his tapping. The taps came quickly, three or four together, then were spaced, then streamed swiftly again like sparks from an anvil. The noise began to jar on Cynthia's nerves.

"Don't do that, Harry, please," she said.

"I won't," said he, throwing down the paper-knife.

"You might have been sending a telegram."

"By wireless, eh?" he said with a smile, and then a curious look came into his face. "I was," he said slowly. Cynthia drew back in her chair with a queer feeling of uneasiness.

"Not to—?" she began, and stopped short of the name. She glanced furtively around the room. She was suddenly chilled.

"To Challoner? No," he answered. He had hardly been aware of what he was doing, and he wondered now why the idea to do it had thus irrelevantly entered his head. No doubt an instinctive desire to get relief from the obsession of the sordid tragedy of Challoner's death had prompted him. But, whatever the cause, he had been tapping out, in accordance with the Morse code, a message to the little, black, full-rigged ship far away upon Southern seas.

He sprang up from his chair.

"There's a letter you wanted me to post, Cynthia. I had forgotten it. Give it to me."

"It dropped into the fire," said Cynthia.

Harry looked into the fire; a torn fragment or two had fallen into the grate.

"I dropped it into the fire," said Cynthia. "For I had already changed my mind about it."

The long letter which she had torn up at the first news of Colonel Challoner's defection, the letter which was to commemorate that evening, had been written to Colonel Challoner and admitted that she was the daughter of his son.

XXXI

M. POIZAT AGAIN

"THERE is a man at the door, madam. He says that he is a Ludsey man, and that he worked for Captain Rames during the election."

It was mid-day. Cynthia had her hat on and was at the moment buttoning her gloves.

"Tell him that Captain Rames is at the House of Commons now, and that he will be back at home by five," she said.

"The man asked for you," said the footman.

"For me? Did he give a name?"

"No. But he said that you would know him."

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well, Howard. Show him in."

Visitors who would not give their names but claimed to be citizens of Ludsey were not infrequent while Parliament was in session. They usually came with the same request—the loan of their fare home, where they had relations to look after them; and they were usually impostors, who had not so much as seen the spire of St. Anne's church. But, on the other hand, there was always a possibility that the case might be genuine, and Cynthia made it a rule to see them. She had already got her purse out of her bag when the door was opened. But she dropped it when she saw her visitor.

"M. Poizat," she cried, and she held out her hand to him.

M. Poizat, however, did not take it.

"You have been kept waiting. You should have sent in your name."

M. Poizat shook his head.

"Would you have received me if I had, Mrs. Rames?"

"Of course."

"You are very kind."

Cynthia looked at him with a closer scrutiny. Certainly the M. Poizat who confronted her was the merest shadow of the sprightly inventor of Lungatine. The elasticity had gone from his wonderful legs. No longer he danced when he walked. His arms hung loose at his side, and the potency of his elixir had quite failed him. He was now a really old, small man. Indeed he seemed to have diminished in stature and to have shrivelled in breadth; and his eyes were red as though he had lately wept. Thus much had been taken from him. Yet something had been added, the dignity of a man whom calamity has overtaken.

"Why am I very kind to receive you?" Cynthia asked gently.

M. Poizat stared at her incredulously.

"Then you do not know what has happened to me?"

"No! Sit down and tell me."

But M. Poizat remained standing.

"I have no longer a friend in the world. I have no longer a house. I have no longer a wife. All is gone."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, I know. Ladies do not read their newspapers very carefully. If the men, too, were like you! But all the same you will have heard of a case which a few days ago was making a great stir in Paris—the Jobert case."

"Of course."

"But you have not followed it in detail."

"No."

The intricacies of that gigantic case of fraud were indeed difficult to follow even for those who gave to it their attention. Nor did Poizat do more than give to Cynthia a necessary outline. Monsieur and Madame Jobert, the latter being the protagonist of the conspiracy, had borrowed over a course of years immense sums of money on the strength of securities which were supposed to exist in a sealed safe. The safe could not be opened since a fictitious action by claimants, whom Madame Jobert had invented, was perpetually being deferred in the courts of law. At the last, however, the creditors of the Joberts had obtained authority to break the seals, and a safe which was absolutely empty was exposed. The Joberts alleged a theft, but they were arrested and prosecuted.

"You see, Mrs. Rames, the one hope of the Joberts upon their trial was to establish the existence of a great sum of money which the securities supposed to be stolen could represent. What was this money? How was it come by? And when? Who bequeathed it? Madame Jobert was examined upon these questions by the juge d'instruction week after week, during a whole year. Lie after lie she told. Each explanation she put forward was sifted and proved a lie. At last she cried:

"'It is true. I have lied. I do not wish France to remember what she should forget. I have not told my secret. But, if I must, I will. The great fortune exists. I will tell its origin when I am on my trial, but I warn you, Monsieur le Juge, the revelation will convulse France from the Mediterranean to the Channel.' That is what she said. No one believed her. In Paris, indeed, they had already begun to laugh. Almost they loved her. She was a criminal but magnificent in her crime.

"'La Grande Clothilde,' they named her. What *blague* would she have ready for the Cour d'Assizes? No one was alarmed, least of all I, a little restaurant-keeper in a city of the Midlands. Yet this last lie of hers ruined me."

"Ruined you?" cried Cynthia.

"Yes; it is strange, is it not? A great trial like that in Paris, a woman in the dock snatching at any defence or delay; she tells a story so ridiculous in its application that it sets all Paris in a delighted roar of laughter; and that story which could not save her, drags into the light a little man of no importance, who has been hiding his head in a foreign country for thirty years."

"Yes, but if the story is a lie?" cried Cynthia.

"Its application was the lie. It did not explain that fictitious fortune of the Joberts. But the story itself was true," said M. Poizat. He sat down in a chair in a queer, huddled attitude, with his knees and his feet together, his hands joined upon his knees and his chin sunk upon his breast. He seemed to have composed himself to be hit at. "I am amazed," he said. "It seems that one has never quite finished with anything one has done until one is dead. Here is a part of my life which I had buried. Then come thirty years, each one adding its layer of oblivion. Then comes La Grande Clo-

thilde, who has never seen me, nor been seen by me. Look! I was laughing with everybody else. We take in the 'Petit Parisien.' I read the trial in the evening, day by day, to my wife. We both amused ourselves by wondering what will be the great secret which La Grande Clothilde has to reveal. Then comes the day of the revelation, and in Ludsey my newspaper falls from my hands and my wife, who has been my wife for twenty years, looks upon me as a stranger."

Cynthia's face changed. The gentleness and the pity vanished. She drew in her breath sharply as though alarm knocked at her heart.

"Something out of your past life has come alive, quite unexpectedly after all these years, and has snatched you back," she said slowly, as if she were comparing the words with others she had once heard spoken. "Quick! Tell me!"

She bent forward with her eyes intent upon M. Poizat's face, and fear growing in them more and more visibly.

"You remember, Mrs. Rames, the night before the election at Ludsey. You were all having supper in the hotel after the meeting. I came in and was asked by Captain Rames to join you. There was a man who claimed to know me."

"Yes, yes, Colonel Challoner," cried Cynthia, with a rising excitement. She remembered that supper-room at Ludsey, and the queer moment of sensation when Colonel Challoner, gaunt and menacing, had recollected, and M. Poizat, in a panic, had denied the recollection. Some vague notion, too, of the defence which Clothilde Jobert had made a week ago returned to her. She began dimly to understand the disaster which had overtaken her little visitor.

"He remembered that he had seen you—Wait! Now I have it— In a long corridor, in Metz, in '71."

M. Poizat nodded.

"The corridor of the Arsenal. Colonel Challoner—it's so you call him?—he was right. More than once I went along that corridor. I went to see the Marechal Bazaine."

"Yes," replied Cynthia. "And Madame Jobert accounted for the origin of this great sum of money which the prosecution declared to have no existence, by stat-

ing that it was the price paid to Bazaine by the Germans for the betrayal of Metz."

"That is so. No such sum of money came that way into Clothilde Jobert's hands. But details of her story were true."

"For instance?" asked Cynthia.

"That a small farmer, a Frenchman on the outskirts of Metz, called Henri Poizat, was the go-between in the negotiations between the Germans and Bazaine."

"That was true?"

"Yes. I am Henri Poizat. With the money I was paid I came to Ludsey and opened my little restaurant. I did well. I returned to France and married, and brought my wife back. Then suddenly this news! My wife is of Lorraine. Her father was of those sturdy ones who would not live under the German rule, but left their homes in Lorraine and began anew in France. Conceive to yourself how she looked at me when she read that statement in the paper, and I could not deny it. She has gone back to her own people. I have had a letter from her brother. I am not to come near them. In Ludsey I was pointed at in the streets as the man who sold his country. My restaurant suffered. My trade began to vanish. I sold it, good-will and all, two days ago. As I say, I have no longer any house."

He buried his face in his hands. Cynthia watched him uncomfortably. She could not blame the wife. Rather she applauded her. She could find no sincere words of comfort for M. Poizat.

"I think you had better come back at five," she said, "and tell my husband your story."

"But of course he knows it already," cried M. Poizat.

Cynthia shook her head.

"He would have spoken of it to me if he had."

M. Poizat, however, was equally positive.

"But it is in the Ludsey newspapers. Captain Rames takes them in, and reads them of course."

"Of course," said Cynthia.

"Then he must know. Such news is not tucked away in the corner of a local paper. No indeed. It was printed on the first page."

"Still you had better see him," said Cynthia. She rose as she spoke, and she spoke

a trifle absently, as though her thoughts had been suddenly diverted from the consideration of M. Poizat's calamity. "Come back at five. He will advise you."

She rang the bell. She was in a hurry now to get rid of the little Frenchman. Something much more important to her had occurred than the revelations of La Grande Clothilde. Doubts had flashed into her mind—doubts which she was in torture to resolve. As soon as Poizat's back was turned she went quickly into her husband's study. Upon a side-table, carelessly heaped, with their wrappers still gummed about them, she counted a dozen of the local papers of Ludsey. They took two a week, one of each political complexion. It was six weeks then since Harry Rames had taken the trouble to glance at a newspaper from his own constituency.

She stripped off the wrappers to make sure. Then she turned to the calendar upon the top of his writing-table. Six weeks just took her back to the date when Harry Rames had emptied the House with a speech, and had brought home the tragic news of Colonel Challoner's death.

Harry's omission on the surface was trivial enough. But to Cynthia it was significant and disquieting. For it was not in accordance with the deliberate prudence which used to mark the conduct of his political career. To nurse the constituency, to be familiar with its events and its needs, to respond to it, this had been his first care. Now for six weeks he neglected even to inform himself about it. And the omission did not stand alone.

"He will be home at five," Cynthia argued, "he who made it a rule to sit in the House however dull the course of public business."

Often of late he left the House as soon as questions were over and the usual vote taken upon the suspension of the eleven o'clock rule, and only returned thither upon the stroke of eleven on the chance of coming in for a division. Cynthia remembered too how indifferent he had been, on the day after he had made his failure, to the criticisms which the failure had evoked. Mr. Dev-enish had put in some biting and effective work in his reply, which should have been gall and wormwood to the ambitious Harry Rames. But he had not seemed to mind. The newspapers which supported the gov-

ernment too had not spared him. Conceit and presumption were the least of his failings. The *Westminster Gazette* had made a cartoon of him as Humpty Dumpty. Yet he had remained unmoved, though Cynthia had cried her eyes red over the castigation.

Certainly some change had come over him, she reflected, and once more she was conscious of fear and a sinking heart. For the story which she had heard this morning from M. Poizat linked itself up in her mind with the warning of Mr. Benoliel. Poizat's history was not quite an illustration of the warning. That she recognized. Mr. Benoliel had bidden her beware of latent tendencies of character, latent cravings and ambitions, taking their origin from the years in which she had had no share. It was a definite act which had sprung into being in the case of M. Poizat. Still Poizat's disaster was a proof of the clutch of finished things, and of the continuity of life; was an instance that to turn over the new page and begin to write afresh, as she and Harry Rames had proposed to do, is beyond man's reach. Two lines of verse, gathered she knew not whence, rang in her brain and would not be silenced:

"Our past deeds follow us from afar
And what we have been makes us what we
are."

After a year's respite Cynthia was again afraid. Mr. Benoliel was magnified by her fears into the semblance of a prophet of old.

XXXII

THE CALL

CYNTHIA went that night alone to a dinner party in Seamore Place. But she was ill at ease and as soon as she could get away she hurried home. She had not seen her husband that day. He had returned at five o'clock, had been closeted for a long while with M. Poizat, and then had left the house leaving a message that a series of divisions would compel him to dine at the House of Commons. The couple, however, had made it a habit to reserve for themselves whenever the House was not sitting late an hour or so at the close of even the busiest day, and Cynthia was fairly sure that she would not have to wait long before Harry

Rames came home. As a fact, he was already in his study. The door was ajar, and through the opening the light streamed out into the hall.

Cynthia paused upon the threshold. She was agitated and she had not made up her mind how much of her fears she should express, or even if she should express them at all. It occurred to her that her hesitation outside the door would set him wondering, and she pushed it open. But Harry had not yet become aware of her return. He was sitting at his writing-table on the opposite side of the room and studying with a complete absorption a scroll which he was holding down unrolled beneath his eyes. Cynthia stood in the doorway for a moment or two watching him with a tender smile upon her face and speculating idly upon the document which so riveted his attention. For the moment her trouble was quite driven from her thoughts. He was here, after all, in the house with her; he, the loved one: and, with a sort of fierceness, she was content. Then he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. His face changed; he had the aspect clearly of a man at bay. He swept a pile of letters and printed papers over his scroll, spreading them out. He rose and stood between her and the writing-table, hiding it from her view.

"You are home early," he said.

"Earlier than you expected! Yet I am later than you."

"Oh, I paired at ten o'clock."

"I see."

The furtive movement of her husband increased her fears and at the same time wounded her pride. They were to be frank with one another. That was the condition on which they had married, the pledge which each had given to the other. And here was the pledge broken, for Harry was definitely practising concealments. Cynthia, however, did not belong to the tribe of the clamorous. She was of those who protest by silence, withdrawing themselves within it as within an armored tower. She stood where she was and left him to continue the conversation. He filled and lit his pipe. Then he spoke hastily to engage her attention.

"Poizat came to see me this afternoon."

"Yes."

"He was desperate. We talked over his position. I recommended him to go to

Tangier and settle there. He has a little money. He will find compatriots, and I should think it's the place where people will least be likely to trouble about him. I fancy that he will go there. But it's a bad business to have to start life all over again at seventy."

"Yes," said Cynthia.

She watched him as he walked up and down the room, making up her mind that on her side at all events the pledge should not be broken.

"M. Poizat said something to me which I think is true. That nothing one has ever done is ever quite done with."

Harry Rames stopped in his walk. He stood quite still for a few moments.

"Oh, surely that's not true," he said carelessly and resumed his pacing. But Cynthia was aware of a change in him. Before he had been thinking of Poizat and his destiny; now he was alert and waiting upon her words.

"I believe that it's more true than he knew. For even if nothing actual comes of the thing done, it's still there, recorded in the character. Harry, we are in the clutch of finished things."

Her voice rose in a low cry and brought Harry swiftly round upon his heel. Her words hit him shrewdly, but her aspect more shrewdly still. She was still standing close by the door. She was dressed in a gown of pale blue and gold with a bright ribbon of blue in her hair. Her cloak had slipped from her shoulders to her feet, her gloves were twisted in her hands, her eyes, wide and dark with trouble, looked out from a face which was piteously wistful. She made unconsciously a poignant appeal to him. The delicate loveliness of her youth and the gay panoply of her attire contrasted so strikingly with the quivering misery of her face.

"What makes you believe that, Cynthia?" He crossed the room to her side and shook her arm with a friendly gesture familiar to her. "Poizat's case is not enough to build a world of theory on."

"Nor do I," replied Cynthia. "I was adding to that case another." Harry Rames flinched.

"What other?" he asked with an effort.

"Years ago in Argenfina I once listened at a door," she began, and in Harry's eyes shone a great relief. "What I heard

frightened me. I lay awake in terror all that night. I have lived in fear ever since. I could not shake fear off even after I knew there was no longer any cause for fear. I can find causes anywhere. Fear's the truth of me. Most of the things which I have done have been done from fear."

"I never understood that, Cynthia."

"I never spoke of it before."

"Fear even prompted your marriage?"

Cynthia looked him frankly in the face.

"Yes. You were so frank, so honest about yourself. I felt safe with you. And after we were married—I escaped from fear. I was reprieved."

"Thank you," said Harry with a quiet sincerity. Then he moved away from her to the fireplace and turned again.

"Why do you tell me this for the first time to-night?"

"Because fear's awake in me again to-night," she answered simply. "I have had another visitor to-day besides M. Poizat."

"Who?"

"Howard Fall."

Harry Rames's voice hardened.

"He came to complain of me, I suppose."

"It wasn't complaint; it was regret. He thought it would be such a loss if you ceased to be interested in Parliament. He was afraid that Colonel Challoner's death had been a shock to you."

Harry Rames looked curiously at his wife.

"And what did you say?"

"That I knew you well enough to be sure that it wasn't that. He said you had not spoken since the debate on the address and that the organization against the land bill was tumbling to pieces."

Harry's face cleared.

"There's a very good reason for that. The government programme is overloaded and Devenish's bill won't come on this year after all. Our opposition shook their confidence in it besides. No, it won't come on."

Cynthia moved swiftly forward to the fireplace.

"You know that?"

"Yes. Hamlin told me in confidence."

"When, Harry?"

"A month ago at least. We can always whip up the opposition to Devenish's bill when it becomes once more a practical proposition."

Perhaps after all the government's change of plan was the simple explanation of the

change in her husband. Cynthia sank down into a chair. Before now, she remembered, she had tortured herself with unnecessary fears.

"Oh, I am glad. I am glad," she cried. All her heart was in her voice and tuned it to a note full and low and wonderfully sweet. Harry was moved by the music of it. There was a joy, a tenderness, which he had noticed more than once of late, but which had never rung so clear as it did to-night. He planted himself in front of her with a wry sort of smile upon his face.

"Cynthia."

"Yes."

"You want me to go on—just as I was going? You are satisfied? There have been times when you have wanted more—once when we drove home at night from the House of Commons, after Devenish had told us the government was going to take up Fanshawe's bill. Do you remember? And once too——"

But Cynthia broke in upon him. She shut her eyes upon her ideals and her dreams. They were for the girl steeped to the lips in romance, not for the woman made real by love. That the change in him was due to any change in the plans of the government she now knew to be a delusion. The mere formulation of his question proved that to her. Something had come between them. Something secret, something which threatened even such community of life as they had. She was in revolt against it. Mr. Benoliel's warnings were thrust behind her. To be safe, to keep what she had in the hope that some day it might grow more, this was now the limit of her ambition. But she meant to realize it if by any means she could.

"Yes, yes," she cried passionately. "I do want you to go on. I want you to make a great career. I want my share in it, my pride in it. I shall be satisfied. I shall be thankful. Oh, my dear, are you blind?" She rose abruptly and stood in front of him. "What I want and all that I want is to keep you." If she had never spoken the words, the eagerness of her voice and the prayer of her clasped hands would have uttered them for her. But she had spoken them deliberately. She knew very well the danger for a woman in telling a man who does not love her, that she loves him. But she accepted the danger. She was playing

for a great stake that night, and great stakes are not to be won without great risks. She laid her reticence aside and made her appeal. But it seemed that her appeal failed. Harry Rames stood watching her, at a loss for words, with a face which concealed carefully all his thoughts. Cynthia stooped and gathered up her gloves which had fallen to the floor.

"I shall go up now," she said.

Harry still was silent. She had revealed herself to him under a new aspect. A moment of passion had caught him unprepared with any words.

"What are you thinking about, Harry, so profoundly?" Cynthia asked in an indifferent voice. His silence was a rebuff most bitter to her. But she would not betray herself a second time. Her eyes and her hands were busy with some imaginary fault in the fit of her dress.

"That you have never shown me yourself before," he said, moving toward her. She stood quite still as he came close. He put his arm about her and she asked quietly:

"Wasn't I wise, Harry? It's a little disconcerting, isn't it, when a woman shows you something you know nothing about. Just a little disconcerting, isn't it?"

She left him standing in the room and went upstairs. She had made her plea with all the frankness which had been the condition of their marriage. She would not ask for a like frankness in return. It was for him to give it. She had made it quite plain that on her side she wanted frankness. More she would not do. Not for anything would she ask what secret thing he had hidden under the papers upon his table. But she knew that there was a secret thing and her feet dragged as she mounted the stairs.

She had been in bed according to her reckoning for about an hour when she heard a noise of the shutting of a door. And the door was the front-door of the house. Cynthia sprang from her bed and lifting the blind looked out from the window. It was a dark night, but there was no fog. By the light of the street lamps she saw a man crossing the road toward the corner of South Audley Street. He had the look of her husband. She flung up the window and the sound of his footsteps made her sure. Her eyes gazing into the tempered darkness of a London street might well have deceived her,

her ears could not. There was no one else walking in Curzon Street at that moment; the sound of his footsteps reverberated unmistakably, diminishing as the distance between him and the window increased. The man who now vanished into South Audley Street was Harry Rames.

Cynthia switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was one o'clock in the morning. She wrapped a dressing-gown about her and sat down, trying to think calmly, seeking to discover, if she could, some other reason for his departure than the obvious one. But the obvious one recurred again and again in her thoughts. It explained everything, fitted in with everything, as no other reason did. His sudden indifference to his career, his furtive movement at his writing-table upon her appearance, his refusal to meet frankness with frankness could all thus be accounted for. His departure from the house was thus explained. He had not come up into his room next to hers; he had waited in his study for an hour; he had given her time to fall asleep; he had gone out. It was a woman then who had twisted the current of his life as she, Cynthia, could not, who had moved him to passion as she even that evening had failed to do. Cynthia raged in fury against herself for having so weakly, so vainly, betrayed her longings. She sat in torture. Then her jealousy flamed up. *That*—no! Her pride must give way. If there was another woman in her story—why, then, the other woman must look to herself. Cynthia would fight. She hurried downstairs into the study. She switched on the lights and tumbled hither and thither the papers on the writing-table for the one so swiftly hidden which should betray her name and her abode. But she found nothing to satisfy her. She looked round the room. From a drawer in a bureau against the wall Harry's keys had been dangling. That she had noticed; and the keys were gone now. She tried the drawer. It was locked. In that drawer then was hidden the key to his secret. So much knowledge at all events Cynthia was sure that she had gained. She went back to her room and lying in bed ran over all the names of her acquaintances, even of her friends. She was not in the mood to trust any of them, but she could not fix upon any of them either. One and all they were cats and treacherous. Cynthia was no longer

afraid; she was simply furious; and her fury was not diminished when she heard the front-door open and shut once more, almost noiselessly—so much caution was being used.

But Cynthia, though she was right in her facts, had never been so mistaken in her conclusions. The scroll which Harry Rames had pushed beneath his papers was simply a chart of the Antarctic seas; whereon lines distinguished one from the other by the manner of their tracing recorded the journeys of successive explorers and marked each one's "farthest South." He stood for a little while after Cynthia had left him, on the same spot, half-way between his chart and her position at the door. Then he turned back to his writing-table and spread out the map once more. The call of the unknown places was loud in his ears that night.

"Come back! Come back!"

Six weeks ago it had been the merest whisper—flashed to the wireless poles on the roof of the Admiralty and heard by him one afternoon—a message very small and clear amidst the clatter of Parliament Street. But the whisper had gathered volume and vehemence, until the map before him seemed a mouth shouting it, and the room throbbed with it as though the walls would burst asunder.

"Come back! Come back!"

It seemed to him that the command was not to be denied or must ring in his ears forever; and that arena of the House of Commons, where man fought with man, became a trivial place of meanness and intrigue, compared with the vast battle-ground in the South where one fought in a grandeur of silence with the careless, stubborn elements of a wild and unknown world.

He bent over his map and across it, as across the table of a camera obscura he saw moving, in miniature and brilliantly defined, the ships of the men who had sailed to the South. James Cook's two vessels, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, crossed the Antarctic circle, as it seemed, underneath his eyes—the first, of all the ships that were ever built, to sail upon these waters. Bellingshausen of Kronstadt came next and dropped his anchor under the shelter of Peter I Island and gave to it its name. He was followed by the whaling captains, each choosing his own line, great navigators inspired by a great and spirited

firm. Weddell and Biscoe in their brigs. Balleny in his schooner. The later ships of the scientific expeditions under D'Arville of France and Wilkes of Chesapeake Bay moved southward in the track of the whaling captains, and close upon their heels James Ross from England with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* burst for the first time in the history of the world through the ice-pack into the open sea beyond and sailed from West to East along the great ice-barrier. There were other lines where the *Challenger* had sailed, and the official expeditions, and there was still another, the longest of all the lines upon the chart, a line stretching out to a harbor never visited before, and against that line in tiny letters was printed "Rames." He followed the course of his ship from his first harbor in the Antarctic continent with the wooden cross high on a hill above it, which marks the grave of a naturalist of a past expedition. He fell to speculating where the *Perhaps* lay now. Parliament had met in the first days of January. It was on the Saturday before the opening of Parliament that Hemming had started on the mail steamer to New Zealand to pick up his ship in Lyttelton Harbor. Allow him five weeks for his journey. The second week of February would have come to an end before the *Perhaps* had steamed out past the headland. Hemming himself had recognized that he was late. The difficulty of collecting money to finance the expedition had detained him beyond his time. A fortnight out from New Zealand, where was the *Perhaps* now? She might still be in the stormy seas on the outer edge of Ross's pack with the petrels and the albatrosses like a cloud about her yards. Or she might have touched at one of the northerly harbors of the continent. Perhaps winter was coming early on to wrap her about with snow and ice. If that happened, Hemming's chance was gone, for he had only money for one year. He must reach the Pole this next summer or not at all. He must therefore winter well to the South.

Rames got up from his chair, trying not to hope that Hemming's expedition would fail. He looked up from this map to the spot where Cynthia had stood close to the door, and a smile came upon his face.

"She was wrong," he said. "We are in the clutch of the unfinished, not the finished things."

He carried his map over to a bureau which stood against the wall and opened a drawer from the lock of which his bunch of keys was dangling. There were other charts in the drawer, a barometer which had hung in his cabin in the *Perhaps* throughout the three years during which that ship had been his home, a shell or two dredged up from the depths of the sea, and a big envelope stuffed with papers and tied up with a piece of string. The charts lying there were all the charts which existed of the Antarctic seas, arranged in the order of their making. He added to them now his map, the last of them all; the printed facsimile of his own chart. Then reluctantly he locked the drawer. The reverberation of the seas seemed to fill that room and through it imperative and loud rang the call of the South. Yet he was aware too of Cynthia standing in her delicate blue frock, subduing her pride, revealing herself in a passionate appeal. He was stirred to a kind of shame at the poverty of his own response. She had been friend, counsellor, wife in the normal way. They had jogged side by side along the low road of his endeavor. To-night she pleaded for more, she offered more. He could never quite look upon her as he had been wont to. For she had stirred him to shame.

He slipped the key off the ring and swung it round upon his finger. At all events he would keep his bargain.

"It's a queer piece of irony," he said to himself, "that the very thing which I would give my soul to do, she was urging me to do two years ago; and now I must keep my longing hidden. Our positions are quite reversed."

But he would keep to his bargain. Perhaps after all Hemming would succeed; and sooner or later no doubt the reverberation of the seas would die away in the porches of his ears.

He went out into the hall, carrying the key in his hand, slipped on his coat, and took his hat and let himself out at the front-door. He walked quickly up South Audley Street, turned to the left, and crossed Park Lane into Hyde Park. He walked to the stone bridge which crosses the Serpentine. The night was quiet and dark about him, and from afar off the never-ceasing roar of the London traffic came to him like the roar of distant seas. He

leaned over the parapet and stretching out his hand opened it. He heard a tiny splash in the water beneath the bridge.

He walked back more slowly than he had come to where the glare of the sky indicated the houses and the streets. As he crossed Park Lane again two men arm-in-arm passed him and one of them stopped.

"Is that you, Rames?" asked a friendly and solicitous voice.

Rames recognized it at once as the voice of Hamlin the chief Whip.

"You had paired for to-night," Hamlin continued, "hadn't you? You didn't miss much. But I want to be able to rely on you for Thursday. We know, of course, that you are against us over Devenish's land bill. That's all right. But you are with

us on the rest of our policy and we want your help."

"I shall be there on Thursday," answered Harry Rames. "It's quite true that I have not been so much in the House this session as I used to be. But you will see me in my old place to-morrow. Good-night."

He walked on and Hamlin rejoined his companion.

"It was Rames," he said. "We're not going to lose him. I am glad. He's marked out for a great position if he doesn't throw it away."

But Rames through the roar of the traffic, carriages rolling home, wagons lumbering in to Covent Garden, heard louder than ever the boom of Southern seas and the wind whistling between the halyards of a ship.

(To be concluded.)

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

MY house with wings spreading like a brooding hen squats where it can keep an eye on humanity, that is to say, near the corner of two much-frequented streets. In my younger days I used to wish that its builders, my forebears, had set it far back among the trees, for privacy's sake and not for the look of the thing, always paramount to snobbish youth. Not till middle-age had brought a modicum of common-sense and a relish for personal reasoning did I realize the merits of the original arrangement, the friendliness of the streets in hours of loneliness, and the real privacy afforded the garden and overlooking rooms, to say nothing of the effect of size given to the place by having the house disposed of in one corner. In front, on the avenue, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John extend myriad leafy arms and hands in benediction. To be sure, this row of silver maples extends farther than the Gospels, into Acts and Romans and the Epistles, but those are beyond the pale of the corner. On the side street rises a lordly red maple; then a sugar maple sadly out of plumb because when small it shouldered one end of the winter wood-pile; and then a few ash trees. "Not

a valuable shade tree," my dear father said when he planted them, "but you can cut them down and use them Borrovianly, for

'Ash when green
Is fire for a queen.'

After the ash trees came of age and took to scattering their multitudinous seeds, and I had pulled up a million little ashes from the flower borders, I began using that fancy fuel, the like of which made such a sweet odor in Lavengro's dingle. Indeed, I can trace the course of the pruner about my corner by the odor of the resultant hearthwood. I like to take a sniff of the apple branch before I put it on the pyre and watch it fruit again into red apples of coal; or a bit of gummy peach or cherry; or the pungent fagots of spruce and black walnut.

The leaning sugar maple is a sort of pulley by which I am drawn back into my childhood. I can see the wagons of hickory cordwood coming down the avenue and the jovial farmer unloading, beginning at the sugar maple. Then some following morning the sawing-machine lumbered along, the patient horse was unhitched and transferred to the treadmill, up which Tantalus hill he walked hour by hour until the buzz-saw with

remorseless and resistless competence had worked its way through the wood-pile.

Then came two hours' work each morning, when the boy of the family split and the girl of the family piled in the woodshed, a centre for all the young gossips of the neighborhood and the occasion for many Tom Sawyer wiles.

Hard pressed as was the sugar maple by the wood-pile, it never shirked its proper function of storing and yielding unctuous juices. Each spring successive generations of little boys who learned the trick from us bore gimlet holes in the trunk, insert straws, and hurry from school to suck the collected sap, each from his own particular faucet.

The narrow lawns between the house and corner were just the size for croquet grounds. Ambitious and devilish roquet-croquets were ignominiously halted by white picket-fence or stone foundation, unless perchance a resentful ball crashed through a cellar window. We juniors had our personal predilections in playing the game, frequently making balls of ourselves and scrambling bodily through the wide wickets—no scientific four inches in those days!—bumping against posts and taking “two knocks” from beside a red or blue companion. There was one larking fortnight when we played cheating croquet, cheating being ultra honorable so long as we were not caught in the act: caught, we had to begin over at the first wicket. The hilarity attracted older eyes to the window, and horrified voices called a halt on our delectable invention.

The woodshed belongs to the annals of the corner. It was a two-story affair of primitive kind, and while the piler of wood waited for the splitter to collect a workable pile she used to climb up the ladder to an open platform where stood a huge packing-box. Cabalistic words were written on the cover, which one day the explorer deciphered into “Key in the eaves.” With a flash of intuition—her own had come to her—she poked her little hand into the near-by eaves and found a key. O the thrill of it! as with eager fingers she fitted and turned and lifted the heavy cover. Gold mines nowhere! Sindbad's riches dross! Here in orderly pile lay literature—Godey's and Peterson, with their delightful steel engravings and colored fashion plates and little puzzles and stories; Dickens and Thackeray and Shakespeare in thin, paper-covered parts; a natural history and a Bible also in

parts and illustrated. Wealth untold in that old woodshed! The boys could talk and shout and wrestle below; but the girl read on and on, enchanted on that dusty platform, her head in the clouds of cobwebs and her wagon hitched to a star.

The July screech of the sawing-machine had a winter counterpart in corner noises. We have some ice-cream plates with a raised pattern, and as the spoons scrape the bottom of those corrugated dishes, chasing last drops, “does it not sound like the snow-shovel on the old brick sidewalk, as we listened from bed on winter mornings?” That old, red-brick sidewalk was surely the prettiest sidewalk ever laid—the dull, soft terra-cotta not leaping up at the eye like the modern staring concrete, and its warm, wavering surface studded with bits of moss, blooming violets, and dandelions. How Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John played with their building blocks! The bricks would be lifted so gradually—as the wife choked the unsuspecting sultan by moving his collar-button back one thread a day—that our family feet knew instinctively how to adjust themselves to the growing obstruction. When at last, however, we heard people stumble o' nights and, yes, swear and threaten the law, up would come those bricks and great mats of surface roots be grubbed off—callous spots from Mat's and John's toes.

WHICH leads me to the people, the many, many dear people, who in my time have gone around that corner, some in baby cabs—the very perambulators have changed—some in the old hotel omnibus or the first brand-new “hack,” in basket phaetons and rockaways and surreys, names already supplanted by limousines and other “bodies.”

Voices of
the Night

From this corner my admiring eyes watched a venturesome inventor mount a velocipede, a clumsy wooden affair; and right here the tire came off the high wheel of an old-time bicycle and, coiling Laocoon-fashion, laid the proud rider low. At this corner, half-way down the long hill, a small boy, prone on sled, collided with a dignified neighbor appearing unexpectedly from the side street. She descended upon him like a collapsed balloon—she was the last to wear hoopskirts in our village—and never forgave Young Lochinvar that flight with him down the avenue.

My bedroom having always been the upper corner room and the practice of open windows life-long, the noises of the two streets, footsteps, voices, intonations, accentuated by the darkness and the stillness, have threaded themselves into an ever-lengthening rosary, the beads of which from time to time I finger over. One evening a couple came down the avenue, singing lightly. As they drew near I caught the words of an old ballad:

"Oh father, dear father, she cried,
Come down and open the door,—"

"the door," the tenor would echo, till the seventeenth or eighteenth verse trailed off into the distance. For months I tried vainly to trace the voices. Years afterward, however, in a distant city, I heard my hostess's little daughter singing in the garden: "Oh father, dear father, she cried," and one old riddle was happily solved.

Not the least diverting of the anonymous messages from the street are those which comment on my own personal idiosyncrasies. "She writes books, books with covers on 'em, covers," once came in stammering phrases, after low mention of my name. Many contributions to my knowledge of my fellow-townspersons float up to my roosting-place. "When I made it hearts—" a girl's voice said—"I doubled, as I always shall do, Alice dear, until—" and, like the poet, I smiled and was free, out-topping knowledge. Sometimes the arrow comes to me from a more mischievous quiver. "Arthur says—" and what Arthur said necessitated, I felt, a hint to the girl's mother. "Pauline! Pauline!" came a low, agonized exclamation late one night as a woman's steps hurried by. "Sue him! Sue him!" a man's eager voice—a job-hunting voice—broke out on the stillness. Probably the darkness makes one more vibratory to the impact of facts. At least: "Job, now, Job, the most impatient man that ever lived—" was an elemental eye-opener to the young listener's intelligent reading of the Bible and its adaptability to every-day conversation.

Biased by the hints and confidences of the night, I find myself by day straining attention to localize certain footsteps and voices, the links to bind my known and unknown together. Is that homely lad, shuffling round the corner, perchance the one who whistles hymns so confidently as he goes to work before dawn on winter mornings?

Is that girl with the preposterous coiffure the one whose infectious laugh wins my answering chuckle and makes me murmur blessings on the dear unhealed? Is that richly dressed young wife the one whose querulous nagging, accompanied by a firmly stepping base, beclouds my ten o'clocks?

So I lie up there listening, sometimes just to Time as he passes; sometimes to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, my fellow-onlookers and commentators; oftener pondering the conundrums of the passers-by—names, details, unmeaning to an alien, but which move the deepest feelings of the native and the neighbor. Not for nothing the French express having a home of one's own by *avoir pignon sur rue*, a gable on the street. I give mute thanks to the hands who built my gables so near the strand where the waves of life beat up; and I like to think that just as I am a part of my corner, so I am a part of a great, orderly, mutually helpful world, not stranded or isolated in it, but lending somewhat to it, and nourished and enriched by its fulness.

MANY a learned linguist, in his less learned moods, has stopped to point out in the history of this word or that a kind of human fate, in the elevation from low estate to high, the sinking from high to low in the service of the world. The fortunes of a single word may suggest the inner history of a race, and a pleasant occupation for an optimistic mood may be found in pondering the changes in word meanings which denote growing subtlety of thought or increasing spiritual insight. That very word "ponder," which goes back to actual weighing of objects, hints most attractively mental growth; the word "loyal," with its earlier meaning of "bound by law," puts one in a happy glow regarding the growing fineness of human conceptions; and the word "spirit," with its old meaning of mere physical breath of life, ceasing with the body, rouses within one a certain awe as one follows it into its larger significance, where it comes to stand for soul, for the indestructible and the immortal.

As words may enlarge their meaning to meet the needs of a newer day, so may they die out because the ideas embodied in them are no longer part and parcel of human

The Passing of
a Great Word

thought, and some word-changes weigh heavily upon our souls. What is happening to the word "infinite"? It used to have great and rare associations, and serve great needs. My earliest memory of it is connected with warm summer mornings, when perhaps a bee made murmuring in a solemn hush in a country church as I tried—I, a child who had never seen the sea, and had only the wide horizon and the tree which grew at the end of the world to help me—to picture what it meant. It had certain solemn accompaniments which deepened its music, "infinite, eternal, unchangeable," and were equally hard to grasp in the swift loveliness of the fleeting green of spring, the drifting of autumn's red and gold into ever-deepening golden brown. As I grew older, and, delighted, found in the dictionary that "infinite" meant that which has no bound or shore, vision came to my aid, watching how

"The cloud-foaming firmamental blue
Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea,"

or how, from high mountain tops, the horizon stretches out and out into illimitable space, and my reverence for the word deepened. It belonged to great moments and great meanings; it wore a certain hieratic air; it brought with it a solemn hush, as if he who used it realized that he was making a mere word stand for something greater than words can express or even suggest.

Now I meet it everywhere, and with every possible application. One bonnet is infinitely more beautiful than another; one brand of wine infinitely preferable to the next. He has an infinite desire to see her; she would infinitely prefer a hobble skirt to one with gores. One novel is infinitely superior to its predecessor; a character in it infinitely prefers game to domestic fowl. There is no association too trivial for it, no use too petty. Our books and our newspapers alike bristle with misused "infinities." The word, like Laurence Sterne and Lord Byron, has become a social literary success, and no worse fate can befall a great author or a great word. It is taken up by the fashion papers, and by society journals, and this season's styles are usually infinitely prettier than the last.

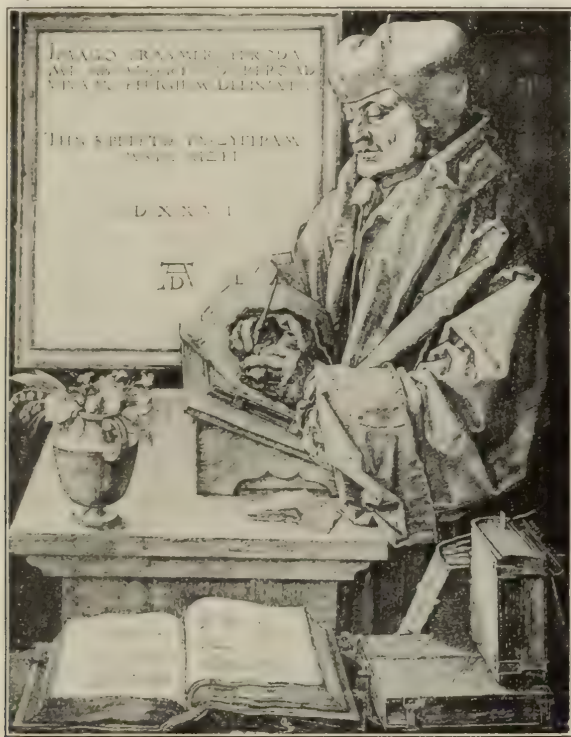
Infinitely pretty!

Not only careless journalistic folk who like to produce an emphatic effect—at any cost—are guilty; my learned friends put it to common use. So do I, when I forget. We

are infinitely obliged nowadays to one who gives us a lift of a few blocks, and infinitely grateful for our Christmas presents. Our greatest and best authors vie with one another in bringing this great word down from its high estate, and it is only a few days since I heard a most fastidious man-of-letters, lecturing in Boston, say that the Sunday supplements would be infinitely more diverting if something—I forget what—were different. The robin's note in Fiona Macleod is "infinitely winsome"; even as critical a writer as Mrs. Anne Douglas Sedgwick speaks of a heroine "infinitely malleable" through love, and of a fat young German musician as feeling "infinite compassion." That to be sure is better than Mr. Arnold Bennett's description of a woman as "infinitely stylish." One would expect Mrs. Humphry Ward, busy with high concerns of thought, holding fast some of the old conceptions that went with the proper use of the word, to keep its meaning clear, but she misuses it abominably. What is a rector of her creation, may I ask, that he should be said to feel an "infinite concern," an "infinite pity"? A late announcement regarding some of Mr. Snaith's work speaks of him as a person of "infinite" humor. Now, though I had already in those far-off days, when a certain tree marked the edge of the world for me, begun to suspect that the term "infinite humor" might be applicable somewhere, I object to seeing it attributed to Mr. Snaith as much as I object to seeing divine compassion attributed to Mrs. Sedgwick's Franz or to Richard Meynell.

Is this our most significant contribution to the development of language?—the best that we can do in handing on the torch? Perhaps the passing of this great word means also the passing of a great idea, our greatest, and it may be that, in the overwhelming materialism which has followed in the wake of our scientific progress, we shall have no further need of it. Even so, I would enter a plea for its preservation from common use, as historical societies preserve homes of dead genius, to prevent their serving debasing ends. Let us not put ourselves into such plight that, if we should find any lingering idea of the old meaning of infinite haunting the human race, if a conception of divine greatness, "infinite, eternal, unchangeable," should return to us, we should have no word wherewith to express our thought.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Erasmus.

From an engraving on copper by Dürer.

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS MORE

AMONG the lesser problems of history which have hitherto awaited solution is the identification of the subject of a fine portrait by Albrecht Dürer which now adorns Fenway Court, Mrs. John Lowell Gardner's treasure house of art, in Boston. I believe that the sitter for this likeness was no less a personage than Sir Thomas More.

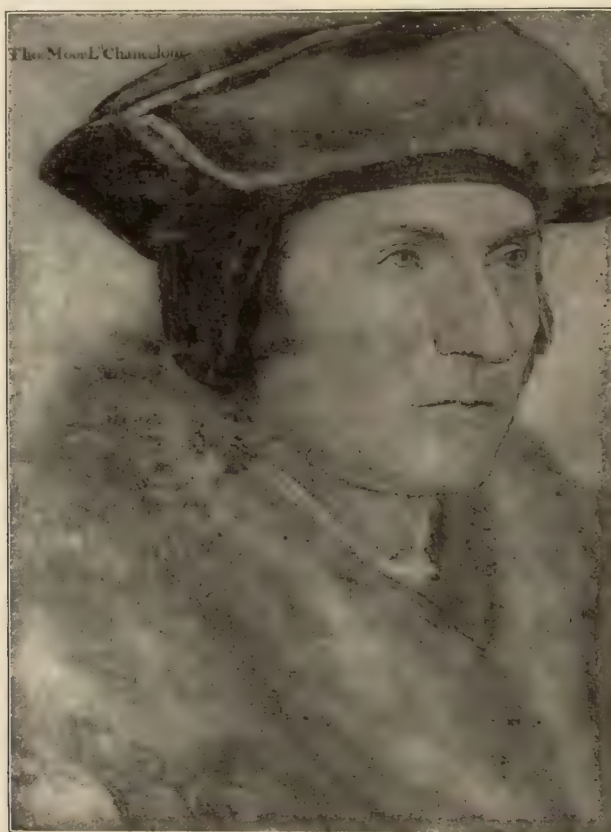
From July, 1520, till July, 1521, Albrecht Dürer of Nuremberg was in the Netherlands. Among the prominent men he met during this period were Nicholas Kratzer, the court astronomer of Henry VIII, who had at one time been tutor to More's children, and Erasmus of Rotterdam, one of the English statesman's warm-

est friends. In August or September, 1520, the artist made a portrait of Kratzer, and two charcoal sketches of Erasmus, one of which he later etched in copper and sent the engraving to the humanist, who, though he praised Dürer's other work, did not particularly care for this portrait of himself. The scholar and the painter saw a good deal of one another during the following months. One day during the winter, for example, they dined together at the house of Peter Gillis at Antwerp.

It may have been here that Dürer met Sir Thomas, for Gillis was one of the latter's intimates, to whom he had dedicated the *Utopia*, and who, in 1516, had seen the first edition through the press. Indeed it is in Gillis's house that More tells us he met Hythloday, the fictitious hero of his great work. The English-

man spent much of the years 1520 and 1521 in the Low Countries. From July 19 to August 12, 1520, and again from September 12 to November 30, 1521, he was at Bruges conducting

As the painting itself bears the date 1521 it must have been executed during the first six months of this year before the artist returned home. There was assuredly plenty of oppor-



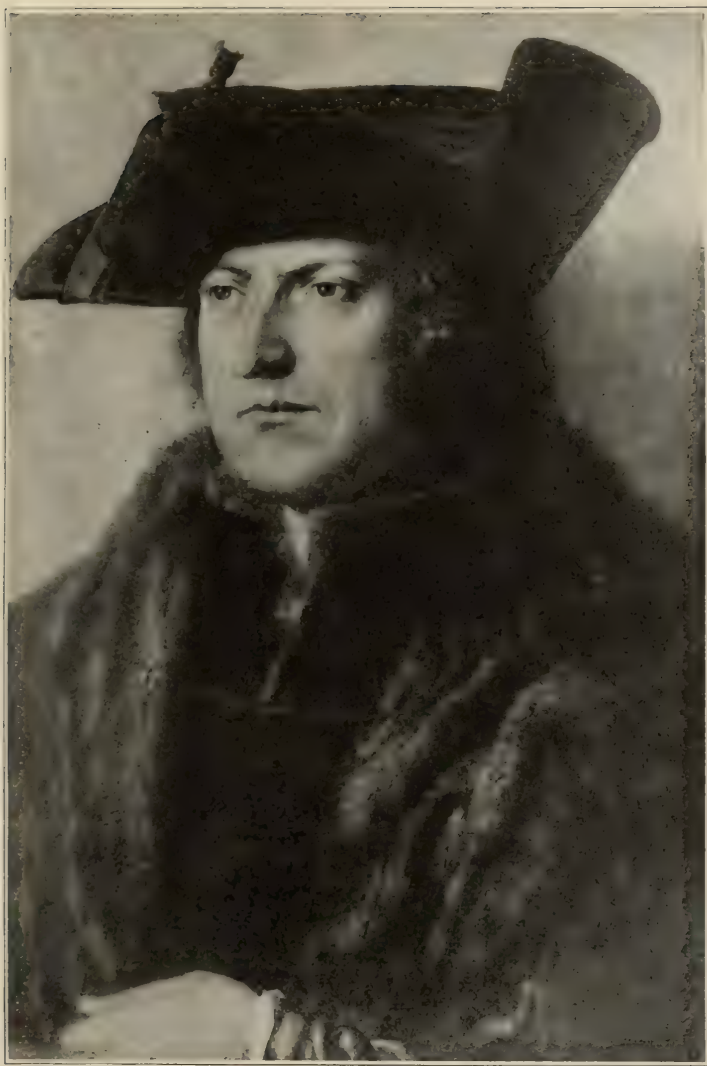
Sir Thomas More

From the drawing by Holbein in Windsor Castle.

important negotiations with the Hanse towns, of which full reports have but recently been published. It is gratifying to note that the German agents, though much dissatisfied with the terms proposed, repeatedly commented on the courtesy, composure and eloquence of the English ambassador. In the spring of 1521 More was knighted for his services, and this new dignity may have furnished the occasion for having his portrait painted. That in April of this year he was at the court of Charles V at Bruges may be inferred from a letter written to the ambassador Conrad Peutinger by his daughter Constance, dated April 20. In July Erasmus tells us that Sir Thomas was with him at Brussels.

tunity, either at Antwerp during the winter, or when Dürer visited Bruges in April, or while he was attending the King of Denmark at Brussels in July. Finding the Nuremberg painter in such close relations with More's best friends, Kratzer, Gillis and Erasmus, it is highly probable that they would have met.

The proof that they did so, however, is found in the painting itself. The likeness to Holbein's portraits of More, when once pointed out, is sufficiently striking. The prominent nose, the arched eyebrows, the delicate mouth, the finely-moulded *English* features (so different from the unmistakably *German* expression of all Dürer's other portraits!), surely indicate the same subject. Another point of resem-



Copyright by T. L. Mavor.

Portrait of a man, probably Sir Thomas More.

From a painting by Dürer, now in possession of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Boston.

blance is the dress, a far surer means of identification in the sixteenth century than it would be to-day. The difference in this respect between nation and nation was more marked then than it is now; the costume of each class and order was prescribed by law, and finally, as can be seen by comparing the numerous extant portraits of Luther, or Erasmus, or Henry VIII, each individual often assumed one style of clothing and kept it throughout mature life. I have examined most of the known portraits by Dürer, and most of those by Holbein, without finding so close a resemblance in hat and fur collar in any other two pictures as is to be seen in these.

It is true there are differences between the two likenesses, but these variations, well considered, tend rather to confirm than to shake their identity. Holbein's portrait shows the older man, for it was made eight or ten years later than Dürer's. The greatest difference is in the expression, Holbein's art bringing out, to a far greater degree, the sweetness, refinement and intellect of his subject. Dürer, who criticised Cranach for "painting the features rather than the soul" was in this respect far inferior to his younger rival. Indeed the latter was, as Mr. Kenyon Cox has well pointed out (SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1911, p. 346), one

of the greatest masters of portraiture in the history of art. Holbein's "Erasmus," especially, Mr. Cox considers "perfect as a rendering of character," and comparing it with Dürer's

himself until many years later he received an etching of one of them which he acknowledged in a note of thanks, and the correspondence of Erasmus is far more largely preserved than is



Photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

Erasmus. From the portrait by Holbein.

In the Louvre.

treatment of the same subject, precisely the same differences may be noted as are seen in the two masters' paintings of More. The resemblance of the features, the dress, the posture of the hands, but makes more striking the contrast in expression. Where Holbein has made the author of "The Praise of Folly" live again, Dürer has given us a face totally uninspired, one is tempted to say a bit of the genre he loved. So in Sir Thomas the Nuremberg painter saw only a handsome, proud Englishman; the Swiss artist shows us the man whose heart beat for the poor, and who dared to resist a tyrant even unto death.

The lack of express allusion to the picture is not so strange as it might seem. Erasmus never mentions the drawings made by Dürer of

that of the Englishman. Dürer's diary, on the other hand, is extremely fragmentary, passing over in silence some of the author's best known works. Finally, if the portrait is not of More, whom, pray, does it represent? The sitter must have been a person of importance, for only such are painted by famous artists, and the dress would also prove as much. Is it any more strange that the identity of this person should have been forgotten by posterity if he were another than if he were Sir Thomas? Familiar as we are with the appearance of most of the men of consequence of that age, we are unable to trace the least likeness between this picture and any one of them, save More. I submit the case as proved with at least reasonable probability.

PRESERVED SMITH.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE SHERIFF.

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HUNTING THE BIG BEAR ON MONTAGUE ISLAND

By Charles Sheldon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



AT five o'clock on the afternoon of April 13, 1905, I sailed from Seattle on board the steamship *Portland*. My destination was Montague Island, which stretches in a north-easterly direction across the entrance to Prince William Sound. My mission was the study of a great unknown bear said to inhabit the island, but of which no specimen had as yet reached any museum.

No problem in the natural history of the game animals of America is more interesting or presents more difficulties than that of the coast bears of Alaska. Dr. C. Hart Merriam is inclined to the opinion that the coast region of Alaska, from the Alaska Peninsula easterly to and beyond Yakutat Bay, is the centre of distribution of the big bears of America—the area in which the various species of brown bears originated and from which the ancestors of the grizzly radiated. The material from this region thus far collected and studied shows an unusual range of individual variation, and also a surprisingly large number of well-developed species. But lack of well-authenticated specimens leaves so many questions in doubt that, after a discussion with Dr. Merriam, and by his advice, I selected Montague Island as a field for hunting, to add, if possible, my quota of assistance toward clearing up this question.

For a long time I had been eagerly anticipating a trip in the month of May among the rugged coast ranges of Alaska—a trip to be devoted exclusively to hunting the bear.

I found myself, therefore, on the way to Montague Island, but without any definite idea of how to get there or how to hunt. No traveller or hunter had been in its vicinity without being told that on Montague Island the bears were so numerous and fierce that they immediately drove off everybody who attempted to land. I had learned of several doubtful methods of reaching the island, and finally accepted the suggestion of Mr. O. J. Humphrey, of Seattle, who advised me to go to Nuchek, on Hinchinbrook Island, where Charles Swanson, who had a trading-post to supply natives living at that village, could perhaps assist me in crossing to Montague and provide me with reliable men.

After a delightful voyage of seven days, the snowy crests of the mountains on Montague Island were in sight before I slept.

April 21.—The steamer was dropping anchor when I was called at 3.30 A. M. and found all my provisions and outfit on deck. A boat was lowered, and I was rowed through the darkness to the sleeping village of Nuchek, where I and my outfit were landed on the beach. The boat returned, and soon the *Portland* steamed off.

Swanson had gone in his schooner to Ellamar, not to return for several days. But his wife, a sweet, pretty Russian woman, kindly offered to take care of me, and at once aroused two natives, who brought all my effects into the old trading-store, and I was soon in Mrs. Swanson's house, surrounded by her five children, with a breakfast before me.

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Misha and Baranof paddling the bidarka.

It was soon daylight, so I could look about. The village of Nuchek consists of thirty or forty small wooden houses occupied by the Eskimo natives, about a hundred and thirty in all, an old trading-house constructed many years ago by the Russians, a little church with a low-pointed spire, and a larger house occupied by Swanson; all situated on a hill at the entrance to Port Etches. The land is a bog, through which paths have been made among the huts by gravel brought up from the beach.

Hinchinbrook Island was first noticed by Cook, who, on May 12, 1778, named it Cape Hinchinbrook.

A few hours after my arrival a heavy north-east storm descended and lasted for five days. The next day was showery, and the following morning, Thursday, Swanson returned. He said he could give me two natives and a bidarka, and take me over to Montague Island in his schooner. But since the natives would not go until after the Russian Easter Week, we could not start until the following Tuesday. The storm soon returned and continued until I left Nuchek.

Tuesday, the second of May, arrived at

last—a clear, calm day. In the morning I rearranged and packed my equipment and provisions, which had been brought from Seattle, and all were conveyed aboard the *Olga*, Swanson's schooner, which was anchored in the back bay, near the sand spit. We left, at 2 P. M., to sail around out of the back bay to the entrance of Port Etches, where, from Nuchek Bay in front, we could make directly across to the north end of Montague Island, seven miles distant.

With the assistance of Swanson, I had employed two natives: Misha, a veteran of fifty years, who owned the bidarka, and Baranof, a boy of twenty years, who could speak some English and cook as badly as most Indians. Swanson brought with him in the schooner three other natives with their bidarkas, in the hope that they might see and kill a fur seal or two on the way from Montague Island to Ellamar, where he intended to go after leaving me.

Surrounded by high, snow-covered mountains, we sailed down the bay in a light breeze, frightening numerous water-fowl from the water, and gladdened by hearing the spring songs of the sparrows in the trees on the shore near by. Slowly we drifted



Behind were the high mountains of Montague Island.

through the narrow channels as I trolled, without result, for halibut, and when we came around into the outer bay, the wind died out, so that we had to anchor, being unable to bear against the incoming tide. After two hours the breezes freshened, and reaching the bay opposite Nuchek, we steered for Montague Island, but progressed slowly in the dying winds, and soon it became evident that we should not reach our destination that night. I therefore stowed myself in a narrow bunk, looking forward with delight to being in the woods, under my own shelter, on the morrow.

May 3.—As the anchor was being lowered at 6.40 A. M., about half way down from Zaikof Bay, I awoke and came on deck rejoicing to feel that at last I was to land on Montague Island. Two hair seals were seen out in the bay while we were at breakfast, the only ones I saw on the whole trip. They are more abundant in winter, when the natives kill them to get skins for their bidarkas, and also for their boots. The oil they use for various purposes, and they eat the flesh with relish.

We were soon ashore, a spot was selected, the shelter was put up, all my provi-

sions were placed under it, and the bidarka was stored well up on the beach, after which we returned to the schooner for lunch. Rain began to fall, and at once a north-east storm descended in all its fury, with snow, wind, and squalls. It continued for two days, and was so violent that Swanson did not dare to raise anchor and depart. We stayed therefore, aboard the schooner, with nothing to do but watch the barometer for a sign of change.

May 5.—On the morning of the third day the storm relaxed; at noon the rain ceased; Swanson sailed off and at last I was before a fire in my own camp. The camp was on a little knoll in the woods, close to the water, with a beautiful outlook. In front and on the left, across the bay, were rolling, snow-covered hills; on the right the open sound, and rugged lofty mountains of the mainland were dimly visible in the distance: behind were the high mountains of Montague Island, plainly to be seen through the large spruce-trees. The whole west side of the island was buried under deep snow, with the exception of patches here and there in the woods, which were boggy and covered with thick soft green moss. We

intended to spend next day in camp and make final preparations to start for the east coast, where there was less snow and the mountains were more accessible from the shore; then we expected to continue down the coast in the bidarka, hunting at intervals whenever we could land.

Since it was my purpose to collect what small mammals I could, I set some traps for mice in the little trails which completely checkered the surface of the woods, while Misha went across the bay in his bidarka to examine some traps he had set two weeks before for land otters. Before long he came back, bringing a fine male otter which he had found dead in one of his traps, and immediately skinned it. The skin and skull are now in the collection of the Biological Survey at Washington.

I must here interrupt my narrative to give a brief description of Montague Island. Totally uninhabited since Cook first observed and named it, it is about fifty miles long, from six to ten miles wide, and stretches in a north-easterly direction toward Hinchinbrook Island. The country extending back, from the west coast to the mountain ranges, is quite flat and heavily timbered, and flowing down from the mountains are about fifteen rivers, all large enough to admit salmon, by every variety of which they are regularly entered.

The east coast is entirely different. At the north end are two large bays, Zaikof Bay and Rocky Bay, both good harbors. Elsewhere, clear to the south end, the shore is rock and reef bound, so that not even a small sail-boat can find a place to anchor. There are but few places where even a bidarka can land, except at the mouth of the small creeks falling from the basins, where the running water forms, for a few feet only, a gravel beach. Two or three rugged mountain ranges, running parallel with the coast, traverse the entire length of the island, becoming lower at the south end. These ranges are more distant from the west coast, but approach to within three miles of the east coast, and at intervals of from two to three miles vast spurs jut out at right angles and in some places their steep slopes almost overhang the beach. The main range and spurs are from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred feet high, very rugged

and rough, and show plainly the result of erosion and glacial moulding.

The country between the coast and the main range is much broken, and consists of steep hills and rough, irregular ridges. Between the spurs, where they connect with the main range above timber line, are vast basins, somewhat circular in shape, and from two to three miles wide, though often narrower. These basins, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, have broad, rolling, hilly pastures, usually devoid of trees or brush, with the exception of a stunted spruce here and there. Often some of the bare hills are very rough and rocky. It is in the clear places on the mountain sides and basins that bears mostly feed in the month of May.

The climate of Montague Island, because of its complete exposure on all sides, is the worst in the whole region; the east side particularly being exposed to the continual north-east storms of April and May, while the west coast receives the gales from the west, which blow more constantly in the winter. The north-east storms descend every week during April and May, and last from two to three days. One can hope to get reasonably fair weather only in June and July, but even then it is uncertain. Before Cook's time, and perhaps for a short time afterward, natives, probably Chugatchigmiuts, dwelt on the west side of the island, as is evidenced by the stone implements and pieces of copper still to be found there.

May 7.—During the night, the thermometer registered 32°, and it was drizzling in the morning, but nevertheless we packed the bidarka; or, rather, the natives did, as only they understand how to do it. It could hold only a limited supply besides our blankets. At 7.45 in the morning we started. I occupied the middle porthole of the three-hole bidarka, which was so shallow and small that I could neither get in nor out without assistance; once inside, I was completely wedged in, and the thought of capsizing was not a pleasant one. The bidarkas of Nuchek are very small compared with those of the Aleut natives. Misha was ahead and carried, inserted under a thong on the outside of the bow, his rifle and spear, which latter is used to fasten to and hold up a seal, if one is killed.

Swiftly we glided along, the paddles ply-

ing the water first on one side and then on the other, for these natives never paddle in any other way. The calm bay was full of the fantastic, beautiful harlequin ducks, geese were returning from their feeding-

barrábara, ten miles down the coast, from which point I was to make my first hunt for bears.

As it had cleared, and the day was beautiful and sunny, immediately after taking a



Above which two streams join, dashing down over cliffs several hundred feet high in beautiful cascades.

grounds, near the shore, and on the land itself varied thrushes were singing in the trees. We passed out of the bay and along the rocky east coast, which is full of continuous reefs extending from one to five hundred yards out from shore, and, as the swell broke over them, the whole coast as far as I could see was dotted with white foam and spray, up to the irregular white line of breakers on the beach. We dodged among the reefs, slipped through great quantities of seaweed, everywhere abundant, until noon, when we reached the first

bite to eat, I started with my usual equipment—rifle, field-glasses, and kodak. Most unfortunately, not being familiar with the character of the country I was to traverse, I wore leather moccasins. I started up the creek to reach the basin at its head. Avoiding the devil's-club and salmon-berry bush, climbing up and down the steep hills and ridges, I came to a point where the creek emerges from a deep gorge, above which two streams join, dashing down over cliffs several hundred feet high in beautiful cascades. Beyond was the basin surrounded



East coast of Montague Island.

Spot where the two bears were found sleeping, indicated by white cross.

by mountains, all glistening in the sun. At once I started to climb the south mountain slope at the entrance to the basin, trying to force my way through the thick salmon-berry growth, and for the first time learning the difficulty of such an undertaking. After a vexatious experience, I reached the clear slope, which was very steep, and soon realized that on the slippery, icy ground my moccasins were totally unfit for walking and, indeed, very dangerous. Slowly I kept ascending diagonally, perhaps for a thousand feet, until I reached the snow-line, and paused to enjoy the scenery. Again, at last, I was in an amphitheatre of rugged mountains, extending in a well-defined circle, enclosing the rolling pastures of the basin below, which reached down to the green hills and uneven ridges of the valley. Beyond was the broad ocean, now rocking and sleeping, a vast expanse with its white border of breakers distinctly sounding on the beach. A bald eagle was soaring above me in evident curiosity, rock ptarmigan were flying about the rocks higher up and below, the sparrows were responding in song to the spring sun. I had to press on and took a

course downward toward the basin, finding it extremely difficult to descend over the steep, slippery ground, much snow having melted on the slopes, and my moccasins affording no foothold whatever. While crossing a field of snow I slipped, and, after sliding downward a short distance, succeeded in holding myself in time to prevent a serious accident. Unfortunately, however, my rifle sight was broken off. Finally I descended to a point where the slope was not so steep and sat on a rock to look over the basin.

Suddenly, to my intense surprise and satisfaction, I saw a large bear just emerging from the woods across the entrance to the foot of the basin, and it at once began to feed on the grass growing on a little knoll. It would pick out the grass, and every few moments throw up its head and toss it about, sniffing. Not once did it look about, but seemed to depend wholly on its power of scent to detect the approach of danger. I was a quarter of a mile from the bear, well above it, and the wind was exactly right for an approach in a straight line. I soon began to move down the incline, watching carefully as I did so; stooping low as the



The first bear killed.

We pulled it to a more level place at the edge of the depression.—Page 650.

bear faced me, and advancing whenever its head turned in any other direction. Not once did it look or listen, and I was safe from its scenting me. I had studied the ground; and having reached the steep hillside traversing the foot of the basin, I worked across it to within two hundred yards of the bear, which was still feeding about the little knoll. I had reached a point where the slope was so steep that I could not advance with safety, yet the salmon-berry bush and alders which covered the knoll made it difficult to get a shot here. Seating myself, however, I watched my chance to fire. Though I tried to aim behind the foreshoulder, it was somewhat a matter of guesswork on account of the broken sight, but I heard the bullet strike and saw the bear jump; it ran a few feet upward and stopped a moment in bewilderment. I fired again and evidently missed, when it quickly turned with a spring and came running at full speed directly toward me. I was surprised to see how rapidly it covered the ground on a steep slope.

Since my footing was not secure, and in a sitting position I could not seem to cover it

with the rifle, as it came to within a hundred yards of me, I half rose, when it saw me and turned, rushing down hill. Had I been that hundred yards nearer and without experience, I could, conscientiously perhaps, have written a fine story about a vicious charging bear. It crossed the stream with a splash and stopped for a moment *to look up at the spot where it had been feeding.* This seems to show that, even after seeing me, the bear thought the shot had come from the opposite direction. Somewhat similar to this one, I believe, are most of the reported cases of the "charging" of bears; some true, but misunderstood. As it paused, I fired and struck it, when it gave a great spring upward and ran for the timber. As I fired again it almost turned a somersault, but kept on and soon entered the woods as my fifth shot missed.

Crossing the stream, I found a very bloody trail, which indicated that one of the bullets at least had touched a lung. I followed the trail down through the timber, almost to the foot of the mountain, where the tracks crossed a creek and led up through the woods on the slope of another mountain.

Arriving at timber line, I saw the bear struggling upward just below the crest, which it finally reached. Then proceeding along the crest to what appeared to be a great circular hollow, it lay down on the edge. Badly wounded, the bear seemed very weak.



I saw the dark bear lying dead twenty feet below in the thick brush.
(First bear killed.)—Page 650.

Since the mountain slope was covered with snow and very steep, I could not climb it while wearing moccasins. Besides, darkness was approaching; hence I turned downward and hastened back to camp.

May 8.—I breakfasted before daylight, and put a new front sight on my rifle as the dawn ushered in a perfect day, calm, sunny, and mild. Sending my natives back to the bay for provisions, I started for the basin. Reaching the foot and climbing to timber line, I looked through my glasses. I could not see the bear where it had been the evening before, but the bloody slide over the snow below indicated plainly what had happened. I was now wearing hobnail shoes,

and at once began the ascent. There was some danger from the numerous snow-slides occurring at intervals, and the last two hundred feet were doubtful, but finally climbing to the crest and walking along it, I reached the point, looked over with eagerness, and this is what I beheld:

a great circular pit about three hundred feet across, completely surrounded by perpendicular cliffs and precipices, falling two or three hundred feet to the bottom. There, partly stretched on its side, was my bear lying dead, while two male bald eagles were tearing out and eating its entrails. I circled the pit, but could find no possible path of descent. Only the impressive beauty of snow, mountains, green woods, and vast expanse of sea softened my deep disappointment when I was forced to leave and retrace my steps down the mountain side. Reaching camp, I found that Mark and two boys had arrived there to pass the night. Misha reported that while he was returning from Zaïkof Bay he saw a bear not far below camp.

May 9.—The stars were twinkling in a clear sky when I breakfasted, but there was a light breeze from the northeast—a bad sign. Old Mark and the boys were leaving, so as to get back to Nuchek before the wind increased. I

started up the beach with Misha, who was to show me the mountain where he had seen the bear feeding. We had gone only a short distance when a shout was heard, and we knew at once that old Mark was calling us, and was in sight of bears. Quickly we returned, the bidarka was launched, and soon we were gliding toward Mark's bidarka, which was well out from the shore, nearly half a mile up the coast. When we reached it he explained that he had seen two bears, which had just disappeared in a hollow below the crest of the spur. I was quickly put ashore, and having selected from the boat a line of ascent and approach, returned half a mile to circle upward on the spur and

get the wind in my favor. The bears were seen on a high ridge, grassy on and near the top, where clear spaces alternated with patches of snow. The ridge extended parallel with the coast, connecting with a mountain higher and more massive just beyond. As I entered the woods to cross over and ascend the lower end of the ridge, clouds began to gather. At last I reached the top, to find it at this end covered with stunted spruce, alders, and dense salmon-berry brush, through which I had to force my way, and progress was slow as I circled to the other side and began to move in the direction of the bears.

It soon became a typical stalk for mountain sheep, except that I was uncertain just where the bears were. The view of the basin on the left, as I caught glimpses of it between the mists continually drifting by in the wind, was particularly beautiful. It was very narrow, and the surface was broken and rugged, while the slopes of the mountains seemed to wall it in, so that it appeared very deep. A dense fog soon settled down, the wind freshened, and I kept on in great uncertainty, but coming nearer to the spot where the bears had been seen, which had been indicated as a hundred yards below the top. The fog kept lifting and falling, a circumstance which only added to my caution. As I approached what I thought was the spot, I found the crest clear, its rolling grassy surface covered with bear tracks, while all about were fresh diggings where the animals had been pawing the earth for mice. Now I was keenly alert, knowing that in the fog I might at any moment come close upon the bears. I was well back on the crest, the wind was entirely in my favor, and the ground was soft, so that my shoes made no noise.

It was with strange sensations that I advanced through that mysterious fog, with eyes and ears strained to detect signs of the bears which at any moment might ap-

pear before me. Finally, crossing the top, I looked over, believing that I was nearly opposite the point where the bears had been last seen. The fog had suddenly cleared, the blue sky appeared with a shining sun. I was not quite far enough; so again drop-



Lying on its stomach caught in the alders. (Second bear killed.)
—Page 650.

ping back behind the crest, I kept on for three hundred yards and cautiously advanced to look over. There I saw, a hundred yards below, the bulky body of a whitish bear, stretched out sound asleep, its head curled under its chest, its back toward me. It was lying on the edge of a dense patch of alders in a hollow depression of the slope, which just beyond was very steep and thickly covered with salmon-berry and alders—a well-chosen spot for concealment and rest. The natives had told me that when two bears were together, the dark one was always a male, the light one a female, and both Mark and Misha had reported that one of these bears was dark. I could see only

the light one, but knew that the other was lying near, in the alders.

With rifle cocked and ready, slowly and noiselessly I began moving down the slope, my eyes fastened on the sleeping bear. Imagine the fascination of such moments, high up on that mountain side, facing the sea below, boiling with whitecaps and sounding with the distant roar of the breakers! Step by step I approached. Soon I stooped low and crept to within almost a hundred feet, when I caught sight of a blackish object in the alders, a few feet to the right of the sleeping bear, and knew it to be the other lying concealed. What wild, shy, timid animals! Little by little I crept on, coming nearer and nearer, until there were only seventy-five feet between us, when suddenly I saw the head of the dark bear in the alders rise. Almost simultaneously I sat down, with rifle pointed. Its head wastoward me, and having seen me, it half rose in surprise, when I fired at its shoulder. Up it came with a great spring, and I fired again at the same spot. It began to run, and with a few jumps disappeared over the slope as I fired a third shot at its hindquarters.

At the first shot the other bear had sprung to its feet and was jumping a few feet in one direction, a few feet in another, in great excitement and alarm, thoroughly perplexed, and completely uncertain as to what was happening until the other bear ran, when it began to follow. As it ran, I fired at the side toward me, when it swerved to the right, and again I fired as it disappeared down the slope. Quickly putting in a fresh clip of cartridges and running forward, I saw the dark bear lying dead twenty feet below in the thick brush. Without stopping I turned to the right and found a bloody trail leading to a thicket of low dense spruces fifty feet down the slope in the thick salmon-berry brush. There I heard the bear thrashing about, but could not see it. Cocking my rifle and forcing my way in to the spruces, I came to within ten feet of it—thoroughly excited by such close proximity to a wounded bear in dense brush—when I heard it run out on the other side and descend. Following as fast as I could down the steep salmon-berry slopes, I soon saw it indistinctly through the brush fifty yards below. I fired twice, but it kept on. I forced my way downward on the trail, knowing it was hard hit. Coming to a

landslide, I saw it had jumped onto it and had run or slid a hundred yards to the thick brush below. The landslide was too steep for me to keep my footing, and crossing above, I descended parallel with it over ground so steep that I was obliged to let myself slowly down by holding on to the alders. Having descended two hundred yards, I saw the salmon-berry bushes shaking below, and going a little farther, saw the bear, badly wounded, a hundred yards beyond. Finally succeeding in finding a clear space between myself and the bear, I fired at the centre of its body. It dropped and remained motionless. I reached it quickly, and found it lying on its stomach, caught in the alders, one hind foot completely wedged in. It did not stir, though it was breathing heavily. It died without a struggle, and proved to be a male. The first shot had been fired at 11.30, and it was now 12.

The clouds and mists had again gathered and it was too dark to photograph. Without touching it, I started for camp, reaching there at 2.30. It was impossible to convince the natives that the two bears were dead, but after taking a bite of bread and a cup of tea, I started back with them, trying to rouse them from their reluctance and indifference. Their doubts, however, were replaced by great excitement when we reached the light bear, and this became enthusiasm when, after passing on, we arrived at the spot where the other lay.

After cutting away the brush, I had tried to photograph the light bear, but the sky was heavily overcast and a slight rain was falling. The other bear also proved to be a male. It was in fair pelage up to the neck, where the hair had begun to wear off. After photographing it as it fell, we pulled it up to a more level place at the edge of the depression, where I photographed it again, and carefully measured it, after which we skinned it. While we were thus occupied, two ravens, evidently greatly excited, kept darting down at us again and again. Taking the skin and skull, we descended to the other bear, and after taking off its skin also, cut off a quantity of meat which I put in my rucksack together with the two skulls. Each man took a skin, and we reached camp at 10 P. M. The length of the dark bear was five feet six and one-half inches, height at foreshoulder four feet. The slope was so steep and the brush so thick, that even with

the assistance of two men I found it impossible to accurately measure the light one. Neither bear had much fat, and the pelage in both was about the same. They were young bears, evidently twins, and had not separated since leaving the mother four or

low water, and several pairs of black oyster-catchers were evidently preparing to breed. I went up the creek, hearing water-ouzzels on the way, and finally emerged from a deep canyon, through which the water rushed, leaping down here and there in cascades,



The basin was beautiful, with the high, rough mountains encircling it.—Page 652.

more years before. The stomachs of both contained nothing but grass and microtus mice; the first contained five, the second four. The heads of all the mice were crushed, but the bodies were unmutilated.

The next day we prepared the bear-skins, and during the two following a fierce north-east storm imprisoned us in the barrábara.

After several years hunting American big game, this is the only case where I have felt it necessary to tax the credulity, even of my friends. Nevertheless that evening I wrote *facts* in my journal with the utmost care, and the following is a literal transcription:

"*Saturday, May 13.*—To-day I had the most remarkable experience of my life. It cleared about 9.30, so I was off, intending to go three miles down the beach and up a creek to a basin well back in the mountains. A great number of crows, hundreds, are always feeding about the rocks at

and in some places under ice and snow. Just before reaching the foot of the basin, I turned up the south ridge, keeping in the woods in order to go high on the mountain slopes, and keep my wind above any bears that might be feeding below, as it was blowing strong up the basin. I reached the top of the ridge at 1 P. M. The other side sloped down to a creek flowing from another basin, and at that point led abruptly up to the great mountain on the south side of the basin I was to enter. Coming out of the timber I was at the foot of a conical hill, two hundred feet high and very steep; the top was covered with thick, stunted, impenetrable spruce, which extended ten feet down the slope and continued around it through a depression to more open timber beyond, where the hill joined the main mountain. I climbed this hill diagonally, looking on fine red tipped grass for bear tracks, but saw none.



Natives skinning the bear.

On reaching the spruces I passed around the edge of the trees, holding on to the branches for assistance in walking around the incline.

"I went high up and tramped along the mountain side. The basin was beautiful, with high, rough mountains encircling it; the air was filled with the rumble and roar of numerous snow-slides; starting high up, near the crests of the surrounding mountains, and appearing like immense cata-racts, the snow dashed over cliffs and fell through ravines, until it slid in great masses over the smoother ground below, piling up in huge mounds as it stopped. I noticed many marmots about, some sitting up, some running about the snow, near the mountain-tops. At different points high up in the snow, bear tracks were visible; therefore, reaching a good lookout, I waited until five, watching carefully on all sides, but nothing appeared.

"Then I retraced my steps along the slope and reached the conical hill around which I had passed earlier in the day. I was circling near the top, holding on to the spruce branches with my right hand, while the butt of my rifle, with the barrel pointing behind me, was resting over my left elbow.

I had proceeded in this way a few steps, when suddenly I saw, about eight feet away on the curving border of the spruces, running directly at me, what appeared to be a huge bear. I had just time to push forward the butt of my rifle and yell, when the bear collided with me, knocking me down. It seemed to turn slightly to the left as I pushed my rifle into it, and I clearly recall its shoulder striking my left hip, its head striking just above my left knee, while its claws struck my shin so that it is now black and blue. I had the sensation of one about to be mauled and mutilated. As I fell to the right, my rifle dropped and, in my confusion, I grabbed with my left hand the animal's fur, while I remember having a quick, foolish thought of the small knife in my pocket.

"The bear was, I believe, more surprised than I. I felt its fur slip through my hand, as it quickly turned to its right, and, swinging about, ran back over the hill without any attempt to bite or strike me. Rising, as the bear wheeled, I picked up my rifle and shot as the animal was disappearing. The bullet struck it, evidently high in the back. Immediately I took up its trail, fol-

lowed it down into the woods and on the flats for over an hour, and at last lost the impressions on hard ground. Its tracks showed that it had kept running for more than a mile, and then settled down to a walk on the timbered ridges, continuing to a flat country below. For the first mile I saw, at intervals, considerable blood on the leaves of brush and trunks of trees about three feet up from the ground, but afterward saw no more.

"Who will believe this remarkable incident? Certainly if another had related it to me, I might have thought it some mistake owing to excitement.

"Twice I have had the good luck to see the action of a bear when it crossed unexpectedly the fresh trail of a man—once in Mexico, and again last summer on the Mac-Millan River, when a bear crossed Selous's Trail. In both cases the bear jumped in great fright and ran at full speed. In this case when the bear met me, I was approaching the top of the hill by the simplest, in fact the only easy, route along the edge of the thick spruces. My trail, made earlier in the afternoon, came over the hill from the north side. I found that the bear had as-

cended from a direction diagonally opposite and it had reached my morning trail near the top just as I was approaching; running, it kept its course in the same direction, and took the natural route around the hill, close to the spruces, in order to enter the woods farther on, where they were not so thick, or to make for the mountain. At this exact moment I happened along, but concealed by the curve of the spruces, and with the wind blowing from the bear to me, it did not suspect my presence until I yelled at the moment of collision. The fact that it did not maul me, and ran so quickly, is positive proof of its having been completely surprised. Still I do not care to repeat the sensations I experienced at that moment. Here is another case where many would have reported a vicious charge. I regret having been in such haste to take up the trail that I neglected to photograph the spot.

"After losing the trail, I climbed a ridge and ascended the mountain side of another basin, even more beautiful than the first, and at that hour everything was softened and mellowed in the light of the declining sun; the blend of the bare slopes and snow



Native sea-otter hunters.

seemed to glow, the deep sky-coloring merged into the stern outline of the jagged mountain crests. I looked about and watched, but no bear tracks were visible on the snow and nothing appeared; then I returned three miles to the beach, where I made a cup of tea and reached camp at 11 P. M. The days are longer; it was delightful to walk in the twilight and dusk along the rock-bound shore, with the waves breaking gently over the reefs and falling softly on the rocks. Bald eagles were soaring about, gulls were skimming the waves, and everywhere cormorants were perched on the rocks, about to sleep. Even the oyster-catchers were in a sitting posture, and allowed me to approach quite close; nature was in her gentlest mood.

"My men have not put out the bear-skins, but have allowed them to remain folded all day in the barrabara. Since they cannot be trusted to do what I tell them, I cannot start tomorrow until I see it done."

May 14.—It required more than an hour after daylight to cut stakes, construct frames, and hang the bear-skins. Immediately after this was done, I started over the mountains to hunt the extreme north basin on the coast—the only one in that direction which I had not examined. No signs of bears were observed and I returned to camp.

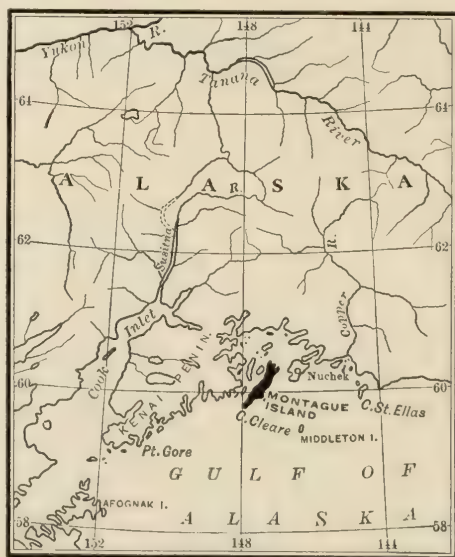
During the next week I moved down the coast in the bidarka, hunting in the basins along the route. Storms and difficulties of landing delayed the hunting, but before it was time to start back for Nuchek to catch the steamer, I succeeded in killing a fine old female bear and her cub. Twenty natives from Nuchek, *en route* for the east end of the island to hunt sea-otters, were in my camp and volunteered to assist me in skinning the bear. They wanted the meat although it was badly

tainted. A heavy storm soon descended, and I had to attempt to dry the skins by a fire while all the natives remained.

May 22.—The storm continued all the next day, but I diligently kept up the fire, so that when the rain stopped, about 8 o'clock, the bear-skins were partially dry. There was little wind during the day, but the sea-otter hunters continued their merriment and stayed on, though they could have put on their *kamlaykas* and paddled on to their destination. They were rapidly consuming the provisions that Swanson had given them, and were only half way to their hunting-ground, near which they should already have been, to take advantage of the favorable condition of weather for hunting.

I had been interested to observe them during our close association in the last four days. Half of them were mere boys, some not over thirteen years of age, though able

to paddle all day in their bidarkas. The boys were compelled to do all the work of cooking, taking care of the camp, gathering wood, building and keeping up the fires. The older men did nothing but eat, talk, and sleep at intervals all through the day, though two or three were busy at times carving paddles from suitable pieces of drift-wood found near on the beach. It was clear that these natives were most indifferent about the sea-otter hunting, and I felt assured



Map showing location of Montague Island.

that usually when travelling to the hunting-grounds they loitered along the beach, avoiding a reasonable day's paddling, until the provisions given them by Swanson began to get low, when they would make a quick dash, hunt only a day or two, and at times return without hunting at all.

Delayed by storms, we were four days returning to Zaïkof Bay. My men immediately left for Nuchek to assist Swanson in bringing back the schooner.

May 27.—At 6 P. M., when I was at the upper end of the bay, a small sail appeared and entered it, and I at once returned to find Swanson with my men in a small sloop waiting for me, and with all my material packed inside.

With relief, I learned that the steamer would not return to Nuchek for four days; therefore I intended to spend the interim if possible hunting bears on Hinchinbrook Island. I had planned to return on a different steamer, which carries mail and stops once a month regularly at Nuchek, the *Portland* seldom stopping there.

We were soon sailing down the bay in a light breeze, which died out as we came outside and left us in a dead calm with a heavy tide-rip against us. We each took an oar, rowed the sloop seven miles across to Hinchinbrook Island, then six miles around in the back bay, and dropped anchor at 2 the next morning. It was now good daylight all night, though in the woods during the midnight hours a rifle sight could not be seen.

In the morning I paid my men, who soon left in the bidarka for Orca, where there is a large trading-store, to spend the money. I did not see them again. Then I tramped over the mountains of Hinchinbrook and saw a bear, but too late in the evening to follow it. The storm again descended and prevented any more attempts at hunting.

May 31.—At midnight the whistle of a steamer aroused us from sleep. We went over on the beach and found that Captain

Linquist, of the *Portland*, had made a special stop to pick me up, having heard from Misha, at Orca, that I was waiting. He held the steamer two hours so that I could pack, and I stepped aboard at 3.30 A. M.

It was with keen regret that I bade adieu to the Swansons. In every possible way they had inconvenienced themselves in my behalf, and had done most willingly everything to assist me, and I enjoyed greatly their warm hospitality.

I had arrived at Nuchek, April 21, and left it May 31. During the interval on Montague Island, the state of the weather had permitted eight and a half days' practical hunt-

ing, two days of which, because of not being able to make a landing in new territory, were on disturbed ground where I had already hunted. So in reality I had only six and one-half days of good hunting.

When I awoke, Montague and Hinchinbrook Islands had faded out of sight. There were but five passengers on board. I kept the bear-skins spread out on deck to give them a final drying while for three days we steamed down the coast in the calm, sunny, perfect weather, along the glorious St. Elias and Fairweather ranges, then through Icy Strait, and arrived in Juneau on June 2. I boxed all my material, shipped it to the Biological Survey in Washington, and the same evening took a small steamer and arrived in Skagway the next morning, intending to start immediately for the interior, to pass the summer in the country adjacent to the Upper Pelly River.



Mark and Pete.

THE GOOD ENCHANTMENT OF CHARLES DICKENS

By Henry van Dyke

I



HERE are four kinds of novels.

First, those that are easy to read and hard to remember: the well-told tales of no consequence, the cream-

puffs of perishable fiction.

Second, those that are hard to read and hard to remember: the purpose-novels which are tedious sermons in disguise, and the love-tales in which there is no one with whom it is possible to fall in love.

Third, those that are hard to read and easy to remember: the books with a crust of perverse style or faulty construction through which the reader must break in order to get at the rich and vital meaning.

Fourth, those that are easy to read and easy to remember: the novels in which stories worth telling are well-told, and characters worth observing are vividly painted, and life is interpreted to the imagination in enduring forms of literary art. These are the best-sellers which do not go out of print—everybody's books.

In this fourth class healthy-minded people and unprejudiced critics put the novels of Charles Dickens. For millions of readers they have fulfilled what Dr. Johnson called the purpose of good books, to teach us to enjoy life or help us to endure it. They have awakened multitudinous laughter and drawn forth innumerable sympathetic tears. They have enlarged and enriched existence by revealing the hidden veins of humor and pathos beneath the surface of the every-day world, and by giving "the freedom of the city" to those poor prisoners who had thought of it only as the dwelling-place of so many hundred thousand inhabitants and no real persons.

What a city it was that Dickens opened to us! London, of course, in outward form and semblance,—the London of the early Victorian epoch, with its reeking Seven

Dials close to its perfumed Picadilly, with its grimy river-front and its musty Inns of Court and its mildly rural suburbs, with its rollicking taverns and its deadly solemn residential squares and its gloomy debtors' prisons and its gaily unsanitary markets, with all its consecrated conventions and unsuspected hilarities,—vast, portentous, formal, merry, childish, inexplicable, a wilderness of human homes and haunts ever thrilling with sincerest passion, mirth, and pain,—London it was, as the eye saw it in those days, and as the curious traveller may still retrace some of its vanishing landmarks and fading features.

But it was more than London after Dickens touched it. It was an enchanted city, where the streets seemed to murmur of joy or fear, where the dark faces of the dens of crime scowled or leered at you, and the decrepit houses doddered in senility, and the new mansions stared you down with stolid pride. Everything spoke or made a sign to you. From red-curtained windows jollity beckoned. From prison-doors lean hands stretched toward you. Under bridges and among slimy piers the river gurgled and chuckled and muttered unholy secrets. Across trim front-yards little cottages smiled and almost nodded their good-will. There were no dead spots. No deaf and dumb regions. All was alive and significant. Even the real estate became personal. One felt that it needed but a word, a wave of the wand, to bring the buildings leaping, roistering, creeping, tottering, stalking from their places.

It was an enchanted city, and the folk who filled it and almost, but never quite, crowded it to suffocation, were so intensely and supernaturally human, so blackly bad, so brightly good, so touchingly pathetic, so supremely funny, that they also were creatures of enchantment and seemed to come from fairyland.

For what is fairyland, after all? It is not an invisible region, an impossible place. It is only the realm of the hitherto

unobserved, the not yet realized, where the things we have seen but never noticed, and the persons we have met but never known, are suddenly "translated," like Bottom the Weaver, and sent forth upon strange adventures.

That is what happens to the Dickens people. Good or bad they surpass themselves when they get into his books. That rotund Brownie, Mr. Pickwick, with his amazing troupe; that gentle compound of Hop-o'-my-Thumb and a Babe in the Wood, Oliver Twist, surrounded by wicked uncles, and hungry ogres, and good fairies in bottle-green coats; that tender and lovely Red Riding-Hood, Little Nell; that impetuous Hans-in-Luck, Nicholas Nickleby; that intimate Cinderella, Little Dorrit; that simple-minded Aladdin, Pip; all these, and a thousand more like them, go rambling through Dickensopolis and behaving naturally in a most extraordinary manner.

Things that have seldom or never happened, occur inevitably. The preposterous becomes the necessary, the wildly improbable is the one thing that must come to pass. Mr. Dombey is converted, Mr. Krook is removed by spontaneous combustion, Mr. Micawber performs amazing feats as an amateur detective, Sam Weller gets married, the immortally absurd epitaphs of Young John Chivery and Mrs. Sapsea are engraved upon monuments more lasting than brass.

The fact is, Dickens himself was bewitched by the spell of his own imagination. His people carried him away, did what they liked with him. He wrote of Little Nell: "You can't imagine how exhausted I am to-day with yesterday's labors. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child; and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I don't know what to do with myself. . . . I think the close of the story will be great." Again he says: "As to the way in which these characters have opened out [in Martin Chuzzlewit], that is to me one of the most surprising processes of the mind in this sort of invention. Given what one knows, what one does not know springs up; and I am *as absolutely certain of its being true, as I am of the law of gravitation*—if such a thing is possible, more so."

Precisely such a thing (as Dickens very well understood) is not only possible, but unavoidable. For what certainty have we of the law of gravitation? Only by hearsay, by the submissive reception of a process of reasoning conducted for us by Sir Isaac Newton and other vaguely conceived men of science. The fall of an apple is an intense reality (especially if it falls upon your head), but the law which regulates its speed is for you an intellectual abstraction as remote as the idea of a "combination in restraint of trade," or the definition of "art for art's sake." Whereas the irrepressible vivacity of Sam Weller, and the unctuous hypocrisy of Pecksniff, and the moist humility of Uriah Heep, and the sublime conviviality of Dick Swiveller, and the triumphant make-believe of the Marchioness are facts of experience. They have touched you, and you cannot doubt them. The question whether they are actual or imaginary is purely academic.

Another fairyland feature of Dickens's world is the way in which minor personages of the drama suddenly take the centre of the stage and hold the attention of the audience. It is always so in the region

"Of forests and enchantments drear
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

In "The Tempest," what are Prospero and Miranda, compared with Caliban and Ariel? In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," who thinks as much of Oberon and Titania, as of Puck, and Bottom the Weaver? Even in an historic drama like Henry IV, we feel that Falstaff is the most historical character.

Dickens's first lady and first gentleman are often less memorable than his active supernumeraries. A hobgoblin like Quilp, a good old nurse like Peggotty, a bad old nurse like Sairey Gamp, a volatile elf like Miss Mowcher, a shrewd elf and a blunder-headed elf like Susan Nipper and Mr. Toots, a good-natured disreputable sprite like Charley Bates, a malicious gnome like Noah Claypole, a wicked ogre like Wackford Squeers, a pair of fairy godmothers like the Cheeryble Brothers, a dandy ouphe like Mr. Mantalini, and a mischievous, wooden-legged kobold like Silas Wegg, take stronger hold upon us than the Harry Maylies and Rose Flem-

ings, the John Harmons and Bella Wilfers, for whose ultimate matrimonial felicity the business of the plot is conducted. Even the more notable heroes often pale a little by comparison with their attendants. Who remembers Martin Chuzzlewit as clearly as his servant Mark Tapley? Is Pip, with his *Great Expectations*, half as delightful as his clumsy dry-nurse Joe Gargery? Has even the great Pickwick a charm to compare with the unique, immortal Sam Weller?

Do not imagine that Dickens was unconscious of this disarrangement of rôles, or that it was an evidence of failure on his part. He knew perfectly well what he was doing. Great authors always do. They cannot help it, and they do not care. Homer makes Agamemnon and Priam the kings of his tale, and Paris the first walking gentleman and Helen the leading lady. But Achilles and Ajax and Hector are the bully boys, and Ulysses is the wise joker, and Thersites the tragic clown. As for Helen,—

"The face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium"—

her reputed pulchritude means less to us than the splendid womanhood of Andromache, or the wit and worth of the adorable matron Penelope.

Now this unconventionality of art, which disregards ranks and titles, even those of its own making, and finds the beautiful and the absurd, the grotesque and the picturesque, the noble and the base, not according to the programme but according to the fact, is precisely the essence of good enchantment.

Good enchantment goes about discovering the ass in the lion's skin and the wolf in sheep's clothing, the princess in the goose-girl and the wise man under the fool's cap, the pretender in the purple and the rightful heir in rags, the devil in the belfry and the Redeemer among the publicans and sinners. It is the spirit of revelation, the spirit of divine sympathy and laughter, the spirit of admiration, hope, and love—or better still, it is simply the spirit of life.

When I call this the essence of good enchantment I do not mean that it is unreal. I mean only that it is unrealistic, unsystematic, which is just the opposite

of unreal. It is not in bondage to the beggarly elements of form and ceremony. It is not captive to names and appearances, though it revels in their delightful absurdity. It knows that an idol is nothing, and finds all the more fun in its pompous pretence of being something. It can afford to be merry because it is in earnest; it is happy because it has not forgotten how to weep; it is content because it is still unsatisfied; it is humble in the sense of unfathomed faults and exalted in the consciousness of inexhaustible power; it calls nothing common or unclean, and it values life for its mystery, its surprisingness, and its divine reversals of human prejudice,—just like Beauty and the Beast and the story of the Ugly Duckling.

This, I say, is the essence of good enchantment; and it is also the essence of true religion. For God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised, yea, and *things which are not*, to bring to naught things which are.

This is also the essence of real democracy, which is not a theory of government but a state of mind.

No one has ever expressed it better than Charles Dickens did in a speech which he made at Hartford, Connecticut, seventy years ago. "I have faith," said he, "and I wish to diffuse faith in the existence—yes, of beautiful things, even in those conditions of society which are so degenerate, so degraded and forlorn, that at first sight it would seem as though it could only be described by a strange and terrible reversal of the words of Scripture—God said let there be light, and there was none. I take it that we are born, and that we hold our sympathies, hopes, and energies in trust for the Many and not the Few. That we cannot hold in too strong a light of disgust and contempt, before our own view and that of others, all meanness, falsehood, cruelty, and oppression of every grade and kind. Above all, that nothing is high because it is in a high place; and that nothing is low because it is in a low place. This is the lesson taught us in the great book of Nature. This is the lesson which may be read alike in the bright track of the stars, and in the dusty

course of the poorest thing that drags its tiny length upon the ground."

This was the creed of Dickens; and like every man's creed, conscious or unconscious, confessed or concealed, it made him what he was.

It has been said that he had no deep philosophy, no calmly reasoned and clearly stated theory of the universe. Perhaps that is true. Yet I believe he hardly missed it. He was too much interested in living to be anxious about a complete theory of life. Perhaps it would have helped him when trouble came, when domestic infelicity broke up his home, if he could have climbed into some philosopher's ivory tower. Perhaps not. I have observed that even the most learned and philosophic mortals, under these afflictions, sometimes fail to appreciate the consolations of philosophy to any noticeable extent. From their ivory towers they cry aloud, being in pain, even as other men.

But it was certainly not true (even though his biographer wrote it, and it has been quoted a thousand times), that just because Dickens cried aloud, "there was for him no 'city of the mind' against outward ills, for inner consolation and shelter." He was not cast out and left comfortless. Faith, hope, and charity—these three abode with him. His human sympathy, his indomitable imagination, his immense and varied interest in the strange adventures of men and women, his unfaltering intuition of the truer light of God that burns

"In this vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whatever else,"——

these were the celestial powers and bright serviceable angels that built and guarded for him a true "city of refuge," secure, inviolate, ever open to the fugitive in the day of his calamity. Thither he could flee to find safety. There he could ungird his heart and indulge

"Love and the thoughts that breathe for human-kind";

there he could laugh and sing and weep with the children, the dream-children, which God had given him; there he could enter into his work-shop and shut the door and lose himself in joyous labor which should make the world richer by the gift

of good books. And so he did, even until the end came and the pen fell from his fingers, he sitting safe in his city of refuge, learning and unfolding "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

O, enchanted city, great asylum in the mind of man, where ideals are embodied, and visions take form and substance to parley with us! Imagination rears thy towers and Fancy populates thy streets, yet art thou a city that hath foundations; a dwelling eternal though unseen. Ever building, changing, never falling, thy walls are open-gated day and night. And the fountain of youth is in thy gardens, the treasure of the humble in thy store-houses. Hope is thy door-keeper, and Faith thy warden, and Love thy Lord. In thee the lost may take shelter and find himself by forgetting himself. In thee rest and refreshment are waiting for the weary, and new courage for the despondent, and new strength for the faint. From thy magic casements we have looked upon unknown horizons, and we return from thy gates to our task, our toil, our pilgrimage, with better and braver hearts, knowing more surely that the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear, and that the imperishable jewels of the universe are in the souls of men. O, city of good enchantment, for my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say: Peace be within thee!

II

OF the outward appearance, or, as Sartor Resartus would have called it, the Time-Vesture and Flesh-Garment of that flaming light-particle which was cast hither from Heaven in the person of Charles Dickens, and of his ways and manners while he hasted jubilantly and stormfully across the astonished Earth, something must be said here.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsea, in 1812, an offspring of what the accurate English call the "lower middle class." Inheriting something from a father who was decidedly Micawberish, and a mother who resembled Mrs. Nickleby, Charles was not likely to be a hum-drum child. But the remarkable thing about him was the intense, aspiring, and gaily sensible spirit with which he entered into the business of developing whatever gifts he had

received from his vague and amiable parents.

The fat streak of comfort in his childish years, when his proud father used to stand the tiny lad on a table to sing comic songs for an applauding audience of relatives, could not spoil him. The lean streak of misery when the improvident family sprawled in poverty, with its head in a debtors' prison, while the bright, delicate, hungry boy roamed the streets, or drudged in a dirty blacking-factory, could not starve him. The two dry years of school at Wellington House Academy could not fossilize him. The years from fifteen to nineteen, when he was earning his bread as office-boy, lawyer's clerk, short-hand reporter, could not commercialize him. Through it all he burned his way painfully and joyously.

He was not to be detailed as a perpetual comic songster in upholstered parlors; nor as a prosperous frock-coated citizen with fatty degeneration of the mind; nor as a newspaper politician, a power beneath the footstool. None of these alluring prospects delayed him. He passed them by, observing everything as he went, now hurrying, now sauntering, for all the world like a boy who has been sent somewhere. Where it was, he found out in his twenty-fifth year, when the extraordinary results of his self-education bloomed in the "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist."

Never was a good thing coming out of Nazareth more promptly welcomed. The simple-minded critics of that day had not yet discovered the damning nature of popularity, and they hailed the new genius in spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of people were reading his books. His success was exhilarating, overwhelming, and at times intoxicating.

"It was roses, roses all the way."—

Some of them had thorns, which hurt his thin skin horribly, but they never made him despair or doubt the goodness of the universe. Being vexed, he let it off in anger instead of distilling it into pessimism to poison himself. Life was too everlastingly interesting for him to be long unhappy. A draught of his own triumph would restore him, a slice of his own work would reinvigorate him, and he would go on with his industrious dreaming.

No one enjoyed the reading of his books more than he the making of them, though he sometimes suffered keenly in the process. That was a proof of his faith that happiness does not consist in the absence of suffering, but in the presence of joy. Dulness, insincerity, stupid humbug—*voilà l'ennemi!* So he lived and wrote with a high hand and an outstretched arm. He made men see what he saw, and hate what he hated, and love what he loved. This was his great reward,—more than money, fame, or hosts of friends,—that he saw the children of his brain enter into the common life of the world.

But he was not exempt from the ordinary laws of nature. The conditions of his youth left their marks for good and evil on his maturity. The petting of his babyhood gave him the habit of showing off. We often see him as a grown man, standing on the table and reciting his little piece, or singing his little song, to please an admiring audience. He delighted in playing to the galleries.

His early experience of poverty made him at once tremendously sympathetic and invincibly optimistic—both of which virtues belong to the poor more than to the rich. Dickens understood this and never forgot it. The chief moralities of his poor people are mutual helpfulness and unquenchable hopefulness. From them, also, he caught the tone of material comfort which characterizes his visions of the reward of virtue. Having known cold and hunger, he simply could not resist the desire to make his favorite characters—if they stayed on earth till the end of the book—warm and "comfy," and to give them plenty to eat and drink. This may not have been artistic, but it was intensely human.

The same personal quality may be noted in his ardor as a reformer. No writer of fiction has ever done more to better the world than Charles Dickens. But he did not do it by setting forth programmes of legislation and theories of government. As a matter of fact, he professed an amusing "contempt for the House of Commons," having been a Parliamentary reporter; and of Sir Robert Peel, who emancipated the Catholics, enfranchised the Jews, and repealed the Corn Laws, he thought so little that he caricatured him as Mr. Pecksniff.

Dickens felt the evils of the social order at the precise point where the shoe pinched; he did not go back to the place where the leather was tanned or the last designed. It was some practical abuse in poor-houses or police-courts or prisons; it was some hidden shame in the conduct of schools, or the renting of tenements; it was some monumental absurdity in the Circumlocution Office, some pompous and cruel delay in the course of justice, that made him hot with indignation. These were the things that he assailed with Rabelaisian laughter, or over which he wept with a deeper and more sincere pity than that of "Tristram Shandy." His idea was that if he could get people to see that a thing was both ridiculous and cruel, they would want to stop it. What would come after that, he did not clearly know, nor had he any particularly valuable suggestions to make, except the general proposition that men should do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.

He took no stock in the doleful predictions of the politicians that England was in an awful state merely because Lord Coodle was going out of office, and Sir Thomas Doodle would not come in, and each of these was the only man to save the country. The trouble seemed to him deeper and more real. It was a certain fat-witted selfishness, a certain callous, complacent blindness in the people who were likely to read his books. He conceived that his duty as a novelist was done when he had shown up the absurd and hateful things and made people laugh at their ugliness, weep over their inhumanity, and long to sweep them away.

In this attitude I think, Dickens was not only natural, and true to his bringing-up, but also wise as a great artist in literature. For I have observed that brilliant writers, while often profitable as satirists to expose abuses, are seldom judicious as legislators to plan reforms.

Before we leave this subject of the effects of Dickens's early life and sudden popularity, we must consider his alleged lack of refinement. Some say that he was vulgar, others that he was ungrateful and inconsiderate of the feelings of his friends and relations, others that he had little or no taste. I should rather say, in the words of the old epigram, that he had a

great deal of taste, and that some of it was very bad.

Take the matter of his caricaturing real people in his books. No one could object to his use of the grotesque insolence of a well-known London magistrate as the foundation of his portrait of Mr. Fang in "Oliver Twist." That was public property. But the amiable eccentricities of his own father and mother, the airy, irresponsible ways of his good friend Leigh Hunt, were private property. Yet even here Dickens could not reasonably be blamed for observing them, for being amused by them, or for letting them enrich his general sense of the immense, incalculable, and fantastic humor of the world. Taste, which is simply another name for the gusto of life, has a comic side; and a man who is keenly sensitive to everything cannot be expected to be blind to the funny things that happen among his family and friends. But when Dickens used these private delights for the public amusement, and in such a form that the partial portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby, and Harold Skimpole were easily identified, all that we can say is that his taste was still there, but it had gone bad. What could you expect? Where, in his early years, was he likely to have learned the old-fashioned habit of reserve in regard to private affairs, which you may call either a mark of good manners, or a sign of silly pride, according to your own education?

Or take his behavior during his first visit to America in 1842 and immediately after his return to England. His reception was enough to turn anybody's head. "There never was a king or emperor," wrote Dickens to a friend, "so cheered and followed by crowds, and entertained at splendid balls and dinners, and waited upon by public bodies of all kinds." This was at the beginning. At the end he was criticized by all, condemned by many, and abused by some of the newspapers. Why? Chiefly because he used the dinners given in his honor as occasions to convict the Americans of their gross national sin of literary piracy, and because when he got home he wrote a book of "American Notes," containing some very severe strictures upon the country which had just entertained him so magnificently.

Mr. Chesterton defends Dickens for his attack upon the practice of book-stealing which grew out of the absence of an International Copyright Law. He says that it was only the new, raw sensibility of the Americans that was hurt by these speeches. "Dickens was not in the least desirous of being thought too 'high-souled' to want his wages. . . . He asked for his money in a valiant and ringing voice, like a man asking for his honour." And this, Mr. Chesterton leaves us to infer, is what any bold Englishman, as distinguished from a timidly refined American, would do.

Precisely. But if the bold Englishman had been gently-bred would he have accepted an invitation to dinner in order that he might publicly say to his host, in a valiant ringing voice, "You owe me a thousand pounds"? Such procedure at the dinner-table is contrary not only to good manners but also to good digestion. This is what Mr. Chesterton's bold British constitution apparently prevents him from seeing. What Dickens said about international copyright was right. But he was wretchedly wrong in his choice of the time and place for saying it. The natural irritation which his bad taste produced was one of the causes which delayed for fifty years the success of the efforts of American authors to secure international copyright.

The same criticism applies to the "American Notes." Read them again and you will see that they are not bad notes. With much that he says about Yankee boastfulness and superficiality, and the evils of slavery, and the dangers of yellow journalism, every sane American will agree to-day. But the occasion which Dickens took for making these remarks was not happily chosen. It was as if a man who had just been entertained at your house should write to thank you for the pleasure of the visit, and improve the opportunity to point out the shocking defects of your domestic service and the exceedingly bad tone which pervaded your establishment. Such a "bread-and-butter letter" might be full of good morals, but their effect would be diminished by its bad manners. Of this Dickens was probably quite unconscious. He acted spontaneously, irrepressibly, vivaciously, in accordance with his own taste; and it surprised and irritated him immensely that people were offended by it.

It was precisely so in regard to his personal appearance. When the time suddenly arrived that he could indulge his taste in dress without fear of financial consequences, he did so hilariously and to the fullest extent. Here is a description of him as he appeared to an American girl at an evening party in Cincinnati seventy years ago. "He is young and handsome, has a mellow beautiful eye, fine brow and abundant hair. . . . His manner is easy and negligent, but not elegant. His dress was foppish. . . . He had a dark coat with lighter pantaloons; a black waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers; and about his neck, covering his white shirt-front, was a black neck-cloth also embroidered with colors, on which were two large diamond pins connected by a chain; a gold watch-chain and a large red rose in his buttonhole completed his toilet."

The young lady does not seem to have been delighted with his costume. But Dickens did not dress to please her, he dressed to please himself. His taste was so exuberant that it naturally effervesced in this kind of raiment. There was certainly nothing immoral about it. He had paid for it and he had a right to wear it, for to him it seemed beautiful. He would have been amazed to know that any young lady did not like it; and her opinion would probably have had little effect upon him, for he wrote of the occasion on which this candid girl met him, as follows: "In the evening we went to a party at Judge Walker's and were introduced to at least one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly."

But what does it all amount to, this lack of discretion in manners, this want of reserve in speech, this oriental luxuriance in attire? It simply goes to show that Dickens himself was a Dickens character.

He was vivid, florid, inexhaustible, and untamed. There was material in the little man for a hundred of his own immortal caricatures. The self-portrait that he has drawn in "David Copperfield" is too smooth, like a retouched photograph. That is why David is less interesting than half-a-dozen other people in the book. If Dickens could have seen his own humorous aspects in the magic mirror of his fancy, it would have been among the richest of his observations, and if he could have let his

enchantment loose upon the subject, not even the figures of Dick Swiveller and Harold Skimpole would have been more memorable than the burlesque of Boz by the hand of C. D.

But the humorous, the extravagant, the wildly picturesque,—would these have given a true and complete portrait of the man? Does it make any great difference what kind of clothes he wore, or how many blunders of taste and tact he made, even tragic blunders like his inability to refrain from telling the world all about his domestic unhappiness,—does all this count for much when we look back upon the wonders which his imagination wrought in fiction and upon the generous fruits which his heart brought forth in life?

No, it is easy to endure small weaknesses when you can feel beneath them the presence of great and vital power. Faults are forgiven readily in one who has the genius of loving much. Better many blunders than the supreme mistake of a life that is “Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.”

Charles Dickens never made, nor indeed was tempted to make, that mistake. He carried with him the defects of his qualities, the marks of his early life, the penalties of his bewildering success. But, look you, he carried them—they did not crush him nor turn him from his true course. Forward he marched, cheering and beguiling the way for his comrades with mirthful stories and tales of pity, lightening many a burden and consoling many a dark and lonely hour, until he came at last to the goal of honor and the haven of happy rest. Those who knew him best saw him most clearly as Carlyle did: “The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man.”

III

As an artist in fiction Dickens was great; but not because he had a correct theory of the technique of the novel, nor because he always followed good rules and models in writing, nor because he was one

“Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.”

On the contrary, his vision of life, though vivid, was almost always partial. He

was capable of doing a great deal of bad work, which he himself liked. The plots of his novels, on which he toiled tremendously, are negligible; indeed it is often difficult to follow and impossible to remember them. The one of his books that is notably fine in structure and approximately faultless in technique—“A Tale of Two Cities”—is so unlike his other novels that it stands in a class by itself, as an example of what he could have done if he had chosen to follow that line. In a way it is his most perfect piece of work. But it is not his most characteristic piece of work, and therefore I think it has less value for us than some of his other books in which his peculiar, distinctive, unrivalled powers are more fully shown.

After all, art must not only interpret the world but also reveal the artist. The lasting interest of his vision, its distinction, its charm, depend, at least in some real degree, upon the personal touch. Being himself a part of the things that are seen, he must “paint the thing *as he sees it*” if he wishes to win the approval of “the god of things as they are.”

Now the artistic value of Dickens's way of seeing things lay in its fitness to the purpose which he had in mind and heart,—a really great purpose, namely, to enhance the interest of life by good enchantment, to save people from the plague of dulness and the curse of indifference by showing them that the world is full of the stuff for hearty laughter and deep sympathy. This way of seeing things, with constant reference to their humorous and sentimental potency, was essential to the genius of Dickens. His method of making other people see it was strongly influenced, if not absolutely determined, by two facts which seemed to lie outside of his career as an author: first, his training as a reporter for the press; second, his favorite avocation as an amateur actor, stage-manager, and dramatic reader.

The style of Dickens at its best is that of an inspired reporter. It is rapid, graphic, pictorial, aiming always at a certain heightening of effect, making the shadows darker and the lights brighter for the purpose of intensifying sensation. He did not get it in the study but in the street. Take his description in “Martin

Chuzzlewit" of Todgers's Boarding House with its complicated smells and its mottled shades of dinginess; or take his picture in "Little Dorrit" of Marseilles burning in the August sunlight with its broad, white, universal stare. Here is the art of journalism,—the trick of intensification by omission,—carried to the limit. He aims distinctly at a certain effect, and he makes sure of getting it.

He takes long walks in the heart of London, attends police courts, goes behind the scenes of theatres, rides in omnibuses, visits prisons and work-houses. You think he is seeking realism. Quite wrong. He is seeking a sense of reality which shall make realism look like thirty cents. He is not trying to put up canned goods which shall seem more or less like fresh vegetables. He is trying to extract the essential flavor of places and people so that you can taste it in a drop.

We find in his style an accumulation of details all bearing on a certain point; nothing that serves his purpose is overlooked; everything that is likely to distract the attention or obscure his aim is disregarded. The head-lines are in the text. When the brute, Bill Sykes, says to Nancy: "Get up," you know what is coming. When Mrs. Todgers gives a party to Mr. Pecksniff you know what is coming. But the point is that when it comes, tragedy or comedy, it is as pure and unadulterated as the most brilliant of reporters could make it.

Naturally, Dickens puts more emphasis upon the contrast between his characters than upon the contrast within them. The internal inconsistencies and struggles, the slow processes of growth and change which are the delight of the psychological novelist do not especially interest him. He sees things black or white, not gray. The objects that attract him most, and on which he lavishes his art, do not belong to the average, but to the extraordinary. Dickens is not a commonplace merchant. He is a dealer in oddities and rarities, in fact the keeper of an "Old Curiosity Shop," and he knows how to set forth his goods with incomparable skill.

His drawing of character is sharp rather than deep. He makes the figure stand out, always recognizable, but not always really understood. Many of his people

are simply admirable incarnations of their particular trades or professions: Mould the undertaker, old Weller the coachman, Tulkinghorn the lawyer, Elijah Pogram the political demagogue, Blimber the school-master, Stiggins the religious ranter, Betsey Prig the day-nurse, Cap'n Cuttle the retired skipper. . . They are all as easy to identify as the wooden image in front of a tobacconist's shop. Others are embodiments of a single passion or quality: Pecksniff of unctuous hypocrisy, Micawber of joyous improvidence, Mr. Toots of dumb sentimentalism, Little Dorrit of the motherly instinct in a girl, Joe Gargery of the motherly instinct in a man, Mark Tapley of resolute and strenuous optimism. If these persons do anything out of harmony with their head-lines, Dickens does not tell of it. He does not care for the incongruities, the modifications, the fine shadings which soften and confuse the philosophic and reflective view of life. He wants to write his "story" sharply, picturesquely, with "snap" and plenty of local color; and he does it, in his happiest hours, with all the *verve* and skill of a star reporter for the Morning Journal of the Enchanted City.

In this graphic and emphatic quality the art of Dickens in fiction resembles the art of Hogarth in painting. But Dickens, like Hogarth, was much more than a reporter. He was a dramatist, and therefore he was also, by necessity, a moralist.

I do not mean that Dickens had a dramatic genius in the Greek sense that he habitually dealt with the eternal conflict between human passion and inscrutable destiny. I mean only this: that his lifelong love for the theatre often led him, consciously or unconsciously, to construct the *scenario* of a story with a view to dramatic effect, and to work up the details of a crisis precisely as if he saw it in his mind's eye on the stage.

Notice how the *dramatis personæ* are clearly marked as comic, or tragic, or sentimental. The moment they come upon the scene you can tell whether they are meant to appeal to your risibilities or to your sensibilities. You are in no danger of laughing at the heroine, or sympathizing with the funny man, as you are tempted to do in some modern plays. Dickens knows too much to leave his au-

dience in perplexity. He even gives to some of his personages set phrases, like the musical *motifs* of the various characters in the operas of Wagner, by which you may easily identify them. Mr. Micawber is forever "waiting for something to turn up." Mr. Toots always reminds us that "it's of no consequence." Sairey Gamp never appears without her imaginary friend Mrs. Harris. Mrs. General has "prunes and prism" perpetually on her lips.

Observe, also, how carefully the scene is set, and how wonderfully the preparation is made for a dramatic climax in the story. If it is a comic climax, like the trial of Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise, nothing is forgotten, from the hysterics of the obese Mrs. Bardell to the feigned indignation of Sergeant Buzfuz over the incriminating phrase "chops and tomato sauce!"

If it is a tragic climax, like the death of Bill Sykes, a score of dark premonitions lead up to it, the dingiest slum of London is chosen for it, the rank streets are filled with a furious crowd to witness it, and just as the murderer is about to escape, the ghostly eyes of his victim glare upon his crazed brain, and he plunges, tangled in his rope, to be hanged by the hand of the Eternal Judge as surely as if he stood upon the gallows.

Or suppose the climax is not one of shame and terror, but of pure pity and tenderness, like the death of Little Nell.

Then the quiet room is prepared for it, and the white bed is decked with winter berries and green leaves that the child loved because they loved the light, and gentle friends are there to read and talk to her, and she sleeps herself away in loving dreams, and the poor old grandfather, whom she has guided by the hand and comforted, kneels at her bedside, wondering why his dear Nell lies so still, and the very words which tell us of her peace and his grief, move rhythmically and plaintively, like soft music with a dying fall.

Close the book. The curtain descends. The drama is finished. The master has had his way with us; he has made us laugh; he has made us cry. We have been at the play.

But was it not as real to us while it lasted as many of the scenes in which we daily actors take our parts? And did it not mellow our spirits with mirth, and soften our hearts with tears? And now that it is over are we not likely to be a little better, a little kinder, a little happier for what we have laughed at or wept over?

Ah, master of the good enchantment, you have given us hours of ease and joy, and we thank you for them. But there is a greater gift than that. You have made us more willing to go cheerfully and comradesly along the strange, crowded, winding way of human life, because you have deepened our faith that there is something of the divine on earth, and something of the human in heaven.



COBALT BLOOM

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH



ANDALL and O'Hara fought the Bush every mile of their way westward from the End of the Steel to the Missinaibi. They slipped and stumbled in the soggy muskeg of the Transcontinental Right-of-Way across the North Country. They broke a transit and had to borrow one from their ancient enemies of the Groundhog River residency. They found their cache between the Kapuskasing and Crow Creek looted, and the contractor's camp beyond the creek burned to blackened squares, that loomed in the clearing like abandoned forts. Randall grumbled and O'Hara whistled as they lifted their canoe and swung into a dog-trot along the tote-road, where there was easy going for nearly an hour. They were almost cheerful when they came to the Missinaibi. And at the Missinaibi the Bush defeated them. Randall's foot slipped as he launched the birch-bark they had been carrying from their own residency for the crossing of the half-score rivers that sweep down to James Bay, between the Frederick House and the Kabinakagami. The canoe went from him before he could win back his unsteady balance. And while the current tossed the craft toward Black Feather Rapid, the two engineers from Number Eight sat on a fallen log and pondered on the hardships besetting men who build railroads through wildernesses.

Back of them birches flamed gold against the dull green of tamaracs and jack-pines. Before them the river raced in the alluring mysteriousness of northern waters. October, winging her way to mellow forests, had drifted trails of her radiance over the dark Bush. But Randall and O'Hara, smoking dejectedly, glowered at river and woods with the intensity of hatred men feel for inanimate conquerors. They could not go forward without a canoe. Swim-

ming the Missinaibi with their instruments and kit-pack was out of the question. They were hungry, and they were tired, and having abused each other, they fell into abuse of all engineering in general, and Bush engineering in particular.

Randall, digging the heel of his moose-hide boot savagely into the earth mould on the rock ledge where they sat, emphasized his imprecations by nervous tapings of the log with his level. "Sending us out to correct Nineteen's survey is the climax of the whole blamed deal," he ended a jerky peroration.

"Well, Ken couldn't help it." O'Hara always took fire at any implied criticism of the chief of Residency Number Eight. "Bannister gave him the order."

"Who said he could?" Randall flung back. "No one can help anything up here. We can't help it if we lose the canoe. We can't help it if the cache is looted. We can't help it if Bush fires sweep out camps. And it's certain we can't help it if there's a quicksand that those fellows at Nineteen missed."

"Grumbling never helped anything," O'Hara counselled.

"It's not hurting anything."

"Ye're an old woman," O'Hara stated without emotion. "Why did ye come if ye don't like these hazards, and why do ye stay?" he demanded, with fine disregard of his own previous discontent.

"Money," said Randall.

"Faith, there's plenty of that in the North Country, but none of it in the engineering," the Irishman commented. "There's a gold strike up the Mattagami. Why don't you go there?"

"Maybe I shall," Randall said. He set the level down on the ground, and from the inner pocket of his worn corduroy coat drew out a tattered map of the mining country to the south. "Ever try mining?" he asked O'Hara.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

They fell into abuse of all engineering in general, and Bush engineering in particular.—Page 666.

O'Hara smiled with some sardonic recollection. "'Twas the mining brought me to the North," he said. "I was in Cobalt seven weeks to the day after the strike, and I had been in Vladivostok when I heard the news of it. I followed the bloom all the way down Temiskaming to the Old Fort, and I saw silver enough to build a battleship—all on other men's claims."

"Didn't you ever strike it yourself?"

"Six days a week on the Ontario side, and seven on the Quebec."

"Why didn't you follow it up?"

"Why haven't I gone to heaven? I grew tired of the travelling. And there was always the thought in the back of my head that some fine boys were building a great railroad up here, and that I was missing some glorious occasions of revelry. Well, we've had the occasions, Ran, but think of the joys ahead of us this minute! We're due to walk back to Fourteen and borrow their canoe and five days' rations. And in the meantime we're sure to be hungrier than we are even now. If I'd stayed at the silver-mining, I'd be dining ye on me private car or cruising ye on me private yacht."

"Why did you quit it?"

"'Twas not the game for me," O'Hara said with finality. "And when I met Kenyon in Haileybury, I threw me arms around him and gripped him like the Old Man of the Sea till he brought me back with him to Groundhog."

"I remember that day," Randall interposed eagerly. "Ken had left me in charge when he went down the line, and every last thing had gone wrong. Steve and I had fought over a difference of two degrees on our estimates of the grade, and he'd moved from the shack to the office, taking Don Ferguson with him. I'd fired a youngster that the Groundhog division was shoving along the line because his father was in Parliament. Oh, I'd had a jousy week, and I'd come to the end of my rope that night I went to meet Kenyon. We've gone through plenty of troubles since then, Brian, but none of them ever hit me the way those did. I suppose that having Ken and you with me through the others made them only half as bad."

"Oh, we're wonders at consolation," O'Hara remarked.

"I think it's because I know that when Ken's married things will never be the same," Randall explained slowly, "that I want to quit the engineering now and take my chances on the mining. The railroad will soon be done, Brian, and then it's the big shift for us all."

"But that's part of the game," O'Hara said, "and to me mind, the best part of it. I'd die if I had to stay more than three years in one place."

"But you're different, Brian," Randall sighed.

"From what? From whom?"

"From me," the younger man explained. "From most men. I like adventure. I like the work here. And you know how much I think of all the fellows. But I want money, too. That's why I'm thinking of the mining, not for the adventure of it, the way you do, but for the chance at making money. Why, if I were sure of making a strike, I'd quit the T. C. R. to-night!"

"And what good would the money you made do you," O'Hara asked, "even if you found a claim you could sell for a million?"

Randall stared at him blankly. "What good?" he repeated. "What good?" His voice rose shrilly. "Have you forgotten all the joys that are out in the world? Don't you remember the plays and the music and the grand hotels? Don't you think of the lights and the crowds? Don't you ever ache for leisure and luxury? Oh, I know you think I'm just a materialist," he continued defensively against O'Hara's silence, "but if you'd lived all the years I did in the torture of there being never half enough money for us to keep up with the parade, you'd want money, and the things that only money would get you. Why, all I can remember of my childhood is the scrimping and saving we all had to suffer. I never saw a circus when I was a youngster. Will you believe that? And I lived in a good house and had good clothes! Did you ever stand in front of a candy shop, looking in at all the bonbons in the window, and longing and praying that some benevolent old gentleman would stop and ask you what you wanted?"

"I didn't live in a town," O'Hara parried.

"Well, that was my childhood, always near enough to the candy shop to know what every bonbon looked like, and always knowing that my lack of money was the window between."

The bitterness in his tone was so poignant that it stirred O'Hara to anger. "Might I ask ye," the other queried, "why in the name of common sense ye ever took up the engineering? There's no slower way in the world to riches."

"Don't I know it?" Randall retorted. "I've often wondered why I did hold to the dream. I worked like a Turk to make the grade, too. Perhaps," he mused, "it was because an engineer of the Port Huron tunnel corps let me run his motor-boat. It was the first real fun I'd ever had, that knocking around with those men that summer." He lowered his voice and continued hesitatingly, "My mother died that winter. My father wasn't the sort of man who'd row up-stream. There were four of us. My aunt took the others, but I was the oldest, and so I hustled for myself. I sold papers in Detroit and made enough money for my board in a boys' home while I finished the course at high-school. I beat my way to Boston on a freight, and I worked my way through the Tech. It took me two years longer than it did the other fellows, but I made it." A sudden self-conscious fear of revelation halted his speech again.

"And don't ye think," O'Hara asked him, "that there's something to any profession ye work so hard to win?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Randall wearily. "Here I've been in the Bush for three years, and I'm only one step higher up than I was when I came. The ladder's too long. I suppose I'd keep trying to climb it, though, if I were off in a country where there was no gold rush. But every week a story comes up the line of some man who's striking it rich down in the gold camps."

"And every week some prospector stumbles back this way, hopeless and broken."

"That's the chance again. With the whole North Country one big gold field, how could I help getting the fever?" He studied the torn map attentively. "I'm sorry to leave Eight," he said, "but I don't see any other way."

O'Hara ignored the question that lurked behind Randall's evident assertion. He

whistled "The Enniskillen Dragoons" to the end twice before Randall spoke again. "I suppose I'll miss the old crowd," he ventured wistfully.

"Steve came back," was the cold comfort he received.

"If I'd had Steve's chance, you couldn't have pried me loose from it with a track-jack."

"Will ye stop tapping that level?" O'Hara demanded. "If we ever cross this river, we'll have need of it." Randall ceased to beat the log, and directed his energy toward driving his boot heel into the solid rock. There fell a long silence that savored of antagonism, while bush and river murmured their unceasingly plaintive undertones. Suddenly Randall stopped the crunching and stared unbelievably at the rock he had uncovered. Then he went down on his knees, bending over it tensely. "Brian," he said, his voice thrilling high in excitement, "would you know gold if you saw it?"

O'Hara turned slowly from his survey of the river. The light in Randall's eyes flamed to his own. "What is it?" he cried. "Where is it?"

"Here." Randall choked over his announcement. He pointed to the yellowish streak that lay on the gray rock. "Is it really gold?" he pleaded.

O'Hara did not answer. With his clasp knife he was scraping away the moss from the rock. Randall watched him breathlessly. O'Hara's lips were pursed for whistling, but no sound came. The yellow streak showed broader and deeper as his steady strokes cut away the over-laying earth. "Tear those out," he ordered Randall, when he came to the thick roots of a young birch. Randall, tugging at the tough sapling, caught the glint of yellow the full length of his shadow from him. "Over there," he pointed. "Do you think—do you think that the vein could go that far?"

O'Hara calculated the distance and the direction squintingly. "Strip the rock over toward it," he commanded. "Work this way, and I'll meet you."

To them it might have been an hour that they knelt on the ledge, speaking no word to each other while they toiled over their task. Great beads of sweat stood on Randall's brow. The fingers that pulled at roots and threw aside moss were

icy. O'Hara worked steadily, calmly, his lips still pursed for the whistling that would not sound, till he flung aside the clasp knife and measured with his eye the length of the streak that glinted brilliantly at him in the sunshine. Then triumphantly rose the dragoon's farewell to Enniskillen.

"Well?" Randall's question shrilled over the whistle.

"Ye can leave your resignation from the service with Ken," he said, "as ye pass the place on your way out to the registrar's office."

"Do you mean that—" Randall had crawled over toward O'Hara, and now arose, catching at his wrist—"we've really struck it? Struck it rich?"

O'Hara pushed back his hat from his forehead. The tension that had tightened his shoulders while he worked was loosening. His voice had no ring of enthusiasm or of mirth as he answered Randall's gasping eagerness of question.

"I've seen gold at the Rand," he said, "and I've seen gold on the Wallaby Track. I worked on the road up to Cripple Creek and Victor, and I saw gold there. And as sure as I came from Connemara, ye've got gold enough here to make a mine that'll set ye with the millionaires of Cobalt."

"Are you sure?" Randall's eyes, over-bright, bored more insistently than his voice into O'Hara's knowledge. "Quite sure?"

"Oh, gold's an uncertain thing," O'Hara said, "as uncertain in the rough as it is in sovereigns. The vein may shy off under the river at ten feet below. There's no surety that 'tis not a false pocket. But I can tell you this, and this is true as gospel—there's not a mining promoter in the North to-day who wouldn't buy the chance from ye for a price that's more money than ye've ever thought to see in one check." He squinted quizzically at Randall's immovability of blank astonishment. "Faith, if ye don't know enough of mining to stake a claim after ye've found it," he said, "ye deserve to be tricked by me. Here, measure from the Right-of-Way and the river, and I'll stake it for ye."

He threw the circular tape along the rock. But Randall failed to catch it.

He had gone down as limply as if O'Hara's command had been a shot, and lay, face forward, shaking with sobs, over the glittering surface. "By the Slippers of the Prophet," said O'Hara, "I've never seen this way of taking good fortune before." He knelt beside the boy, shaking him roughly. "Come to yourself!" he told him. The sobs, rough and rasping, continued until O'Hara jerked Randall up. "Now be a man," he said, "even if ye've found the Klondike."

"What'll we do with it?" Randall asked in a desperate attempt to seem practical.

"Ye'll do whatever ye damn please," said O'Hara.

"But half of it's yours," Randall protested.

"Not one inch of it," said the Irishman, with decision. "I left the service once for the mining. I'll not do it again. Life's too short for these little excursions."

"But you don't have to leave the service," Randall went on, trying to regain his self-control by argument, "just because you happen to find a gold vein and sell it for whatever you can get?"

"One of the sure rules of the Canadian government is that no engineer in its employ can prospect. If you want to play the mining game, ye'll have to quit the engineering."

"Do you think—" Randall was grasping his old manner with continued speech—"that the rule means that an engineer hasn't a right to the find he makes before he quits the service?"

"Sure, that problem's your own," O'Hara informed him.

Randall turned on him passionately. "It's easy for you to sit in judgment, Brian O'Hara," he said, his words coming like the tumble of rapids over rocks, "when all your life you've had the one thing you wanted. You wanted adventure, and you've found it in fifty corners of the world. You wanted friends, and you've found them wherever you struck a trail. You don't care anything about money. You've never felt the gnawing need of it. And so you can sit here, making me choose between friends and money, for that's just what you're doing. You know what you boys at Eight mean to me, Ken and Jean, and you, and Steve, and Don. You know that I haven't

friends or family or sweetheart down at the front as the others of you have. You know that I value the good opinion you all have of me, and now you're making me feel that if I profit by my find I'm going back on you. I know that I'm not a traitor in wanting to strike it rich, but you make me believe that I am. It's not right, I tell you. It's not fair!"

"Stop there." The hard ring in O'Hara's voice halted the sweep of Randall's outburst. "'Tis not right, perhaps, that ye should have to make a hard choice, but 'tis not changing the fact that ye do. And I'm not the one who's forcing the choice upon ye. Long before I was born the world was doing that to men who came to the cross-roads. Sometime, somewhere, every mother's son of us has to make his choice between two roads, wanting them both. Ye think that I've made none?" He stared at Randall's implacable back, then struck a match on the rock.

"Back in Connemara," he said, lighting his pipe and carefully extinguishing the match before he flung it back into the muskeg, "there was a wide white road, that led from the door of our house away off to the hills. From the time that I could remember anything at all I wanted to go journeying there. Ye know the way a road can call to ye? All the beautiful adventures in the whole world were somewhere along that road, waiting for me to catch up with them. I dreamed and I dreamed of the travelling till one day I could bide it no longer. 'I'm going,' I said to me uncle, 'to the end of the white road.'

"I think now of the laugh in his eyes, though I didn't see it then. "'Tis a long road, Brian,' he said, 'but if ye're sure 'tis your way, take it, lad.'

"A figure of fun I must have been on the horse as I started away one blithe morning, when all the Irish hills were blue and the white ribbon of road slid on before me. I'd been riding well on toward night"—he gave Randall a keen look to make sure that he was heeding him—"and then I came to the by-way. Faith, I've seen some beautiful places in me wanderings since then, but never another as lovely as that by-way, gold and green, with the late afternoon shadows flickering under the beeches. With never a thought of

the hills I turned. 'Twas a pleasant way, and many pleasant people did I meet. But when it was nearly dark I came to the end of the path, and divvle a thing was there for me to do but go back to the high-road. The next day when I was jogging along me uncle overtook me. "'Tis slow ye're going,' he said, for he was a wise old racing squire, 'for one who's chosen his road.'

"I went down the by-way," I told him.

"'Twas a good lesson,' he told me, 'for remember, Brian, that when your heart has hungered for one road, all the other ways of the world are but blind alleys.'

Randall moved his shoulders impatiently.

"Sure I never thought the time would come," O'Hara went on, "when I'd forget that lesson. But youth has a way of forgetting soon," he mused. "A long way from Connemara I went down the blind alley again. I'd been working on the Trans-Siberian till I was crazy for civilization of any kind. One day I had a beautiful Russian row with the chief of division. I flung me job higher than the Chinese Wall, took me stake and went to Japan as fast as Oriental ways would take me. Ye'd have said that I enjoyed the most vivid time a white man ever lived through in Tokio. I said so meself. There's no need of expanding the details. 'Tis enough to tell ye that through some queer happenings I came to be a Russian secret agent there. 'Twas glorious adventure, beating the little brown men at their own game of I-spy. And there was a girl." His voice softened to tenderness for an instant. "She wasn't the only woman I've loved, but I did—care. Ye see, she cared for me while the game was running to the end, and I was thinking mostly of the game. I was up on the firing lines when the end came. Those brown devils made her pay the price. I fought them through the war with the memory of her in me heart. And when the war was done, I knew that I was at the end of another blind alley. But I kept drifting. A man does drift off there in the East. Then Cobalt called. Afterward I found Kenyon. I've come back to the highway. 'Tis me own road. But I've come back with the sadness of knowing that I'd have saved meself and others if only I'd stayed there."

"But you've had travel and you've had adventure," Randall objected, with surly ignoring of the deeper chords of O'Hara's philosophy. "It's because I want them that I want money."

O'Hara scratched his head reflectively. "D'ye know where Ville Marie is?" he asked. "The little French town in the crescent of the bay on Lake Temiskaming where they have the races? When were ye there? Last summer? Then ye may recall the big French-Canadian who kept chasing himself around in a circle from the bank to the mining supply store, and back again to the bank?"

"Hyacinth Plesseau?" Randall unbent to inquire.

"The same. He's the plutocrat of Ville Marie. He owns the silver mine that started the Quebec shore rush." The Irishman relighted his pipe. "I met Hyacinth before he struck the Cobalt," he said. "He was a happy-go-lucky Canayen who'd been through all the Bush up here. He knew every factor from the Abitibi to Rupert's House. He'd been in the Peace River country before any of the later explorers. He'd known the Yellow Head Pass before ever a preliminary survey man got a sight of it. He'd sailed or paddled on every river of Canada. He was the last of the voyageurs, was Hyacinth. We used to sit in the little tavern on the street behind the church, Hyacinth and I, trading tales of the places we'd explored. He was prospecting in the hope of finding silver enough to outfit him for an expedition around the north-west shore of Hudson Bay. That was his dream. 'The cobalt bloom,' he used to tell me, waving his long arm to include the horizon, 'is for me of all the colors that the good God has made. For the rest of them,' he would shrug his shoulder toward the miners who used to haunt him because of his knowledge of the land, 'the bloom has but one color, the red pink that shows them where the silver may hide. But for me, Hyacinth Plesseau, the bloom glows in colors the rainbow knows not, silver of dawns, purple of twilights, amber of sunlight that glistens on rivers, and shines on Arctic seas. It is bright with all the gold of dreams, my friend. It is lovely with all the rose tints of hope. It is of the color of to-morrow, my bloom of the Cobalt.'

"Hyacinth Plesseau found silver. He stumbled on it in his own dooryard after he'd raked the shores of Temiskaming. But he's never outfitted the expedition, although he's the richest man in north-western Quebec. He never sails the rivers now. He never goes farther from Ville Marie than Haileybury. He's too busy to travel, he'll tell you. He's watching the silver that comes from his mine. He doesn't even see that the rock from which it comes is rose-pink. For, like other men, he's lost the dream in grasping the substance."

"I see the point," Randall said.

"All of it?" O'Hara asked the question in sadness. "That's the choice ye must make, Ran, not the choice between work and leisure, not the choice between adventuring like a roysterer, or touring like a prince. Not the choice between friends and money, but the choice between the color of dreams and the substance of silver. If ye stay on the path ye chose for yourself in those days when ye had all the world before ye, the dreams 'll go with ye to the end. But if ye leave it for any other, ye'll never again see the beauty of the bloom." He pulled his old hat far down over his eyes. "I said 'twas no choice between friends and money, Ran," he added, in a voice he tried to change to flippancy, "and, as far as I'm concerned, 'tis true. I'll stay your friend even if ye're rich as old O'Brien of Cobalt."

Randall's hand, that had been gripping a point of rock through the length of O'Hara's monologue, moved slowly over the stone till it grasped the hand of the other man. "I guess that there's more in the world than money," he said. "I'm going to stay."

O'Hara stared at him through misted eyes. "By the Slippers of the Prophet," he said, "ye're the best man of us all!"

But Randall laughed uncertainly as he rose to his feet. "It wasn't hard," he tried to explain, "when I remembered how Hyacinth chased himself around that little square. Shall we start back? We've a long hike to Fourteen."

"I wonder," said O'Hara, "if I did right? Perhaps, now——"

"Shut up," said Randall, "and for your trouble, carry that rod." He was gather-

ing up their instruments and obviously avoiding any sight of the gold that flaunted the gray rock. But O'Hara paused. "Let's tell none of the boys at home," he said seriously. "Ken and Jean would feel as we do, and I'd hate to expose a Scotchman to the terrible temptation." Like a flash came the impish smile of the expert stage-manager of the Transcontinental comedies. "Have ye any objection," he asked Randall, "if I'd communicate this great discovery to Fraser of Six? I've had me own grudge against him ever since he reported me to the chief clerk at Quebec."

"I don't care anything about it," said Randall.

"'Tis the wise old cobbler who sticks to his last," O'Hara sang as he slung his kit-pack on his shoulders. "There'll be money in the world when we're old, Ran, and sure, there were never pockets in a shroud."

The song drifted into a repetition of the Dragoon's mournful farewell. Randall joined it bravely as he fell into step with O'Hara. The gold was glinting just as brightly an hour later while they were dog-trotting down the tote-road, past the burned camp and the looted cache, on their way to Fourteen.

HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE

By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY CARO-DELVAILLE



ITS air freshened and moistened by the near presence of the sea, its surroundings ever verdant and brightened by the sparkle of the meridional sun, it is small wonder that Bayonne should have produced a goodly quota of prominent French painters. The town itself is notably picturesque, many of the houses being flanked by arcades, as is customary across the Pyrenees, and the streets lined with plane-trees casting long strips of welcome shade for the passer-by. Chiefly known in art as the birthplace of Léon Bonnat, Bayonne also boasts such men as Achille and Henri Zo, Hubert D. Etcheverry, and others of similar note. They are not all, however, exponents of severe, sombre-tone portraiture, as is the case with Bonnat. The æsthetic tradition of the place leans rather toward richness and opulence of tone. There is a certain sensuous fervor to the atmosphere of both town and outlying country. The Bayonnais reflects not a little of the beauty of the human form and the sovereign joy of light, life, and color, and such are the dominant characteristics of the work of her youngest master to achieve success and renown.

In its outward aspects the career of Henry Caro-Delvaille presents few of those features which we instinctively associate with the artistic temperament in its struggle for recognition. Reared in circumstances of comparative affluence, he has never felt the sting of poverty. His parents only momentarily opposed the lad's wish to become a painter, and he furthermore possesses the distinction of having had his first pictures accepted and praised alike by press and public. From the outset this fortunate individual has been received with acclaim. He is in a sense the artistic pet of Paris. His youth, his ability, and his engaging personality have enlisted for him the interest not alone of his professional brethren, but also of that larger world which in France follows such matters with closer attention than is the case with ourselves. Every one knows Caro-Delvaille, and every one seems to take a certain proprietary pride in the young Bayonnais who came early to the capital and rapidly made place for himself in that atmosphere of artistic accomplishment so congenial with his tastes and temperament.

Although displaying none of the conventional elements of privation and lack



The Manicure
Possession of Modern Gallery, Buenos Aires

of appreciation, the æsthetic development of Caro-Delvaille is by no means devoid of sympathetic interest. He reveals a racial heritage at once rich and rarely met

From the first the boy had no thought save that of becoming a painter. He industriously covered the cool, white wall surfaces of the dignified family home with all



The Print Lover.

Possession of Mme. Brelli, Paris.

with, and his art combines qualities which are distinctly out of the ordinary. The son of Fernand Delvaille and Hélène Caro, the future painter was born at Bayonne, July 9, 1876, in a rambling old house in the Rue Port Neuf. On his father's side he is Franco-Spanish, and on his mother's is descended from that restless, ardent race known as the Gitanos, or Spanish gypsies, her people having come from the vicinity of Toledo. Originally of Hebrew extraction, his paternal ancestors had been Christianized toward the close of the fifteenth century, and under the Empire had settled at Bayonne, where they devoted themselves, not without profit, to the business of banking and money-changing.

manner of sketches and designs. Later, when his father took him on one of his frequent trips to Spain, he stood enthralled before the masterpieces of Velasquez and Titian in the Prado, his receptive temperament responding as readily to the appeal of pictorial expression as to the colorful magic of native life and scene. On completing the customary course at the local Lycée, he entered the École Municipale de Peinture et de Dessin of Bayonne, an institution even more antiquated and academic than its name would seem to imply. His preceptor was one Jolyet, a timorous, rabbit-like old gentleman who was quite content to watch his pupils patiently copy from casts and leave the rest to providence. Progress was naturally



My wife and her sisters.
Possession of the Luxembourg Museum.

slow under the ægis of such a professor. Yet while the lad's father was mildly opposed to his becoming a painter, his mother, who was an authoress of talent and a frequent contributor of both verse and prose to the *Petite Gironde* and other papers, encouraged his artistic ambition with every manifestation of sympathy and interest.

In the somewhat forlorn hope that he might possibly disclose a latent talent for business, his father next placed him in the bank, where he spent a few irksome months behind a little iron grating which seemed completely to shut out from him the teeming world of form and color which he was beginning to love with increasing insistence. The experiment was brief, yet he still vividly recalls those weeks of anguish which he passed trying to master the intricacies of book-keeping and current rates of exchange. On escaping from the desk, and being still undecided as to the future, he determined to forestall events and perform his military service, enlisting in the Sixth Hussars at Bordeaux some three years before it was actually necessary. He thoroughly enjoyed the life of a trooper, especially relishing the opportunity to paint portraits of the captain and his family and decorate the colonel's dining-room. His martial career proved, however, hardly more extended than his experience as a financier, for, during a spirited charge, he suddenly found himself at the bottom of a ditch with his mount on top of him, the sequel being a broken leg and welcome release from further regimental duties.

On his recovery there seemed but one course open, and upon that he wisely embarked without further delay. He was at last able to convince both himself and his parents that art was his inevitable calling, and with this end in view proceeded to Paris. Entering the École des Beaux-Arts in the class of his fellow-townsmen, Bonnat, he took at the same time a modest studio in the Rue de Vaugirard, where he might paint upon his own account. From Bonnat he learned but little, the master correcting his pupil's work only once a week, and taking no special interest in the young man's progress. Yet if Bonnat proved of scant help to him, he did not, on the other hand, in any way

impede his career, leaving him free to develop according to the dictates of his own temperament.

Although, in the academic sense, he cannot be said to have proved an assiduous student, and though he cared little for conventional atelier distinctions, the young man nevertheless took his work with requisite seriousness. He spent in all nearly four years at the École under Bonnat and Maignan, moving meanwhile from the Rue de Vaugirard to the Boulevard Garibaldi, and later to the Avenue Henri-Martin. While still at the Beaux-Arts he had begun a large composition with nude figures, yet it was not this, but two wholly different subjects, which he chose for his memorable début at the Salon of 1901. It would be difficult to describe the sensation caused by the sudden appearance of this striking and hitherto unsuspected talent in the midst of so many old established reputations. Although realizing that "The Manicure" and "Tea-Time," each of which he modestly described as an *étude*, represented the best effort of which he was then capable, the young painter was totally unprepared for the instantaneous success which they achieved. The canvases were splendidly hung, were awarded a medal, and were discussed at length in the press and studios of Paris. So overcame was the youthful artist by this unlooked-for triumph that he scarcely slept for a week, and one afternoon joyously took a cab, and, in a spirit of juvenile pride, drove all around the Boulevards congratulating himself that he had conquered a place in the great world about him.

There is but little more to the mere biographical outline of Henry Caro-Delvaile's career. During the next few seasons he further strengthened his hold upon the public. In 1903 he left the Old Salon for the New, where he already had a number of friends and found the atmosphere more congenial. In 1904 he exhibited the vivacious and clear-toned "My Wife and Her Sisters," which was purchased for the Luxembourg, and on the strength of which he was elected a Sociétaire. He had married the young woman reclining on the couch in "The Manicure," and shortly afterward settled in the quiet Auteuil quarter, taking a house in the Rue Mozart and a studio just behind in the Rue



Enid—The Siesta.
Possession of M. Palerato, Buenos Aires.

de la Cure. It is here, in an agreeable atmosphere of domestic calm and artistic endeavor, that he has passed the intervening years. And it is here, and during the summer months at Biarritz, where he has painted that series of genre scenes, por-

If "The Manicure" were conceived upon a clearly formulated and unflinchingly sustained plan, "Tea-Time," on the contrary, revealed all the joy, sparkle, and free improvisation of life itself. The whole problem of Caro-Delvaille's artistic



The Pastry Shop, Biarritz.

Possession of Dr. Semprun, Buenos Aires.

traits, and mellow studies in more classic mood which have won for him a unique position in the field of contemporary art.

It was not without reason that press and public were puzzled as well as attracted by the æsthetic equipment of the young man who jumped so suddenly into fame. The qualities of precision, of definite contour, and severely symphonic arrangement so manifest in "The Manicure" were in direct antithesis to the feather-like freedom and frank charm of "Tea-Time." In short, the talented new-comer seemed to possess what may be termed a dual artistic personality. He appeared to display two distinctly marked tendencies, one toward extreme simplification of line and rigorously restrained tonality, the other in the direction of a more gracious and engaging vision of external reality.

existence was, in fact, posed in these two initial canvases. It was in a measure the eternal puzzle which confronts all creative minds—the conflict between the doer and the thing to be done—and he forthwith proceeded to solve it with all the inherent taste and pictorial eloquence at his command.

In "The Lady with the Hortensia," of the succeeding year, he proved that he was still under the spell of that Whistlerian repression which had descended direct from the Spaniards to Manet, and thence onward to the acquisitive American. "The Print Lover," too, belongs to this phase, but at his first important collective exhibition, held at Silberberg's in the Rue Taitbout, he stamped himself in the public mind as the typical interpreter of latter-day femininity. He had labored



Grandmother and Granddaughter.

Possession Simu Museum, Bucharest.

with joyous zeal, assembling in all some thirty canvases. The majority were dedicated to the portrayal of what the Goncourts call *la poupée sublime*—the sublime doll, in all her instinctive charm and fascination. Here she was lying luxuriously abed reading or sipping her morning coffee; there she was seated at the toilet-table supplementing nature by a thousand seem-

ingly unessential touches of art and artifice; and again you found her in secluded garden or crowded *pâtisserie*, chatting with delightful duplicates of her own incomparable self, or leaning, *à deux*, over the slender terrace railing, watching sunset tint on summer sea.

It is doubtful whether any one since Watteau has expressed with more appeal-

ing intimacy the spirit of the perennially attractive Frenchwoman. You will find in these early canvases all the eager zest of an unspoiled nature intoxicated by the shimmering surface of life—the rose-tinted radiance of the boudoir, the sheen of silken robe, the soft gleam of glass or silver, and the porcelain-like lustre of a flawless complexion. It was not for naught that the young man was christened *le peintre de la Parisienne*, and, had he been content with that distinction, he might have held it to this day, taking his place beside Helleu, de La Gandara, and the sprightly Italian, Camillo Innocenti. Yet, happily, he was made of sterner stuff, and, conspicuous as was his success in this congenial field, he quickly felt the need of striking deeper and moving onward toward fresh conquests.

It was a trip to London taken in company with his friend Élie Faure, one of the most discerning of the younger French critics, that proved the turning-point of Caro-Delvaille's career. He might possibly never have awakened to that respect for form and rhythmic grace of contour which to-day characterize his work had he not passed two memorable months, mainly in the British Museum, studying the immortal fragments of antique art which the rapacity of Lord Elgin had removed from their original setting. It was with something approaching a feeling of revulsion that he came to realize that, after all, he had thus far been depicting only the outward aspect, the mere surface appearance of things, and that, under softly clinging skirt and rose-petal skin lurked real flesh and richly pulsing blood. The work of this period had not been wanting in charm of statement or individuality of vision. But, as the painter himself soon divined, it lacked depth and analysis. It was the product of convention rather than a convincing interpretation of nature and of life.

While the first specific fruits of his London sojourn were seen in a nude exhibited at the Salon of 1903, and in the opulent "Summer" of the following year, the effects of his closer study of reality were also apparent in both "Grandmother and Granddaughter," and the "Portrait of Mme. L. and Her Daughter." In a sense companion pictures, these two canvases appropri-

ately illustrate the painter's increasing perception of character and grasp of pictorial essentials. They linger on the border line between what may be called domestic genre and portraiture pure and simple. They are in part both; that is why their appeal is so much wider than is customary with such compositions. The former is something beside the presentment of a venerable lady and a little girl. It is an epitome of youth and age, and, in similar vein, the latter is not alone an excellent likeness of Mme. Landry and her daughter, but is also symbolical of motherhood in one of its most endearing moments.

The truth and naturalness of the setting in which each of these groups is placed, the frank beauty of the sentiment expressed, and the discreet radiance of their respective tonality, insure them high rank in the progressive development of the painter's art. He was no longer reflecting the mere outer shell of the subject in hand, but seizing as well its inner significance, and, with the memorable composition entitled "My Wife and Her Sisters," may be said to have attained his æsthetic majority. In this canvas the design is less studied, the general action more natural and spontaneous, the plastic possibilities accorded more prominence, and the coloring more pearl-like and translucent than ever before. Painted at Cambo, where he had leased a villa not far from the home of his friend Edmond Rostand, and was keeping open house during the summer months, the picture could scarcely fail to attract favorable notice when first seen at the Salon. Nor has it since, at the Luxembourg, experienced any difficulty in holding its own beside the best modern art either French or foreign.

The success achieved by "My Wife and Her Sisters" measurably increased the painter's standing. Orders began to pour in from all sides. He was asked to undertake the portrait of Mme. Rostand, and, with Gaston La Touche, to execute the decorations for the poet's villa at Cambo. Other portrait commissions included those of Mlle. Jeanne Rolly and Mme. Simone, and subsequent mural work his "Fecund Flanders" for the Town Hall of Lille, and the oblong panel known as "The White Peacock" for the Hotel Westminster. Yet

he did not, meanwhile, neglect that phase of æsthetic evolution in which he was possibly more interested than all else, finding time to complete, among others, such

ternates between the expressive variety of modern life and the static eloquence of the antique world. His growing passion for form has led him to the creation of what



Portrait of Mme. Landry and her daughter.

beautiful and imposing nudes as "The Toilet of Herminie," and "The Woman Undoing Her Hair," one of which is now in the Telfair Academy of Savannah, and the other in the Wiltach Collection, Philadelphia. It is to the discerning taste of Gari Melchers that Savannah owes the acquisition of the former canvas, and it is a pity that more American galleries have not followed the lead of these two institutions in securing the work of a man who is year by year gaining in breadth and artistic significance.

There is no call as yet for a definitive analysis of the more recent production of Caro-Delvaille. In choice of theme he al-

may be called a fresh cult for the classic. He is quite frankly seeking to restore to painting that sense of balance and proportion, that wonderfully sustained equilibrium, which constitute the priceless legacy of the Hellenic tradition. Single figure studies such as those already cited have been followed by groups, of which the most important thus far have been "The Lovers' Offering," of the last Salon, and "Earth's Offering," still fresh upon the easel, though which will doubtless be seen at the Grand-Palais during the ensuing spring and summer. While in a measure recalling Titian and Velasquez, both of whom he admires, the chief inspiration for

these compositions derives directly from Greek art at its best period. The surfaces, it is true, sometimes suggest those of painted statuary, and the feeling is not infrequently more Roman than Attic, yet there are few who can approach him in mastery of the human form in a congenial setting, pastoral, architectural, or, as in "The Lovers' Offering," a combination of both.

There can be no question as to Caro-Delvaille's seriousness or sincerity in seeking to regain for painting certain of those qualities which have so long been neglected, if not, indeed, irretrievably lost. He is himself more of a traditionalist than a modernist in attitude and method, and lives in an atmosphere eloquent of plastic beauty. The spacious studio in the Rue de la Cure suggests a happy fusion of latter-day elegance and reverence for the more formal canons of abstract expression. Here is a choice bit of Saxe, there a piece of English furniture captured by Basque buccaneers during the Blockade, while near by are casts from the figures of the Parthenon frieze and an Antinous from

Delphi. The æsthetic dualism noted at the outset of the painter's career still persists, for he is able to turn within the space of an hour from the unfinished portrait group of the family of M. Stuiller, a wealthy engineer of Bayonne, to the opulent paganism of "Earth's Offering." His art has deepened and broadened to a notable degree, yet he remains on one side a spirited student of nature and character, not without a certain touch of Spanish austerity, and on the other an almost Oriental devotee of rhythmic line and sensuous richness of tone.

It is impossible to say whether this ardent, gifted temperament will succeed in fostering any general taste for antique form. His battle is somewhat the same as that waged in England by Charles H. Shannon and others of the younger school of British painters, who are also seeking to preserve the broad continuity of æsthetic endeavor as it has come down to us through the ages, and to show, by contrast, how arid and beauty-poor is much of the art of to-day. It is obvious that Caro-Delvaille has the youth and technical



Portrait of Mme. Simone Casimir-Perier.
Possession of Mme. Simone Casimir-Perier.



Three Musicians.

equipment to carry his pictorial programme very far, and interesting results may certainly be forthcoming. Meanwhile, his existence is singularly happy and full of varied activity. The studio adjoins that of his friend, Gaudissard, a talented young sculptor who is working along similar lines, and is also but a few paces from that occupied by the water-color painter, Jeanès.

There is a distinct atmosphere of fraternity in the relations of this little group, and their meetings are often graced by the presence of the genial and discriminating Inspector-General of Fine Arts, Monsieur

Armand Dayot, who is in close sympathy with their aims and ideas. On Sunday afternoons there is usually music, and occasionally, of an evening, Delvaille will don his Spanish costume and dance native dances with an infectious abandon at once suggestive of his racial origin. Whether or not he will in the end prove successful in promoting a renaissance of the classic spirit in painting is still an open question, though in his life, at all events, he embodies not a few of those elements of poise and serenity which are among its imperishable characteristics.





From a photograph by G. S. Reilly, Canada.

The white streak resolved itself into cottages, rising one above another from the water's edge.—Page 685.

NEW WINE IN AN OLD BOTTLE

By George McLean Harper

Keith's Diary, June 30.



BARLOW declared Ilfracombe was "fly-blown," meaning that it was too full of people and the marks of their presence. He is over-dainty, of course, but I agreed to go with him to Clovelly. We came in a side-wheel steamer, sighting Appledore and Biddeford on our left and the Welsh coast far off to the right. The voyage was rough, and many of our fellow-passengers laid aside "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" and all other matters of romantic interest before it was over. We had not long rounded the cruel reefs of Morte Point when a white streak became visible on the face of the cliff toward which we were headed. The latter grew less uniform in appearance. It showed green presently and proved to be covered from top to bottom with a tufted forest. The white streak resolved itself into cottages, rising one above another from the water's edge nearly to the top of the cliff. A gray-stone pier, mottled with rusty brown and curved somewhat like a fish-hook, hid the hulls of several sailing craft. We could see their masts rocking. A life-boat station flanked this little harbor on one side, and on the other stood a modest inn, built of stone, but comfortably softened with a cream-color wash. A long black habitation hung imminent above the water beyond the life-boat station, looking grim with its struggle to keep a foothold betwixt the wooded precipice that crowded down upon it and the waves that reached greedily at its barred windows. Between the inn and this group of buildings which spoke hoarsely of winter's danger, three or four balconied cottages stood securely behind a sea-wall. They were gay with creepers and flowering plants. Their casements were open to receive the sunlight.

A steep path, or rather stairway, wound up from the quay, passing the inn door, then going over a lime-kiln, which is constantly and excusably taken for a barbican, and then rising behind the cheerful cottages. It passed through a square hole under a house,

and its further climbing could only be divined from the grouping of the white dwellings far up the combe, or cleft, above.

We were landed in boats rowed by bearded men in blue sou'westers. As it was ebb-tide, they were obliged to beach outside the harbor. In spite of half a dozen sailors who tried to pull us up by the bow, we shipped a sea over our stern and were dumped dripping on the shingle. We have now been two days in Clovelly, and this buffet was the only touch of roughness we have received. All else has been soft and caressing. We sought lodgings no farther than the Red Lion, the little inn by the quay, and have not regretted our choice.

I have been told that Clovelly was overrun with visitors, and it would not be difficult to overrun a place so tiny, but north-west winds and threatening skies have kept down the number of excursionists by water. There are a good many Americans, who come by motor-car, in unconsidering and inconsiderate haste. We prefer to be the only Americans in a place, but it is seldom possible. Barlow, who is of pure English descent and full of the English tradition, pretends to think we are not already a distinct race. To me it is plain we are. We have a national physiognomy, a national gait, not to mention, nor yet to deny, a national voice.

The Devonshire accent is delicious. It has the softness of the west wind. It is warm and open, like the sunny downs of Exmoor. Its honest burr of *r*, not quite so strong as that in Scotland and more like the best Pennsylvanian, seems to me the normal English pronunciation of that oft-maltreated letter. Milton, we know, thought it should be vigorously trilled, a real consonant. The common people of Devonshire do not drawl. Their vowels, with a few exceptions, come out clean-cut, which gives the speakers an air of bravery. They are not prolonged into diphthongs as in the fashionable speech of the midlands. I like to think that Drake managed it thus roundly, and Raleigh and Gilbert and Hawkins and Grenville. Curiously, however, there is a French *u* on this coast. Clovelly

folk speak of Bude, a port farther down the coast, almost precisely as a Frenchman would pronounce the word. The personal pronouns are used with delightful indifference to the prerogatives of case. "Her be a-coomin' toward we" is good grammar in Clovelly.

These are not the things I came to England to observe. I ought to be in the big "fly-blown" towns, studying politics and the social order, or disorder. I was carrying out my plan quite satisfactorily in London, sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, hearing the open-air debaters in Hyde Park, and reading the newspapers. As John Burns says, London is as good as the country in summer, with the turf in the parks free to every foot, and the quiet of its asphalted streets.

It's Barlow's fault. He persuaded me that I ought to study the question of public ownership in a region abounding in large estates, where small farmers, tradesmen, and artisans have to accommodate themselves as best they can to conditions that are still virtually feudal. He was mistaken. There would have been more practical use in studying the problems of industrial centres, which present a closer analogy to circumstances at home. The old conditions of rural and village life have passed or are rapidly passing. England has adopted, very quietly but thoroughly, the principle of progressive taxation, dropping the old individualistic theory, especially in her land laws. We shall come to that, of course, but legislation to protect our industrial workers is what we need first. And here am I, in the loveliest and perhaps happiest village in England, where I should have been perfectly happy myself three years ago, and could be happy to-morrow if I allowed myself to forget my duty and the wretchedness of mankind.

Barlow's Diary, June 30.

Keith is a hard fellow to please. He has absolutely no cause for unhappiness except the order of the universe. He would like to change that. When he is hard at work he is gay as a lark, because he fancies he is changing the order of the universe. On a holiday he makes himself miserable with self-reproach. Not that he is afflicted with that mania for work which so many business men acquire. He is naturally fond of leisure. His affliction is an extraordinary self-esteem, or perhaps I should say craving for self-esteem. No, I am unjust to

him. He loves mankind and has a clear conception of a perfect state of existence attainable in this world. When he is teaching his boys at school he is calm because he thinks he is helping them on to that bright day. But in the vacations he is consumed with the rage of achievement. He wants to take God's work out of His hands. I shall tell him so.

For me, Clovelly is enough. I would willingly stay here all summer. I learned something from an old sailor this afternoon. He was on the pier, scanning the horizon with his glass, which he politely offered to me for a look. He said he lived alone in the middle compartment of the long house beyond the life-saving station, and invited me to see his rooms. We had a pipe or two together, though he admitted he preferred "chawing." He is in his ninetieth year and has sailed, he said, in the four quarters of the globe. There is no mark of feebleness in his deep-seamed face nor in the sweet accents of his voice.

"I call it my cabin," he remarked, as we entered his low-ceiled kitchen. "You will notice there are cupboards all round. One of them goes the whole length of the house. That was of use in smuggling times. I keep my nets there now." He told me about the drowning of thirty Clovelly men in one night, fishing for herring, and of twenty men drowned another night, and of his own narrow escape when driven ashore in a squall, and of the starving years before Free-Trade lowered the price of food. "I don't really see," and his deep voice trembled, "how any poor man that works for his living can be a Tory. I know there is some, but I don't understand it. They never came through the hungry forties, when I declare I dunno how my poor dear old father and mother kept us alive."

He dwelt on the kindness of the lady who owns Clovelly and to whose control we are no doubt indebted for its preservation as a thing of beauty. He seems content to let God govern the world. I'll not stand it if Keith calls him a deluded victim of feudalism. He is a happier man than Keith, and a better man, I dare say, than either Keith or I. One thing, however, I can't comprehend: he is a dissenter and goes to the little bare chapel in the village rather than to the ancient church beside Clovelly Court above. Think what he loses! Association, even remote and humble, with persons of culture,

the instruction of a rector educated at a university, the privilege of worshipping in a church that is nearly a thousand years old, where prayer has been offered by thirty unbroken generations, and where the dead lie in their eternal peace. Perhaps there is something of the Keith spirit in old Mr. B., something restless, ambitious of perfection. For I am sure Keith will glory in the "spiritual rectitude," the independence, of these sailor-folk, as I am pleased with whatever sensible conformity to good old practices lingers still in nooks like this. For have not I, too, an ideal of perfection? Is not Clovelly, aristocratically governed, an earthly paradise? And a religion that satisfies the heart, and trains the eye and ear, and responds copiously to the demands of the historic sense, and links past, present, and future in one living age, a religion practical, national, and sufficiently broad to give scope to every type and almost every mood—is not this, too, better than Keith's unrealized society, with its bare minimum of common logical ground? I say "almost every mood" because I perceive at times myself how preposterous are some of the claims put forth in behalf of these venerable institutions, and feel no less keenly than Keith that a great renovating change is impending. But I shall never move a hand to bring it about. To restore an ancient edifice involves the destruction of its ivy and its crannied flowerers. Beauty has no place in Keith's plan, though I am far from denying that he appreciates it. The city park, free to all and enjoyed by all, is heavenly to him because of its common utility. The most glorious mountain-top, the loveliest glen, the fairest island, if unviewed by man, or indeed by whole troops of men, are heart-sores to him. They exist in vain and serve only to remind him of their opposites, the back yards of city slums. He has persuaded himself that humanity is all. Some French writer has said that many a man of forty carries a dead poet in his heart. Keith is drawing near the fatal *quarantaine*. He tries not to believe in abstractions, in absolutes. Ignorant of the higher mathematics, with its proud indifference to man, a rebel to the faith, which sets man in his true place, he is approaching a point where the best poetry and art and music will seem cruelly useless. Only agriculture and economics will be worth while. Social utility is to him all

in all. And then if his belief in human nature should receive a shock—what ruin!

Meanwhile, the sea breathes wooingly beneath her sapphire belt; long sprays of roses waft their perfumes at the sun; every cottage along the stair that winds from harbor to cliff top is like a lovely face, shining with inward purity and peace. Beauty, an immortal goddess, vindicates her quiet claims, and all mankind are as truly strangers in the world as Keith and I in Clovelly.

Keith's Diary, July 1.

It is raining softly. The tide is out. The sea no longer moans on the shingle, but laps it with entreating hand. My little casement opens on the water. A fishing fleet, eleven sail in all, lies becalmed in the bay. The environing cliffs have lost their color and a certain terror they possessed last night. No visitors will arrive in Clovelly this morning. Even the gulls have flown away, and I hear a cock crowing. I feel no impulse to climb up the street. Somehow, on such days as this I am less troubled by the thought of "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." To be a man, to have the power of thought, to accept one's limitations and one's place in the world, to suffer no remorse, to cherish no inordinate ambitions, to love and be loved, to be willing to work, but not to seek employment over-eagerly—can this be wrong, after all? In brilliant weather the nerves have a more elastic impulse and give more pain. I am certainly in no heroic mood, but indeed my heroic moods have ever been fruitless.

Barlow dropped his aggressive manner with me last night, when we were walking together at the pier-head and the cry of the shingle was making me suffer.

"Keith," he said in his gentlest voice, "you harm yourself and do nobody any good by thinking always of the evil in the world."

"But the evil poisons all the rest," I replied. "We have memories, we have imaginations, we cannot help being conscious of what is going on in distant places. We are cowards and renegades not to be at work for those who are weaker, poorer, more ignorant than ourselves."

"I never thought you a pessimist," he continued, "and of course you are not, or you would not consider it worth while to worry; but look out! for pessimism will come next. Unless you believe that God can take care

of the world without your aid you will fall into despair, for you realize only too keenly your own impotence. By constantly finding fault with what exists, you are elevating criticism to a place of undue importance as the chief of virtues. There are only two commandments in your code: 'Seek evil,' and 'rest not.'"

"Oh no, Barlow!" I laughed, "that is the devil's duologue, and the difference is in the purpose. 'Seek evil to destroy it, and rest not,' were indeed a divine and not a devilish cognizance."

"No," said Barlow after a long pause, "I think you are mistaken. There is something essentially the matter with that device. 'Search out the good, and trust in God' is a better rubric. It is positive; it fronts the sunlight; it is humbler than yours and easier to follow, and yet more exalted. In your revolt against our wasteful American optimism, against the unthinking, ill-directed demand for enthusiastic action, you are in danger of withholding your hand from the common task and refusing the common refreshment of joy and hope. You will unfit yourself to be a gardener of souls, which is your chosen work. If you were a gardener of cabbages you would not fret overnight because you were not stirring the soil. You would know that the cabbages and yourself were better for the respite and that darkness and rain were part of the providential regimen of plants."

It was very thoughtful of Barlow to talk to me thus. I suppose the peace I feel this morning is due in part to his influence. It was particularly kind in him because he is not a merely passive creature. He does not live by the will and the emotions only, as most men do who speak that language. Reason too has her part in him. He would have no authority with me if it were not so. And really Barlow, when he takes pains, can make me see things as they look to him. Many men glory in the fact that their deepest life is instinctive. They believe, so they say, because they *feel*. Perhaps they overlook some obscure rational process that goes on within them. Otherwise, it seems to me, if their account of themselves be correct, they are not very different from the birds, who build nests and find food by inherited habits. It should be the glory of a man to exceed that mark. I have been disappointed to find how often a rooted distrust of reason shows itself in conversa-

tion among Englishmen. I had expected a more bracing tone from the countrymen of Mill and Morley. The conflict between habit and sentiment on the one hand and rational endeavor on the other lends an almost painful interest to travelling in England, for in no other country are these opposites so fully developed.

Barlow's Diary, July 1.

A fine race, these fishermen! I've been talking with several of them. They speak familiarly of Quebec and Norfolk, of Cape Town and the Mediterranean. Some have been masters of vessels, some have been mates. The main part of them are elderly. All have soft deep voices, quiet manners, and a neat appearance. Half a dozen of them are usually to be found sitting on a bench below my window. I have not heard them utter a rude word, and they are always lending a hand to somebody, a child, an old woman, an inquiring stranger. When the tide is out they look to the moorings of their boats or inspect seams and tackle, for then the armful of space inside the pier is dry. A fall from the pier-head would mean forty feet onto hard rock. Their activities are chiefly two. They row out to meet steamers, from which they land passengers and baggage. In this work they are a co-operative society, putting their profits into a common pool. Then there is the fishing. Last night when I went to bed, three sloops lay high and dry just outside my window, which opens on the harbor, while Keith's looks out to sea. This morning they were gone. It was full tide about three o'clock, and water enough then, but how silently the men must have worked! They catch sole and plaice and conger-eels. In winter they fish for herring, and Clovelly herring have a high reputation.

"When you roast them over the fire they drip oil like a rasher of fat bacon; I wish I had a-got one for my supper this evening," said old Mr. B., his face lighting up.

"The conger is the curiosest fish," he resumed, striking a match on the kitchen stove, which is not at all like an American range, being built for greater economy of fuel. "I've never been able to make out how her breeds. Cut her open, and there's nawthing inside. And her do bark like a dog, as you know."

Because of the rain, his little room looked more than ever like a ship's cabin. My

head almost touched the ceiling, and it seemed as if nearly every necessary of life was contained within the four walls. The deep window, wider than it was high, gave sight of heaving water and no land, for the cliffs were shrouded in mist. The spaces not taken up with cupboard doors were mostly filled with pictures of vessels, one a bark of which the old man's eldest son is master, trading between Australia and Chili.

"I've worked hard, sir, in my time," he said, as he looked at the pictures. "A sailor had small wages then. What do you think of fower pound a month for a master, and two pound or two pound five for an able-bodied seaman? I used to wonder, I did, how the missus made out. Of course I had a-got to spend a little on tobacco and washing." I had always supposed sailors did their own washing.

"I've often thought I should like to live at Norfolk, in Virginia. That's the only port in America I ever was in except Quebec. We went ashore, some of us, at Norfolk, to seek a house of worship, and found a building from which there came forth a great sound. When us looked into mun, what do you think we seed? Black men a-singing, with teeth that white I sha'n't forget 'em! And all jumping up and down and shouting and the preacher not a-heeding of them, not a bit, but a-preaching away."

It is one of the advantages of talk with Mr. B. that it need not be consecutive. There was a long pause and a relighting of pipes before he resumed: "I remember the press-gang. I recollect, when I was a boy, seeing a man—oh, I've seed mun often—they used to call him Duckie," he chuckled, "who hid himself every time the press-gang came. That was during the French war. The press-gang would come and take men right on the beach there. In them days the sewer flowed right open through the midst of the street. And it went under his house, and there he would hide him. And when the women came to feed mun they called, 'Duckie, Duckie, Duckie,' and he always went by that name, and I've seed him, many's the time."

He said he had come near going as a midshipman in the Crimean War. "And I might have been a head shorter if I had," he reflected. And he then expressed his firm belief that arbitration would henceforth take the place of war. "Let them

that make wars do the fighting, and not cause the community to suffer."

This is a truly modern note in the country of the old sea-rovers and in a village where Charles Kingsley once lived. Kingsley, Tennyson, Kipling—shall we ever again hear poets glorifying war? Poets or no poets, Parliament has voted to build five new Dreadnoughts, against the general protest of thinking men. A theme for Keith! He, by the way, is plucking up a little. I gave him a rating last night. It is a shame to come to the fairest spot in the world and turn one's eyes inward.

Keith's Diary, July 2.

I read in a London newspaper this morning that Americans have the habit of making superficial generalizations. The remark is not profound. In fact I should have said that Americans as a rule do not go so far as to generalize. We rest content with facts and their more obvious workings. As a teacher, my greatest difficulty has been to get my pupils to take an interest in ideas. And how often, when one meets a celebrity and hopes to hear some good conversation, one is fobbed off with stories and special cases! Anecdotes are the bane of good table-talk. It would certainly be unfair to generalize from what I have seen of Clovelly. It is clean; but not many villages have a stair instead of a street. It is quiet; but that is because the stair is too steep for traffic. It is charmingly domestic; but that is a mark of its peculiar political status, for it is all owned by one person, who tolerates the existence of only two shops. It is vain to generalize, and yet I cannot help drawing certain inferences from what I see. Clovelly is a feudal village which has come almost unscathed through the era of individualism and competitive industry. It should be easy for Clovelly to find itself at home in the coming age as a pure socialistic community. The people have been trained to mutual dependence and respect. Their chief means of livelihood is organized on a co-operative basis. I see every day many proofs of their good-will toward one another. Their faces, voices, and manners bear marks of habitual courtesy. What if there is a patroness living at Clovelly Court to whom they pay rent and whose regulations help to keep the place free from ugliness and internal rivalry? The essential

thing is that, with practically no competition among its inhabitants, Clovelly appears happier and more prosperous than any other place I have ever seen.

And as to the effect of co-operation upon personality, the stale argument of individualists is stunningly refuted here. Clovelly sailors, from the time of Queen Bess to our own, have set their mark fairly high in manly achievement. The flashing eye, the ready hand, the frank speech of these good fellows do not belong to shirks and slug-guards. Here are men who live ready at any moment to launch their life-boat, and women who pass anxious nights when the herring-fleet is out. The coast is very dangerous, and many a vessel has been crunched by the black teeth that grind and foam off Hartland Point. A curious account of the globe could be compiled in Clovelly from the stories of sailors who have been in all its quarters. I encountered a lively old chap breaking stone on the Bideford high-road this morning. He looked more like a pirate than a road-mender, and when I remarked that the sun was hot, he wiped his face and said: "I've seed mun at the equator, and him's hotter yerr." A Clovelly lad came home not long ago after spending three years on a desert island, shipwrecked with two companions.

Barlow would approve of what I have written this morning.

Barlow's Diary, July 2.

My plain, slow blood is all of English derivation, I believe. That may be one reason for my immense delight in this place. Where, I ask, could one find such an inn, except in England? It is as neat as a model yacht; the wood-work shines white and the brass knobs glitter. The deft maids move without sound. Up the street, in green door-ways of white cottages, canaries in their cages sing no less happy than the free robins hopping in the gardens. Gardens! They are often only green tubs filled with earth, but their overflow of roses and fuchsia makes a bower of every window.

At a certain time in the afternoon, when a steamer has landed its passengers, signs are shrinkingly hung out: "Plain Tea 6 d." or "Teas, Beds, Post-cards"; but they disappear again, as if with relief, when the emergency is over. From the upper turns of the stair, the sea, viewed through vast

embrasures of foliage, already looks blue and distant, and we hear but faintly the Yo-ho of our sailor friends warping in a trawler. The characteristic red soil of Devon shows beneath the roots of elms and oaks in the high banks of the sunken road that winds away southward. Here, in the uplands, are no fences or hedges, properly speaking. The fields are divided by dykes of stone filled and topped with earth and overgrown with moss and fern. Clovelly Court, the ancient home of the Carys, played a part in sixteenth-century history, American as well as English, but its aspect has the uninteresting smoothness of youth compared with the ramparts called Clovelly Dykes, half a mile inland. This is a vast enclosure, of prehistoric antiquity, in which a whole tribe of early Britons may have sheltered themselves.

I feel perfectly justified in enjoying a place like this. My conscience does not trouble me in the least. I am not discouraged, but delighted, to find such perfection, even if the dominant influence is aristocratic and I am a believer in democracy. By patient attention to details we may at home attain in time, in much time, to an equitable and settled order and its fruits of manners and beauty. "Ripeness is all."

The contrast still troubles poor Keith, though his mind is now working less feverishly. I shall try to comfort him by pointing out the greater contrast between the clan who built and defended that encampment in the stone age and the splendid men, probably their descendants, who live to-day in Clovelly. He will argue that painfully conscious effort preceded every one of the myriad imperceptible changes and that often the improvement came with a bound, when the sum of many efforts caused a revolution. He will put himself back in imagination until he shivers with the half-clad Celt and groans with the oppressed Saxon. I, on the contrary, am able to contemplate so remote a train of sorrows with detachment, perceiving that they have, on the whole, been growing lighter, but not admitting that the self-determined struggles of any individual have made the slightest difference. I see humanity as an organism, flowering here and there, owing to causes so hidden and so grand that I call them divine. Keith feels the divinity within him, a God in pain, a God coming into being through moral strife.

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

VIII



T. HILDA sat on the vine-covered porch of her little log cabin, high on the hillside, with a look of peace in her big dreaming eyes. From the frame house a few rods below her, mountain children—boys and girls—were darting in and out, busy as bees, and, unlike the dumb, pathetic little people out in the hills, alert, keen-eyed, cheerful, and happy. Under the log foot-bridge the shining creek ran down past the mountain village below, where the cupola of the court-house rose above the hot dirt streets, the ramshackle hotel, and the dingy stores and frame dwellings of the town. Across the bridge her eyes rested on another neat well-built log cabin with a grass plot around it and running alongside and covered with honeysuckle—a pergola! That was her hospital down there—empty, thank God. With a little turn of her strong white chin, her eyes rested on the charred foundation of her school-house, to which some mean hand had applied the torch a month ago, and were lifted swiftly to the mountain-side, where mountain men were chopping down trees and mountain oxen yanking them down the steep slopes to the bank of the creek, and then the peace of them went deeper still, for they could look back on her work and find it good. Nun-like in renunciation, she had given up her beloved blue-grass land, she had left home and kindred, and she had settled, two days' journey from a railroad, in the hills. She had gone back to the physical life of the pioneers, she had encountered the customs and sentiments of mediæval days, and no abbess of those days, carrying light into dark places, needed more courage and devotion to meet the hardships, sacrifice, and prejudice that she had overcome. She brought in the first wagon load of window-panes for darkened homes before she even tapped on the window of a dark-

ened mind; but when she did, no plants ever turned more eagerly toward the light than did the youthful souls of those Kentucky hills. She started with five pupils in a log cabin. She built a homely frame house with five rooms, only to find more candidates clamoring at her door. She taught the girls to cook, sew, wash and iron, clean house, and make baskets, and the boys to use tools, to farm, make garden, and take care of animals; and she taught them all to keep clean. Out in the hills she found good old names, English and Scotch-Irish. She found men who "made their mark" boasting of grandfathers who were "scholars." In one household she came upon a time-worn set of the "British Poets" up to the nineteenth century, and such was the sturdy character of the hillsmen that she tossed the theory aside that they were the descendants of the riffraff of the Old World, tossed it as a miserable slander and looked upon them as the same blood as the people of the blue-grass, the valleys, and the plains beyond. On the westward march they had simply dropped behind, and their isolation had left them in a long sleep that had given them a long rest, but had done them no real harm. Always in their eyes, however, she was a woman, and no woman was "fitten" to teach school. She was more—a "fotched-on" woman, a distrusted "furriner," and she was carrying on a "slavery school." Sometimes she despaired of ever winning their unreserved confidence, but out of the very depth of that despair to which the firebrand of some miscreant had plunged her, rose her star of hope, for then the Indian-like stoicism of her neighbors melted and she learned the place in their hearts that was really hers. Other neighborhoods asked for her to come to them, but her own would not let her go. Straightway there was nothing to eat, smoke, chew, or wear that grew or was made in those hills that did not pour toward her. Land was given her,

even money was contributed for rebuilding, and when money was not possible, this man and that gave his axe, his horse, his wagon, and his services as a laborer for thirty and sixty days. So that those axes gleaming in the sun on the hill-side, those straining muscles, and those sweating brows meant a labor of love going on for her. No wonder the peace of her eyes was deep.

And yet St. Hilda, as one forsaken lover in the blue-grass now called her, opened the little roll-book in her lap and sighed deeply, for in there on her waiting-list were the names of a hundred children for whom, with all the rebuilding, she would have no place. Only the day before a mountaineer had brought in nine boys and girls, his stepdaughter's and his own, and she had sadly turned them away. Still they were coming in name and in person, on horseback, in wagon and afoot, and among them was Jason Hawn, who was starting toward her that morning from far away over the hills.

Over there the twin spirals of smoke no longer rose on either side of the ridge and drifted upward, for both cabins were closed. Jason's sale was just over—the sale of one cow, two pigs, a dozen chickens, one stove, and a few pots and pans—the neighbors were gone, and Jason sat alone on the porch with more money in his pocket than he had ever seen at one time in his life. His bow and arrow were in one hand, his father's rifle was over his shoulder, and his old nag was hitched to the fence. The time had come. He had taken a farewell look at the black column of coal he had unearthed for others, the circuit rider would tend his little field of corn on shares, Mavis would live with the circuit rider's wife, and his grandfather had sternly forbidden the boy to take any hand in the feud. The geologist had told him to go away and get an education, his Uncle Arch had offered to pay his way if he would go to the blue-grass to school—an offer that the boy curtly declined—and now he was starting to the settlement school of which he had heard so much, in the county-seat of an adjoining county. For, even though run by women it must be better than nothing, better than being beholden to his Uncle Arch, better than a place where people and country were

strange. So, Jason mounted his horse, rode down to the forks of the creek and drew up at the circuit-rider's house, where Mavis and the old woman came out to the gate to say good-by. The boy had not thought much about the little girl and the loneliness of her life after he was gone, for he was the man, he was the one to go forth and do; and it was for Mavis to wait for him to come back. But when he handed her the bow and arrow and told her they were hers, the sight of her face worried him deeply.

"I'm a-goin' over thar an' if I like it an' thar's a place fer you, I'll send the nag back fer you, too."

He spoke with manly condescension only to comfort her, but the eager gladness that leaped pitifully from her eyes so melted him that he added impulsively:

"S'pose you git up behind me an' go with me right now."

"Mavis ain't goin' now," said the old woman sharply. "You go on whar you're goin' an' come back fer her."

"All right," said Jason, greatly relieved. "Take keer o' yourselves."

With a kick he started the old nag and again pulled in.

"An' if you leave afore I git back, Mavis, I'm a-goin' to come atter you, no matter whar you air—some day."

"Good-by," faltered the little girl, and she watched him ride down the creek and disappear, and her tears came only when she felt the old woman's arms around her.

"Don't you mind, honey."

Over ridge and mountain and up and down the rocky beds of streams jogged Jason's old nag for two days until she carried him to the top of the wooded ridge, whence he looked down on the little mountain town and the queer buildings of the settlement school. And half an hour later St. Hilda saw him cross the creek below the bridge, ride up to the foot-path gate, hitch his old mare, and come straight to her where she sat, in a sturdy way that fixed her interest instantly and keenly.

"I've come over hyeh to stay with ye," he said simply.

St. Hilda hesitated and distress kept her silent.

"My name's Jason Hawn. I come from t'other side o' the mountain an' I hain't got no home."

"I'm sorry, little man," she said gently, "but we have no place for you."

The boy's eyes darted to one side and the other.

"Shucks! I can sleep out thar in that woodshed. I hain't axin' no favors. I got a leetle money an' I can work like a man."

Now while St. Hilda's face was strong, her heart was divinely weak and Jason saw it. Unhesitatingly he climbed the steps, handed his rifle to her, sat down, and at once began taking stock of everything about him—the boy swinging an axe at the wood-pile, the boy feeding the hogs and chickens; another starting off on an old horse with a bag of corn for the mill, another ploughing the hill-side. Others were digging ditches, working in a garden, mending a fence, and making cinder paths. But in all this his interest was plainly casual until his eyes caught sight of a pile of lumber at the door of the workshop below and through the windows the occasional gleam of some shining tool. Instantly one eager finger shot out.

"I want to go down thar."

Good-humoredly St. Hilda took him, and when Jason looked upon boys of his own age chipping, hewing, planing lumber, and making furniture, so busy that they scarcely gave him a glance, St. Hilda saw his eyes light and his fingers twitch.

"Gee!" he whispered with a catch of his breath, "this is the place fer me."

But when they went back and Jason put his head into the big house, St. Hilda saw his face darken, for in there boys were washing dishes and scrubbing floors.

"Does all the boys have to do that?" he asked with great disgust.

"Oh, yes," she said.

Jason turned abruptly away from the door and when he passed a window of the cottage on the way back to her cabin and saw two boys within making up beds, he gave a grunt of scorn and derision and he did not follow her up the steps.

"Gimme back my gun," he said.

"Why, what's the matter, Jason?"

"This is a gal's school—hit hain't no place fer me."

It was no use for her to tell him that soldiers made their own beds and washed their own dishes, for his short answer was:

"Mebbe they had to, 'cause thar wasn't no women folks around, but he didn't,"

and his face was so hopelessly set and stubborn that she handed him the old gun without another word. For a moment he hesitated, lifting his solemn eyes to hers. "I want you to know I'm much obleeged," he said. Then he turned away, and St. Hilda saw him mount his old nag, climb the ridge opposite without looking back, and pass over the summit.

Old Jason Hawn was sitting up in a chair when two days later disgusted little Jason rode up to his gate.

"They wanted me to do a gal's work over thar," he explained shortly, and the old man nodded grimly with sympathy and understanding.

"I was lookin' fer ye to come back."

Old Aaron Honeycutt had been winged through the shoulder while the lad was away and the feud score had been exactly evened by the ambushing of another of the tribe. On this argument Arch Hawn was urging a resumption of the truce, but both clans were armed and watchful and everybody was looking for a general clash on the next county-court day. The boy soon rose restlessly.

"Whar you goin'?"

"I'm a-goin' to look atter my corn."

At the forks of the creek the old circuit rider hailed Jason gladly, and he, too, nodded with approval when he heard the reason the boy had come back.

"I'll make ye a present o' the work I've done in yo' corn—bein' as I must 'a' worked might' nigh an hour up thar yes-tiddy an' got plumb tuckered out. I come might' nigh fallin' out, hit was so steep, an' if I had, I reckon I'd 'a' broke my neck."

The old woman appeared on the porch and she, too, hailed the boy with a bantering tone and a quizzical smile.

"One o' them fotched-on women whoop ye fer missin' yo' a-b-c's?" she asked. Jason scowled.

"Whar's Mavis?" The old woman laughed teasingly.

"Why hain't ye heerd the news? How long d'ye reckon a purty gal like Mavis was a-goin' to wait fer you? 'Member that good-lookin' little furrin feller who was down here from the settlemint? Well, he come back an' tuk her away."

Jason knew the old woman was teasing him, and instead of being angry, as she ex-

pected, he looked so worried and distressed that she was sorry, and her rasping old voice became gentle with affection.

"Mavis's gone to the settlemint, honey. Her daddy sent fer her an' I made her go. She's whar she belongs—up thar with him an' yo' mammy. Go put yo' hoss in the stable an' come an' live right here with us."

Jason shook his head and without answer turned his horse down the creek again. A little way down he saw three Honeycutts coming, all armed, and he knew that to avoid passing his grandfather's house they were going to cross the ridge and strike the head of their own creek. One of them was a boy—"little Aaron"—less than two years older than himself, and little Aaron not only had a pistol buckled around him, but carried a Winchester across his saddle-bow. The two men grinned and nodded good naturedly to him, but the boy Aaron pulled his horse across the road and stopped Jason, who had stood many a taunt from him.

"Which side air you on *now*?" asked Aaron contemptuously.

"You git out o' my road!"

"Hit's my road now," said Aaron, tapping his Winchester, "an' I've got a great notion o' makin' you git offen that ole bag o' bones an' dance fer me." One of the Honeycutts turned in his saddle.

"Come on," he shouted angrily, "an' let that boy alone."

"All right," he shouted back, and then to his white, quivering, helpless quarry:

"I'll let ye off this time, but next time——"

"I'll be ready fer ye," broke in Jason.

The lad's mind was made up now. He put the old nag in a lope down the rocky creek. He did not even go to his grandfather's for dinner, but turned at the river in a gallop for town. The rock-pecker, and even Mavis, were gone from his mind, and the money in his pocket was going, not for love or learning, but for pistol and cartridge now.

IX

SEPTEMBER in the blue-grass. The earth cooling from the summer's heat, the nights vigorous and chill, the fields green-ing with a second spring. Skies long, low,

hazy, and gently arched over rolling field and meadow and woodland. The trees gray with the dust that had sifted all summer long from the limestone turn-pikes. The streams shrunken to rivulets that trickled through crevices between broad flat stones and oozed through beds of water-cress and crowfoot, horsemint and pickerel-weed, the wells low, cisterns empty, and recourse for water to barrels and the sunken ponds. The farmers cutting corn, still green, for stock, and ploughing ragweed strongholds for the sowing of wheat. The hemp an Indian village of gray wigwams. And a time of weeds—indeed the heyday of weeds of every kind, and the harvest time for the king weed of them all. Everywhere his yellow robes were hanging to poles and drying in the warm sun. Everywhere led the conquering war trail of the unkingly usurper, everywhere in his wake was devastation. The iron-weed had given up his purple crown, and yellow wheat, silver-gray oats, and rippling barley had fled at the sight of his banner to the open sunny spaces as though to make their last stand an indignant appeal that all might see. Even the proud woodlands looked ragged and drooping, for here and there the ruthless marauder had flanked one and driven a battalion into its very heart, and here and there charred stumps told plainly how he had overrun, destroyed, and ravished the virgin soil beneath. A fuzzy little parasite was throttling the life of the Kentuckian's hemp. A be-whiskered moralist in a far northern State would one day try to drive the kings of his racing-stable to the plough. A meddling band of fanatical teetotalers would overthrow his merry monarch, King Barleycorn, and the harassed son of the blue-grass, whether he would or not, must turn to the new pretender who was in their midst, uninvited and self-throned.

And with King Tobacco were coming his own human vassals that were to prove a new social discord in the land—up from the river-bottoms of the Ohio and down from the foot-hills of the Cumberland—to plant, worm, tend, and fit those yellow robes to be stuffed into the mouth of the world and spat back again into the helpless face of the earth. And these vassals were supplanting native humanity as the

plant was supplanting the native products of the soil. And with them and the new king were due in time a train of evils to that native humanity, creating disaffection, dividing households against themselves, and threatening with ruin the lordly social structure itself.

But, for all this, the land that early September morning was a land of peace and plenty, and in field, meadow, and woodland the most foreign note of the landscape was a spot of crimson in the crotch of a high staked and ridged fence on the summit of a little hill, and that spot was a little girl. She had on an old-fashioned poke-bonnet of deep pink, her red dress was of old-fashioned homespun, her stockings were of yarn, and her rough shoes should have been on the feet of a boy. Had the vanished forests and canebrakes of the eighteenth century covered the land, had the wild beasts and wild men come back to roam them, had the little girl's home been a stockade on the edge of the wilderness, she would have fitted perfectly to the time and the scene, as a little daughter of Daniel Boone. As it was, she felt no less foreign than she looked, for the strangeness of the land and of the people still possessed her so that her native shyness had sunk to depths that were painful. She had a new ordeal before her now, for in her sinewy little hands were a paper bag, a first reader, and a spelling-book, and she was on her way to school. Beneath her the white turnpike wound around the hill and down into a little hollow, and on the crest of the next low hill was a little frame house with a belfry on top. Even while she sat there with parted lips, her face in a tense dream and her eyes dark with dread and indecision, the bell from the little school-house clanged through the still air with a sudden, sharp summons that was so peremptory and personal that she was almost startled from her perch. Not daring to loiter any longer, she leaped lightly to the ground and started in breathless haste up and over the hill. As she went down it, she could see horses hitched to the fence around the yard and school children crowding upon the porch and filing into the door. The last one had gone in before she reached the school-house gate, and she stopped with a thumping heart that

quite failed her then and there, for she retreated backward through the gate, to be sure that no one saw her, crept along the stone wall, turned into a lane, and climbed a worm fence into the woods behind the school-house. There she sat down on a log, miserably alone, and over the sunny strange slopes of this new world, on over the foot-hills, her mind flashed to the big far-away mountains and, dropping her face into her hands, she began to sob out her loneliness and sorrow. The cry did her good, and by and by she lifted her head, rubbed her reddened eyes with the back of one hand, half rose to go to the school-house, and sank helplessly down on the thick grass by the side of the log. The sun beat warmly and soothingly down on her. The grass and even the log against her shoulders were warm and comforting, and the hum of insects about her was so drowsy that she yawned and settled deeper into the grass, and presently she passed into sleep and dreams of Jason. Jason was in the feud. She could see him crouched in some bushes and peering through them on the lookout evidently for some Honeycutt; and slipping up the other side of the hill was a Honeycutt looking for Jason. Somehow she knew it was the Honeycutt who had slain the boy's father, and she saw the man creep through the brush and worm his way on his belly to a stump above where Jason sat. She saw him thrust his Winchester through the leaves, she tried to shriek a warning to Jason, and she awoke so weak with terror that she could hardly scramble to her feet. Just then the air was rent with shrill cries, she saw school-boys piling over a fence and rushing toward her hiding-place and, her wits yet ungathered, she turned and fled in terror down the hill, nor did she stop until the cries behind her grew faint; and then she was much ashamed of herself. Nobody was in pursuit of her—it was the dream that had frightened her. She could almost step on the head of her own shadow now, and that fact and a pang of hunger told her it was noon. It was noon recess back at the school and those school-boys were on their way to a playground. She had left her lunch at the log where she slept, and so she made her way back to it, just in time to see two boys pounce

on the little paper bag lying in the grass. There was no shyness about her then—that bag was hers—and she flashed forward.

“Gimme that poke!”

The wrestling stopped and, startled by the cry and the apparition, the two boys fell apart.

“What?” said the one with the bag in his hand, while the other stared at Mavis with puzzled amazement.

“Gimme that poke!” blazed the girl, and the boy laughed, for the word has almost passed from the vocabulary of the blue-grass. He held it high.

“Jump for it!” he teased.

“I hain’t goin’ to jump fer it—hit’s mine.”

Her hands clenched and she started slowly toward him.

“Give her the bag,” said the other boy so imperatively that the little girl stopped with a quick and trustful shift of her own burden to him.

“She’s got to jump for it!”

The other boy smiled, and it strangely seemed to Mavis that she had seen that smile before.

“Oh, I reckon not,” he said quietly, and in a trice the two boys in a close, fierce grapple were rocking before her and the boy with the bag went to the earth first.

“Gouge him!” shrieked the mountain girl, and she rushed to them while they were struggling, snatched the bag from the loosened fingers, and, seeing the other boys on a run for the scene, fled for the lane. From the other side of the fence she saw the two lads rise, one still smiling, the other crying with anger; the school-bell clanged and she was again alone. Hurriedly she ate the bacon and corn bread in the bag and then she made her way back along the lane, by the stone wall, through the school-house gate, and gathering her courage with one deep breath, she climbed the steps resolutely and stood before the open door. The teacher, a tall man in a long black frock-coat, had his back to her, the room was crowded, and she saw no vacant seat. Every pair of eyes within was raised to her, and instantly she caught another surprised and puzzled stare from the boy who had taken her part a little while before. The teacher,

seeing the attention of his pupils fixed somewhere behind him, turned to see the quaint figure, dismayed and helpless, in the doorway, and he went quickly toward her.

“This way,” he said kindly, and pointing to a seat, he turned again to his pupils.

Still they stared toward the newcomer, and he turned again. The little girl’s flushed face was still hidden by her bonnet, but before he reached her to tell her quietly she must take it off, she had seen that all the heads about her were bare and was pulling it off herself—disclosing a riotous mass of black hair, combed straight back from her forehead and gathered into a Psyche knot at the back of her head. Slowly the flush passed, but not for some time did she lift the extraordinary lashes that veiled her eyes to take a furtive glance about her. But, as the pupils bent more to their books, she grew bolder and looked about oftener and keenly, and she saw with her own eyes and in every pair of eyes whose glance she met, how different she was from all the other girls. For it was a look of wonder and amusement that she encountered each time, and sometimes two girls would whisper behind their hands and laugh, or one would nudge her desk-mate to look around at the stranger, so that the flush came back to Mavis’s face and stayed there. The tall teacher saw, too, and understood, and, to draw no more attention to her than was necessary, he did not go near her until little recess. As he expected, she did not move from her seat when the other pupils trooped out, and when the room was empty he beckoned her to come to his desk, and in a moment, with her two books clasped in her hands, she stood shyly before him, meeting his kind gray searching eyes with unwavering directness.

“You were rather late coming to school.”

“I was afeerd.” The teacher smiled, for her eyes were fearless.

“What is your name?”

“Mavis Hawn.”

Her voice was slow, low, and rich, and in some wonder he half unconsciously repeated the unusual name.

“Where do you live?”

“Down the road a piece—’bout a whoop an’ a holler.”

"What? Oh, I see."

He smiled, for she meant to measure distance by sound, and she had used merely a variation of the "far cry" of Elizabethan days.

"Your father works in tobacco?" She nodded.

"You come from near the Ohio River?"

She looked puzzled.

"I come from the mountains."

"Oh!"

He understood now her dress and speech, and he was not surprised at the answer to his next question.

"I hain't niver been to school. Pap couldn't spare me."

"Can you read and write?"

"No," she said, but she flushed, and he knew straightway the sensitiveness and pride with which he would have to deal.

"Well," he said kindly, "we will begin now."

And he took the alphabet and told her the names of several letters and had her try to make them with a lead pencil, which she did with such uncanny seriousness and quickness that the pity of it that in his own State such intelligence should be going to such broadcast waste for the want of such elemental opportunities struck him deeply. The general movement to save that waste was only just beginning, and in that movement he meant to play his part. He was glad now to have under his own supervision one of those mountaineers of whom, but for one summer, he had known so little and heard so much—chiefly to their discredit—and he determined then and there to do all he could for her. So he took her back to her seat with a copy-book and pencil and told her to go on with her work, and that he would go to see her father and mother as soon as possible.

"I hain't got no mammy—hit's a step-mammy," she said, and she spoke of the woman as of a horse or a cow, and again he smiled. Then as he turned away he repeated her name to himself and with a sudden wonder turned quickly back.

"I used to know some Hawns down in your mountains. A little fellow named Jason Hawn used to go around with me all the time."

Her eyes filled and then flashed happily.

"Why, mebbe you air the rock-pecker?"

"The what?"

"The jologist. Jason's my cousin. I wasn't thar that summer. Jason's always talkin' 'bout you."

"Well, well—I guess I am. That is curious."

"Jason's mammy was a Honeycutt an' she married my daddy an' they run away," she went on eagerly, "an' I had to foller 'em."

"Where's Jason?" Again her eyes filled.

"I don't know."

John Burnham put his hand on her head gently and turned to his desk. He rang the bell and when the pupils trooped back she was hard at work, and she felt proud when she observed several girls looking back to see what she was doing, and again she was mystified that each face showed the same expression of wonder and of something else that curiously displeased her, and she wondered afresh why it was that everything in that strange land held always something that she could never understand. But a disdainful whisper came back to her that explained it all.

"Why, that new girl is only learning her a-b-c's," said a girl, and her desk-mate turned to her with a quick rebuke.

"Don't—she'll hear you."

Mavis caught the latter's eyes that instant, and with a warm glow at her heart looked her gratitude, and then she almost cried her surprise aloud—it was the stranger-girl who had been in the mountains—Marjorie. The girl looked back in a puzzled way, and a moment later Mavis saw her turn to look again. This time the mountain girl answered with a shy smile, and Marjorie knew her, nodded in a gay, friendly way, and bent her head to her book.

Presently she ran her eyes down the benches where the boys sat, and there was Gray waiting apparently for her to look around, for he too nodded gayly to her, as though he had known her from the start. The teacher saw the exchange of little civilities and he was much puzzled, especially when, the moment school was over, he saw the lad hurry to catch Marjorie, and the two then turn together toward the little stranger. Both thrust out their hands, and the little mountain girl, so unaccus-

tomed to polite formalities, was quite helpless with embarrassment, so the teacher went over to help her out and Gray explained:

"Marjorie and I stayed with her grandfather, and didn't we have a good time, Marjorie?"

Marjorie nodded with some hesitation, and Gray went on:

"How—how is he now?"

"Grandpap's right peart now."

"And how's your cousin—Jason?"

The question sent such a sudden wave of homesickness through Mavis that her answer was choked, and Marjorie understood and she put her arm around Mavis's shoulder.

"You must be lonely up here. Where do you live?" And when she tried to explain Gray broke in.

"Why, you must be one of our ten—you must live on our farm. Isn't that funny?"

"And I live further down the road across the pike," said Marjorie.

"In that great big house in the woods?"

"Yes," nodded Marjorie, "and you must come to see me."

Mavis's eyes had the light of gladness in them now, and through them looked a grateful heart. Outside, Gray got Marjorie's pony for her, the two mounted, rode out the gate and went down the pike at a gallop, and Marjorie whirled in her saddle and waved her bonnet back at the little mountaineer. The teacher, who stood near watching them, turned to go back and close up the school-house.

"I'm coming to see your father, and we'll get some books, and you are going to study so hard that you won't have time to get homesick any more," he said kindly, and Mavis started down the road, climbed the staked and ridged fence, and made her way across the fields. She had been lonely, and now homesickness came back to her worse than ever, and she wondered about Jason—where he was and what he was doing and whether she would ever see him again. And the memory of her parting with him came back to her—how he looked as she saw him for the last time sitting on his old nag, sturdy and apparently unmoved, and riding out of her sight in just that way; and she heard again his last words as though they were sounding then in her ears:

"I'm a-goin' to come an' git you—some day."

And since that day she had heard of him but once, and that was lately, when Arch Hawn had come to see her father and the two had talked a long time. They were all well, Arch said, down in the mountains. Jason had come back from the settlement school. Little Aaron Honeycutt had bantered him in the road and Jason had gone wild. He had galloped down to town, bought a Colt's forty-five and a pint of whiskey, had ridden right up to old Aaron Honeycutt's gate, shot off his pistol, and dared little Aaron to come out and fight. Little Aaron wanted to go, but old Aaron held him back, and Jason sat on his nag at the gate and "cussed out" the whole tribe, and swore "he'd kill every dad-blasted one of 'em if only to git the feller who shot his daddy." Old Aaron had behaved mighty well, and he and old Jason had sent each other word that they would keep both the boys out of the trouble. Then Arch had brought about another truce and little Jason had worked his crop and was making a man of himself. It was Archer Hawn who had insisted that Mavis herself should go to school and had agreed to pay all her expenses, but in spite of her joy at that, she was heart-broken when he was gone, and when she caught her stepmother weeping in the kitchen a vague sympathy had drawn them for the first time a little nearer together.

From the top of the little hill her new home was visible across a creek and by the edge of a lane. As she crossed a foot bridge and made her way noiselessly along the dirt road she heard voices around a curve of the lane and she came upon a group of men leaning against a fence. In the midst of them was her father, and they were arguing with him earnestly and he was shaking his head.

"Them toll-gates hain't a-hurtin' me none," she heard him drawl. "I don't understand this business, an' I hain't goin' to git mixed up in hit."

Then he saw her coming and he stopped, and the others looked at her uneasily, she thought, as if wondering what she might have heard.

"Go on home, Mavis," he said shortly, and as she passed on no one spoke until

she was out of hearing. Some mischief was afoot, but she was not worried, nor was her interest aroused at all.

A moment later she could see her stepmother seated on her porch and idling in the warm sun. The new home was a little frame house, neat and well built. There was a good fence around the yard and the garden and behind the garden was an orchard of peach trees and apple trees. The house was guttered and behind the kitchen was a tiny grape-arbor, a hen-house, and a cistern—all strange appurtenances to Mavis. The two spoke only with a meeting of the eyes, and while the woman looked her curiosity she asked no questions and Mavis volunteered no information.

"Did you see Steve a-talkin' to some fellers down the road?"

Mavis nodded.

"Did ye hear whut they was talkin' about?"

"Somethin' about the toll-gates."

A long silence followed.

"The teacher said he was comin' over to see you and pap."

"Whut fer?"

"I dunno."

After another silence Mavis went on:

"The teacher is that rock-pecker Jason was always a-talkin' 'bout."

The woman's interest was aroused now, for she wondered if he were coming over to ask her any troublesome questions.

"Well, ain't that queer?"

"An' that boy an' gal who was a-stayin' with grandpap was thar at school too, an' she axed me to come over an' see her."

This the stepmother was not surprised to hear, for she knew on whose farm they were living and why they were there, and she had her own reasons for keeping the facts from Mavis.

"Well, you oughter go."

"I am a-goin'."

Mavis missed the mountains miserably when she went to bed that night—missed the gloom and lift of them through her window, and the rolling sweep of the land under the moon looked desolate and lonely and more than ever strange. A loping horse passed on the turnpike, and she could hear it coming on the hard road far away and going far away, and then a buggy and then a clattering group of horsemen, and

indeed everything heralded its approach at a great distance, and she missed the stillness of the hills, for on the night air was the barking of dogs, whinny of horses, lowing of cattle, the song of a night-prowling negro, and now and then the screech of a peacock. She missed Jason wretchedly, too, for there had been so much talk of him during the day, and she went to sleep with her lashes wet with tears. Some time during the night she was awakened by pistol-shots, and her dream of Jason made her think that she was at home again. But no mountains met her startled eyes through the window. Instead a red glare hung above the woods, there was the clatter of hoofs on the pike, and flames shot above the tops of the trees. Nor could it be a forest fire such as was common at home, for the woods were not thick enough. This land, it seemed, had troubles of its own, as did her mountains, but at least folks did not burn folks' houses in the hills.

X

ON the top of a bushy foot-hill the old nag stopped, lifted her head and threw her ears forward as though to gaze, like any traveller to a strange land, upon the rolling expanse beneath, and the lad on her back voiced her surprise and his own with a long, low whistle of amazement. He folded his hands on the pommel of his saddle and the two searched the plains below long and hard, for neither knew so much level land was spread out anywhere on the face of the earth. The lad had a huge pistol buckled around him; he looked half dead with sleeplessness and the old nag was weary and sore, for Jason was in flight from trouble back in those hills. He had kept his promise to his grandfather that summer, as little Aaron Honeycutt had kept his. Neither had taken part in the feud, and even after the truce came, each had kept out of the other's way. When Jason's corn was gathered there was nothing for him to do and the lad had grown restless. While roaming the woods one day, a pheasant had hurtled over his head. He had followed it, sighted it, and was sinking down behind a bowlder to get a rest for his pistol when the voices of two Honeycutts who had met in

the road just under him stopped his finger on the trigger.

"That boy's a-goin' to bust loose some day," said one voice. "I've heerd him a-shootin' at a tree every day for a month up thar above his corn-field."

"Oh, no, he ain't," said the other. "He's just gittin' ready fer the man who shot his daddy."

"Well, who the hell *was* the feller?"

The other man laughed, lowered his voice, and the heart of the listening lad thumped painfully against the bowlder under him.

"Well, I hain't nuver told hit afore, but I seed with my own eyes a feller sneakin' outen the bushes ten minutes attar the shot was fired, an' hit was Babe Honeycutt."

A low whistle followed and the two rode on. The pheasant squatted to his limb undisturbed, and the lad lay gripping the bowlder with both hands. He rose presently, his face sick but resolute, slipped down into the road, and, swaying his head with rage, started up the hill toward the Honeycutt cove. On top of the hill the road made a sharp curve and around that curve, as fate would have it, slouched the giant figure of his mother's brother. Babe shouted pleasantly, stopped in sheer amazement when he saw Jason whip his revolver from his holster, and, with no movement to draw his own, leaped for the bushes. Coolly the lad levelled, and when his pistol spoke, Babe's mighty arms flew above his head and the boy heard his heavy body crash down into the undergrowth. In the terrible stillness that followed the boy stood shaking in his tracks—stood until he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs in the creek-bed far below. The two Honeycutts had heard the shot, they were coming back to see what the matter was, and Jason sped as if winged back down the creek. He had broken the truce, his grandfather would be in a rage, the Honeycutts would be after him, and those hills were no place for him. So all that day and through all that night he fled for the big settlements of the blue-grass and but half consciously toward his mother and Mavis Hawn. The fact that Babe was his mother's brother weighed on his mind but little, for the webs of kinship get strangely tangled in a mountain

feud and his mother could not and would not blame him. Nor was there remorse or even regret in his heart, but rather the peace of an oath fulfilled—a duty done.

The sun was just coming up over the great black bulks which had given the boy forth that morning to a new world. Back there its mighty rays were shattered against them, and routed by their shadows had fought helplessly on against the gloom of deep ravines—those fortresses of perpetual night—but, once they cleared the eminence where Jason sat, the golden arrows took level flight, it seemed, for the very end of the world. This was the land of the blue-grass—the home of the rock-pecker, home of the men who had robbed him of his land, the refuge of his Cousin Steve, his mother, and little Mavis, and now their home. He could see no end of the land, for on and on it rolled and on and on as far as it rolled were the low woodlands, the fields of corn—more corn than he knew the whole world held—and pastures and sheep and cattle and horses and houses and white fences and big white barns. Little Jason gazed but he could not get his fill. Perhaps the old nag, too, knew those distant fields for corn, for with a whisk of her stubby tail she started of her own accord before he could dig his bare heels into her bony sides and went slowly down. The log cabins had disappeared one by one, and most of the houses he now saw were framed. One, however, a relic of pioneer times, was of stone, and at that the boy looked curiously. Several were of red brick and one had a massive portico with great towering columns, and at that he looked more curiously still. Darkies were at work in the fields. He had seen only two or three in his life, and he did not know there were so many in the world as he saw that morning, and now his skin ruffled with some antagonism ages deep. Everybody he met in the road or passed working in the fields gave him a nod and looked curiously at his big pistol, but nobody asked him his name or where he was going or what his business was, and at that he wondered, for everybody in the mountains asked those questions of the stranger, and he had all the lies he meant to tell, ready for any emergency to cover his tracks from any possible pursuers. By and by he

came to a road that stunned him. It was level and smooth and made, as he saw, of rocks pounded fine, and the old nag lifted her feet and put them down gingerly. And this road never stopped, and there was no more dirt road at all. By and by he noticed running parallel with the turnpike two shining lines of iron, and his curiosity so got the better of him that he finally got off his old nag and climbed the fence to get a better look at them. They were about four feet apart and fastened to thick pieces of timber, and they, too, like everything else, ran on and on, and he mounted and rode along them much puzzled. Presently far ahead of him there was a sudden, unearthly shriek, the rumbling sound of a coming storm, rolling black smoke beyond the crest of a little hill, and a swift huge mass swept into sight and, with another fearful blast, bore straight at him. The old nag snorted with terror, and in terror dashed up the hill, while the boy lay back and pulled helplessly on the reins. When he got her halted the thing had disappeared, and both boy and beast turned heads toward the still terrible sounds of its going. It was the first time either had ever seen a railroad train, and the lad, with a sickly smile that even he had shared the old nag's terror, got her back into the road. At the gate sat a farmer in his wagon and he was smiling.

"Did she come purty near throwin' you?"

"Huh!" grunted Jason contemptuously. "Whut was that?"

The farmer looked incredulous, but the lad was serious.

"That was a railroad train."

"Danged if I didn't think hit was a saw-mill comin' atter me."

The farmer laughed and looked as though he were going to ask questions, but

he clucked to his horses and drove on, and Jason then and there swore a mighty oath to himself never again to be surprised by anything else he might see in this new land. All that day he rode steadily and before sundown he pulled up before a house in a cross-roads settlement and asked to stay all night, for the mountaineer does not travel much after nightfall.

"I want to git to stay all night," he said.

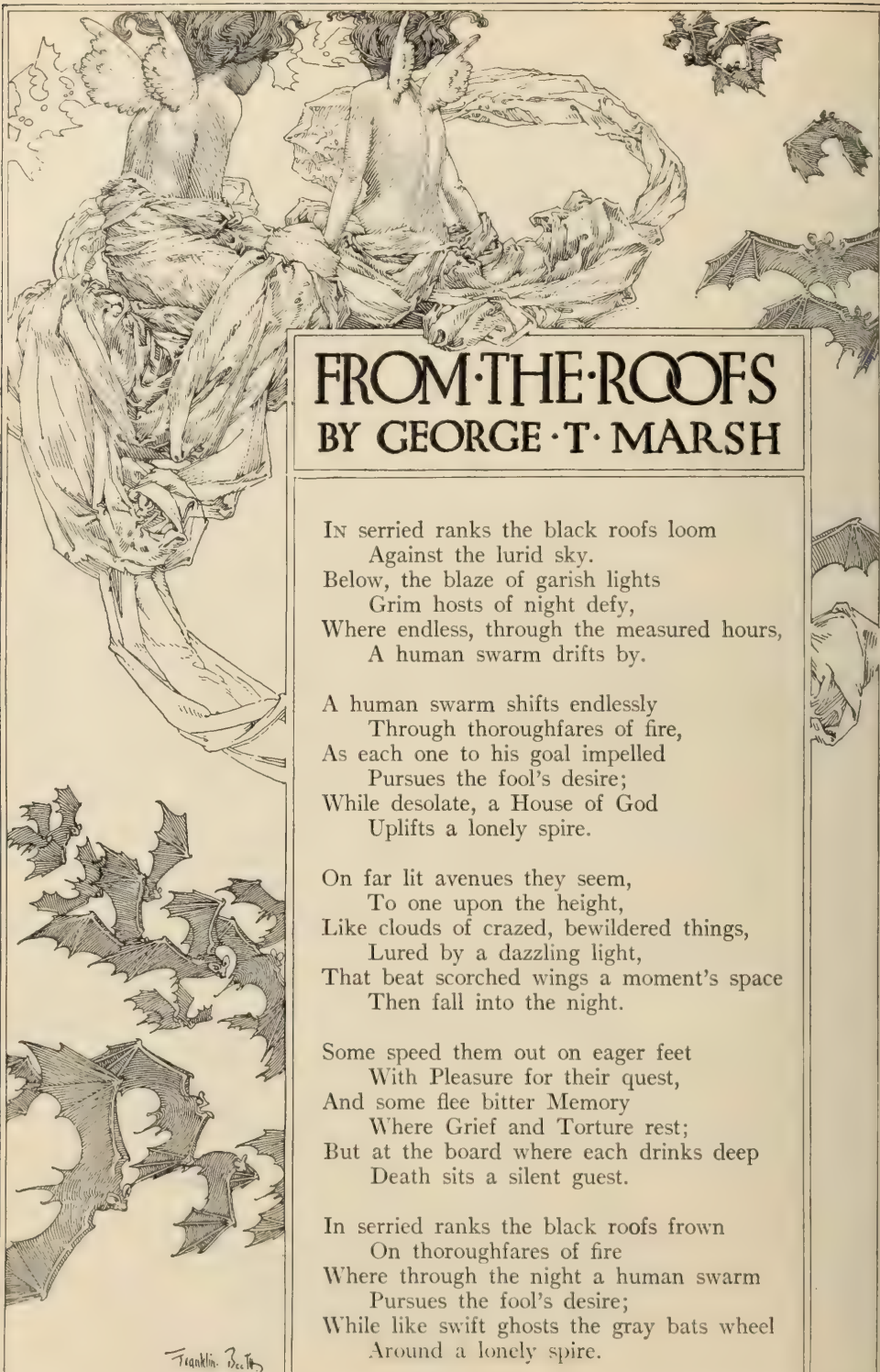
The man smiled and understood, for no mountaineer's door is ever closed to the passing stranger and he cannot understand that any door can be closed to him. Jason told the truth that night, for he had to ask questions himself—he was on his way to see his mother and his stepfather and his cousin, who had moved down from the mountains, and to his great satisfaction he learned that it was a ride of but three hours more to Colonel Pendleton's.

When his host showed him his room, he examined his pistol with such care when he unbuckled it, that, looking up, he found a half smile, half frown, and no little suspicion in his host's face; but he made no explanation, and he slept that night with one ear open, for he was not sure yet that no Honeycutt might be following him.

Toward morning he sprang from bed wide awake, alert, caught up his pistol and crept to the window. Two horsemen were at the gate. The door opened below him, his host went out, and the three talked in whispers for a while. Then the horsemen rode away, his host came back into the house, and all was still again. For half an hour the boy waited, his every nerve alive with suspicion. Then he quietly dressed, left half a dollar on the washstand, crept stealthily down the stairs and out to the stable, and was soon pushing his old nag at a weary gallop through the dark.

(To be continued.)





FROM THE ROOFS BY GEORGE T. MARSH

In serried ranks the black roofs loom
Against the lurid sky.
Below, the blaze of garish lights
Grim hosts of night defy,
Where endless, through the measured hours,
A human swarm drifts by.

A human swarm shifts endlessly
Through thoroughfares of fire,
As each one to his goal impelled
Pursues the fool's desire;
While desolate, a House of God
Uplifts a lonely spire.

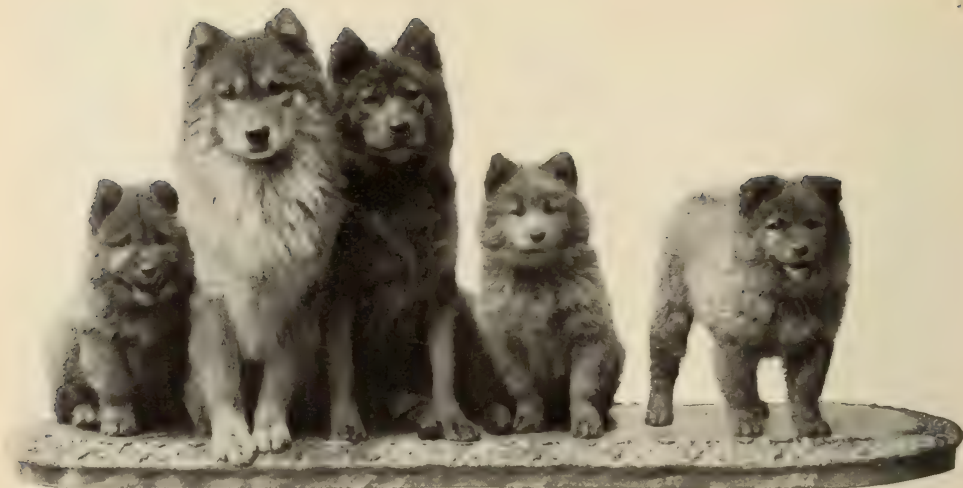
On far lit avenues they seem,
To one upon the height,
Like clouds of crazed, bewildered things,
Lured by a dazzling light,
That beat scorched wings a moment's space
Then fall into the night.

Some speed them out on eager feet
With Pleasure for their quest,
And some flee bitter Memory
Where Grief and Torture rest;
But at the board where each drinks deep
Death sits a silent guest.

In serried ranks the black roofs frown
On thoroughfares of fire
Where through the night a human swarm
Pursues the fool's desire;
While like swift ghosts the gray bats wheel
Around a lonely spire.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.



Ying, Ching, and the family.

YING

By Lillie Hamilton French



HE puppies began it.

Until they arrived in The Master's studio that domain had been his own, and the sofa his exclusive property.

It was a wonderful sofa, unlike any other in town, and, as if by intent, exactly adapted to maintaining dignities derived from a long line of Chinese progeniture. Silk cushions, soft as kittens, filled it, and in its carved and colored upright posts five great cathedral candles were set. When night fell, and these candles were lighted, the sofa became a kind of illumined altar where he reposed supreme, receiving the adulations of the young and fair.

Ladies invited to tea had knelt before it, struggling with each other for the favor of an extended paw, and uttering exclamations of delight when, for an instant, he turned his royal head in their direction, or deigned to answer with a look of condescending calm. To his accustomed nostrils incense was the breath of life.

As he grew older these ladies had invited him to luncheon with The Master, where, unperturbed, he sat at table like any lord, his leonine head upheld, his grave eyes and

quiet dignity a rebuke to liveried flunkies who, smiling, brought him damask napkins. He had frequented many of the best houses in fact, and, like his gay and jovial Master, had never proved himself unmindful of the part a guest should play.

With easy grace he had performed his tricks, jumping over canes and through hooped arms, or, when asked, he had sprung lightly to a chair, risen on his hind legs, curved his long white-lined tail like an ostrich plume over his back, and, placing his fore-paws around The Master's neck, had proved to envying spectators how dearly he loved him; his yellow paws pressed close and his furry head nestled against the other's young and beardless cheek.

At the word of command; too—for this was the one thing over which he hesitated most, having heard good music in the studio—he had jumped to the piano stool, assumed the correct attitude, and struck the keys, modulating his base and treble notes to the moving baton of The Master's finger. The applause that always followed Paderewski himself might have envied, though he, Ying, had received it and the kisses and caresses showered upon him afterward with

a manner as indifferent as that of one of his own Chinese gods; he knew his own power.

None of that power had been disputed by Ching when she came, with her sweet face, her smoked-amber-colored eyes and her pedigree as long as his own. Like a dutiful spouse, when at tea time the candles were lighted round the curious carved sofa, she had crept away unobserved, while he among the silken cushions sat upright, receiving his daily adulations. When the crowd had gone and the candles were extinguished, he had been gracious enough to admit her to a place beside him, but he had romped with her royally even then. A toss of his head, and she had fallen at his feet, fawning like all the others, and craving demonstrations. Her humility was particularly pleasing.

He had found her, indeed, surprisingly attractive; having until then known only the society of humans. With so adoring a companion at any rate, there were no more lonely hours waiting for the click of The Master's returning key. That which sometimes bored him were her busy-body ways while he was at rest, her nosings about corners which he had taken for granted. These femininities, however, he had been willing to overlook, she was such a sport in the open. Endangering winds meant no more to her than to him as they sailed together with their reckless master, wave-splashed and soaked with water. Glorious blood-bounding days those were, and Ching so endearing in her subtle recognition of his leadership, asking no favors, but swimming contentedly beside him when the boat cap-sized. Glorious, too, had been those other days when, upright on the chauffeur's seat, their collars chained together, they had driven with The Master up the crowded Riverside, the wind in their faces, the sunshine lighting up their yellow coats, and every passer-by turning to admire—him—of course!

Then, suddenly, without warning, all this was over.

The puppies had come!

Ingratitude could not have stung him more. For the first time in his life he was ignored—as meaningless to worshippers as an overthrown idol.

Ching lost her interest in him. She was completely absorbed by three wretched, wriggling little fluffs of fur, over which she

was eternally busy in her basket. The ladies lost their interest in him. They, when at last admitted, had crowded round the basket as they had once crowded around him; they had even dared to lift the wretched little things to his sofa; kneeling before them and calling them darlings, while their mother, who had met his own advances timorously, stood by with quivering pride.

Yet even this he might have endured, dimly conscious of its being but an episode, had not The Lady laughed.

Accompanied by a friend she had fluttered in one morning on her way to luncheon, and without a word of greeting to him had gone to the basket, crooning over the whimpering creatures. In her delicately gloved hand, too, she had lifted one, holding it to a face in which the color came and went as she smiled over the tiny head straight into the face of The Master—Ching, out of her basket again and, standing by, a new strange light in the maternal eye as she, too, looked—but at the puppy!

Ying saw it all, though at the time feigning sleep on a chair in the farther corner, his tail down, his manner as indifferent as that of a man who, pretending to read his newspaper, misses nothing of the family talk. Yet not a sign of having seen escaped him: he was too proud for that.

Presently The Lady, blushing, glanced away from The Master and at him:

"Why, Ying!" she called in gay confusion; "what a tired old potentate you look like. Come over here and speak to your youngest."

Ying did not move, nor did he by so much as the quiver of an eyelid betray the fact of his having heard. It was a silly ruse. When really sound asleep he had been quicker to respond to that bewitching voice.

"Why—what's the matter with him? He's not happy," said The Lady.

"He is jealous," replied The Master.

"Jealous! Oh, you men! Why, Ying, aren't you ashamed? It is funny, though," then she laughed; then The Master laughed; then the other lady laughed—all three of them—and at *him*! The veriest cur in the street could not have endured it.

Summoning all the dignity he possessed, he rose, stepped quickly down from his chair and walked into an adjoining room as if he had suddenly thought of some errand there.

He had not recovered from the affront when The Master sought him out, insisting that he go as usual to Sherry's. It was a noon-time diversion generally welcomed, for he had been accustomed, until those puppies came, to sit outside with Ching at his feet, while he, upright, received salutations from the well-dressed, though being always careful to ignore too familiar approaches from attending lackeys on the curb. To-day, however, he did not want to go, and walked behind The Master with slow, reluctant feet.

At Sherry's door he sat down, as was his habit, near the plants, while the others went inside. He was in no humor for attentions. Flattery had lost its finest savor. When any one stopped to speak to him he refused to turn his head. The luncheon, too, seemed inconsiderately long. After an hour he yawned.

Out on the street every one was in high spirits; if they laughed, it was not at him. The sunshine was so bright too, the wind so stimulating, the crisp autumn air bringing color to the cheeks of both men and women. He began to sniff it. How inviting it was! How inviting everything was, especially to one like himself so tired of life at home; so tired of Ching and her unaccountable mood; so tired of being the plaything of inconstant whims. He sniffed again—the air was certainly delightful.

Tossing his tail in devil-may-care fashion over his back, he descended the steps and sauntered gaily up the avenue, a free dog at last, bent on adventure's quest.

Meantime The Master and The Lady sat at table with their friends; wit and merrymaking had held them long, and when they left the dining-room preparations were being made for afternoon tea. At the street door they paused.

"Where's the discomfited Ying?" asked The Lady in soft, uplifting tones out of which the merry cadence had not yet flown. "I owe his royal highness an apology; it's been on my conscience. I ought not to have laughed at him—nothing hurts a dog like that."

"Ying!" called The Master cheerily; then he shrugged his broad shoulders. "Don't worry about Ying," he exclaimed; "he has probably gone back to his family cares like a dutiful dog. He knows the way as well as I do."

"Noble creature!" laughed The Lady. "An example to every man, and to me, who have been neglecting my own. I did not dream it was so late—I must fly." Once inside her carriage, however, she paused, and with that quick, impulsive kindliness which made her loved by all, she put her head out of the window calling to The Master: "Jump in with us. I am not quite satisfied about Ying. I would be happier if I went back to the studio with you."

But Ying was not at home, nor had either the door-keeper or the elevator boy seen him pass.

Instant confusion prevailed as they hurried to the studio, where anxious consultations were held. No one had a word for the irresponsible puppies trying to crawl over the basket's rim and get out to their expected fondlings. Ching, too, was ignored. She had run to the door and was rubbing her black nostril along the crack. Had Ying been left outside by mistake?

Getting no answering sniff from the hall side of the door she sought out The Master seated at the telephone—looking up at him with dog-beseeching eyes.

"Ying's gone," he said to her at last, "but don't worry, we'll find him." Then, too hurried for even a comforting pat, he called another number, and after a moment Ching sought the door again where she sniffed so loudly that The Lady, thinking wildly for an instant Ying must be there, went and opened it. The empty bareness of long corridors was all she saw.

The excitement grew; troubled faces were turned to one another as important consultations were renewed and police departments notified. Darkness was falling now and expedition must be had if Ying were to be found that night. The Master picked up his hat, the ladies their furs, and disappeared.

Ching was alone again.

She heard the elevator descend, the voices die away, and throwing herself before the door lay there moaning in short, quick, harrowing tones. The puppies did not matter now; nothing mattered. Somewhere in the invisible beyond that locked door which she could never open, had gone all she really cared for—The Master who had left her uncared for; The Lady whose face had so often been pressed against her own; Ying!—that was the cruelest part of it all—Ying, whom she loved!

The puppies whined themselves to sleep. The lights in the hall were turned on. Night had come. Unmindful of what went on about her she lay without moving, her weary body flat upon the floor, her nose to the crack.

The Master found her there at ten o'clock. Reckless, rollicking man as he was, a long sigh escaped him as he picked her up.

"Ying can't be found. It's hard for you, I know!" and he patted her with his fine, strong hands.

II

In his up-town Fifth Avenue office, opening on the ground floor somewhere in the Fifties, the Wall Street Man sat, tapping his table with the point of a meditative pencil. Transactions of some importance had held him, and before he drove to his place on the Sound he was mentally reviewing the morning's proceedings. Drawn up to the curb outside his window waited his automobile, scrupulously appointed like all his other possessions, and shining in the autumn sunlight.

The day's business was over. There was no reason for his lingering, yet for some reason he still sat there, not quite pleased with certain fluctuations in the market, somewhat depressed by reason of having eaten nothing since breakfast, and ridiculously regretful that he had not dropped everything in order to lunch with The Lady at Sherry's.

That he was to meet her at dinner a few nights hence brought him scant consolation. It is the present that afflicts or enlivens, and he was aware that an opportunity had been wasted, played over, as it were, into the hands of a more jovial masculine temperament, who, counting good things first, generally came out as winner. She had been rather offended, too, by his declared inability to break into office hours, even for a luncheon with her. "It is only a few steps away," she had urged, "and you can go the moment it is over." The reward of his rectitude in declining had been a morning's transactions more or less muddled.

He was just making up his mind to be off in his car and think no more, when the door of his private room, left ajar by an out-going messenger, was quietly pushed open.

In surprise he looked up. This was a liberty never permitted. Reproof sprang to his lips but was instantly silenced.

A grave and important personage was entering.

No confusion was visible in his deportment—no hint of any—"if you please, do I disturb you?" There was an instant's pause on the threshold, that was all—while he gave a cursory glance about the room, evidently to satisfy himself as to the quality of the interior. Then the quiet gaze was turned as briefly toward the surprised proprietor. Having thus made certain that he was in the right place, he hesitated no longer, but, with the directness characteristic of all consciously endowed greatness, walked quickly forward, his head upheld, his eyes on those of the gentleman in the chair.

That gentleman waited, too stalled for speech. Had the visitor been a mandarin, three peacock feathers in his cap, his appearance, and in this room, could not have been more bewildering.

When the table was reached the visitor, disregarding all preliminaries, sat down, raised a yellow paw and laid it gravely on the trousered knee.

The Wall Street Man bowed low. His moods were as quick in their transition as those of The Lady herself.

"Glad to see you," he said, lifting the yellow paw and shaking it. "Have a chair."

Instantly the personage turned, mounted an empty chair, seated himself, his head erect, his gaze unruffled and straightforward.

"What can I do for you?" asked the Wall Street Man, his body graciously inclined as he spoke.

The yellow paw was raised again, and again the Wall Street Man shook it with becoming gravity. This time, however, a faint chuckle escaped from under his waxed moustache, and the grave eyes were turned to him in question. Rebuked, he would have apologized had not the door been thrown open at the moment and the junior partner blown in.

"Hello! What have we here?" called out the breezy junior coming to a halt.

"A new client about to buy a thousand Union," replied the senior, half rising, one hand extended toward the grave personage. "Allow me to present him. From China,

I believe, and interested in opening up the country."

The young irreverent laughed as he hurried over:

"By Jove! he has the air of it. Was he left as a margin?"

Pleasantries were evidently distasteful to the visitor. The leonine head remained erect, the straightforward gaze never altered. Both men sat down and gazed helplessly at him.

"Where did his Imperial Highness come from?" asked the junior at last.

"Walked in."

"Recognized a good thing, I suppose, when he saw it. Clever dog."

"A very majestic dog. I never saw his equal. Strayed away, I fancy. There may be a name on the collar though," and he rose, fumbling in the yellow ruff. "But there is no collar," he exclaimed, adding with marked seriousness: "Where's your master, sir? I am sure you love him."

Love and master had a familiar sound. The dog rose quickly to his feet, the body was lifted, the white-lined tail curved over his back, the fore-paws placed on the senior's shoulders, and the bushy head nestled close to the other's cheek.

The senior looked over the furry shoulder and smiled queerly.

"What's to be done with him?"

"A clear case of affinity, I should say," roared the irreverent. "He beats anything I ever came across. You mustn't turn him off; keep him till he's called for."

"I can't. He is evidently asking me now to take him home. That's all right, old man," he added as he undid the yellow paws gently, as if they had been the arms of a child. "You are a splendid fellow, and I am flattered at your favors, but we must try and find out where you came from."

"Any objection to taking him to the police station?" asked the junior; "unless, of course, you think his feelings would be hurt."

"Let one of the boys take him; I won't," replied the senior with the brusqueness of one trying to throw off a detaining sentiment. "I ought to have been off an hour ago." His hat on, however, he paused for a last regretful word with the engaging visitor. "If I kept you longer, sir, I should never give you up. Queer how a dog like

you appeals to one. I would like to steal you and say nothing." One hand was under the leonine head as he spoke, the other caressing the ears while he looked deep into the grave eyes that never swerved from his own. Then, as if fearful of a weakness in himself, he turned abruptly and left the room.

On the street he stopped beside his car for a last direction to the junior, who had followed with the dog. "Perhaps you might better take him to the station yourself. Treat him gently—he's not used to rough handling. Do it at once—I don't want to find him here in the morning. By Jove! though, where is he?"

The dog was not on the pavement.

"Vanished!" he exclaimed in consternation. "Gone as mysteriously as he came. If I were superstitious I would wonder. It's better so. Good-by," and he stepped inside and closed the door. An instant later his voice rang out: "Great heavens, see there!"

On the driver's seat, perfectly at ease and self-possessed, sat the dog, his head turned toward the street in front of him.

"Evidently been there before," jeered the junior.

"Evidently determined to remain," laughed the other in pleased fashion. "Do nothing about hunting his owner to-night."

All the way out to Westchester he kept a watch on the mysterious dog to whom the rush of the wind had lent a strange vivacity. Upright, his graceful body swaying easily to sudden turns, but never struggling to keep balanced, he resembled most a general alert in reconnoitring. Nothing escaped those keen eyes. Every passing vehicle was greeted with a glance, and when the country roads were reached not a scampering squirrel was unnoticed. Now and then, while still retaining an easy seat, the head would be turned for a glance inside the car, as if assurance must be had, or given. The Wall Street Man could not quite determine which it was—whether the turn of the head was meant as a sort of assurance to him, a kind of "All's well ahead of us—I am here to see," or whether it was to assure the dog himself, hazarding wild adventures into the unknown.

That he must keep so enchanting a personage he was determined. The partner had been right; some question of affinities

was involved. He had read of such things—dogs walking in out of the unknown to attach themselves forever to new masters. Yet even as he determined to keep this one, he began to think of the widowed sister staying with him to whom dogs were a terror; and then of certain little nieces and nephews who would be whisked away and hidden when this one appeared. It was a difficult position, needing temporizing; experience had taught him the value of right approaches.

Fortunately, the nieces and nephews, contrary to their habit, were not on the porch to meet him. "Lucky," he thought; "the fates are still on my side." Then he drew himself together, assumed the nonchalant air of one knowing himself to be in a delicate position, stepped out of his car, and addressed the chauffeur:

"The dog's evidently been lost. Take him to the stable to-night; to-morrow——"

The sentence was never finished. There was a light spring, a flash of descending yellow upon the porch, then a leisurely movement forward toward the house door held open by the butler.

The dog had now walked in.

There he gave a careless glance about the hall, spied another open door and, satisfied with the surroundings, entered the drawing-room.

It was a charming interior, all white paint and chintzes, its high vases filled with flowers. Near the bay window, from which one could see through the oaks the gleam of water beyond, stood a grand piano also open, the music sheets still on the stand.

On that piano the brightening eyes rested. He went directly toward it, mounted the stool, lifted himself, laid his fore-paws firmly on the keys, and struck the base and treble notes.

"No stable for you, old man!" cried his astounded and enchanted host, rushing forward to caress him.

The butler disappeared into his pantry with a "Well, I'll be juggered! What'll the missus say?"

III

To rise early was not a confirmed habit with The Lady, who had lived long enough in Paris to adopt certain of its creeds con-

cerning even the weather, which is said never to be settled there until noon, since until then no woman of fashion can be made ready to go out.

To-day, however, eight o'clock had hardly sounded when she sprang from her pillow with the start of one roused to consciousness by a dominant thought.

"I must call him up at once," she said to herself. "Poor fellow; he has not smiled for days." Nevertheless, being a woman in whom fine shades of fitness always prevailed, she was careful first not only to brush her hair, but to cover it with a flimsy cap of lace and ribbons, arranging herself besides in a diaphanous, rose-toned garment easily likened to those of an aurora.

Thus attired, without summoning her maid, she resumed her place on the pillows, now smoothed and straightened, and, extending a white arm, lifted the telephone to her lips.

"4180 Bryant, if you please. Yes, Bryant! Ring again—it's important! Ah! is that you? Good morning! I hope I did not wake you. Me! Oh, no, I have been awake for hours. I am already dressed for a walk, but I had to call you up before I went, for a wonderful piece of news. But tell me first, have you heard anything of Ying? None? That's— What did you say? Poor Ching—naturally she's broken-hearted—mothers of families always are when the fathers run off, only you men never can understand it, the runaways are so gladly welcomed home again.

"Of course, you haven't slept much yourself, but listen—I *think* I know where Ying is. Yes—*really*! Why you poor soul! I did not mean to upset you so! Remember, I'm not sure.

"But I can't talk any faster—you interrupt. No—I haven't seen him, and I'm not sure it's Ying, but last night at dinner I sat by my Wall Street Man who would not come to luncheon with us, and he did nothing but talk of a marvellous dog who had walked into his up-town office that very afternoon—yes—on Wednesday—a very majestic dog, he said, with the manners of a prince. That's nice for you. I felt proud. I had not noticed the example you set.

"What?

"Why, he did what any other man would have done; he carried him out to his

country house and treated him to his best. He's there now.

"Grieving? Not at all! The dog is having the time of his life, lording it over the whole establishment and apparently has not given a thought to his family. He has even won over the widowed sister, the butler cuts up his food, and the children won't let him out of their sight. They romp with him, take him boating, and insist that he sleep with them at night. No! I'm not a bit astonished. Runaway husbands are a species by themselves, and Ying's like a boy out of school. They all are. I'm not laughing, but I want you to. I don't recognize your voice with its tremble.

"If you get too excited I shall be sorry I told you. Remember, I'm not sure it's Ying, or that my Wall Street Man will ever want to give him up. Nonsense!—no, it isn't—but he's lost his heart you see. Ah!—now you laugh—but the tone is—

"Listening? Why, I haven't missed a word—but I'm interested in Ying, not you. If you go at once to my Wall Street Man's town house you'll find him in, but he told me he would be off to the country early. Don't thank me—I like patching up matrimonial difficulties; I've been at it all my life, and when Ying comes home I want to go with you to the studio to see Ching's joy.

"No!—No! No! You can't come here before ten. I tell you I have my hat and veil on and I must go out at once, but I will be back at ten. Good-by and good luck!" And The Lady hung up the receiver, straightened her flimsy cap, settled herself on her pillows, and for full five minutes smiled softly to herself.

IV

DREARY days for Ching had followed Ying's departure and a gloom had settled on the studio such as low-blown clouds will bring to fields once bright and sunny. She still did her duty by her puppies, but in weary, automatic fashion, her eyes distraught and her thoughts elsewhere. When they attempted fun with her she cuffed them with an irritable paw, and springing off left them to their thoughtless frolics, unheeding even their tumblings, or their droll, sideways scampering after a brotherly tail already resembling that of their august

father who came no more. For the most part she lay before the door moaning as she had done on that first night, in those same short, harrowing notes so human in their pain; or, attracted by a street sound, she would take a chair by the window and stare hopelessly out, seeing nothing, but watching, always watching.

To The Master, tormented by his own increasing anxiety, her grief was but an added anguish, especially her appeals to him with dog-questions in her eyes that neither he nor any other man could answer. It got on his nerves, too, already overstrung, to have her all at once so interested in the telephone, springing to the table when he talked, tipping her head at some familiar voice. Several times when the bell had rung, she had even gone so far as to hunt him out in his dressing-room, standing there with beckoning look till he followed to the receiver, as if he were not as anxious as she for news of the lost one. Yet curiously enough she had seemed to wish no comforting caresses; but had wriggled out of his detaining grasp, as if the touch hurt her, and gone back to her station at the door. She only wanted—Ying!

On this particular morning the bell had rung early, and the conversation been long. Ching close to the telephone, had heard The Lady speaking. The Master, strangely agitated, had spoken in rapid, staccato sentences, his face swept by ever-varying changes, until at last, like a burst of sunshine, a smile, merging into faint and nervous laughter, had transformed it. What was it? she had wondered. Something about Ying? She had caught his name, and then her own. The Master would certainly give her an enlightening word.

The Master had done nothing of the kind. Pushing his untasted coffee aside, he had scrambled through his dressing and rushed out.

The hours that followed were the dreariest that Ching had ever known; all the more dreary because the morning had begun so well. To add to her distress, the black, brass-buttoned elevator boy had been deputed to take her for a walk, dragging her his way on a chain while he stopped to gossip with another boy—a humiliating proceeding at any time for a dog of high degree, and intolerable now in her present state. Ying would never have per-

mitted it; he was strong enough to pull the buttoned boy his way. How magnificent Ying was! How kingly—every one in the street always stopping to pay him reverence. How dominant he was at home, too—as a husband should be. How royal among his cushions—and what an honor it had been to be admitted there beside him. Suppose he were in the studio when she got back! And this time she pulled the boy after her, rushing down the long corridor when she reached it, her loosened chain behind her.

Ying was not there. She had been foolish to think it. Nevertheless, she must be sure that he had not dropped in while she was out, and she began again her futile searchings, as a woman will who for the hundredth time ransacks the same bureau for a jewel she has lost. Could she never find him? Where was he? What had happened? Why had he left her? His place was by her side. To his every wish, until those puppies came, she had been obedient; all that dog knew how to be; and in return, what had he done? Gone off and left her all alone, tied at home by motherhood. It was unkind! It was inexcusable! It was cruel!

Toward four o'clock, her children sound asleep, she stretched herself again before the door, her body flat, her limp tail spread out behind her. The Master, at least, must surely come. At every ascent of the elevator her ears had lifted and a slight shiver of expectancy ran through her frame, but no stop was made. Still her watchful eyes did not close, nor did her position alter by so much as a tail's breadth.

Suddenly a change came over her and the relaxed body, without moving, stiffened as if every muscle had been silently tightened. No human being could have heard that which had stirred her, but from way downstairs there had reached her rigid ears faint echoes of the street door closing with a familiar bang, then those of happy voices raised in pleasant expectation.

She sprang to her feet the better to listen, her ears cocked and her head on one side.

The elevator was coming up now, slowly, it seemed to her, as a funeral procession. At The Master's floor it stopped. The iron gate slipped back. She listened, her whole body strained. Steps followed. She knew those of The Master and bent her cocked ear lower. There was The Lady

too—that light, ringing step belonged to her; and there—could she be mistaken?—there—she tipped her cocked ear still lower—there!—there at last—she caught the soft tread of a paw, delicate as the fall of a leaf on polished floors.

The Master's key fumbled in the lock.

"Do be quicker!" cried The Lady.

Then the door opened, but by that time, like a girl who, sure at last of the long-watched-for lover's coming, runs and hides, Ching had turned and fled the studio's length, springing into her basket, her head drawn down among the puppies. The suspense was over.

The Lady's face, as she entered, was aglow; The Master's wreathed in smiles. Behind them, blithe and debonair, as one still vibrating with memories of gay adventure, came Ying.

Ching lifted her head, rose to a sitting posture, and stared at him. She caught the look of proud accomplishment in his eyes. No trace of weary waiting was on *his* face! He had had a good time at any rate, while she had stayed at home, and cared nothing for what she had suffered. Her teeth went together with a little snap, and along the whole length of her spine she felt the fur rising.

"Here he is, Ching!" the joyous Lady was saying. "We have brought him home. Now kiss, both of you, and make up."

Ching did not move. The Lady's face fell. Ying alone was unperturbed as he trotted airily toward the basket, his tail wagging, his black nose extended for a conjugal rub. Now that his fun was over he was rather glad to be at home.

"It's coming out all right—didn't I tell you that it would?" whispered The Lady, laying a trembling hand on The Master's arm. The Master said nothing. He saw Ching's nose wrinkle and her fangs begin to show.

Ying must have seen it too, for when within a few feet of his wife he stopped, looking down at his assembled family, his eyes glistening—only the tip of his tail a-quiver now.

The wifely nostrils continued to wrinkle; her lips lifted higher, and her fangs showed more clearly. This time she growled.

"Bless my stars! I did not think it would be as bad as that!" exclaimed The Master. The Lady tightened her hold

upon his arm. Ying, slightly embarrassed, twitched his shoulders.

This was not exactly the welcome he expected, freshly bathed as he was, his coat brushed and shining and still fragrant with the out-of-doors—but she would come round in a moment—everybody did, lord and master as he was wherever he went. He could afford to wait, and stretching himself lazily down, closed his eyes. Pleasures had crowded thick and fast, and he was a little drowsy, anyway!

Ching had watched every move. Several seconds passed. Her mind was made up. What a *roué* he looked! What a miscreant! Her gaze still fixed on him, she

stepped over her puppies, walked straight to where he lay, caught his ear between her teeth, bit it with all her might, and, turning with the same measured deliberation, walked back to her basket and stepped inside.

Ying struggled to his feet with a cry of pain, looked pathetically about him, slunk across the room, his white-lined tail between his legs, and stole under the once glorious canded sofa. There he lay trembling.

"Just like a man," The Lady sighed.

"Just like a woman," said The Master, looking straight at her.

Then shouts of laughter filled the room.

VESPERAL

By Charles E. Whitmore

I too behold the day and know it fair;
I have lain silent where the noontide's spell,
Woven of leaves and waters and soft air,
Gives the hushed solitude a peace to keep;
Where gathered hues and fragrances compel
The willing soul along the ways of sleep.

I too exult when through a swirl of cloud
The flaming sun thrusts forward like a shield
Whereunder all the hosts of storm are bowed,
And the last cohorts of the smitten rain
Flee down the wide horizons, till the field
Of hard-won sky be left without a stain.

Yet sweeter than all these the little space
Of slowly mounting twilight, ere the night's
Dominion is accomplished, and her face
Shadows the earth with calm; most dear to me
A dying flush of sunset, and veiled lights
Of musing stars above a soundless sea.



On the Quais du Rive Neuf are the markets. — Page 719.

A MARSEILLES BOUILLABAISSE

By Frances Wilson Huard

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY CHARLES HUARD



WHEN we stepped from the train onto the station platform at Marseilles, wrapped in plaids and furs, our appearance afforded much amusement to the loitering coachmen who were basking in the balmy spring sunshine.

Our carriage had not gone very far when the driver turned and in the sing-song accent characteristic of all southern Frenchmen, said, "Eh, il ne fait pas chaud dans le nord?" (Not very warm up north?) His cavalier way of referring to the north made Paris seem suddenly very far away, a lost country, a sort of Greenland, and I felt that

our coachman was regarding us much the same as he would a couple of Esquimaux.

We had left the capital in chill and rain; we arrived in Marseilles in warmth and sunshine. Everything was gay and luminous. The drive along the large boulevards, the Cours St. Louis bordered by the rare displays of many flower merchants, was enchanting. When we entered the Cannebière, its chief boulevard, it seemed as if we were in the presence of an Oriental vision.

"Marseille, Port de l'Orient," "Marseille, Colonie Grecque."

It is thus that Puvis de Chavannes called her when he dedicated his famous

frescoes to this city of sunshine, perfume, and song.

The scene in and about the old port attracts one immediately. On the wharves merchants from all parts of the world, wearing native costumes, are busy haggling about their products. Markets of all descriptions are installed here. In their midst noisy wagons drive to the water's edge to receive the contents of thousands of small boats that ply between the vessels and the shore. Here and there a street-singer or a vender adds his voice to the tumult. Hundreds of sailing craft of all nations and all descriptions ride at anchor in the rectangular harbor, drying their multi-colored sails while unloading their cargoes.

A dark, shaggy-haired Marseillais offered his services as boatman, and we soon found that Napoleon Pécu—or the "Emperor," as he had been dubbed—knew much about the city. If his knowledge was less precise than Baedeker's, it was certainly more amusing. From him we learned of the founding of the city by the Phocians, and in the same breath he pointed out the "Château d'If," where Monte Cristo was imprisoned.

"I know his grand-nephew very well. He keeps a café not far from here at Catalans," Pécu informed us, his old wrinkled face lighting up, showing his kind gray eyes, but for which one might have taken him for a pirate.

As we glided among the great sailing vessels he told us the pretty legend of the "Saintes Maries de la Mer," and then

showed us the City Hall and the Church of St. Victor.

Notre Dame de la Garde, which sits on a hill overlooking the city, was the subject of quite an oration, so well punctuated with

gesticulations that our boat made little progress. The good deeds performed by "cette bonne dame de la ville" occupied our boatman's attention until we were nearing the pier at the foot of the principal street.

"If Paris had a Cannebière, Paris would be a little Marseilles," volunteered the Emperor, leaning on his oars, his bosom swelling with pride, as he gazed at the gayly thronged avenue.

"But it's hardly an eighth of a mile long," we objected.

"Oh, of course, you're new here, so you couldn't be expected to know that it runs over into Africa." And stretching out his hand, he motioned toward the Vieux Port and the sparkling blue sea that lay behind it.

A group of noisy people assembled

near our point of landing were evidently much absorbed in something going on among them. Drawing nearer and elbowing our way into the crowd, we saw a veiled Arabian woman engaged in a fierce fisticuff with a fiery Moroccan Jewess. Farther on the two husbands were settling their dispute in the same manner. The enthusiastic onlookers were becoming more and more excited. Heated discussions arose all about us. Apparently sides had been taken by all save a couple of sober-looking Japanese youths and a huge Jack Tar, who, pipe in mouth, watched the proceedings in silence. Ara-



Napoleon Pécu's house.



Pécu, called "The Emperor."—Page 714.

bians, Nubians, Greeks, Turks, and Neapolitans mingled their shrieks, trying to convince each other. The police, arriving to restore order, were completely overwhelmed by a hundred persons, all wishing to explain the matter, in every language under the sun except French. At length the poor gendarmes, at wits' end, made a rush on the crowd, grabbed right and left, and seizing the first persons they laid hands on, marched them off to the lock-up.

Happening to mention the matter later on at the hotel, we were informed that such occurrences were not unusual, and fre-

quently terminated less happily; that after nightfall the "quartier de l'Hôtel de Ville" became very dangerous on account of revolvers and bowie-knives used more or less discreetly to settle discussions.

Napoleon Pécu had charmed us. Before leaving his boat we had made arrangements with him to meet us daily at the foot of the Quai de la Fraternité. Next morning as we walked along the pier our eyes sought in vain the sober little boat that had conveyed us the evening before. We had just begun to think that the "Emperor," true to the legend about the Marseillais, had



Loungers on the quays.

forgotten his promise, when from the bow of a scarlet-covered craft he lifted his head and beckoned us. Proud of having been engaged for a whole fortnight, he had procured some Turkey-red calico and decorated in our honor.

We arrived just as he was giving the finishing touches. The material which covered

he shrugged his shoulders and replied nonchalantly:

"Oh, as far as the Plaine."

From his manner of speaking, we took it for granted that this was some vast expanse of water in the arctic regions. We have since learned that the Plaine is a fair-ground which forms Marseilles's northern boundary.

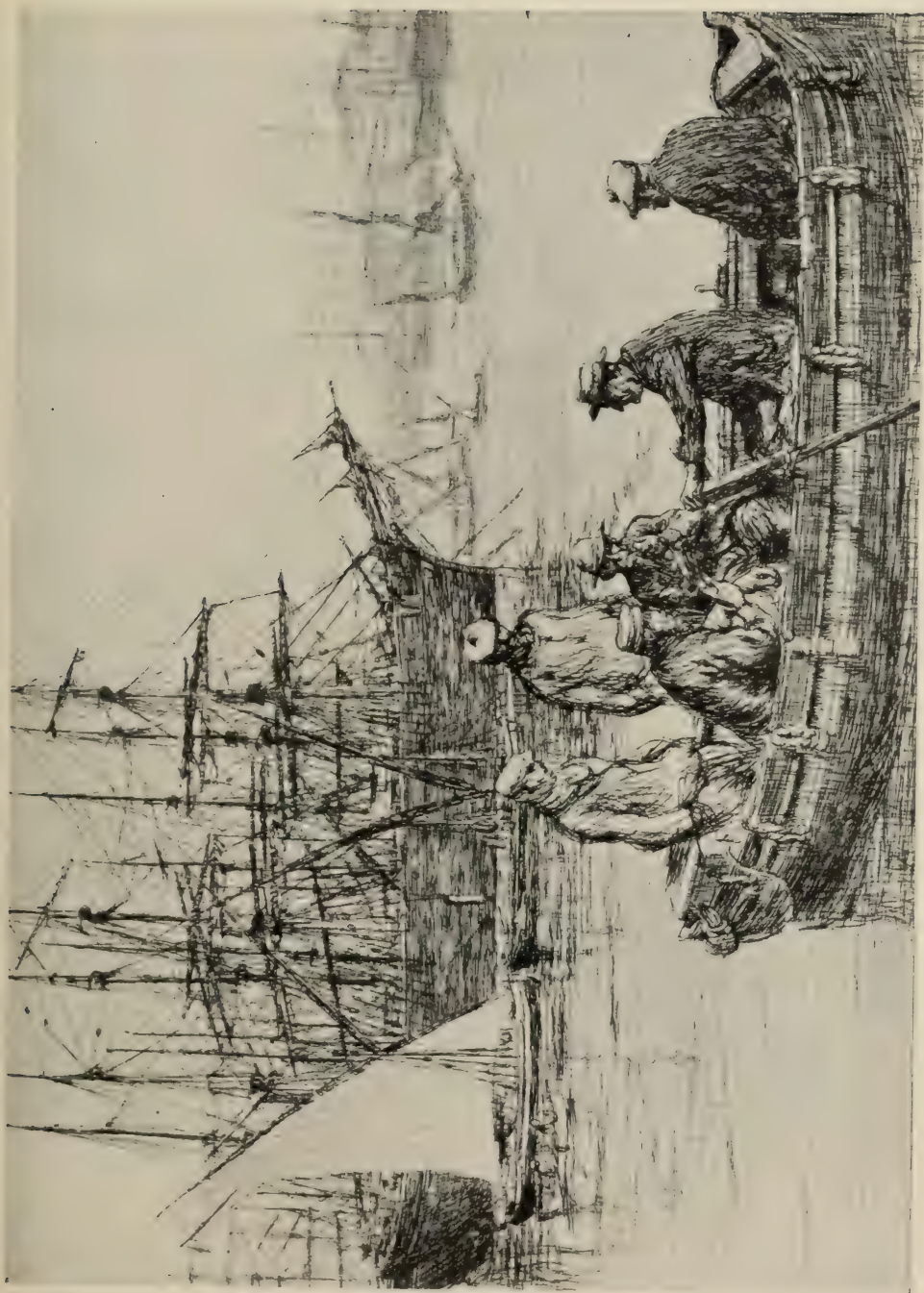


The Old Port.

the boat from stem to stern was held in place by hundreds of brass-headed nails, and Pécu was busily engaged pounding our initials into every conspicuous space. A group of Neapolitan boot-blacks was watching the proceedings with awe, and as we passed made way for us to descend the ladder, much as the crowd lines up to let a king go by.

We glided out into the harbor, under the stern of a huge cotton-laden schooner from whose rigging the familiar strains of "I Wish I Was in Dixie" reached our ears. Our boatman had already begun telling us of his adventures on the sea. He had been a great cruiser, and knew the Mediterranean, Arabian and Chinese seas by heart. When questioned as to how far north he had been,

Anchoring in the shadow of a great Spanish caravel, we were much impressed by the striking picture of harmony and color that lay before us. The great green boat was laden with oranges. A couple of swarthy-skinned individuals wearing scarlet bonnets were lazily engaged filling their baskets and then carrying them on their shoulders down to the small boat waiting to receive them. As noon approached, the decks began to swarm with people of all conditions, who began eagerly devouring the fruit that lay about in heaps. In reply to our inquiries, Pécu informed us that this was the luncheon of persons who for one sou were allowed to come aboard and eat their fill, on condition that they carried nothing away with them.



The ferry.



The Hôtel de Ville.

"But I thought the *bouillabaisse* was the staff of life in this country?"

"Ah, but first you must own a boat, and then you must be a clever fisherman. I will make you one if you will do me the honor of being my guests."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning, if you like."

"Agreed!"

The mistral, or African wind, was blowing strong as we set forth to fish our *bouillabaise*. The sea was covered with white-caps and choppy waves. Pécu had brought along his daughter and future son-in-law to help him. The former, a dark-haired, white-skinned girl of nineteen or thereabouts, held the tiller while the men rowed.

Leaving the city and the Vieux Port in the distance, we followed the coast for a mile or so, and then entered a series of rocky inlets. Halting at a small buoy, we dropped anchor, and while the men commenced to haul in the queer wicker baskets or traps which had been sunk the night before, Marie prepared a charcoal fire in a small fisherman's stove. A caldron of olive oil well seasoned with salt, pepper, tomatoes, onions, and saffron was set to

boiling. Soon the bottom of the boat was covered with fish of all descriptions—lobsters, crabs, eels, and rock-fish lay wriggling among exotic varieties peculiar to the Mediterranean, such as rascasses, canardilles, and muggious, their brilliant shells and scales glistening in the sunlight.

The work of cleaning and cutting was accomplished in no time, and one by one the fish were thrown into the boiling mixture, there to cook for a quarter of an hour.

A delightful odor of saffron filled the air, and by the time the "divine golden bouillon" was ready to serve we were ready to do it justice. The wind had sharpened our appetites, and though our bowls were simple earthenware and our spoons of iron, they seemed rather to add to than detract from one of the most delightful and picturesque repasts I have ever eaten.

For several days following we were obliged to abandon our promenades on the sea, the mistral, which lasts either three, six, or nine days, continuing to blow so violently that boating was out of the question. We therefore took this opportunity to get acquainted with the city itself.

After seeing Joliette, which is no more

nor less than a modern harbor for steam craft, and visiting the cathedral, which dates hardly ten years back, we decided that what constitutes the charm of Marseilles is its light, its gayety, its old quarters, the out-of-door life of its people, and the ever-changing panorama in the Old Port.

"The Quartier St. Jean," with its narrow, hilly streets and small public squares, lined with markets filled with a noisy, gesticulating population, is certainly as quaint and picturesque as any quarter in Naples. On the Quais du Rive Neuf are the markets, where shell-fish of all descriptions, as well as the bouillabaisse, is sold. Here grave magistrates and beggars, fine ladies and char-women, pay one, two, or three sous for

the pleasure of eating a dozen or more oysters, opened while they wait, and seasoned with vinegar shaken drop by drop from a bottle kept by the thrifty monger.

Starting from the Cours St. Louis, one may take an electric tramway and make a most delightful circular promenade on the Corniche Road. The Prado, a long, shady boulevard, resembling somewhat the Champs Elysées, leads through the fashionable residential part of the city, past the race-course, where, turning, it follows the coast back toward Marseilles. The view is marvellous, and for five miles or so the landscape is dotted with thousands of little plank shanties, known as *bastides*. These are the country homes of the Marseillais. They



You pay one, two, or three sous for the pleasure of eating a dozen or more oysters, seasoned with vinegar shaken drop by drop from a bottle.

contain a saucepan for heating the bouillabaisse, a bed of dried sea-weed, and that is all. It is here that the city man takes refuge almost every afternoon when he is not hunting or fishing. For the Marseillais is a great sportsman—in his own opinion. Who that has read Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" can forget his "Chasse à la Casquette," the story of a number of men who met, threw their caps into the air, and then fired shots into them until nothing but rags remained?

The Marseillais of to-day is the same simple, voluble creature, who exaggerates as naturally as he sleeps, and never lets an opportunity slip by without getting in a word. A peculiar incident, illustrative of this fact, seems well worth relating.

We were listening to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," given by the Marseilles Philharmonic Society. Our attention was constantly distracted by our neighbor, a real southern type, who accompanied the whole piece by bobbings of the head, frowns, smiles, and other facial contortions. When the sym-

phony was finished he turned toward us and exclaimed with a resolute air: "How symphonic—and my, how pastoral!"

Another amusing story was told me about a Marseillais who, while in Paris, kept boasting to his acquaintances about his baby son. This marvellous infant was a sort of prodigy who at less than two years of age could play the piano, extract a cube root, and express philosophical ideas in four different languages.

A credulous Parisian, passing through Marseilles, wished to see the extraordinary child, and sought out his friend's residence. Arriving in the garden, he saw a very dirty baby, smelling strongly of garlic, seated on the ground, licking a wooden spoon. The father appeared in the doorway.

"Doubtless that is your prodigy's brother," ventured the visitor.

"Alas, no!" replied the other, not in the least disconcerted. "It is he himself! But, you see, he was so far advanced, poor thing, that now he has fallen into second childhood!"



Fish market.

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

XI



“WHY don't you take an automobile trip abroad, grandpapa? It's a cinch.”

The inquirer was my grandson, Frederick Third (though it might

have been any one of my grandsons, for they all use the same incisive vernacular), and to demonstrate what he meant he added:

“You engage your car on the other side by cable; it meets you at the steamer, and you're in Russia or Constantinople in no time. Only five pounds a day, and the driver, as they call him over there, feeds himself and the car. I'd love to be one of the party, but I've motored on the other side twice, and this summer I've planned to take hydroplane lessons during my vacation. I'll arrange, though, to get you a first-class machine to hold five, if you say the word.”

Far from being the magnate which my namesake's language suggests, he is simply a wide-awake and industrious employee in a banking house, plus a thorough working knowledge of the automobile, which entitles him to be listened to whenever the word is mentioned. By way of emphasizing his inability to understand why Josephine and I should remain so singular as not to own one, he informed me plaintively some time ago that any vehicle not propelled by gasoline is an “ice-cart”—a gratuitously invidious reference to the newly varnished buggy in which I continue to take his grandmother to drive. It is correct that he has motored twice in Europe. The first time just after graduation, when, having crossed the ocean as a deck-hand on a cattle ship, he “blew in” (to preserve his own phraseology) at the Ritz in London the day after landing, and was invited by a millionaire classmate to tour Europe in a high-powered racing machine; the other a year ago when, happening to be a little run down, he was given the opportunity

to recuperate by accompanying my friend Hugh Armitt Dawson in the very latest model of luxurious limousine. Consequently, though I put him off on the spur of the moment with the counter inquiry, “Why not a trip in a monoplane to the moon?” I was conscious of pricking up my ears.

It seems only the other day when the limit of the conventional vacation was a fortnight, and absence from one's business for six months, unless because of mortal illness, denoted lack of serious purpose. To amuse one's self deliberately, except on rare occasions, was synonymous with levity. Yet so revolutionary has been the change that any grandfather must be a Spartan who has not, unconsciously at least, fallen under the spell of the modern craving for recreation. We live to-day under the sceptre of King Hygiene and Queen Nepenthe, whose revels tempt even the most ascetic grandfather to kick up his heels. Now that a Sabbatical year for the professor and the clergyman, constantly renewed moving pictures for the many, and a winter on the Riviera for any one able to shuffle off the fetters of his treadmill have become commonplaces of our civilization, it is difficult to avoid, even if one would, auto-intoxication, as the doctors call it, with the prevalent consciousness that the corner-stone of the science of living is perpetual variety. Indeed may we not hope, with the aid of new, element-conquering mechanisms, to learn presently the art of perpetual motion, and thus live forever?

Hence I was more or less prepared for the retort which my analogy of a trip to the moon elicited:

“I expect to take it some day, grandpa. And you may live to see me do it, if you follow my advice this summer.”

The next moment I became the target for a quiverful of exhortation.

“You're looking fagged; it would do you lots of good.”

"Give the problems a rest. Variety of scene will broaden your horizon."

"Grandmama needs a change as well as you."

"If you should decide to go and can take Winona, it would do her a world of good. Three cases of scarlet fever in the house are a strain on any woman."

"As the car holds five, I wonder if there would be room for Dorothy Perkins. To cover so much ground in so short a time would be immensely stimulating for the dear child."

"If you need another man—some one to act as a buffer between responsibility and grandpa—I dare say Harold could get away for a portion of the time and occupy the seat beside the chauffeur."

As if this were not disconcerting enough, Josephine capped these proddings of the conspirators with the pathetic words:

"We haven't been abroad, Fred, for nearly five years. I think it would be a perfect experience." And she added: "I've set my heart this time on seeing the English cathedrals."

When Josephine sets her heart on anything, experience has taught me to prepare for the inevitable. I will do her the justice to state that this stand on her part is infrequent, and is associated principally in my mind with travel for the purpose of seeing cathedrals—travel I must confess at rather wide intervals. Comparatively early in our married life she set her heart on seeing the French cathedrals. Some years after our return, when I had fully recovered my normal animal spirits, she gave me to understand that she yearned to see the Italian cathedrals. Now it was obvious that she would never be completely happy until she should gaze upon the English.

There is a certain domestic advantage to be gained by throwing upon others the onus of any undertaking to which one is ready to submit.

"Freddy," I exclaimed, addressing my grandson, "I authorize you to engage a suitable machine. Grandmama has taken the bit of travel between her teeth."

Thus it happened that some two months later I found myself gliding along the Knightsbridge road, the pseudo owner of a capacious touring car, the other occupants of which besides my wife were my daughter Winona and my grandchildren Dorothy

and Harold. We were headed for a cathedral—which one I scarcely knew nor cared, seeing that I was already basking in the warmth of the conviction that an automobile is a vast improvement on a carry-all, and that I had been "a bit" hasty in dismissing as a truism my friend Gillespie Gore's favorite epigram that the automobile has annihilated time and distance.

While listening with proper awe to his enlargement on this theme I have been disposed to fancy that if this genial and well-read gentleman is not so brisk as formerly, it is because of the cherished belief that motoring is exercise. He used to be an ardent pedestrian; now he never walks at all; and I have not a shadow of doubt that the increasing corpulence of one of my sons-in-law, who was once an ambitious golfer, is directly traceable to his reluctance to move except in his automobile. It has been my self-righteous tendency, as I trudged along on foot, nimbly dodging the swiftly passing machines of my friends, to be grateful that, having ridden in horse-cars not so very long ago, Josephine and I are not dependent on constant velocity. Yet here I was within the first ten minutes almost ready to recant, or at least to barter green old age for a moving picture show of endless variety.

How promptly, too, as I sped through the lovely English landscape, did I range myself—unconsciously yet firmly—on the side of injured innocence. At home I have been a sedulous supporter of the society to incarcerate careless automobilists. Yet when I learned from our driver that the uniformed scouts, who from time to time gave him a military salute from the highway, were emissaries hired to indicate that the "peeler" of the neighborhood was at the other end of his beat and the road clear, I beheld the speed indicator quicken (for I do not allow Harold to appropriate the front seat the entire time) with a sense of elation. Was not our chauffeur the most careful as well as the most expert of drivers? There was scarcely a nook or cranny of the United Kingdom which he had not explored—with princes, dukes, or candidates for Parliament as his employers. Indeed, so intoxicating were my sensations that I felt I might be easily mistaken for our mutual friend Hugh Armitt Dawson—an American millionaire disguised by a linen dust coat.

It was the passing of a flock of motor cyclists—close to a hundred from the numbers on their backs—tearing by us at a furious pace in a cloud of dust, followed by laggards until the noisy procession seemed to have no end, which prompted the reminiscent philosopher within me to expatiate upon the doubtful triumph of gasoline over the poetry of motion displayed by the sylph-like Josephine when she rode on her bicycle not so very long ago in search of the cathedrals and chateaux of sunny France. Then all the world was on the wheel—a horrid irk nowadays my grandchildren inform me, and relegated to the impecunious or humdrum. These motor bicyclists were trying out their engines—a rude object-lesson in the survival of the fittest—not racing, and the machines which stood the test would be exposed for sale and desecrated with their noise and smell the highways of old England.

But Josephine on her wheel was a pleasure to the eye, and lulled to rest every other sense. I can see her now gracefully erect, flying not “scorching” along the perfect roads of Normandy and Touraine, indifferent to hill mounting and almost scornful of the ever recurring “descente dangereuse” by which the sign-post of the Touring Club of France foretold the gentlest incline. To ride with a bundle on one’s handle bars was still a novelty and regarded with suspicion both by pedestrians and those who travelled by train. Is it possible to journey so fast and remember what you see? So asked the wiseacres then; and if, leaning back in my touring car, a magnate incognito in a linen dust coat, I mentally endorse my grandson’s stricture that a bicycle to-day is an “ice-cart,” I can at least vouch that our memories still retain that delightful panorama.

Our route, now worn and dusty from the tires of countless automobiles, was still a novelty. Will either of us ever forget the fascinating Norman inn at Dives with its quaint kitchen and white cockatoos perched above the eaves? Or Mont St. Michel, church, fortress, prison, torture chamber, and monastery all in one, where the tide rises and falls with weird rapidity and the gleaming plane of sand invites the imaginative visitor to test if it be true that he will sink to his waist and then out of sight forever; where Madame Poulard, still alive and comely, dispensed her famous omelette to a group of hungry pilgrims not yet

become a ravenous horde? Or the monuments of Château land, all of which save one Josephine succeeded in beholding, exploring even to this day that she missed that one? Chinon’s ruin which still bade us picture the first meeting of the Maid of Orleans and the King of France. Gloomy, mediæval Loches, fit symbolizer of Louis XI, around the dungeons of which lingers the retributive if doubtful tradition that Cardinal Balue ended his days in the iron cage of which he was the inventor. Stately, artistic Blois, reminiscent of the salamander of Francis I, where one still shudders at the murder of the Duc of Guise in spite of the beauties of the famous outer staircase. It was at the inn at Amboise that we ordered “deux œufs à la coque” and after an interminable delay the proprietress reappeared bearing radiantly in her apron twelve boiled eggs as her interpretation of what “ces Anglais” had demanded for breakfast. Then, by way of graceful Azay le Rideau and Chenonceau, whose five arches span the limpid stream, we came to Chartres, the resplendent glories of whose windows made all the praise which Josephine had lavished upon other cathedrals seem almost blasphemy. Thence through the shady alleys of the forest of Fontainebleau, one of which brought us to the meeting place of Napoleon and the Pope whom a few years later he made captive, we bicycled into Paris.

I can see her now—Josephine, I mean—flying along the Champs Élysées, a svelte figure fearlessly winding her way through the afternoon confusion of every variety of vehicle. Why she was not many times a mangled corpse I have never ceased to wonder and did wonder as I followed timorously in her wake. She wore a skirt suitably short and narrow, yet still a skirt, and this to the populace of the day, who doted upon “bloomers” and mistook us for English, was an incentive to satire; impoliteness, so it seemed, from the politest people in the world. “Yes—yes—yes, all right—all right—l’Anglaise,” varied by a prolonged “Oh!” was the method employed to disapprove of us as foreigners. Most emphatic of course on race days, a chorus of these jibes, invariably the same, was apt to accompany us through the Bois and along the Avenue de la Grand Armée. Yet Josephine rode deftly as any, sitting erect

on her wheel. Most of the French women leaned forward on their bars, but not so far as our most inveterate "scorchers." The epidemic of bicycling was at its height and the cafés in the Bois were thronged at certain hours by hundreds of riders, many of whom aimed at striking effects. I can still see one Frenchman at the Chalet des Cycles who wore white shoes, brown stockings with red plaid tops, knickerbockers and a coat of another shade of brown, a pinkish white pink in his buttonhole, a huge red bow tie, white gloves, and a white straw hat with a red-and-black band.

"And the time we went abroad to visit the cathedrals of Italy, first you had your pocket picked, then we lost our trunks," remarked Josephine as I paused in the reminiscences of foreign travel which I was imparting to my grandchildren.

I thought it a little vicious of her, and that it suggested an endeavor to get even with me for my allusion to the dozen eggs. But realizing that the Sherlock Holmes-sharpened wits of the third generation would probe this sensational disclosure to the core, I concluded that the best hope of a lenient judgment lay in utter frankness.

"Tell us all about it, grandpa," said Harold. But the twinkle in his eye was offset by a wrinkle of the brow which too plainly concealed the insinuation that nothing less was to be expected of an elderly gentleman allowed to wander over Europe without an attendant.

"We were leaving Florence for Venice, Harold. Your grandmother's parcels promised by the haberdasher had not been delivered at the hotel, so my pocket-book was full of Italian *lire* drawn to pay for them. Our porter had deserted us just before the crowded train from Rome came in. While endeavoring to make my way through the corridor car and secure a compartment, I was pushed by a stout German so hard that I dropped involuntarily into a seat. Some instinct caused me to clap my hand on my breast pocket, and I discovered that my pocket-book was gone. It happened to contain, besides the money, our letter of credit, our circular tickets through Italy, the checks for our baggage on the train, and the receipts for other trunks which had been left in Paris."

"Whew!" ejaculated Harold. "All in

one basket, and a regular omelette. Worse than the dozen boiled eggs that time."

"What did you do, grandpa? You must have acted like a wet hen," said Dorothy sweetly by way of sympathy.

"I'm afraid I did, dear." I assented with meekness. "My first impulse was to hint that the stout German was the culprit—which caused some unpleasantness; but being bereft of money, I realized the importance of leaving the train before it started; and it would never do to let the thief claim our trunks at Venice if we remained behind. So I tore up and down the platform proclaiming my loss in a mixture of English and French to the Italian officials who volubly expressed polite dismay or shrugged. Having leapt into the baggage car, I was not permitted to handle our trunks, as I was anxious to do; and before any one else displayed energy enough to tumble them out the train was under way."

"With the stout German in possession," said Harold.

"I'm sure it was the porter," said Dorothy Perkins.

"As for the trunks on the train," I continued, "an Italian friend had them put off at the next station. I was immediately conducted before the authorities and invited to select from the entire force of porters who trotted past me in single file the man who had left me in the lurch. He triumphantly exculpated himself by proving an alibi and that his desertion was due to the orders of a superior. I was then carried before a police official who, having carefully taken down the name of my father, who had been dead many years, and the street and number of my house at home, informed me with a tragic air—thereby disposing of the whole occurrence from his stand-point as deplorable but an act of God or the King's enemies—that there was a gang of thieves operating on the trains between Rome, Florence, and Venice. No less than a hundred other cases, precisely similar to mine, of travellers despoiled of their pocket-books had been recorded by him during the previous three months. It was epidemic—and he assured me of his profound consideration and distress. Do something? He would gladly do everything in his power. But what could he do? It was fate—unavoidable circumstance."

"I admire his nerve," said Harold.

"I hurried from his presence in order to warn the local bankers and telegraph 'urgente' to my own in Paris of the loss of my letter of credit, lest the thief avail himself of the facsimile of my signature to forge a draft and draw the balance. Some days later I received word in Venice by leisurely post that in a long experience my bankers knew of no instance where a pick-pocket had attempted this, but that I would probably be legally liable if he succeeded, and that if I felt nervous they would notify all their correspondents at my expense. Your grandmother was ready to take the chance, but I telegraphed them to send out the notices."

"Yes, and by the end of a week," broke in Josephine, "they and I were vindicated. The same kind Italian friend who put off our trunks at the next station, forwarded to us the lost pocket-book with all its contents intact, letter of credit, circular tickets, baggage receipts, and everything—except the money. The miscreant who took it had retained that."

"He took the cash and let the credit go," I murmured, but my grandchildren, not recognizing the quotation, regarded me impatiently, suspecting me of an obscure pun.

"How was it found?" they cried simultaneously.

"In a door-way near the station in Florence," I answered. "A little girl picked it up, and it was handed over to the police who promptly advertised for the owner. Our friend saw the notice and presented my claim."

"What a very considerate, gentlemanly thief!" remarked Harold. "He could have sold the circular tickets and made a bluff at securing the trunks and the funds in the bank even if he didn't succeed. Such a chivalric practitioner wouldn't earn his salt if he came over here."

"Ready cash was what he was after," I replied, "and I imagine he didn't care to be found with some one else's pocket-book in his possession, if he should happen to be caught an hour later plying his trade in a corridor car."

"The experience was annoying," said Josephine, "and got on your grandfather's nerves, mainly because he had imagined that no one could pick his pocket without his knowing it. Besides, he was losing most of what he had won at Monte Carlo. But it was a bagatelle compared with the loss of

our luggage. After those heavenly days in Venice, Fred, I can hear you say, as the train started for Milan, 'the only contretemps which can happen now is to lose our trunks.' And you added: 'I've just seen them labelled with the flimsy bits of paper which pass for checks and are called *scontrini*.' And so it proved, dears. When we arrived in Milan there were no trunks. Every stitch I had with me was in them except the steamer things in Paris. And there we stayed at Milan—your grandfather a full week and I three days, for I had to fly to Paris for the sheer necessities of life—trusting every hour that the trunks would arrive, but warned from the first by compatriots who ought to know that they had either been stolen or sent to the wrong destination in order that they might be rifled later. Although the railroad officials held out hopes, we heard many whispers that a gang of thieves had control of the baggage cars between Venice and Milan, and that scarcely a week passed but some traveller reported the loss of valuables. Our trunks were so insignificant in number and size that the only explanation why they should have been tampered with was that we had been mistaken for multimillionaires, who had been buying laces in Venice."

"As Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote might say, 'What a very unpleasant confusion of identity,'" remarked Winona in parenthesis.

"I hope you got busy—and didn't merely fold your hands and lament," said Dorothy Perkins.

"Yes, indeed. Your grandfather was suitably fierce and energetic. Even Harold could have done no more. He sought successively the aid of consuls, the ambassador, the Department of State at Washington. The Italian officials, led to believe that he was a person of importance, ransacked Italy from top to bottom and extended their search beyond the frontier as far as Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Yet all in vain, and the only remedy was a suit. There is no liability for jewelry under the Italian law, but indemnity may be had for the loss of a traveller's clothing, so our English lawyer informed us; and the first requisite was the filing of a sworn inventory. You should have seen that lawyer's expression when I showed him our list. By good rights the valuation should have been twice what I made it, considering all our mental anguish.

But out of deference to your scruples I appraised at only half price all the things which had been used, and at cost only those actually new. He said he believed us implicitly, but that a decision in our favor for any such sum—and it was a comparatively small one—would inevitably be set aside on appeal, for the prices which Americans have to pay for their tailors and dress-makers at home would seem incredible to any Italian. The bill was absolutely honest, but the upshot was that after all the strain, including the refusal of the agent who held our steamer trunks in Paris to surrender them because he feared I was an accomplice of the thief who had stolen our letter of credit, so that I had to be identified by our bankers, who were horribly suspicious also—we received the munificent offer that, in view of your grandfather's excellent reputation for honesty, our sworn statement would be accepted at somewhat less than half its face value. We had returned home by this time, and our lawyer's advice was to agree to the terms, which he regarded as rather brilliant, on the theory that most travellers recover nothing. So we forwarded an acceptance and supposed the matter ended, when suddenly the electrifying cablegram was received 'Luggage found'! And where, do you suppose? At Villach, a town in the Austrian Tyrol just beyond the Italian frontier, one of the places already thoroughly searched. How they got there, why they were sent there, no one seems to know to this day. The paper labels, *scontrini* (shall I ever forget the word?), plainly showed that their destination was Milan. The most plausible theory is that they were sidetracked in order to be claimed after the agitation caused by their disappearance had subsided. But we made such a rumpus that some one had to find them."

"And what of their contents?" exclaimed Dorothy Perkins feelingly.

"Intact; so far as a wardrobe which is lost in May and not found until December can be said to be intact," answered Josephine. "Fresh complications presented themselves which involved more weeks of waiting. By way of self-protection the Austrian authorities must needs prepare a complete inventory before permitting the trunks to cross the frontier. The Italians insisted on another—and then came the bitterest experience of all. The law allows for

delay damages of ten per cent on the value of the contents. Little enough, when the fashions change in the interim, if based on the true worth. But despite our sworn appraisal and the testimonials to your grandfather's character, they appraised everything at such a ridiculously low figure—cutting values more than completely in two—that the sum total on which the percentage was assessed proved so pitifully small that all we recovered after six months of agony was sufficient to pay our lawyer and the express charges for sending the trunks home. There wasn't a thing missing. But I could weep to think that they were ever found. It was a gruesome experience, and there were moments when I felt that our Government ought to send a war ship. As for cathedrals, I shall never see the spires of the Cathedral at Milan without thinking of how atrociously we were robbed."

"Yet we must remember," I added by way of teaching philosophy to my grandchildren, "that I was told at the time by some one of authority and experience that I was the only American traveller who had ever recovered a dollar from the Italian Government, though the loss of pocket-books and the rifling of trunks were everyday incidents."

And I further pointed out as a moral—for so long and harassing an adventure would not be complete without one—that Josephine's and my misfortunes would seem to be fundamentally traceable to Italian misconception of the meaning of the brotherhood of man—that world impulse which has become the guide to all modern social progress. While the other nations are endeavoring zealously to lessen the inequalities of existence by Old Age Pensions, Workingmen's Compensation Acts, and kindred humanitarian measures, the Italian political authorities seem to regard adroit thieving from foreigners intent on visiting cathedrals as an industry which should be winked at because it serves to keep contented a certain element of the population which would otherwise be without means of support. There is economic plausibility in this, for a direct tax on the stranger augments the public revenues. Moreover, one must recognize that the officials of a country, where a generation ago the bandit was a national figure, could not single out the eighth commandment for

enforcement without being accused of lack of sympathy with the impecunious masses. Yet may not the visiting foreigner pertinently point out that the brotherhood of man is a world creed, not a local relief measure? And so arguing, justly decline to view either as sincere or humanitarian the helplessness of a police power palsied by the notorious activities of a coterie of pick-pockets operating between Rome, Florence, and Venice or unable to protect personal luggage in transit from being rifled or sent astray by those in charge? In these halcyon days of peace propaganda, Josephine's reference to a war ship sounds hysterical. Yet, if conditions do not mend, may not the rest of civilization properly unite in requesting the Hague Conference to consider whether Italy's internal policy of non-interference against those who pilfer from the stranger within her borders can be justified, either as a tariff law or a Workingmen's Compensation Act for the relief of Industrial Sneak Thieves?

XII

As every one knows, there is no brass or paper checking system in England. One's luggage travels without apparent identification; and the constant mystery is why it is not carried off by chance or design. Yet such mishaps are so infrequent, and the energetic contrition shown so superlatively efficient when they do occur, that the recording visitor instinctively sets down on his tablets with other commonplaces like the courtesy and discipline of the London police, at whose slightest gesture the entire traffic of a neighborhood pauses or proceeds on the instant, the triumph of a method which to the uninitiated eye appears haphazard.

From such surface indications of firmly established order, an unsuspecting grandfather from across seas, seeking immunity from problems in an automobile, might well expect to be unmolested by the brotherhood of man. Were there problems here which a triumvirate so eminent as Scotland Yard, an Established Church, and the *Times* could not solve to every one's satisfaction? So it came as a shock to my sensibilities, already agreeably smoothed by a panorama of the landscape at thirty miles an hour, to hear from my daughter-in-law Lavinia's brother,

Luther Hubbard, whom we encountered at Gloucester just after we left the cathedral and were strolling through the close, that the House of Lords was to be abolished within a few days, and that he had applied for a ticket to our ambassador so as to be in at the death. If I would join him in London, he would try to squeeze me in. He added gleefully: "This strike of the dockmen and railway porters which has tied up traffic so tight is a protest against starvation wages. The English aristocracy are in the last ditch. Their only hope of delaying the popular programme lies in distracting public attention by a war. But the Jewish bankers who control the finances of Christendom won't let them fight."

Musing over this sensational announcement, somewhat sadly I must confess, for I had planned to exhibit the House of Lords to my grandchildren before the end of our travels, I returned to the hotel where I found a letter, the tenor of which was very melancholy, from Hugh Armitt Dawson, who had preceded us by six weeks for the coronation festivities, written from the ancestral country-seat of his son-in-law, the Earl of Batterbrook.

"England" (he wrote) "is in a bad way. Her institutions, the best in the world, are tottering to a fall, their foundations sapped by this infernal wave of radicalism. Poverty through taxation stares the landed proprietor in the face, and the death duties are so onerous that any one with ready money is hastening to invest it in America, where, in spite of government hostility to corporations for political effect, we have a little sense left. The English radical has none. I used to think the lot of the English gentleman the most enviable in the world. To-day, alas, even the climate seems in revolt, for the vegetation is burned yellow from drought, the heat is abnormal, and the nation is afflicted by a plague of wasps."

To a grandfather, one of whose chief objects in crossing the ocean was to escape all problems, but especially those appertaining to the betterment of human conditions, these disclosures were dismally disturbing. A sudden panic seized me, the ruling impulse of which, far from being a desire to take sides, was the eager resolve to behold as many landmarks as possible before they vanished forever. For what was the House

of Lords but a symbol? Would not its abolition necessarily involve the disappearance of most of the beautiful and inspiring monuments which we had come expressly to see? We are here in the nick of time, I reflected, and it is fortunate that an automobile will enable us to cover a large area. Otherwise the progress of the brotherhood of man might demolish everything historic before we could feast our eyes on it.

Under the spur of this narrow escape from missing so many of the impressions which I wished my grandchildren to experience, I found myself, despite previous chronic faith in the social doctrines of which human brotherhood is the goal, harboring a revolutionary or, more aptly speaking, reactionary frame of mind. "A plague on the brotherhood of man—for the time being," I soliloquized. If there was one point of view which I had hoped to leave behind me, it was the perspective which would see in every landmark only an emblem of the oppression of the weak by the mighty or an outlet for social service. Indeed so obstreperous became my mood that, as I resumed my touring goggles, I not merely closed every avenue to my brain against an access of concern for the down-trodden, but deliberately sought to foster telepathic sympathy with some of the most splendidly arrogant and egoistic characters who have ever lived. When, at Canterbury, Josephine stood rooted by pity and early piety at the spot where the saintly but cantankerous Becket was assailed by his cowardly murderers, I felt a glow of kinship with Henry which informed me that, in his shoes, I, too, might have murmured, "Is there no one who will rid me of this troublesome priest?" And I will own, as I stood with my grandchildren before Tantallon's battered towers and bearded by rote the Douglas in his hall (though no copy of "Marmion" could be discovered in golf-ridden North Berwick) that I would fain have recalled the disreputable but valorous hero to life that he might wreak the awful vengeance, which he outlined before expiring, on the triumvirate who immured his wanton but adoring Constance de Beverly.

It requires some moral courage in an age when the trial balance of one's daily emotions is supposed to include constant solicitude for those who work for starvation wages to abandon one's self to a reckless

spirit of Christian charity toward picturesque despots who squandered all they could clutch, and romantic villains who broke like perfect gentlemen all the ten commandments, especially the sixth and the tenth. Save for the incentive supplied by the alarming disclosures at Gloucester, I should never have revelled in an historical horizon rid of every scruple—a mental attitude which (if not forbidden by law as noxious to morals) I can eagerly recommend to those who follow our itinerary. This frame of mind served me as a lode star and rejuvenator as we pursued our course past the mouth of the Severn and along the lovely Wye and through deep valleys of surpassing beauty, o'er the grandest of which towered Snowdon, and paused amid the fascinating ruins of Raglan Castle and Harlech to repicture portcullis, drawbridge, and all the grisly glories of armored knighthood. So freely, indeed, did I revel in the mood that, on the night we rested at charming Bettws-y-Coed before leaving Wales, my granddaughter Dorothy Perkins summed up my tendencies to quote poetry by the yard and to brandish my staff as a battle-axe in the words—

"It's lucky grandpapa didn't live then, or he would have waded up to his saddle-bows in gore."

They had never suspected me of it. Nor did they suspect that the cunning old grandfather on the rampage, who had thrown to the winds for the nonce Trusts and Syndicates, Workingmen's Compensation Acts and Old Age Pensions, Knights of Labor and Industrial Magnates, was liable to develop method in his madness. When by degrees they learned to tolerate and even rather enjoy my quotations, I felt that I had gained the first vantage point in an endeavor to make them realize democracy's—and especially American democracy's—indifference to background. A hard task in my case, for my grandson's complacency had received a fresh fillip from the boast of a keen but busy fellow-countryman whom he had encountered just after landing, that one can see London completely in a single day in a taxi-cab and miss nothing; which so impressed Harold that he apologized for his failure, after playing thirty-six holes at golf at Stoke Pogis, to visit the church-yard of Gray's Elegy, almost within a brassy shot of the fair green. And the excuse seemed to him exhaustive—he had to catch the train.

The ambition to wade up to the saddle-bows in gore, be it at the instance of one's liege lord or merely to give the finishing touches to one's bitterest foe, is at least imaginative, however truculent. Even the historic sense of the poet who penned

"Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind"

would have shrunk from the smug and cautious inertia which sees in all adventure nothing but an interference with individual creature comfort. Yet having aroused the attention of my companions, I found the surroundings inviting me to soften the warlike note when, leaving the Rows of walled Chester behind us, we sped through the modern marts, Preston and Lancaster, into the romantic solitudes of Westmoreland and Cumberland—solitudes peopled by the ever-living genius of the immortal dead despite the horde of stall-fed pilgrims. Again in spirit, though not literally (for the cost of the automobile was £5 per diem), "I climbed the tall brow of the mighty Helvellyn" and had a narrow escape from collision with the brotherhood of man as I reached the lines—

"When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the Courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."

Fortunately the interest of Dorothy and Harold in "the young gentleman of talents" who perished by losing his way and whose remains were found three months later still guarded by a faithful terrier, prevented any further reference to the funeral pomp of the "idle" (then "haughty") rich. But Harold's legal mind could not refrain from the inquiry, "How did the dog manage to keep alive?"

Yet still I persevered—for they were making progress in spite of occasional slips. As I have intimated, Josephine will linger in a church indefinitely, spellbound by the endeavor to discover evidences of the Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular under the same roof. So I have acquired the habit

of slipping out after a decent interval into the church-yard, where it is more peaceful and the atmosphere is fresher, and where I often find myself in nearer communion with the illustrious dead than when I gaze on them in effigy. The little church at Grasmere is as simple and rustic as the vision of Poor Susan. But the solemn moment came when I stood with my grandchildren in a grassy angle and looked down on the graves of the Wordsworths—the resting-place of William and his wife marked by a single stone, his sister Dorothy, his daughter Dora, and his other children close beside them, while but a step beyond the reverently musing eye beholds with astonishment and then with joy the horizontal slab to the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough, who sleeps just outside the walls of Florence. How strange yet stirring an association, this of the pious poet of exalted meditation and the entranced but perplexed poet of wistful doubt!

"What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."

Thus I quoted. But though my grandchildren betrayed no impatience, the lines were evidently new to them. Clough? Arthur Hugh Clough? Dorothy Perkins had seen the name in the anthologies, but had read it as if rhyming with plough.

"I see, now," she said, "it's just like chough—the birds which are always calling in desolate English love poetry, and would be crows, as you explained the other day, but for their red beaks and legs and toes."

I did not choose at the moment to compete with orthoepy and natural history; but later I recited for them "Say not the struggle naught availeth" and "As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay" on that most marvellous of summer evenings when the elements united to make Lake Windermere the loveliest spot on earth. While the mellow twilight lingered I rowed Josephine on the tranquil roseate waters in the spirit of youth. We watched the radiance slowly fade out and deepen until the stars appeared and only a faintly glowing fringe of caramel defined the undulating mountain line. Then exchanging our shallow skiff for the launch in which the others were disporting, we wooed the whispering stillness of the night until the moon rose behind a tall black belt

of trees and shed its heavenly lustre far and wide.

The young read Clough no more—so aluring to us because he epitomized the anguish of the soul which revolts with fervor but reluctance from orthodoxy. We are constantly told that the America of to-day is more deeply imbued with the spirit of religion than ever before. In spite of the absence of my grandchildren (and yours) from the Protestant churches, this is undeniably true if it means that human nature is more insistently curious as to its origin and destiny and more sensitive as to mundane moral responsibilities. You will recall the plaint of the Rev. Bradley Mason, that social service must not be made a substitute for religion. Yet, we are all aware that the divines of every creed have received a hurry call to the effect that the fate of the Christian Church will be atrophy if it declines to modify its traditional "stand pat" policy in respect to appalling human conditions.

No grandfather, however obtuse, can fail to observe, despite the building of cis-Atlantic cathedrals and the creation of cardinals, the many signs of ferment in the orthodox firmament. The church of Rome stands calmly recalcitrant—but no one of my grandchildren shows the slightest symptoms of conversion. As for the other creeds, it is significant that the clergy are throwing away their impedimenta, as rapidly as is consistent with avoiding a trial for heresy, in order to proceed in light marching order. "That isn't one of the fundamental essentials—but for obvious reasons don't mention my name," has become the favorite pastoral formula. Consequently, it would be unsafe to conclude—and I as a progressive grandfather am far from believing—that the absence of our grandchildren from the churches, whether because they do not credit what they hear or from preference for week-end recreation, is indicative of a lack of aspiration or serious ideals. But the youth of half a century ago is constantly impressed by the subsidence of the torments of doubt. From such a different angle does the world approach polemics to-day that people either believe or they do not; and the failure to succumb to faith has in the main ceased to involve that poignancy of distress which bade us vindicate the bitter glory of the reproach.

The puncturing of a tire during our cross-country run from Keswick to Durham by way of the Yorkshire moors permitted us to pause at Bowes (the scene of Dotheboys Hall) and chance upon (for again my propensity to wander in graveyards stood me in good stead) this inscription:

"Roger Wrightson, jun^r and Martha Railton both of Bowes buried in one grave: He died in a fever and upon tolling his passing bell she cry'd out my heart is broke and in a few hours expired, purely through love.

March, 15, 1714.

There these lovers lie, the victims of parental opposition, just outside the west end of the church, directly under the bells, it is said, and unchronicled until their fell pathetic tragedy inspired a century and a half later David Mallet's poem, "Edwin and Emma."

The first attitude of my grandchildren was one of scepticism, Harold gravely pronouncing that Martha's heart might have been congenitally weak, while Dorothy ascribed the weakness to her head, adding, "If she cared so desperately, why didn't she elope like my namesake, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall?" Yet it was interesting to observe how often that day they returned to the episode notwithstanding the interest of our itinerary. Lunching at Barnard Castle (the scene of Rokeby), in the inn to which Dickens and "Phiz" resorted while gathering materials for Nicholas Nickleby, we could see directly across the way the shop which from the former owner's name and the huge timepiece which used to surmount it supplied a title for "Master Humphrey's Clock." A little later we were touring through the heart of a mining region, a landscape of smoky collieries the animate figures of which were smutty-nosed miners who trudged past us with bare legs above their woollen socks.

Lack of romantic sensibility—is not this a third charge which our democratic age must meet? No grandfather but a misanthrope would venture to insinuate that love no longer makes the world go round. Yet I could see that this quaint record from the past had cast a spell over my grandchildren despite their incredulity, and that they were wondering whether the youths and maidens of to-day love so ardently and completely as those of long ago. And if

they entertain a wistful doubt, may not a philosopher detect as causes the modern solicitude for material comfort, more exacting than the world has ever known, which erects a frowning barrier between mating souls, and the falling thermometer in woman's bosom, first fruits of her emancipation, which congeals fancy into matter-of-fact wisdom at the expense of all her radiant follies? Thus it happens that to save all else many miss the great adventure—life's most precious experience—though the price be sometimes a broken heart.

So we came to Durham cathedral, the noblest exemplar of Norman columns inviolate, and under the shelter of sanctuary foregathered with St. Cuthbert and The Venerable Bede. Thence downward by Ripon and lovely Fountains Abbey to stately York minster, a pilgrimage through English cathedral land which did not terminate until Josephine had gazed at Canterbury on the seat of Becket's shrine.

One need not dote like her on triforiums and clear-stories to bow the knee in speechless homage to the master harmony of beauty and aspiration which these slowly crumbling monuments symbolize. What wealth of imaginative and poetic ardor, of adoring faith and lavish penitence—quintessence of noblest human emotions—their soaring lives express! No mushroom growth, these solemn, splendid churches—the imitative conception of a hasty mechanical age—but the handiwork of dreamy centuries, rising slowly stone on stone responsive to the touch of inspired genius, though the hand which commissioned it was steeped in blood. Our pageant-instructed eyes behold again the mighty tyrant kings, proud priests, and gallant knights which peopled them, in all their gorgeous ceremony, and, musing, ask if the spirit of creative beauty has vanished forever with those sanguinary but imaginative aristocrats of crown and church. When will democracy, the spires of whose cathedral are the yearnings of the common heart, its corner-stone the brotherhood of man, evolve the genius which will interpret once more to the outer eye in transcendent

terms of artistic beauty its sound but disillusionizing creed?

Spellbound by the sacred aisles and arches which tell of human searching for the infinite, the rising generation fails not to note, nevertheless, the ruthless signs of the challenging spirit. The church pavements, stripped of their brass effigies, record the march of sacrilege, the reproach of which my grandchildren are told by more than one confidential verger rests on Thomas Cromwell, servant of a rapacious monarch, no less than on Oliver Cromwell, advance agent of the brotherhood of man. Among the countless names impiously scored on the sculptured tombs of the illustrious dead, sparing neither saint nor crusader, we stumble in Westminster Abbey on that of no less famous a scribbler than Izaak Walton, cut in 1658.

At least there is no illusion as we pause to read amid the vast spaces of St. Paul's the late inscription, "who at all times and places gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God." It was well that my grandchildren should linger of their own accord by the cenotaph of the warrior-saint, Gordon. For what crumbling marble in all England commemorates one more possessed by the poetic fire of true chivalry? "A veray parfit gentil Knight" in the first crusade of the brotherhood of man.

I should have carried away this as the last memory of Josephine's and my holiday, but for our taxi-cab driver who, on our way to the station (and we were not pressed for time), barely escaped running down a poor devil of a pedestrian who was doing his utmost to avoid him.

"Yes," said the despot gloomily when I touched on his good fortune. "Some people have no respect for property. If that fellow had hit me, it would have taken the paint off my radiator."

Thus my final conviction, as I turned my face homeward, happened to be that the vested interests over there are likely to be in the saddle for some time to come despite the emasculation of the House of Lords. But what a pity that they have lost so much of the old picturesqueness!

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUMG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. JOHN

V.—UNDER ARMS



IT must have been in my second year of humble office that the burglary scare took possession of Witching Hill.

It was certainly the burglars' month of November, and the fogs confirmed its worst traditions. On a night when the street lamps burst upon one at the last moment, like the flash of cannon through their own smoke, a house in Witching Hill Road was scientifically entered, and the silver abstracted in a style worthy of precious stones. In that instance the thieves got clear away with their modest spoil. It was as though they then made a deliberate sporting selection of the ugliest customer on the estate. Their choice fell upon a Colonel Arthur Cheffins who not only kept fire-arms but knew how to use them, and gave such an account of himself that it was a miracle how the rascals escaped with their lives.

The first I heard of this affair was a volley of gravel on my window at dead of night. Then came Uvo Delavoye's voice through the fog before I quite knew what I was doing at the open window. Colonel Cheffins lived in the house opposite the Delavoyes', where he had lately started a cramming establishment on a small scale; and on his rushing over the road to the rescue, at the first sound of the fusillade, poor Uvo had himself been under fire in the fog. The good colonel was in a great way about it, I gathered, although no harm had been done, and it was only one of the pupils who had loosed off in his excitement. But would I care to come along and inspect the damage then and there? If so, they would be glad to see me, and as yet there was whiskey for all comers.

I turned out instantly in my dressing-gown and slippers, found Uvo shivering in his, and raced him to the scene. It took some finding in the fog, until the lighted hall

flashed upon us like a dark lantern at arm's length. In the class room at the back of the house, round the gas fire which obtained in all our houses, pedagogue and pupils were still telling their tale by turns and in chaotic chorus. Their audience was smaller than I expected. A little knot of unsporting tenants seemed more disposed to complain of the disturbance than to take up the chase; but indeed this was hopeless in the fog and darkness, and before long Uvo and I were the only interlopers left. We remained by special invitation, for I had made friends with the colonel over the papering and painting of his house, while Uvo had just shown himself a would-be friend indeed.

"It's a very easy battle to reconstruct," said the crammer at the foot of his stairs. "I was up there on the landing when I took my first shot at the scoundrels. You'll find it in the lower part of the front door. One of them blazed back, and there's the hole in the landing window! I had last word from the mat, and I've been looking for it in the gate, but I begin to hope we may find a drop or two of their blood instead to-morrow morning."

Colonel Cheffins was a little bald man with a tooth-brush mustache, and bright eyes that danced with frank delight in the whole adventure. He looked every inch the old soldier, even in a Jaeger suit of bedroom overalls, and I vastly preferred him to his two young men; but scholastic connections are not formed by picking and choosing your original material. Delavoye and I, however, made as free as they with the whiskey bottle as a substitute for adequate clothing, and the one who had nearly committed manslaughter had some excuse in his depression and remorse.

"If I'd hit you," said he to Uvo, "I'd have blown my own silly brains out with the next chamber. I'm not kidding. I wouldn't shoot a man for twenty thousand pounds!"

And he shuddered into the chair nearest the glowing lumps of white asbestos licked by thin blue flames.

"God bless my soul, no more would I!" cried the crammer heartily. "I aimed low on purpose not to do more than wing them; there's my bullet in the door to say so, whereas theirs fairly whistled past my head on its way through that upstairs window. They're a most desperate gang of sportsmen, I assure you."

"There's certainly something to be said for keeping a revolver," observed Uvo, eyeing the brace now lying on the cast-iron chimney-piece.

"Do you mean to say you haven't got one?" cried Colonel Cheffins.

"I do. I wouldn't keep one even out in Egypt. I hate the beastly things," said Uvo Delavoye.

"But why?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's something so uncanny about them. They lie so snug in your pocket, and you needn't even take them out to send yourself to Kingdom Come!"

"Why yourself, Mr. Delavoye?"

"You never know. You might go mad with the beastly thing about you."

"God bless my soul!" cried the colonel with cocked eyebrows. "You might go mad while you're shaving, and cut yourself too deep, for that matter!"

"Or when you're waiting for a train, or looking out of a window!" I put in, to laugh Uvo out of the morbid vein which I understood in him, but others might easily misconstrue. I could see the two young pupils exchanging glances as I spoke.

"No," he replied, laughing in his turn, to my relief; "none of those ways would come as easy, and they'd all hurt more. However, to be quite serious, I must own it isn't the time or place for these little prejudices against the only cure for the present epidemic. And yet, for my part, I'd always rather trust to one of my Soudanese weapons, with which you couldn't have an accident if you tried."

Over the way, his own rooms were freely hung with murderous trophies acquired in the back-blocks of the Nile; but I felt more and more that Uvo Delavoye was wilfully misrepresenting himself to these three strangers; and the best I could hope was that a certain dash of sardonic gaiety might lead them to suppose that it was all his chaff.

"Well," said the colonel, "if those are your views I only hope you haven't many valuables in the house."

"On the contrary, colonel, everything we've got over there is a few sizes too big for its place, and our plate chest simply wouldn't go into the strong-room of the local bank. So where do you think we keep it?"

"I've no idea."

"In the bath-room!" cried Uvo Delavoye, with the shock of laughter which was the refreshing finish of some of his moodiest fits. But you had to know him to appreciate his subtle shades, especially to separate the tangled threads of grim fun and gay earnest, and I feared that the gallant little veteran was beginning to regard him as a harmless lunatic. A shake of his bald head was all his comment on the statement that moved Delavoye himself to sudden mirth, and on the whole I was thankful when the return of a man-servant with a nervous constable, grabbed out of the fog by a lucky dip, provided us with an excuse for groping our way across the road.

"What on earth made you talk all that rot about revolvers?" I grumbled as we struck his gate.

"It wasn't rot. I meant every word of it."

"The more shame for you, if you did; but you know very well you don't."

"My dear Gilly, I wouldn't live with one of those nasty little weapons for worlds. I—I couldn't, Gilly—not long!"

He had me quite tightly by the hand.

"I'm coming in with you," I said. "You're not fit to be alone."

"Oh, yes, I am!" he laughed. "I haven't got one of those things yet, and I shall never get one. I'd rather thieves broke in and stole every ounce of silver in the place."

So we parted for what was left of the night, instead of turning it into day as we often did with less excuse, and for once my powers of sleep deserted me. But it was not the attempted burglary, or any one of its sensational features, that kept me awake: it was the lamentable conversation of Uvo Delavoye on the subject of fire-arms, and that no longer as affecting other minds, but as revealing his own. I had often heard him indulge his morbid fancies, but never so gratuitously or before strangers. To me

he could and would say anything, but of late he had been less free with me and I more anxious about him. He had now been over eighteen months on the shelf. That was his whole trouble. It was not that he was ever seriously ill, but that he was always well enough to worry because he was no better or fitter for work. His mind raced like an engine, and the futile wear and tear was beginning to tell on the whole machinery. To be sure, he had written a little in a desultory way, but I never thought his heart was in his pen, and his fastidious taste was a deterrent rather than a spur. Yet he railed about the bread of idleness, said a man should be fit or dead, and that his mother and sister would be better off without him. That mother and sister were again from home, and the fact did not make it easier to dissociate those sayings from an unhealthy horror of loaded revolvers.

So you may think what I felt the very next evening—which I did insist on spending at No. 7—when the distasteful conversation was renewed and developed to the point of outrage. Daylight and less fog had failed to reveal any trace whatever of the thieves, and it became evident that the colonel's moral victory (he had lost a few spoons) was also a regrettably bloodless one. I saw no more of him during a day of vain excitement, but at night his card was brought up to Uvo's room, and the old fellow followed like a new pin.

I was in those days none too nice about my clothes, and both of us young fellows were more or less as we had been all day; but the sight of the dapper coach in his well-cut dinner jacket, with shirt-front shining like his venerable pate, and studded with a couple of good pearls, might well have put us to the blush. Under his arm he carried a big cigar box, and this he presented to Delavoye with a courtly sparkle.

"You rushed to our aid last night, Mr. Delavoye, and we nearly shot you for your pains!" said the colonel. "Pray accept a souvenir which in your hands, I hope, and in similar circumstances, is less likely to end in so much smoke."

Uvo lifted the lid and the gas-light leaped from the plated parts of a six-chambered revolver with a six-inch barrel. It was one of the deadly brace that we had seen on the colonel's chimney-piece in the middle of the night.

"I can't take it from you," said Delavoye, shrinking palpably from the pistol. "I really am most grateful to you, Colonel Cheffins, but I've done nothing to deserve such a handsome gift."

"I beg to differ," said the colonel, "and I shall be sorely hurt if you refuse it. You never know when your turn may come; after your own account of that plate chest, I shan't lie easy in my bed until I feel you're properly prepared against the worst."

"But my poor mother would rather lose every salt-cellar, Colonel Cheffins, than have a man shot dead on her stairs!"

"I shouldn't dream of shooting him dead," replied the colonel. "I shouldn't even go as far as I went last night, if I could help it. But with that barrel glittering in your hand, Mr. Delavoye, I fancy you'd find it easier to keep up a conversation with some intrusive connoisseur."

"Is it loaded?" I asked as Uvo took the weapon gingerly from its box.

"Not at the moment, and I fear these few cartridges are all I can spare. I only keep enough myself for an emergency. I need hardly warn you, by the way, against pistol practice in these little gardens? It would be most unsafe with a revolver of this calibre. Why, God bless my soul, you might bring down some unfortunate person in the next parish!"

I entirely agreed, but Delavoye was not attending. He was playing with the colonel's offering as a child plays with fire, with the same intent face and meddlesome maladroitness. It was a mercy it was not loaded. I saw him wince as the hammer snapped unexpectedly; then he kept on snapping it, as though the sensation fascinated ear or finger, and just as I found myself enduring an intolerable suspense, Uvo ended it with a reckless light in his sunken eyes.

"I'm a lost man, Gilly!" said he, with a grim twinkle for my benefit. "I was afraid I should be if I once felt it in my paw. I'm really very grateful to you, Colonel Cheffins, and very sorry if I seem to have been looking your gift in the barrel. But the fact is I've always been rather chary of these pretty things, and I must thank you among other things for the chance of overcoming the weakness."

His tone was sincere enough. So was the grave face he turned upon Colonel Cheffins.

But its very gravity angered and alarmed me, and I was determined to have his decision in more explicit terms.

"Then the pistol's yours, is it, Uvo?" I asked, with the most disingenuous grin that I could muster.

"Till death us do part!" he answered. And his laugh jarred every fibre in my skin.

I never knew how seriously to take him; that was the worst of his elusive humor, or it may be of my own deficiency in any such quality. I confess I like a man to laugh at his own jokes, and to look as though he meant the things he does mean. Uvo Delavoye would do either—as the whim took him, and I used sometimes to think he cultivated a wilful subtlety for my special bewilderment. Thus, in this instance, he was quite capable of assuming an alarming pose to pay me out for any undue anxiety I might betray on his behalf; therefore, I had to admire the revolver in my turn, and even to acclaim it as a timely acquisition. But either Uvo was not deceived, or else I was right as to his morbid feeling about the weapon. He seemed unable to lay it down. Sometimes he did so with apparent resolution, only to pick it up again and sit twisting the empty chambers round and round, till they ticked like the speedometer of a coasting bicycle. Once he slipped in one of the cartridges. The colonel looked at me and I perched myself on the desk at Uvo's side. But the worst thing of all was the way his hand trembled as he promptly picked that cartridge out again.

We had not said a word, but Uvo rattled on with glib vivacity and the laugh that got upon my nerves. His new possession was his only theme. He could no more drop the subject than the thing itself. It was the revolver, the whole revolver, and nothing but the revolver for Uvo Delavoye that night. He was childishy obsessed with its unpleasant possibilities, but he treated them with a grim levity not unredeemed by wit. His blood-thirsty prattle grew into a quaint and horrible harangue eked out with quotations that stuck like bees. More than once I looked to Colonel Cheffins for a disapproval which would come with more weight from him than me; but decanter and syphon had been brought up soon after his arrival, and he only sipped his whiskey with an amused air that made me wonder which of us was going mad.

"Talk about bare bodkins, otherwise hollow-ground razors!" cried Uvo, emptying his glass. "I couldn't do the trick with cold steel if I tried; but with a revolver you've only got to press the trigger and it does the rest. Then—I wonder if you even live to hear the row?—then, Gilly, it's a case of that 'big blue mark in his forehead and the back blown out of his head'!"

"That wasn't a revolver," said I, for he had taught me to worship his modern god of letters; "that was the Snider that 'squibbed in the jungle.'"

Delavoye looked it up in his paper-covered copy.

"Quite right, Gilly!" said he. "But what price this from the very next piece?"

"So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed,
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head."

"That's a bit more like it than the big blue mark, eh? And my gifted author is the boy who can handle these pretty things better than anybody else in the class; he don't only use 'em for moral suasion under arms, but he makes you smell the blood and hear the thunder!"

Colonel Cheffins seemed to have had enough at last; he rose to go with rather a perfunctory laugh, and I jumped up to see him out on the plea of something I had to say about his damaged door and window.

"For God's sake, sir, get your revolver back from him!" was what I whispered down below. "He's not himself. He hasn't been his own man for over a year. Get it back from him before he takes a turn for the worse, and—and——"

"I know what you mean," said the colonel, "but I don't believe it's as bad as you think. I'll see what I can do. I might say I've smashed the other, but I mustn't say it too soon or else he'll smell a rat. I must leave him to you meanwhile, Mr. Gillon, but I honestly believe it's all talk."

And so did I as the dapper little coach smiled cheerily under the hall lamp, and I shut the door on him and ran up to Uvo's room two steps at a time. But on the threshold I fell back, for an instant, as though that accursed revolver covered me; for he was seated on his desk, his back to the room, his thumb on the trigger—and the muzzle in his right ear.

I crept upon him, and struck it upwards with a blow that sent the weapon flying from his grasp. It had not exploded; it was in my pocket before he could turn upon me with a startled oath.

"What are you playing at, my good fellow?" cried he.

"What are *you*?"

And my teeth chattered with the demand.

"What do you suppose? You didn't think I'd gone and loaded it, did you? I was simply seeing—if you want to know—whether one would use one's forefinger or one's thumb. I've quite decided on the thumb."

"Uvo," I said, pouring out more whiskey than I intended, "this is more than I can stick even from you, old fellow! You've gone on and on about this infernal shooter till I never want to see one in my life again. If you meant to blow out your brains this very night, you couldn't have said more than you have done. What rhyme or reason is there in such crazy talk?"

"I didn't say it was either poetry or logic," he answered, filling his pipe. "But it's a devilish fascinating idea."

"The idea of wanton suicide? You call that fascinating?"

"Not as an end. It's a poor enough end. I was thinking of the means: the cold trigger against your finger—the cold muzzle in your ear—the one frightful bang and then the Great What Next!"

"The Great What Next for you," I said, as his eyes came dancing through a cloud of bird's eye, "is Cane Hill or Colney Hatch, if you don't take care."

"I prefer the village mortuary, if you don't mind, Gilly."

"Either would be so nice for your mother and sister!"

"And I'm such a help to them as I am, aren't I? Think of the bread I win and all the dollars I'm raking in!"

"It would be murder as well as suicide," I went on. "It would finish off one of them, if not both."

He smoked in silence with a fatuous, drunken smile, though he was as sober as a man could be. That made it worse. And it was worst of all when the smile faded from the face to gather in the eyes, in a liquid look of unfathomable cynicism, new to me in Uvo Delavoye, and yet mysteriously familiar and repellent.

"Yes; they're certainly a drawback, Gillyon, but I don't know that they've a right to be anything more. We don't ask to be put into this world; surely we can put ourselves out if it amuses us."

"If it amuses us!"

"But that's the whole point!" he cried, puffing and twinkling as before. "How many people put themselves out for no earthly reason that anybody else can see, and have their memory insulted by the usual idiotic verdict? They're no more temporarily insane than I am. It's their curiosity that gets the better of them. They want to go at their best, with all their wits about them, as you or I might want to go to court. If they could take a return ticket, they would; they don't really want to go for good any more than I do. They're doing something they don't really want to do, yet can't help doing, as half of us are, half our time."

"They're weak fools!" I blustered. "They're destructive children who've never grown up, and they ought to be taken care of till they do."

He smiled through his smoke with sinister serenity.

"But we all are children, my dear Gilly, and on the best authority most of us are fools. As for the destructive faculty, it's part of human nature and three parts of modern policy; but our politicians haven't the child's excuse of wanting to know how things are made—which I see at the back of half the brains that get blown out by accident!"

"Good-night, Uvo," I said, just grasping him by the arm. "I know you're only pulling my leg, but I've heard about enough for one night."

"Another insulting verdict!" he laughed. "Well, so long, if you really mean it; but do you mind giving me my Webley and Scott before you go?"

"Your what?"

"My present from over the way. It's one of Webley and Scott's best efforts, you know. I had one like it, only the smaller size, when I was out in Egypt."

I thought he had forgotten about the concrete weapon, or rather that he did not know I had picked it up, but expected to find it in the corner where it had fallen when I knocked it out of his hand. My own hand closed upon it in my side pocket, as



Even as it was I went down on all fours —Page 738

I turned to face Uvo Delavoye, who had somehow slipped between me and the door.

"So it's not your first revolver?" I temporized.

"No; you've got to have one out there."

"But you didn't think it worth bringing home?"

I was trying to recall his very first remarks about revolvers, after the burglary the night before. And Delavoye read the attempt with his startling insight, and he helped me out with impulsive candor.

"You're quite right! I did say I hated the beastly things, but it was a weakness I

always meant to get over, and now I have. Do you mind giving me my Webley?"

"What did you do with the other one, Uvo?"

"Pitched it into the Nile, since you're so beastly inquisitive. But I was full of fever at the time, and broken-hearted at cracking up. It's quite different now."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is. I'm not going to do anything rotten. I was only ragging you. Don't be a silly ass, Gillon!"

He was holding out his hand. His face had darkened, but his eyes blazed.

"I'm sorry, Uvo——"

"I'll make you sorrier!" he hissed.

"I can't help it. You couldn't trust yourself in your fever. It's your own fault if I can't trust you now."

He glared at me like a caged tiger, and now I knew the wild sly look in his eyes. It was the look of the Kneller portrait at Hampton Court, but there was no time to think twice about that, for the tiger was gnashing his teeth in very impotence.

"Oh, very well! You don't get out of this, with my property, if I can help it! I know I'm no match for you in brute strength, but you lay a finger on me if you dare!"

He was almost foaming at the mouth, and the trouble was that I could understand his frenzy perfectly. I would not have stood my own behavior from any man, and yet I could not have behaved differently if I had tried, for his insensate fury was all of a piece with his delirious talk. I kept my eye on him as on a wild beast, and I saw his roving round the uncouth weapons on the wall. He was edging nearer to them; his hand was raised to pluck one down, his worn face bloated and distorted with his passion. Neither of us spoke; we were past the stage; but in the grate the gas fire burnt with a low reproving roar. And then all at once I saw Uvo turn his head as though his sensitive ear had caught some other sound; his raised hand swept down upon the handle of the door and, as he softly opened it, the other hand was raised in token of silence, and for one splendid second I looked into a face no longer possessed by the devil, but radiant with the newest joy.

Then I was at his elbow, and our ears bent together at the open door. Gas was burning on the landing as well as in the hall below; everything seemed normal to every

sense. I was obliged to breathe before another sound came from any quarter but that noisy stove in the room behind us. And then it was more a vibration of the floor, behind the curtains of the half-landing, than an actual sound. But that was enough; back we stole into Uvo's room.

"They've come," he whispered simply; "they're in the bath-room—now!"

"I heard."

"We'll go for them!"

"Of course."

He reached down the very weapon he had meant for my skull a minute before. It was a great club, studded with brass-headed nails, and also a most murderous battle-axe, so that the same whirl might fell one foe and cleave another. I had taken it from Uvo, and his dancing eyes were thanking me as he loaded the revolver I had handed him in exchange.

There were three stairs down to the half-landing, but Uvo sat up too late at nights not to know the one that creaked. We reached the old maroon curtain without a sound; behind it was the housemaids' sink on the right, and straight in front the bath-room door with a faint light under it. But the light went out before we reached it, and then the door would not open, and with that there was a smothered hubbub of voices and feet within. It was like the first shot from an ambuscade, but it was no ambuscade, and Uvo's voice rang out in triumph.

"Down with the door or the devils 'll do us yet!"

And they sounded as though they might before bolt or hinges gave. As we brought all our weight to bear, we could hear them huddling out of the window and somebody whispering sharply, "One at a time; one at a time!" And at that my companion relaxed his efforts inexplicably, but I flew at the key-hole with flat foot and every ounce of my weight behind it; the crash fined off into the scream of splintered wood, and I should have entered head-foremost if the man on the other side had not stemmed the torrent of torn wood-work. Even as it was I went down on all fours, and was only struggling to my feet as his figure showed dimly in the open window. Delavoye fired over my head at the same instant, but his revolver "squibbed" like that far-away Snider, and before I could hack with his battle-axe at their rope-ladder, the last of



Drawn by F. C. Yohn

'That same second my arms were round him. — Page 74.'

the thieves was safe and sound on *terra firma*.

"Don't do that!" cried Delavoye. "It's our one chance of nabbing 'em."

And he was out of the window and swinging down the rope-ladder while the ruffians were yet in the yard below. But they did not wait to punish his foolhardiness; the gate into the back garden banged before he reached the ground, and he hardly had it open when the last of the bunch of ropes slid hot through my hands.

"After them!" he grunted, giving chase to shadowy forms across the soaking grass. His revolver squibbed again as he ran. They did not stop to return his fire; but across the strawberry bed, at the end of the garden, the high split fence rattled and rumbled with the weight of the flying gang, and there was a dropping crackle of brushwood on the other side as I came up with Delavoye under the overhanging branches of the horse-chestnuts.

"Going over after them?" I panted, prepared to follow where he led.

"I'm afraid it's no good now," he answered, peering at his revolver in the darkness. The chambers ticked like the reel of a rod. "Besides, there's one of them cast a shoe or something. I trod on it a moment ago." He stooped and groped in the manure of the strawberry bed. "A shoe it is, Gilly, by all that's lucky!"

"You wouldn't like to dog them a bit further?" I suggested. "The fellow with one shoe won't take much overhauling?"

"No, Gilly," said Delavoye, abandoning the chase as incontinently as he had started it, but with equal decision; "I think it's about time to see what they've taken, as well as what they've left."

Their rope-ladder was still swaying from the bath-room window, and it served our turn again since Uvo was without his key. He climbed up first, and the window leaped into a square of gas-light before I gained the sill. The scene within was quite instructive. The family plate chest was clamped right round with iron bands, like the straps of a portmanteau, and the lock in each band had defied the ingenuity of the thieves; so they had cut a neat hole in the lid and extracted the contents piecemeal. These were not strewn broadcast about the room, but set out with some method on a dressing-table as well as in the basin and the bath.

Apparently the stage of selection had been reached when we interrupted the proceedings, and the first thing that struck me was the amount of fine old plate and silver, candelabra, urns, salvers, and the like, which had not been removed; but Delavoye was already up to the right armpit in the chest, and my congratulations left him grim.

"They've got my mother's jewel case all right!" said he. "She has one or two things worth all those put together; but we shall see them again unless I'm much mistaken. Come into my room and hear the why and wherefore. Ah! I was forgetting young ambition's ladder; thanks, Gilly. I hope you see how hard it's hooked to the wood-work on this side? It's only been their emergency exit; we shall probably find that they took their tickets at the pantry window. Now for a drink in my room and a bit of Sherlock Holmes work on the lucky slipper!"

I wish I could describe the change in Uvo Delavoye as he sat at his desk once more, with his eager face illumined by the reading gas lamp with the smelly rubber tube. Eager was not the word for it now, neither was it only the gas that lit it up. At its best, for all its bloodless bronze and premature furrows, the face of Uvo was itself a lamp, that only flickered to burn brighter, or to beam more steadily; and now he was at his best in the very chair and attitude in which I had seen him at his worst not so many minutes before. Was this the fellow who had toyed so tremulously with a deadly weapon and a deadlier idea? Was it Uvo Delavoye who had deliberately debauched his mind with the thought of his own blood until, to my eyes at least, he looked capable of shedding it at the morbid prompting of a degenerate impulse? I watched him keenly examining the thing in his hands, chuckling and gloating over a trophy which I for one would have taken far more seriously; and I could not believe it was he whom I had caught with a revolver, loaded or unloaded, screwed into his ear.

It was in a silence due to two divergent lines of thought that we both at once became aware of a prolonged but muffled tattoo on the door below.

"Coppers ahoy!" cried Uvo softly. "But I thought you hauled their ladder up after us?"

"So I did; but how do you know it's a copper?"

"Who else could it be at this time of night? Stay where you are, Gilly. I'll go down and see." And in a moment there was a new tune from the hall below: "Why, it's Colonel Cheffins! . . . How sporting of you, colonel! . . . Yes, come on up and I'll tell you all about it."

The colonel's answer was inaudible until he entered; but on the stairs he was explaining that he had awakened about an hour ago with a conviction that yet another house had been attacked, that in his inability to get to sleep again he had ultimately risen, and, seeing a light still burning across the road, had ventured to come over to inquire whether we were still all right. And with that there entered the Jaeger dressing suit and bedroom slippers, containing a very different colonel from the dapper edition I had seen out on the other side of midnight, and for that matter but a worn and feeble copy of the one we had both admired the night before.

"That's Witching Hill all over!" cried Uvo as he ushered him in. "You dreamed of what actually happened at the very time it was actually happening. And yet our friend Gillon can't see that the whole place is haunted and enchanted from end to end!"

"I'm not sure that I should go as far as that," said the colonel, sinking into a chair, while Delavoye mixed a stiff drink for him in his old glass. "In fact, now you come to put it that way, I'm not so sure that it was a dream at all. I sleep with my window open, at the front of the house, and I rather thought I heard shots of sorts."

"Of such a sort," laughed Uvo, "that you must be a light sleeper if they woke you up. Do you mind telling me, colonel, where you used to keep those cartridges you were kind enough to give me?"

"In my wash-stand drawer. I hope there was nothing the matter with them?"

"They wouldn't go off. That was all."

"God bless my soul!" cried Colonel Cheffins, putting down his glass.

"The caps were all right, but I am afraid you can't have kept your powder quite dry, colonel. I expect you've been swilling out that drawer in the heat of your ablutions. Devil a bullet would leave the barrel, and I tried all three."

"What an infernal disgrace!" cried the colonel, springing to his feet. "God bless my soul, why, the damned things ought to

go off if you raised them from the bottom of the sea! I'll let the makers have it in next week's *Field*, libel or no libel, you see if I don't! But that won't console either you or me, Mr. Delavoye, and I can't apologize enough. I only hope the rascals were no more successful here than they were at my house?"

"I'm afraid they didn't go quite so empty away."

"God bless my soul! Those cartridge makers ought to indemnify you. But perhaps they left some traces? That was the worst of it in my case—neither foot-mark nor finger-mark worth anything to anybody!"

"I'm afraid they left neither here."

"But you don't know that, Mr. Delavoye; you can't know it before morning. The frost broke up with the fog, you must remember, and the ground's as soft as butter. Which way did the blackguards run?"

"Through the garden and over the wall at the back into——"

"Then they *must* have left their card this time!" said Colonel Cheffins, ten years younger in his excitement, and even more alert and wide-awake than we had found him the night before. He did not conceal his anxiety to conduct immediate investigations in the garden. But Uvo persuaded him to wait till we had finished our drinks, and we got him to sit down at the desk, trembling with keenness.

"You see," said Uvo, leaning forward in the arm-chair and opening a drawer in the pedestal between them, "one of them did leave something in the shape of a card, and here it is."

And there lay the cast shoe, in the open drawer, under the colonel's eyes and mine as I looked over his shoulder.

"Why, it's an evening pump!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"Made by quite a good maker, I should say. All in one piece, without a seam, I mean."

"I see. I hadn't noticed that; but then I haven't your keen eye, colonel. You really must come out into the garden with us."

"I shall be delighted, and we might take this with us to fit into any tracks——"

"Precisely; but there's just one thing I should like you to do first, if you would,"

said Uvo deferentially, and I bent still farther over the colonel's shiny head.

"What's that, Mr. Delavoye?"

"Just to try on the glass slipper—so to speak, Colonel Cheffins—because it's so extraordinarily like the one you were wearing when you were here before!"

There was a moment's pause in which I saw myself quite plainly in the colonel's head. Then, with a grunt and a shrug, he reached out his left hand for the shoe, but his right slid inside his Jaeger jacket, and that same second my arms were round him. I felt and grabbed his revolver as soon as he did, and I held the barrel clear of our bodies while he emptied all six chambers through his garments into the floor.

Then we bound our fine fellow with his own rope-ladder, reloaded both revolvers with unexpurgated cartridges discovered upon his person, and prepared to hold a grand reception of his staff and "pupils." But those young gentlemen had not misconstrued the cannonade. And it was some days before the last of the gang were captured.

They were all tried together at the December sessions of the Central Criminal Court, when their elaborate methods were very much admired. The skilful impersonation of the typical Army coach by the head of the gang, and the adequate acting of his confederates in the subordinate posts of pupils and servants, were features which appealed to the public mind. The taking of the house in Mulcaster Park, as a base for operations throughout a promising neighborhood, was a measure somewhat over-

shadowed by the brilliant blind of representing it as the scene of the first robberies. It was generally held, however, that in presenting a predestined victim with a revolver and doctored cartridges, the master thief had gone too far, and that for that alone he deserved the exemplary sentence to which he listened like the officer and gentleman he had never been. So the great actor lives the part he plays.

It is a perquisite of witnesses to hear these popular trials with a certain degree of comfort, and so it was that I was able to nudge Uvo Delavoye, at the last soldierly inclination of that bald bad head, before it disappeared from a world to which it has not yet returned.

"Well, at any rate," I whispered, "you can't claim any Witching Hill influence this time!"

"I wish I couldn't," he answered in a still lower voice.

"But you've just heard that our bogus colonel has been a genuine criminal all his life."

"I wasn't thinking of him," said Uvo Delavoye. "I was thinking of a still worse character, who really did the thing I felt so like that night before we heard them in the bath-room. Not a word, Gilly! I know you've forgiven me. But I'm rather sorry for these beggars, for they came to me like flowers in May."

And as his face darkened with a shame unseen all day in that doleful dock, it was some comfort to me to feel that it had never been less like its debased image at Hampton Court.

A SUN-DIAL

By Frank Dempster Sherman

EACH morning sees my task begun,
Each evening finds my duty done:
The shadows on my dial show
Only the joyous hours that go
Along the pathway of the sun.

Only the happy hours I write,
Between the daybreak and the night:
My records all are golden rhyme;
I am the troubadour of Time,
And all my songs are of delight.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXXIII

A LETTER FROM ABROAD



HE session passed, and Dev-enish's land bill, as Rames had foretold, was postponed. It figured again in the address at the beginning of the following year, but as late as March no definite date had been assigned for its introduction. On a Saturday morning of this month Cynthia and her husband were breakfasting in the dining-room of the white house, when the morning's letters were brought in by the butler. Harry Rames tossed one or two aside.

"Circulars, pamphlets," he said. He opened some of the others, taking them from the top of the pile. "Here's one from the Chamber of Commerce—railway rates. I'll answer that this morning. Here's another—the committee of a school wants a grant from the treasury. Here's a third—" and as he was beginning to tear open the envelope, his voice suddenly stopped.

Cynthia looked up from her own letters and saw that while he was holding the third letter in his hand he was not looking at it. His eyes were fixed upon that one which was now uppermost on the heap. He sat and stared at the envelope for an appreciable time. Then dropping the letter which he held, he picked up this new and startling one and carried it swiftly over to the window. Cynthia followed his movement with her eyes, just curious, but nothing more. Her eyes indeed travelled beyond him and noticed the sunlight in the garden, the yellow and purple crocuses and the first of the daffodils, noticed them with an upspringing lightness of heart. Then the stillness of her husband's attitude caught her attention. She saw something in his face which she had never seen there before, which she had never thought to see there at all. He wore the look of a man quite caught out of himself. He was as one wrapped in visions and refined by the fires of great longings.

It seemed to her that she saw a man whose eyes, brimful of light, looked upon the Holy Grail.

He turned back to her. He brought her the letter still unopened and placed it in her hands. Cynthia received it as though written upon its cover she would read the revelation of his secret. Yet she saw nothing but a soiled envelope with a foreign stamp. She gazed up at her husband mystified.

"Look at the stamp, Cynthia!" said Rames in a queer voice.

Cynthia looked. It wore the head familiar to English people. But the lettering about the head was strange. She spelled it out.

"Rexland."

With a start she turned to him.

"That is the country you discovered."

"Yes. A stamp was struck to commemorate my discovery of it."

"A stamp?" cried Cynthia. "Wait a minute, Harry! You once spoke of a stamp to me before. Yes, on the morning of the day when you were to deliver your speech—the speech which failed. It was this stamp of which you were speaking?"

"Yes."

"You remembered it on that morning, even when your thoughts were full of the speech you were going to deliver."

"I remembered it by accident," he said sharply. "I can't think why. It had been out of my thoughts for so long. Yet it was that stamp." His voice softened. "It is issued by the post-office—for a penny. Just think of it! A penny stamp brings a letter from the Antarctic seas to us here in Warwickshire."

"Mr. Hemming sent it?"

"Without a doubt. When he came to see me in London fifteen months ago, he told me that if I intended to go out again he would not use my harbor."

Harry was standing just behind his wife. Cynthia was not looking at him any longer. But she was listening with a curious interest as though the words which he spoke

were of less importance to her than the accent with which he spoke them. She put questions to him to make yet more sure of it.

"And you gave him permission!"

"Of course. I had not the right to refuse it. I was never going South again. Nothing was further from my thoughts. I told him to use not only my harbor, but the depots of food I had made along my sledge-route from the harbor toward the Pole."

"You think that he reached the harbor?"

"I am sure of it. Otherwise he would not have used this stamp. He must have wintered there. I did not think that he would reach it before winter closed in upon him. The summer last year must have been very late."

Cynthia nodded her head.

"Yes."

Her attention was relaxed. Harry Rames had been striving to keep from his voice any note of regret, to speak in the ordinary level tone suitable to a matter of only ordinary interest. But in spite of his efforts he was not sure that he had succeeded. Cynthia handed to him the letter. He took it and turned it over in his hand.

"He has had time since he wintered in that harbor. One summer would be enough. He may have done it—if his dogs lived. There's always that condition. If his dogs lived! Mine didn't. Perhaps—perhaps—" He broke off abruptly and thrust the letter back into Cynthia's hand.

"You open it! You can tell me what he says."

Harry Rames walked again to the window and stood with his back to the room. Cynthia's eyes followed him and travelled past him once more to the garden. She was sure that she would never forget those daffodils and the purple crocuses waving in the sunlight for one day as long as she lived. A minute ago she had noticed them; now she noticed them again; and within that minute had been revealed to her the great secret Harry Rames had been at so much pains to hide. She knew her rival now, and was appalled. "Such men are broken by a torment of their souls." It was Harry himself who had said that. The wish came to her, "If only this man has succeeded." She tore open the envelope.

Harry Rames stood at the window waiting for the letter to be read to him; and it

seemed to him that he waited for an eternity. He had heard the tearing of the envelope. The letter was open in Cynthia's hands. Yet she did not speak a word. Rames's heart sank.

"Then he has reached the Pole?" he asked with a studied carelessness.

"I don't know," Cynthia replied in perplexity.

"Read it."

"There is nothing to read."

Rames turned round and came swiftly toward her.

"He must have forgotten to enclose his letter. There is nothing but this," said Cynthia. She was holding a single blank sheet of note-paper in her hand. She turned it over. "No, there's not a word written anywhere. Do you understand it?"

"Yes. He has failed."

There was no doubt left to her of her husband's joy. The cry which broke from his lips was not to be denied. It was a real cry of exultation. Cynthia turned pale as she heard it. But she would not acknowledge that she understood it, nor would she look into Harry's face lest she should see the same exultation blazoned there.

"Poor Hemming," said Rames. "That's bad luck. The disappointment must have hit him hard."

"You can understand that," said Cynthia steadily.

"Yes. He would have written, you see, if he had taken it more lightly. He has nothing to say. That is what his blank sheet of paper means. That is what it must mean. Well, I must go and write to the Chamber of Commerce, Cynthia"; and gathering up his letters he went out of the room.

As for Cynthia, she remembered that the North Warwickshire met that morning at eleven o'clock four miles from the house. She rode to the meet and followed the hounds over a good grass country flying her hedges on a big horse which old Mr. Davenry had given to her on the very first day when she had hunted over six years ago. It had always been her experience that when troubles and fears overburdened her, a hard day's hunting was her best medicine. It smoothed out the creases of her mind, whipped up the blood in her veins, set her pulses dancing with the joy of living and

unrolled her courage like a banner. The sunlight, the swift rush through the air, the rhythm of movement, the keenness of the animal beneath her, the flight over hedge and ditch, had never failed her up till now. It always seemed to her that by some process, of which she was quite unconscious, the direct and simple thing to do emerged from the confusion of her thoughts and shone out unmistakably. And it shone out to-day. But she could not bring herself to accept it. As she rode homeward through the lanes she was at her arguments again.

"No! With time contentment will come to him. He will be subdued to the matter he works in. And I cannot let him go."

Mr. Benoliel's warning obstinately confronted her.

"One party doesn't keep the bargain or keeps it half-heartedly as an irksome thing and day by day the separation grows more complete until you are living with your enemy or living quite alone."

But she would not be convinced; she battled against it. "There was a saving clause. 'Unless on both sides there is love.' In that case a way could be found. And on both sides there may be love."

She had treasured up little acts of thoughtfulness on Harry Rames's part, the merest small things which women are quick to notice and to build upon; such as having a cloak ready for her shoulders almost before she was aware that she was cold. She ran these trifles over in her mind, clutching at them for proof that the longed-for change was coming—nay, perhaps, had come. There had been a constant watchfulness, a constant care for her shown by her husband during this last year. It might be, of course, that a certain remorse was stirring in him—remorse that he was only keeping his side of the bargain in the letter and not the spirit.

"But I cannot let him go," she insisted. The perils, the hardships, the dangers of snow-storms and cold and shipwreck and famine which had all seemed so trivial to her in her days of romance when she had blamed him for not going back to the South and completing the work which he had begun, now loomed up before her terrible and dark. It was no use to argue that other men had gone that road and had come back. This one might not. She reached her home with her distress as heavy upon

her as when she had set out; and was told that Mr. Benoliel was waiting to see her.

She went at once into the drawing-room and gave Mr. Benoliel some tea.

"Will you tell Mr. Rames," she said to her butler, "that Mr. Benoliel is here?"

"He's not in the house," said Benoliel. "He's in Ludsey. I asked for him when I heard that you were out. I am glad. For I should like to tell you my news first."

The butler left the room and Mr. Benoliel became at once mysterious and omniscient.

"Sir George Carberley is going to resign," he said.

Cynthia looked at him in surprise.

"The member for our division?"

The white house was not within the borough limits of Ludsey. It stood in the Heckleton Division of the county of Warwickshire and Sir George Carberley, an important unit of the opposition, was Harry Rames's representative in the House of Commons.

"Yes," said Mr. Benoliel. "He has sat for the division for forty years now and he is tired. He intends to resign when this session is over."

"Are you sure?" asked Cynthia. "How do you know this?"

"Ah!" said Benoliel with a smile. "You mustn't ask me that, Cynthia. Indeed I am not quite sure that I ought to have told you the news at all. But I thought that it was so important for you to know it at once that I stretched a point of confidence."

"Thank you," said Cynthia. "But what I don't understand is why it is so important for us to have the news before the others?"

"Captain Rames is on the executive of your association, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then he will have a voice in the selection of the candidate who will fight the seat from your political point of view."

"Of course."

"Very well," said Mr. Benoliel. "If he has a candidate ready when the news of the approaching resignation is published, and if that man is willing to follow not simply the government's policy, but also your husband's policy as regards Devenish's land bill, don't you see what a chance he gets? If Rames can secure the selection of his man as candidate and then can win over the seat, he strengthens his position with the

government enormously. He has put his views about Devenish's bill to the test of an election, and he has won."

"Yes I see that," said Cynthia doubtfully. She was considering the prospect Mr. Benoliel held out to her from a quite different point of view. If Harry succeeded in this plan, his victory would be one more link in the chain of obligation which bound him to his present life. If he failed, his failure would be another disappointment weakening it.

"But can we win?" she cried. "The seat's supposed to be impregnable."

"That's one of your advantages. Over-confidence loses more seats than bad candidates lose. Besides, the mere fact that one man has held a seat for forty years is against the probability of another man of the same color succeeding. There are lots of people who will be ready to say 'It's time we gave the other fellows a look-in.' Your husband has only got to throw himself heart and soul into the fight and he will stand a very good chance. No doubt of that."

Cynthia reflected. "Why did you wish to tell me this news before you told it to Harry?" she asked, bending her brows upon Mr. Benoliel in a steady frown which had before now warned him to walk with circumspection.

"I wasn't quite sure," he explained, "that you would wish him now to undertake a further obligation of political service."

"Indeed!" said Cynthia icily. "And why shouldn't I wish it now, Mr. Benoliel?"

Mr. Benoliel had no intention to allow himself to be browbeaten by a slip of a girl for whose happiness he was in a measure responsible.

"Because, my dear Cynthia," he answered, "it has seemed to me on the last few occasions when I have met your husband that he was feeling the strain of a Parliamentary life. He has looked worn and tired. I could almost fancy that he was disheartened."

Cynthia's thoughts did Mr. Benoliel some injustice at this moment. Certainly he was suggesting to her that his neglected warning had been justified, that Harry's Parliamentary ambition had been a mere phase in his life, which was now passing or had already passed. But she went further

and assumed in him a kind of triumph at the accuracy of his diagnosis. Right underneath his sympathetic words she seemed to hear the whisper of a question,

"Am I not a clever man?"

The whirr of a motor car grew loud and ceased. Harry had returned from Ludsey. Mr. Benoliel sat patiently in front of her, awaiting her decision. Was he to break his news to Harry Rames or was he not? Cynthia felt that Harry's destiny and hers were in her hands. She must make her choice and by that choice it seemed to her they would be both inextricably bound, their happiness or their misery allotted to them for the whole span of their lives.

She sat with her chin propped in the palm of her hand and her eyes brooding darkly on Mr. Benoliel. A door was shut somewhere in the house. She rose and pressed the bell.

"Howard," she said to her butler, "was that Mr. Rames?"

"Yes ma'am."

"He is in his study I think?"

"Yes."

"Will you show Mr. Benoliel in to him?" And as Benoliel rose, she said to him, "Will you come back after you have told your news? You will have an opportunity of reconsidering your judgment. I should like to hear whether you still think him disheartened."

Cynthia was in her most aggrieved and stately mood. She usually was when she knew herself to be in the wrong. She would not admit Mr. Benoliel's sympathy or affection for her. She had an epithet for him very near to the tip of her tongue at this moment. Mr. Benoliel was officious. With a distant bow she dismissed him.

She had the satisfaction half an hour later of hearing Mr. Benoliel's complete recantation.

"I was quite wrong, Cynthia. He was in the best of spirits. He was elated. The look of strain had gone if it was ever there. I have been mistaken. I am happy to admit it."

Cynthia relaxed from her frigidity. But her satisfaction was a poor one and had little life in it. She had merely tricked Mr. Benoliel into the belief that his insight had been at fault. For in truth, as she knew very well, it had never been more shrewd. What had led Mr. Benoliel into error was

his ignorance of the letter with the "Rexland" stamp which had arrived at the white house by the morning's post. Hemming's failure was a kind of reprieve for Harry Rames. In a sudden revulsion he had been lifted out of his discouragement. His exultation had remained with him all that day. Cynthia had counted upon it when she had sent Benoliel to his study.

XXXIV

THE CONVICT AT THE OAR

A LONG account of Hemming's expedition, sent by a New Zealand correspondent, appeared in one of the morning papers the next day. Hemming had travelled a couple of hundred miles further south than Harry Rames. Then he had been compelled to return. But it was Harry Rames who had made it possible for him to get so far. For he used Rames's depots of provisions and was able to save his own for the stretch of new ice-covered country.

Harry lighted upon the account unexpectedly when he opened his newspaper at the breakfast table, but the moment he saw the head-line he folded the sheets quickly again and pushed the paper away from him. He shrank from reading it, hardly daring to trust himself, and he began to talk over with Cynthia the names of suitable candidates for the Heckleton Division.

"The Whips, of course, will have a man ready who will be pledged to swallow the whole of the government policy, land bill and all. We must be beforehand with them. What do you say to young Burrell, Cynthia?"

"Sir James Burrell's son?"

"Yes. His father is anxious that he should do something," said Harry with a laugh. "And since he has been ploughed for the army, he doesn't see that there is anything much open to him, except to govern the country."

"But isn't he rather young and rather insignificant?" asked Cynthia.

"Youth's a good quality in the House of Commons. The older men become suspicious of change and want life stereotyped as it is. And young Burrell isn't without brains. I don't say that he's a flyer, but then, like the government, I prefer docility to brains in my followers. I think that I

will run round to Sir James when we go back to town on Monday."

But though Harry Rames neglected his newspaper at the breakfast table, he came back for it at eleven in the morning. He could keep the drawer in his bureau locked upon his charts, but he could not quench his fever to read the details of Hemming's expedition. For an hour he tried to occupy himself with the business of Cynthia's estate, and then he gave up the attempt. When and how Hemming failed, how far he had travelled with his sledges, what new lessons were to be learnt from his experience—here were questions which he could not silence. He got the paper and read the account through. "The dogs gave out," he said to Cynthia. "The dogs are the trouble. You can't carry enough food for them and for the sledging-party as well. Of course, it's bad luck on Hemming. But I doubt if he followed the highest traditions of British exploration."

"Why?" asked Cynthia.

"He should have chosen a different base, converged upon the Pole from a different angle, and covered ground altogether new. Then, whether he failed or not, he would have brought back a hundred new facts of interest to the scientist and the geographer. As it is he adds very little I should think to our knowledge."

Cynthia was silent for awhile after he had finished. Then she said in a low voice, bending over some embroidery at which she was working:

"And if you were to go back, Harry, where would you make your base?"

"I?"

Harry Rames sprang eagerly up.

"Oh, I should search for a harbor a long way to the east of my old one. At least," and he caught himself up, "I think that is what I should do. I am speaking at random of course. But I should at all events have considered that possibility carefully, if I had been going out again."

Again a spell of silence followed upon his words and Cynthia did not raise her eyes from her work. She was wearing a hat with a wide brim and Harry Rames could see nothing of her face.

"Won't you get your charts out and show me?" she asked. She had mastered her voice so that there was no sound of effort in it.

"I haven't got them here," said Harry with a fine indifference. "They are in London I believe, somewhere or other."

Cynthia's needle stopped.

"In London," she said. An idea had occurred to her. "Locked up?"

"Very likely. I may have locked them up. I have done with them altogether, you see."

"Of course," said Cynthia.

This time it was Harry who did not at once reply. The finality of that "of course" brought a flush of anger into his face. He almost blamed her for her blindness, though all his efforts aimed at keeping her blind.

"I will ride into Heckleton this afternoon," he said, "and make sure that the chairman of our association has no pet candidate of his own."

"That will be a good plan," said Cynthia; and with a glance at the crown of that broad hat and a surprise at the obtuseness of the head which it so effectually concealed, he went out of the room. Not until the door was closed did Cynthia lift her face from her work. Her eyes were brimming with tears and she let her hands lie idle on her lap while the tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks. She was not much given to tears, but to-day they had their way with her. She was wretched. Their marriage had been a mistake. From first to last Mr. Benoliel had been right, but she would not listen to him and be warned. Even this afternoon he had accused her—for so she now looked upon his words—with his pitiless truths. It was true that Harry was discouraged, that his face had grown thin and worn, that despite the brave show which he was making, he was utterly unhappy. Harry's words, "The men who go South are driven on by a torment of their souls," lived with her night and day. They were written in fire upon every wall of her house. In that torment Harry Rames was now tossing and must toss, enduring the anguish of his longings silently—just as silently as she herself was weeping in the empty room.

She was afraid of herself and dissatisfied with herself. Afraid because she had been perilously near to one wild outcry, "Since your heart is set on it, go!" Dissatisfied, because she had stifled the words before they were spoken, because she could not bring herself to speak them, and never would.

From that day a change came over her. She flung herself with a veritable fever of energy upon those opportunities which enable a woman to identify herself with politics. The work she had undertaken in Ludsey, she undertook in London on a wider scale, and with infinitely greater effort. She was elected upon the central committees of the various women's associations connected with her husband's party; she travelled far and wide throughout the country on the business of organizations; she made speeches; she sought the presence of cabinet ministers at her dinner-table; she lost her color, her buoyancy. What she did was done doggedly. To go to bed each night tired out, that was her ambition.

"If Harry wears himself out, why should not I?" she said when any of her friends remonstrated with her, but not one of them was allowed to guess that the secret of all her energy was remorse. She was seeking her rest in fatigue. For her remorse grew. Night after night Harry sat faithfully, as he had promised to Hamlin, in his seat on the front bench below the gangway. He took his part in the debates, he recovered the ground which he had lost. He was once more a man marked for high office. But it was all labor now, and unloved labor. And the strain of it was visible. He went out and in without that happy mien of confidence which once Cynthia had been wont to resent, but for which she vainly hungered now.

There was one Friday evening toward the end of June when she was impelled to approach the dangerous subject of her own accord. She and Harry had been dining with the prime-minister in Downing Street. All that week the House had been sitting into the small hours. The prime-minister himself had taken her aside and given her a warning. They returned home soon after eleven, and as they sat over a final cigarette in Harry's study, Cynthia could not shut her eyes to his restlessness, the nervous flickering of his fingers, the unsteady intonations of his voice.

"Aren't you doing too much, Harry?" she asked.

"Not more than you, Cynthia," he replied as he poured himself out a whiskey and soda.

"Much more. And women who are doing what they want to do can stand a great deal more than men who are not."

Harry looked across at her quickly.

"But, of course, I am doing just what I have always planned to do, just what you are helping me to do—just what I sought your help to enable me to do."

"Sure?"

"Of course."

Cynthia had crossed the room to his side and was standing with a hand upon his shoulder. She was in a mood of indecision and the touch of her hand revealed her mood to Rames. A change came over him. She felt a tremor of his body, a sudden quickening of the muscles beneath her hand. He became intensely expectant. She could read the question in his mind. Was she by some wonderful inspiration going to release him from the torment of his soul? But the mere sensation of his movement was enough for Cynthia. She withdrew her hand. She repeated unconsciously words which he had once used to her.

"After all we get some fun out of it, don't we, Harry?" she said; and Harry rose quickly from his chair.

"We get much more out of it, Cynthia," he said with a face which had suddenly grown very grave and tender; and the next moment she was in his arms, held there tightly, clasped against him. Cynthia was carried out of herself. She was swept away unexpectedly upon a swirl of passion.

"Harry! Oh Harry!" she whispered in a low voice of happiness. His right hand touched and stroked her hair. Then he tilted her chin backward and he looked into her eyes and a smile transfigured his face.

"Oh, much more, Cynthia," he cried, and he bent his head and kissed her. He put her away from him and looked her over from her delicate feet to the fair crown of her hair. She wore a satin gown of white with her diamonds in her hair, and a rope of pearls about her neck.

"There! That's that!" he said, and Cynthia with a laugh and the blush of a girl answered, "Thank you." Harry Rames lit a cigarette and Cynthia's eyes followed each movement and followed it with incredulity. The change so ardently longed for by her had come then? He loved—he actually loved!

"Since when?" she asked gently.

"Do you remember one evening when you stood there by the door, very wistful,

and told me something about yourself which I did not know?"

"Yes, I remember. I was unwise."

"You were not. For it began then."

"Really?"

She went up to him, and he caught her hand in his and held it tightly clasped.

"I looked at you to-night as we sat at dinner. There was no one but you at the dinner-table. How on earth you could have brought yourself to marry me, I can't think."

"I told you," said Cynthia, "I was afraid," and there was a note of exultation in the confession as though now at last she was freed from fear. Harry Rames lifted her suddenly from the ground and held her close to him. She hung inert in his arms.

"That's over," he said.

"Quite."

"I love you, Cynthia."

Cynthia threw her head back and closed her eyes, giving to him her face, her throat.

"I wanted to hear you say that," she whispered. He carried her over to the sofa and laid her down.

For a week or two after that evening Cynthia walked in a dream. The great trouble which had weighed upon her thoughts incessantly was altogether gone. Mr. Benoliel had been right in his conjectures. He must still be right, she reasoned. He had foreseen the trouble accurately. "You will be living with your enemy or living quite alone." But he had added a saving clause. If on both sides there was love, then salvation would be found. Cynthia did not inquire very deeply into Mr. Benoliel's meaning. The salvation would come automatically, following upon love. She was content to think that and she walked in a world of roses as in the days of her girlhood in the estancia before James Challoner had come to claim her.

But after a fortnight she waked from her dream. Life was different: it was intensified. There was a little more sunlight on a sunny day, a little more sparkle in the summer, one walked to music. But the trouble was not gone, in spite of the fact that on both sides there was love. For with love, contentment had not come to Harry Rames. He watched himself, but she watched him closer and she knew. His sleep grew disturbed. The torment of his soul was not appeased. Daily he became

more and more the convict at the oar. There grew up between them a loving enmity.

A morning came in the middle of July when to Cynthia the strain became intolerable. She was riding under the trees in the Row. It was not yet half-past nine and the air was still fresh with the dews of the night. A light haze hung near to the ground, the sunlight touched the green alleys of trees to gold, and far off across the Park soldiers were marching to the drums and fifes. She had reached the cross-road which leads to the Albert Gate when the impulse seized her. Mr. Brook was riding at her side, dilating enthusiastically on the importance of their group in the House of Commons, while Cynthia from time to time said mechanically "yes," and again "yes," and wished with her whole heart that all the bores in London would not take their exercise at half-past nine in the morning. Mr. Brook was in full swing when Cynthia abruptly reined in her horse.

"Good-by," she said, "I am afraid I have something I must do," and to Mr. Brook's astonishment she turned and cantered quickly back to Hyde Park Corner. Thence she rode to Grosvenor Square, gave her horse to her groom, and burst into Mr. Benoliel's dining-room where he sat breakfasting delicately amidst his silver and flowers. She waved the butler from the room and sat down at the table at right-angles to Mr. Benoliel.

"I am very unhappy," she said. "I was riding in the Park. It seemed ridiculous to be unhappy on a day like this. Yet I am. So I put my pride in my pocket."

She spoke with a kind of petulance, like one aggrieved and surprised at the contrariness of things. But Mr. Benoliel recognized that her distress was very real. His face clouded over; he laid his hand upon her arm.

"Have some breakfast, Cynthia."

"Food!" cried Cynthia in contempt. Then she changed her tone. "Well, I haven't had any breakfast. Perhaps—yes."

She was a girl with a healthy appetite and very unhappily she ate a big breakfast.

"Now light a cigarette and tell me about it."

He pushed over a silver box lined with cedar wood from which Cynthia took a

cigarette. She tapped the end upon the table and lighted it. Mr. Benoliel's cigarettes were famous for their freshness and the delicacy of their aroma. Cynthia inhaled the tobacco and was a little comforted.

"No," she said. "I can't tell you all about it. I just want to ask you a question."

"Yes."

"You remember the warning you gave me at Culvers when you didn't know that I was married?"

"Quite well," said Mr. Benoliel regretfully. "It came too late."

"I am glad that it came too late," Cynthia observed quietly. "For I might have taken it."

Mr. Benoliel looked perplexed.

"Yet you are unhappy, Cynthia?"

"Very. None the less I wouldn't go back. But I don't want you to ask me questions. I will tell you at once that you were right—quite right up to a point. And the happiness both of Harry and myself depends upon your being right all through."

Mr. Benoliel's eyes flashed into life.

"There is a chance then?"

"Oh yes! If you are right."

"Let me hear!"

Cynthia put her question.

"What did you exactly mean when you said that even if the change you feared should come and some latent ambition should spring to life and snatch him back, separation need not follow, provided that on both sides there was love?"

A gravity overspread Benoliel's face.

"I meant, my dear, that sooner or later," he said gently, "after much tribulation, much revolt, one of the two will make the necessary sacrifice, and will make it wholeheartedly."

Cynthia was silent for a little while.

"Yes," she said at last in a low voice.

"Of late I have begun to think that that is what you meant."

She dropped her cigarette upon a plate and rose. "Thank you, Mr. Benoliel," she said, and she walked with a trailing step to the door. At the door she paused.

"And is it always the woman who must make the sacrifice?" she asked; and Mr. Benoliel lost in a moment all that second-hand aspect of the dilettante which habitually cloaked him.

"Always," he said, with a ringing gravity of voice. "That is the law of the world, and neither man nor woman shall change it."

Cynthia opened the door and went out.

XXXV

THE LITTLE BIT EXTRA

YET that August when Parliament had risen, Harry Rames and Cynthia were cruising in the Solent and no word had been spoken by her to remedy their trouble. It was Cynthia who had proposed this holiday and Harry had fallen in with her plan eagerly. They had chartered a small steam yacht of a hundred tons. Rames navigated the boat himself and slipping their moorings one afternoon, they left Cowes behind them and steamed away through the north channel of the Shingles to Poole. Cynthia had ceased to wrestle with herself. She was content to lie in her deck chair and put into and out of the harbors of the West.

"This shall be the perfect holiday," she had said. "Whatever the future may hold for us, we will have this month together without visitors, without any shadows."

They were tossed in Portland race; they steamed across the West Bay over a sea smooth and bright as a steel mirror. They dropped their anchor at Dartmouth. They rounded the Start on the next day and crossed the Bar of Salcombe harbor under the shadow of Bolt Head on just such an evening of sunset as that which the poet fixed in a few lines of deathless verse. Cynthia stood with her arm through Harry's, as very slowly with the lead going in the bows he set the boat over the shallows.

"Sunset and evening star," Cynthia quoted.

"And one clear call for me," Harry Rames continued and abruptly broke off like a guilty person who has spoken without thought. Cynthia walked to the end of the bridge. After all, this cruise had made a difference to Harry. She consoled herself by the reflection. He had recovered something of his buoyancy of spirits since he had trodden the planks of this little yacht and looked down from its flimsy bridge onto its narrow deck and tapering bow. He was interested in the boat, quick to induce her to give him of her best, and her brass shone

like a woman's ornaments. They put out from Salcombe the next day and, keeping clear of Plymouth and Polperro and Fowey, heard the bell upon the Manacles in the afternoon and dropped anchor between the woods of Helford River. They stayed there for a day and made a passage thence to Guernsey on a night of moonlight. Cynthia sat late upon the bridge while Rames in his great-coat kept the boat upon her course. Toward morning he came to her side and stooped over her.

"I thought you were asleep."

"No."

"Aren't you tired?"

"No."

"You were lying so still."

"Yes," said Cynthia. "I am storing this night up."

The swish and sparkle of the water along the boat's sides, the rattle of the chain as the helmsman spun the wheel, the quiet orders of her husband, the infinite peace of sky and sea, and the yacht like a jewel between them, were indeed to dwell long in Cynthia's memories. For their holiday was at an end. A sailor was sent ashore at Guernsey for the ship's letters and he brought them on board whilst Harry and Cynthia were at breakfast in the deck cabin. There was one for Rames with the Heckleton postmark stamped upon the envelope. Harry tore it open reluctantly.

"Carberley has resigned," he said. "There will be a meeting of the executive on Friday night to adopt young Burrell."

Cynthia looked out across the harbor.

"We ought to go back, oughtn't we?" she said slowly.

Harry glanced at his letter.

"It is not expected that the election will take place for five weeks," he answered.

Cynthia shook her head.

"We shall want all that time, Harry." Then she cried with a sudden vehemence: "You have got to win this fight, Harry. So much hangs on it for you and me."

"I know, Cynthia," he answered.

"More than you know."

Harry rose from his chair.

"I'll give orders. We will steam back to Southampton at once. But it's a pity, isn't it? Old Carberley might have waited for another month. I am sorry."

"So am I," said Cynthia. Her eyes had wandered from him and were once more

fixed upon the shipping in the harbor. Her face had grown white. "More sorry than you can know."

A little white dinghy, gay with a sailor in a white jersey and a red cap, was just leaving the side of a big yacht moored across the water. The picture of that little boat was fixed for life in Cynthia's recollections. It had nothing to do with her, she never knew who sailed in the yacht, or on what business the boat put off to shore. But the picture of it was vivid to her long after important memories had grown altogether dim.

The fight for the Heckleton Division was memorable in the political history of that year. From first to last it was Rames's fight. The candidate was young, and a halting speaker, and unknown to the constituency. But he lived in Rames's house and when he appeared upon a platform he appeared with Rames at his side. When he spoke he uttered the words which Rames had prepared, and when he had finished Rames was on his legs to fill up the deficiencies and whip the assembly to a fire of enthusiasm. From the great guns of his own party, no assistance came. Indeed, most of them would have been well pleased had the seat not been won. For in the forefront of his programme Mr. William Burrell put hostility to the land bill. The two men left the white house early in the morning to return there late at night. For five weeks the lights of Rames's motor flashed on the hedges of the country roads in Warwickshire, and the constituency was won. The result was declared at noon, and half an hour later Mr. William Burrell, M.P., a slim, fair young gentleman with a small gift of flippancy made his one memorable speech in the big room of the club.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the British public, as a whole, is indifferent to politics. It wakes up, to be sure, at the time of an election. But if I were asked to define politics in relation to the British public I should define it as a spasm of pain recurring once in every four or five years. What, then, is it which arouses the enthusiasm of which I am a witness? What is it which achieves these triumphs? Need I say? It is personality. Character—that's what they want in public life—and now, gentlemen, they have got it."

The speech was received with a very tornado of laughter. Rames turned to his wife

who sat by him on the little raised platform at the end of the room.

"I told you he wasn't a fool," he said, and Mr. Arnall, who had come over from Ludsey, cried out with a chuckle of delight that he had now a companion speech to match the famous one of Taylor the democrat.

"You won't go back to London until tomorrow, will you?" said Rames to young Burrell. "It's best not to hurry away the moment you've won the seat."

They returned accordingly to the white house, and when the two men were left by Cynthia to their wine after dinner, Rames turned inquisitively to his guest.

"I have noticed a change in you, Burrell, during these five weeks. You came into the contest as though it was a joke, didn't you?"

"Yes I did," said Burrell, blushing.

"And though you laughed at it again today, as a matter of fact it ceased to be a joke very quickly."

Burrell agreed. "Very quickly."

Rames fetched a box of cigars from the sideboard.

"Now light a cigar," he said, "and tell me just as clearly as you can what brought about the change, and what this election really means to you."

Mr. William Burrell, M.P., shied at the proposal.

"Oh, I say, Rames," he began, but Rames cut him short.

"I really want to hear," he said earnestly.

"I ask for a particular reason."

Burrell lit his cigar. The contest had impressed him deeply. But like most men he was shy of revealing any strength of feeling. But the eager eyes of Rames kept him to his task. He looked back over the five weeks, gathering up his little sheaf of recollections.

"What remains in my mind," he said with hesitation, "is not the excitement, nor the applause, is not the difficulty of making speeches about subjects with which one is not half acquainted, nor the fear of being asked questions for which one has no reply ready, but something quite different. It is the memory of little bare rafted school-rooms, hot with gas-light, crowded with white faces, faces so hopeful, so—intolerably hopeful—the faces of people who look confidently to candidates and Parliaments

for so much more than it seems to me Parliaments and candidates can ever do."

"Ah!" said Rames curiously. "You felt that too. I remember that I did."

Burrell leaned forward.

"Did you too, though you shouted yourself hoarse with the rest, feel a little ashamed?"

Rames reflected. "No," he said; "never." Then he added with a smile, "but I think I should now."

"I did," said Burrell. "There were times when I wanted to stop my speech in the middle and cry out, 'Don't look at me with such high hopes. It's no use! It's no use!' But I held my tongue. For there's always the little that governments *can* do. That's the consolation, isn't it?" Burrell was finding it easier to speak out his thoughts now. The false shame with which he had begun had quite left him. His words tumbled out hot from his soul. The strangely curious, almost envious look with which Harry Rames, his tutor and leader, waited upon him encouraged and urged him on.

"The fight, the excitement, the victory—oh yes, they are worth having, even though one owes them to another, just as I owe them, Captain Rames, to you. But now, after the victory, there's still the little which can be done; and there's still the memory of the raftered school-rooms, the hot gas-light, and the rows of eager, hopeful, pallid faces to help one on to do it."

He stopped and leaned back in his chair. The shame of a young man who has let his tongue wag before his elders and masters seized hold upon him.

"But why did you lead me on to talk this sort of blatter to you?" he asked in an aggrieved voice. "All that I have just learnt you knew long since."

Harry Rames shook his head.

"Your opposition to Devenish's land bill shows it," Burrell insisted. "Oh, we'll have a real policy of land reform, not an act of revenge."

Harry Rames leaned across the corner of the table toward young Burrell. To the youth's eyes he looked at this moment extraordinarily haggard and old.

"I'll tell you, Burrell, why I asked my question. I wanted to recapture from you if I could something of a man's enthusiasm at his first political victory."

Burrell looked at his leader with astonishment. Of the man of fire who had blazed through the constituency from corner to corner with clear ringing phrases and an inexhaustible good-humor there was now nothing left. He was burnt out. He sat with brooding eyes and a white face all fallen into despair. The tale of his years was suddenly written large upon him. Burrell had wit enough to understand that fatigue did not explain the change. A mask was withdrawn; he saw misery like a cancer. Rames sat and betrayed himself like a man in his cups.

"You tell me you felt ashamed in the school-rooms. I never knew anything of such shame. To win, to win, to win! That was all I thought about. That was all the desire I felt. That was what I hoped you would help me to recapture to-night. But you haven't helped."

Rames's eyes dwelt angrily upon his colleague.

"No. You have made me feel ashamed too." Then his face relaxed and he added in a friendlier voice: "I believe that I have helped you—really helped you. Oh, not to win a seat in the House of Commons. That's nothing to be so proud about. But to find your vocation."

"Where you have found yours," said Burrell firmly.

"Not a bit of it," said Rames, and then he woke from his moodiness to a savage outburst of contempt. "Oh, I am going on with it. Don't be alarmed, Burrell. I'll lead you. We'll put up a fight. We'll make the fur fly. Very possibly we'll pull the whole government down with a run. But—" and drawing his chair nearer to the youth he changed his tone. "I'll tell you the truth about the House of Commons. It's the place where the second-rate gets the finest show in the world. In no walk of life does second-rate intellect reap so high a reward or meet with such great esteem. But it won't lift you to the very top. Nor will first-rate intellect either. Remember that!"

"What will then?" asked Burrell in perplexity, and Harry Rames shrugged his shoulders.

"The little bit extra. Character, perseverance! I don't know. Something anyway. It's the same everywhere now. There are too many clever people about. Faith

in a cause, I think. That's why the sentimentalists do so much harm in public affairs. They get their way, because they believe. They are not playing the political game. Cleverness is twelve for a penny nowadays. To get up to the top you must have the little bit extra. Now in the sphere of politics I haven't got it. I don't say office is out of my reach. It isn't. I have been offered it. I have refused it. But I haven't got the little bit extra. Outside politics—in quite another sphere—I believe I have. But that's all done with. I was warned when I went into politics—warned by a shrewd, wise man. But I wouldn't listen and so some day amongst the second-rate Right Honorables half a dozen lines will announce my demise in the *Times*."

Young Burrell had no great experience of the intenser emotions, and the bitterness with which Rames spoke appalled him. He saw a man in torture, and he listened to a cry of pain grown intolerable. Then in a second all was changed again. Rames was on his feet replacing the stoppers in the decanters, taking the shades from off the candles, performing the little conventional acts of a host in his dining-room. The chasm in the ordinary level surface of things which had yawned for a moment and given Burrell a glimpse of the pit where misery gnawed had closed up.

"We will join my wife," said Rames. "Bring your cigar in. Cynthia doesn't mind. By the way," and a smile of tenderness transfigured his face, "not a word of this to her. She thinks I am going to be a great man. She's wrong, but I don't want her to know before she needs must." Burrell consented at once. He followed Rames from the room with all joy in his victory quite overcast. He looked beyond the surprising revelations of his host and obtained a glimpse into a new side of life. He was the spectator of one of the grim comedies of marriage. Here was the wife—so it seemed to him—believing joyfully in the great destiny of her husband; and the husband laboring in torment to sustain her belief, while all the while he knew that his destiny was thwarted and that the true current of his life ran through other fields.

They went along the passage into the drawing-room. It was a warm night of Sep-

tember and the windows stood open upon the garden. Cynthia was not in the room. Harry stepped out onto the lawn. The night was dark and he could see no one. But the light in the drawing-room had revealed him as he stepped out, and whilst he was standing peering into the darkness Cynthia came softly over the grass to his side.

"You'll catch cold," he said. "The dew's heavy and your satin slippers will be drenched."

Cynthia took his arm. "Hush," she said. "Listen!" and through the still air the chimes of the great clock in Ludsey steeple floated with a silvery and melodious sound to their ears. A tune was struck out by the bells, then another.

"I heard that," said Cynthia in a whisper, "on the night my father died. I was sitting alone with him in the darkness while his life drifted away. It was winter."

Harry put his arm about her and pressed her to his side.

"I heard them again," she continued, "one night when I was waiting for you to telephone to me, Harry. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I waited a long time for you that night, Harry," and there was a catch in her voice. "Ludsey chimes have meant very much to us. Let us hear them out!"

They stood together in the darkness until the last distant note had died away. It seemed to Rames that Cynthia listened as though she was taking a farewell of them.

XXXVI

THE TELEGRAM

HARRY RAMES and Cynthia travelled up to London the next day. Cynthia was restless and excited.

"Let us dine at a restaurant and go to a theatre, Harry," she said. "I can't sit still and stay at home to-night."

"Very well. What shall we go and see?"

"Oh something with bright colors and movement and music."

But there ran through the piece she chose a melody of a haunting wistfulness and Harry Rames, happening to glance at his wife in the darkness of the auditorium, saw that the tears were raining silently down her cheeks.

"What's the matter, Cynthia?" he asked in a whisper.

Cynthia smiled at him through her tears and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Hush!" she answered. "It's all right, Harry."

As the curtain descended at the end of the act she said, "Let us go now quickly, do you mind? Before the lights are turned up."

They were, fortunately, near to the end of their row of stalls, and they were able to slip out while the curtain was still ascending and descending upon the lighted stage, and the auditorium still dark. Rames left Cynthia in the lobby while he went in search of his carriage. When he returned he found her standing with her face carefully turned to the wall in front of a commonplace engraving, which seemed to be demanding from her the most meticulous study.

"Have you found it?" she asked, and she hurried with him across the pavement. "Let us go home, Harry. It was nothing except nerves. I was stupid. We have been doing a good deal lately, haven't we?"

"That's all right, Cynthia. You poor little girl," said Rames as he crossed her cloak over her throat. He knew her too well to make the mistake of plying her with questions, and they drove to their home in silence.

"You had better go to bed, Cynthia," he said. "I'll send your maid to you."

"No. I am all right now," she answered. "I have something to say, Harry."

She went forward to his study—that room with the mahogany panels where both had faced the hardest crises of their lives, had known the worst of their sorrows, the sweetest of their joys. Harry followed her, turned on the lights, and closed the door. Cynthia was already standing by the fireplace with a foot upon the fender; and she shivered as though she was cold.

"Yes, it's chilly," said Rames. "I'll light the fire."

He struck a match, dropped upon his knees beside her, and set light to the paper. The wood crackled, the flames spurted up. Cynthia threw off her cloak and, crouching before the fire, warmed herself. Harry Rames drew up an arm-chair for her.

"Won't you sit here, Cynthia, and be comfortable?" he asked, and his voice seemed to rouse her from a gloomy con-

templation. She stood up and walked over to his bureau.

Harry's eyes followed her movements closely. With a growing consternation he saw her grasp the handles of a locked drawer and try to open it.

"What do you keep in here, Harry?" she asked.

"Oh, some old forgotten things."

"Your charts?"

"My word, yes. I believe they *are* there," he said with an air of surprise.

"Will you show them to me?" Cynthia asked. "I should like to see them."

"I don't know where the key is. It's quite lost."

"Are you sure?"

"For all the chance I have of finding it, dear, it might just as well be at the bottom of the Serpentine."

Harry had not moved away from the fireplace. Cynthia, her back toward him, had been playing with the brass handles of the locked drawer. Now she swung round suddenly. Often she had wondered what errand had taken him from the house at one o'clock of the morning after she had revealed her heart to him in this very room. Now she guessed the truth. It was on that night that he had begun to build up his dykes against the encroachments of his longings. She faced him; her eyes burned steadily upon his face, thoughtful, but betraying nothing of her thoughts.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose it might as well be in the Serpentine." She turned again to the drawer.

"A knife will open it easily, Harry."

Harry Rames moved uncomfortably.

"It had better be left alone, Cynthia," he said. But she insisted and, opening a blade of his knife, he went reluctantly across the room to her side.

"It is your wish, Cynthia. You will remember that?" he said gravely. "For myself I would much rather that it should never be unlocked until both of us are dead."

Cynthia showed no surprise at the gravity of his voice. But now she, too, paused. "There is still time," she was saying to herself in feverish trouble of mind, though her face was calm. "There is still time. He is giving me my chance—my last chance." Her eyelids were lowered over her eyes and she glanced at him under the thick lashes.

"You are afraid to open it, Harry?"

"Yes, I am afraid."

It was not merely the outrush of old and overwhelming memories which he dreaded. But that locked drawer had become to him a symbol of his own self-mastery. So long as it remained locked, and no longer, he would dominate his torments and be the captain of his soul. For so long he would keep locked a frail door against his yearnings. Cynthia, in a voice so faltering and low that it was hardly audible, said:

"Still I should like it opened."

"Very well."

She stood with her fingers clenched upon her palms whilst Harry inserted the blade of his knife in the chink of the drawer, ran it along until it touched the lock, and then pried open the fastenings. There was a crack as of splintering wood. Harry Rames replaced his knife in his pocket, pulled out the drawer, and carried it over to his writing-table.

"There it is," he said, moving away from it to the fireplace. Cynthia bent over the drawer and turned on the light of a reading lamp which stood upon the table.

"This is your own chart upon the top, Harry?"

"Yes. It is the last one, you see. Hemming may be bringing back another."

"Will you show me exactly the point you reached?"

It seemed to Harry as if she was bent on trying him to the last point of endurance.

"It is marked there quite plainly, Cynthia," he said.

Cynthia leaned over the drawer—for a long time. Harry Rames was quite surprised at the closeness of her scrutiny. It was so long since she had shown any interest in his journey or indeed in anything except his political career. As a matter of fact, Cynthia saw of that map nothing but a blur: for her eyes were dim with tears, and she bent so low over its curves and configurations simply because in that attitude her face was hidden.

She moved.

"What is this?"

She took up an envelope, tied up with string, which lay in a corner of the drawer.

"May I open it?"

"Of course."

She cut the string and, one after another, perhaps a score of brown telegraph envel-

opes slipped out in a cascade and fell upon the table in front of her.

"Telegrams," she said curiously. "Unopened, too! Oh, Harry!" this with a mocking laugh of reproach. Then she looked at the address of one of the telegrams. It ran:

RAMES,
S. S. PERHAPS,
TILBURY DOCKS.

As she read her face changed. There came a look of introspection in her dark, wide-open eyes. She swept back in her thoughts over the course of years and took note of the irony of things and of the surprising changes in a life like hers which, to all the world, was uneventful and prescribed.

"I remember," she said. "These are the good wishes sent to you when you started. You once told me that you never opened them."

"I hadn't the time. We had to catch the tide out of London. We were late getting away. I had forgotten that I had kept them all."

"I am going to open them."

"It is too late to answer them."

"I wonder."

Cynthia opened the telegrams until she came upon one about half through the number which arrested her attention. This she spread out before her and smiled at its phrasing.

"Harry!" she said.

Rames turned about.

"Yes?"

"Come and read this."

He stood behind Cynthia's chair and read aloud the message still legible upon the form.

"Every heart-felt wish for a triumphant journey from an unknown friend in —"; and then he stopped with an intake of his breath. "In South America," he resumed, and so stood quite still for the space of a few seconds. Then he leaned forward and looked at the name of the telegraph office from which the message had been sent.

"Daventry," he cried.

"Yes," said Cynthia with a little laugh which broke. "We had a telegraph office on the estancia. We were very proud of it, I can tell you"; and then the amusement

died away from her voice, and "oh!" she whispered in a long sigh, as she felt his arm about her.

"You sent that! You! Cynthia! Before I knew you, before we met."

"Yes, dear, I sent it."

"Just think," he cried. "It reached me at Tilbury. It travelled out with me to the South. It was in the desk in my cabin for three long dark winters. It came back with me to England. By chance I met you——"

"No, not by chance, Harry," Cynthia interrupted. "I sent Mr. Benoliel to fetch you."

"Yes, you did," he agreed with a laugh. "We met, and we married, and through all these changes it has lain here unopened. Why didn't I open it? That was conceit, Cynthia. I was haughty. I was going out to discover the South Pole. I didn't open my telegrams"; and he bent down and kissed her on the lips.

"Thank you," she said again with a trembling laugh. "But if you had opened it, Harry, you would only have laughed. For it's just the message of a school-girl, isn't it? You were one of my heroes—oh not the only one but the latest one—I had just let you in past the turnstile to my enchanted garden. I was seventeen on the very day I sent it. I drove down to the office—oh in such a condition of importance. I pictured to myself you, the unknown you, sitting in your cabin and wondering and wondering and wondering who your little friend was in South America. Then I drove back and"—she stopped and went on again slowly—"yes, other things happened to me that day." She looked down again at the telegram. "Yes, the message of a foolish and romantic school-girl."

"I should like to be able to think, Cynthia," said her husband, "that I had opened it when it came."

"But you didn't," said Cynthia, "and so—" she broke off her sentence. She took the telegram form, folded it, and replaced it in its envelope. She took a brush from a little bottle of gum which stood ready upon the table by the inkstand and, smearing the inner border of the envelope, stuck it down again. Then she stood up and turned to her husband. "And so," she continued, "you must take it, Harry, as though it were despatched to you by me

only to-day for the first time and delivered to you here now at midnight."

She held out to him the telegram and he took it, gazing at her with a look of wonder. And then hope flamed in his eyes. Cynthia turned away abruptly. To her that swift flame of hope, of life, was almost intolerable.

"Then you knew," he cried.

Cynthia nodded her head, but she kept her face averted.

"I have known a long time," she answered in a low voice. "Ever since the letter came to you with the Rexland stamp."

The sound of her voice and her attitude pierced to Rames's heart. His exultation gave way to concern.

"I am very sorry, Cynthia," he said gently. "I tried to hide it."

"Oh, my dear, I know you did. With all your strength you tried to hide it. You watched yourself each minute. But," and she turned to him with a little smile of tenderness, "I watched you closer still, and the longing grew too big to be hidden."

Harry Rames made no pretence to deny the truth of her words, knowing full well that all denial would be vain. The screen was down between them.

"Yes," he said; "but, Cynthia, I keep my bargain."

"My dear, there is no longer any bargain between us," she answered, "for on both sides there is love. Of that I am very sure."

She held out her hands to him and he caught them and held her against his breast.

"You said you had rather that drawer was not unlocked until both of us were dead," she whispered. "My dear, if that drawer was not to be unlocked, we might both of us be dead at once for all the value our lives were going to be. So you will go, you must, unless we are to be wrecked altogether. We have been most unhappy, both of us. I, because I thought of the dangers," and she suddenly caught him close as though even now she dared not let him go, "and could not bring myself to make the sacrifice and let you run the risk—you, because the call was always in your ears. It couldn't go on. That's the truth, Harry. Especially now that you know that your secret's no longer a secret to me. We should grow estranged, embittered, each one thinking the other horribly selfish. Perhaps, even hatred might come."

"No," protested Harry.

"Oh, yes, yes. It has come from smaller causes often enough. It might come, Harry, and that would be terrible. I have thought it out, my dear. All the time we were cruising down in the West I was thinking our position over and over and over. And it seemed to me that you must win this Heckleton election first—and then I would tell you that I understood your great trouble and let you go. But you had to win first. I couldn't let you go while people might be able to say that you had gone because you had been beaten in your political ambitions. I was too proud of you, my dear, to allow that. You must lay down your career at a moment of success, leaving behind you a good name amongst your colleagues and perhaps a great many regrets. But you have won the election now, you have made good, as they say, and so, for both our sakes, you must go."

She drew herself out of his arms and moved away to the fire.

"Of course it's just what I wanted when I first met you, isn't it?" she said with a wavering effort of a laugh. "I urged you to go back and finish your work the first time I met you—one night at the Admiralty. Only things have changed a good deal since then, haven't they?"

Her voice, which had been steady up till now, broke, and with a sob she suddenly hid her face in her hands. "Oh, Harry," she cried as though her heart was breaking, and he hurried to her, exclaiming:

"Cynthia, I am a brute. I can't leave you here for three years alone."

She held him off with her arm outstretched, dreading lest she should weaken and take her advantage of his remorse and so have to go through all this heart-rending renunciation again at some future time.

"You won't, Harry," she said, drying her eyes with her handkerchief. "I have thought it all out. My father asked me on his death-bed not to desert the Daventry estancia altogether. He loved it so himself that he did not wish to think that he would die and that no one of his own people would see it again and make sure that all was going well with it. And here's the opportunity. While you go down to the Antarctic I will go back to the Daventry estancia. I couldn't live here day after day with you away amidst the storms and

the snow. There I shall be able to. I will have the estancia to look after. When will you go?"

"Not so very soon, Cynthia, after all," he said. "It will take me a year before the preparations are complete. Besides, there's the money to be raised."

Cynthia raised her shoulders in a gesture of reproach.

"Oh Harry! There's no trouble about the money, of course."

Rames stared at her. "Cynthia," he cried. "You'll help?"

"More than help, Harry," she answered.

"You see I let you go—yes. I even bid you go—yes. But I mean to have my share, my dear, in whatever you do. I mean that you shall carry something of me, something more than a telegram this time, to your farthest South."

Rames sat down in a chair by the side of the fire close to where she stood. He gazed into the flames in silence. With all gentleness and love she was heaping coals of fire upon his head. Every look, every word she spoke, confessed the deep pain which he was causing her. She was brave, but through the curtain of her bravery her fear and anguish shone. He spoke as a man will who is smitten by his conscience.

"I am very sorry, Cynthia. When I asked you to marry me I had no suspicion that any longing could get so strong a hold on me. I once told you carelessly that men were driven out upon these expeditions by the torment of their souls. I said that knowing it only by hearsay and by the plain proof of it which they show in what they have written. Now I know it—here," and he struck his breast above his heart. "Yes, I have got to go if I am ever to have peace. But I am sorry, Cynthia."

His voice trailed off into silence and Cynthia laid a hand upon his head and stroked his hair. "I know," she said, "I know."

"All that I thought so fine, so well worth having—the fight with other men for mastery, the conquest with what conquest would bring—power and rule and governing—it's extraordinary how completely all desire for it has vanished out of me!" he continued. "The fight now seems to me mean, ignoble with intrigues, detestable, the victory not worth the fight. No doubt I am wrong. I went into the House of Commons, you see, without ideas," and

Cynthia started at the word so familiar to her fancies. "Now I have one, a big one, and it has mastered me."

And so Harry Rames passed at last through the turnstile into Cynthia's private garden. But it was in accordance with the irony of their lives that she wished with every drop of her blood that he had remained outside, for the garden was overrun with neglect and had quite lost its enchantment.

"I long for simple things, not shifts and intrigues and bitterness; the gray mists on glaciers; the day's journey over the snow, with its wind ridges and its storms; the hard, lean life of it all; the fight, not with men, but with the enormous things of nature, some dangerous, some serene, but, whether dangerous or serene, wholly indifferent." He gazed for a little while into the fire, seeking in the analysis of his emotions his apology.

"I think, Cynthia," he continued, "that once a man has gone far into the empty spaces of the earth, he has the mark of them upon him. Voices call from them over all the leagues of all the seas and need no receivers at the end."

"Yes," said Cynthia, and once more her memories travelled back to the death-bed of old Daventry in the dark room of the white house. He had given her reasons for his great love of his estancia on the wide plains of Argentina. But there had been another reason, she remembered, which his failing wits had not allowed his tongue to formulate. Cynthia had often wondered what that reason was. She had no doubt that her husband had explained it now. "Yes, my father also heard those voices."

After a short silence Harry Rames reached out his hand and took hers.

"I think, my dear," he said gently, "that things would have been different, that I should not have wanted to go, had we been fortunate enough to have children—" and with a cry Cynthia turned to him fiercely.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "During this hour, for the first time, I have been thanking God we had no children. For if we had, you would still have wanted to go just as much as you do now, and that I could not have borne."

Harry had no answer for her outburst. In his heart he knew that what she had said was true. He sat in silence, his eyes upon

the fire and her hand in his; and a moment or two later she dropped upon her knees at his side.

"But oh, Harry, come back to me!" she cried. "You must go I know. That's the way things happen. But oh, come back to me."

XXXVII

THE LAST

At nine o'clock on a morning of July during the next year a barkentine of four hundred and fifty tons with an auxiliary screw steamed westward with the tide past the Isle of Wight. Besides the helmsman, Cynthia and Harry Rames were upon the bridge. They stood side by side, Cynthia gripping the rail in front of her with both her hands. They did not speak. The ship steamed past Cowes gay with its white yachts and crowded esplanade and rounded Garnard Point into Newtown Bay. Cynthia looked ahead through a blur of tears, watching for and yet dreading to see a low square church tower stand out against the sky close to the water in a dip of the coastline hills. Opposite to that church the ship was stopped and a boat was lowered. Cynthia, with Robert Brook to look after her, was put ashore on Yarmouth pier; and the barkentine dipped her flag and steamed on to the Needles and the open sea on its three years' voyage.

Robert Brook escorted Cynthia across the water to Southampton, and the next day witnessed her departure from the docks on a steamer of the Royal Mail for Buenos Aires. He returned to London that afternoon, took a solitary dinner at his club, and walked afterward to Curzon Street. The Rameses' house was all lit up, and from the open windows music drifted out upon the summer night. Harry and Cynthia had let their house and to-night the new residents were giving a party. Robert Brook had an invitation and went in. He listened for half an hour to a party of coons and then could endure no more. The comic songs and the laughter seemed to him that night in this house a desecration. For in the characters of Harry Rames and his wife he chose to see something of greatness, in their lives something of achievement. He looked about the walls. Some

dark and terrible hours must needs have been passed by both Harry and Cynthia within them before the great resolution had been taken which had condemned her to three years of loneliness on an estancia in South America and had stripped him of a sure career in politics.

Robert Brook fell into a black mood and an utter weariness with his own life. For him season was to follow season and to find him still a guest at the parties and the entertainments until he became old and a bore. He envied Harry his expedition, Cynthia her sorrow. He went out wretched and walked by instinct down Whitehall. On his way to his club he passed the windows of the Board of Trade. These, too, were brilliantly lit; for within the building a cabinet minister was endeavoring to compose an acute struggle between artisans and their employers. Robert Brook

watched those windows; and his disgust with his own life increased. Here again was achievement for others, not for himself. There would never be room for him within that building, nor within any other where the nation's administration was being done. And his life was going; indeed, the best part of it was done. He walked on to his own small house and let himself in with his key. The passage was dark and the house quite silent. He stood for a while alone in the darkness and the silence. He thought of Cynthia and Harry, of Devenish and his colleagues, of others without eminence, but, at all events, with wives and children. He had given up his life to the House of Commons and the House of Commons repaid him by barely knowing his name. There was probably no man in London more wretched that night than Robert Brook.

THE END

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT happened, a good many years ago, that in wandering about a country churchyard, whither I had been conducted to view the tomb of an eminent man of letters, I came across an ancient low head-stone with a curious inscription:

POLLY GREEN

She had her faults, but was kind to the poor.

Now who, I wondered, could the person be whose faults were so glaring that they had to be recorded on enduring stone, and forthwith I found myself taking more interest in Polly Green's humble memorial than in the imposing tomb of the man of letters. She had been dead for over half a century, yet the inscription must have kept her memory alive, for on inquiry I was able to learn that she had been a poor old woman much addicted to drink. There seemed to be no recollection of her virtues, but presumably she had the redeeming quality of a good heart, and some recipient of her kindness had thus sought to show his

gratitude; or, since her beneficiaries were perhaps too poor to express appreciation in so tangible a form, it may have been some would-be benevolent person of higher degree. Surely it was a lamentable result of so much kindness on all sides that, even when Polly Green had long since shed her poor old tyrannous body, the weakness of the flesh was not suffered to lapse into oblivion. I need hardly say that this was not her real name. Far be it from me to give that poor soul any further immortality of so doubtful a kind.

Doubtless the person who set up Polly's tombstone was a simple soul with good intentions and scant imagination. We can only deprecate his stupidity and pass on. More distressing is the lack of judgment displayed by a person of a finer type when, moved by the tenderest impulse of pity and charity, he places on a headstone the all too opposite quotation from Scripture which, in its very assurance of divine pardon, emblazons and commemorates the fault. In most matters a taste

for simplicity is a safeguard; and surely, in the matter of a tombstone, a name and two dates are sufficient. It is not there that we should yield to a conscientious desire to tell the whole truth. Even the recent writer who says that "to guard a man's memory by suppressing facts" seems to him to be "hopelessly insincere and faint-hearted," would hardly wish to supply our church-yards with the veracious histories of their inhabitants. It would make interesting reading, however, and a Sunday afternoon stroll through the cemetery would be more exciting than in the days when it was the only Sunday outing permitted in religious families.

As a matter of fact, we seem, in these latter days, to be much more frank and easy-going in the way we talk of the dead than some of us remember to have been our custom in years gone by. We of the passing generation were brought up to obey the old admonition, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and did so willingly enough. Let a man die, and we stopped short with the words of fault-finding or even of just criticism on our lips. It seemed to us a decent and proper thing that we should speak well of the dead or else hold our tongues; except, of course, in the case of personages, whose faults had to be held up to the light of day in the interest of history. But leaving out those members of society who were important enough to be discussed in historical essays, we were pretty well agreed as to the *nil nisi bonum* rule. Especially was this the case when we were young. For youth, although notoriously intolerant and unsympathetic, stands profoundly in awe of death. To the young, death seems so shocking, so violent and unnatural, that it closes their mouths. No disapproval, no dislike, no enmity even, can hold its own against a person who has had the incredible misfortune to die—to leave a warm and interesting world for the cold uncertainties of a bodiless existence.

As our youth passed and our minds grew accustomed to the phenomenon, there remained the restraint of the religious belief in which youth was nourished; and some forms of religious belief have certainly tended to put an end to hostility and even to give pause to just criticism. For, let the person be ever so deserving of punish-

ment, we recoiled before the awfulness of a retribution which some of us at least (however faithful to early teaching we might be in other respects), felt to be beyond the deserts of the worst of us. Or did we feel that the balance might be struck the other way, and that heaven and not hell might be the goal of the departing spirit, it seemed uncivil, to say the least, to discuss a saint's shortcomings; and unfair, when he could not defend himself. Although, in fact, we do not habitually give him that chance even while he is still alive.

Is it because we have grown older and a bit callous, or because our respect for truth has increased, that nowadays, after a discreet and respectful pause, we are apt to resume our interrupted remarks? Probably a more potent reason may be found in a somewhat widespread change of view regarding a future state of existence. Fewer people than of old accept the old theological ideas on that subject. True, an even smaller number believe that modern investigation has discovered or can discover anything decisive in the matter. Even those of us who would gladly find something in these curious researches which our minds could take hold of, are for the most part, forced to conclude that the conditions are too hard and that the world will not get "much forwarder" on that line. Yet it would seem that these investigations, however incredulously regarded, may to some extent have influenced us and worked a change in our ideas. For so many of us have begun to fancy that a perfectly simple sort of existence awaits us, an existence not unnatural even according to our notions, not without its struggles, but immeasurably simplified by the absence of our despotic bodies; a mere "step on the stair," as it has been happily put; an existence, in short, which is not at all to be dreaded. Naturally, the first and incomparably the most important result of this change of view is the difference which it makes in our sense of bereavement, the lightening of the dead weight of separation and distance. Along with this relief comes a lessening of the awe which forbade us to speak our minds freely about either friend or foe. Not that we want to dwell ungenerously on personal grievances, but after all, if my intimate enemy is so much better off than I am, having got through with the

disagreeable business of dying and begun on a new and less handicapped stage of existence, why should I be obliged to pretend to myself or to any one else that he had no unpleasant peculiarities? I find myself thinking of him in quite a matter-of-fact way; and when, in the course of conversation, his name comes up, I naturally and unconsciously speak of him just as I should if he were still inhabiting this planet, not with ill-will, but frankly and curiously, with the same old pleasure in analyzing him fairly and characterizing him felicitously.

BEFORE the recent horde of aggressive and terrifying new ideas swept over our town, the library was a single room conveniently situated back of the drug store, and opened to the public on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. On those days, a certain kind-hearted, uncommonly old maid of the village officiated, to the extent of writing

Our Censorship
Committee

down our names, and the names of the books we borrowed in the big ledger kept for the purpose. We were never bothered with library cards. We kept our books as long as we pleased, and exchanged them among ourselves, or if we were busy we sent Susie or John, with the injunction: "Tell Miss Ellen to give you a book for mamma;" and Miss Ellen always knew what mamma had read, and remembered that she liked things to turn out right in the last chapter. Miss Ellen never floored us with a realization of our own deficiencies when we asked confusedly for a copy of "Fawst, by Goethe." She was interested in everybody's needs. Should little Tommy Twaddle, who cherished a taste for lurid fiction, beg to know if she had a book about the James Boys in Missouri, she would obligingly get down on her knees, to search among the works of the Brothers William and Henry, which stood with an air of unused and uninviting cleanliness on the bottom shelf. She knew where everything was, the shelves being arranged after a simple alphabetic fashion, Carlyle, Cary, Corelli, the lion and the lamb rubbing elbows and undismayed. There was not a bit of formality or red tape about our library, I can tell you.

Now all this is changed. A philanthropic millionaire was moved to rub his lamp in our little town, and the library was metamorphosed almost in a night into an imposing

brick structure, with white stone steps outside, and rows and rows of chill and orderly shelves within. Everything is terrifyingly impressive and pre-ordained, from the neat colored tickets we have to present every time we want a book, to the aloof, bespectacled person behind the desk, whom we imported at great expense from the city, and who diffuses an air of bookishness and culture down the whole length of Main Street when she passes through it twice a day.

We, of the Library Committee, who used to meet once a month to cover old books and plan ice-cream socials to buy new ones, are changed too. Our position has become at once more exalted and more difficult. Our duties have increased, and in their discharge we are compelled to rise to ethical heights before unknown. Where formerly we were supervisors, somewhat lax, perhaps, but none the less faithful, now we have been constituted censors also, our task being to purify and pasteurize the mental pabulum that is offered to the village youth. With the inauguration of "open shelves" for fiction, it has become necessary to exercise a chaste discrimination so that only such volumes shall be accessible to the public as we are perfectly certain cannot be classed under the heading "improper." By "improper," we do not mean, of course, as some might fancy, those books which would convey inaccurate or erroneous information to a growing mind. No. Our higher aim is to supply our offspring with a wholly purged and innocuous literature, suited to that condition of unsullied ignorance which rightly belongs to new lighted beings from another planet, and which we have found the ideal state of preparation for the peculiarities of this. Such a worthy motive on our parts entails, of course, much unaccustomed thought and effort, as if Miss Airlie, trying to pick out books for Sentimental Tommy, should find herself surrounded by more "strokes" and "words we have no concern with" than she ever dreamed were there. But the disheartening part of it is that the more improper books we suppress, the more genius our Tommies develop for discovering them.

To be sure, *all* our shelves used to be "open," proper and profane fare alike, spread to tempt the palate of our un instructed young, and no one to say, "Thou shalt not." When our sixteen-year-old daughters, with the lengthening of their

dresses, suddenly developed minds of their own, and began to read novels, we did endeavor to turn their attention to such sterling works as "Adam Bede," and "The Prince of the House of David," but, upon their displaying a marked preference for "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," we desisted, partly because we always had a sneaking fondness for the Duchess ourselves. Of course, when "popular novels" began to be popular, and the era of best sellers was heralded by "Trilby" and the "Heavenly Twins," we were somewhat puzzled at "the things that are allowed in books nowadays," but it was so obviously the thing to have read them, that we never thought of restricting their circulation. Besides, the young people did not seem to take to them, and the works of Mesdemoiselles Edgeworth, Austen, and Alcott needed recovering quite as often as before.

Looking back now, we can only blush at our simplicity and ignorance, contrasting them with our present assiduous labors for the suppression of "objectionable" books. Nothing passes us nowadays. No bureau of Russian officials could be more sternly vigilant. Transcending the advice of certain wise ones of the earth, we believe in resisting evil with all our might and main. Of course, we read all the improper books ourselves, the more readily to convict the authors of their sins, but we are unhesitating in denouncing them, particularly at teas or crochet parties where our daughters may be present.

I do not know by just what occult means the word gets about that a book is "bad." The addenda to our store of works are carefully chosen by the librarian and a select committee of the college bred, the learned, and austere. Yet, at intervals there is a stir in our midst, a thrill of agitation, and, as, at the ringing of the bell of Atri, the judges were called together to hear the denunciation of a malefactor, so the library committee is hastily assembled to pass judgment on a book. Some one whispers that some one else told her that a third person had read "that new book that has just come out, and she says it is perfectly dreadful. They have it in the library. The most shocking book she ever read, and it was on the open shelves." Then we all shiver and shake our heads, and remember that we have a pattern belonging to the housewife who is said to harbor the perturb-

ing literature. We hasten to her door, sometimes meeting two or three others upon the same errand, and, so zealous are we mothers in the strict performance of our duty, the first to borrow the book is one of those busy housekeepers who are everywhere heard complaining that they "never have time to read."

The work has been pretty well perused by the time of the next committee meeting, and the whole committee is familiar with its contents, and unanimous in declaring it "not fit for anybody to read." We make a point of telling everybody how dreadful it is, and if not publicly branded and removed from the library altogether, it is marked "exceptional," and guarded from the young and unsophisticated by a Sphinx-like librarian.

We all heave a breath of relief when this is accomplished, and turn our attention to other matters. But, ere long, we discover to our dismay that smuggled copies of the highly improper book are being passed about surreptitiously in our very midst, and, hidden perhaps, between an Algebra and a German dictionary, are coming to light in our own homes, from those private sanctums we invade on sweeping-day mornings. In many instances, the tabooed volume is the very last book one would expect a High-School Sophomore to crave. It is heavy and unenticing in appearance, spread out through six hundred pages of close print, and shorn of all the allurements of illustrations and fancy binding. One would fancy that its bulk alone would deter our butterfly Amy, or lazy Clara, neither of whom are ever seen with a book in their hands, from undertaking its perusal. Ten to one, it is replete with unfathomable philosophical arguments, and long conversations upon the state of society, and yet, for some unknown reason, both Amy and Clara have managed to read it before it has been in town a month.

We are determined that our library shall be pure. When, in our official capacity, we are compelled to read these distressing volumes, we do so behind locked doors, and, as a further precaution, we vigorously denounce the writers and forbid our offspring to associate with them. Yet, in spite of all this, the youngsters seem to know them just about as well as we do ourselves. It certainly is very strange.

• THE FIELD OF ART •

TWO FLEMISH PRIMITIVES

THROUGH the aid of the National Art Collections Fund a magnificent "Adoration of the Magi," by Mabuse, has been transferred from Castle Howard to the National Gallery, London, and simultaneously Mr. J. P. Morgan has lent to the Metropolitan Museum a splendid "Annunciation" by Roger de la Pasture. These two great pictures may stand for much that is true of the early Flemish school in general, and, still more broadly, for certain permanent differences between an art at high-water and one at ebb. At first sight, however, the likenesses between these pictures predominate. Both show the ornate preciseness, the humble joy in accessories, the simplicity and serenity of facial type that characterize all good works of the early Flemish school. Both are splendid without becoming ceremonious or ceasing to be delightfully familiar. Both artists prefer an architecture not of their times, the romanesque, and both delight in showing us an area of modulated pale sky across the half light of an interior. As a matter of fact, less than forty years separates these two masterpieces. Master Roger's will not have been undertaken before 1460, and Mabuse's, which tradition says he was seven years painting, was finished about 1500.

"The Annunciation" was presumably painted at Brussels and "The Adoration" at Antwerp, only twenty-five miles away. In time and place and quality everything unites these two pictures; what separates them all the more strikingly is nothing less than the decline of a great historic style.

We call both these masterpieces examples of early Flemish painting. Late Gothic painting would be the more descriptive term. The exquisitely candid realism of such works does not stand at the beginning of a line. It is the fine flower of nearly three centuries of Gothic invention. It is the summing up of many experiments upon storied vellum, in figured glass, upon panel, and upon wall. This painting is, in short, neither early nor specifically Flemish. We moderns, except through a conscious exer-

cise of the imagination, have no part in it. It points backward to the solid realism of mediæval faith, to the ornate elaboration of mediæval civic and industrial organization, to the lovely variousness of mediæval handicraft. We have this late Gothic art in its most steadfast perfection in Master Roger's "Annunciation." In Mabuse's "Adoration of the Magi" a sensitive critic would read the febrility of decline even if it were not matter of record that a half-dozen years later Mabuse went to Rome and never afterward recovered from the glorious muddle he experienced in the presence of Raphael and Michaelangelo. Whatever Mabuse did after this intoxication may not inaccurately be called early Flemish painting. It is early in the sense of pointing forward; it shows a cosmopolitanism that is essentially Flemish, and in the perfection of which Flemish painting, with Rubens, took the lead in the modern movement. A most instructive person, this John Mabuse, of Antwerp. His example may be commended to the many sober young neo-impressionists who for the common good are eager to become post-impressionists. I have no heart to discourage present self-sacrifice for the sake of posterity. In that light, Mabuse's sophisticated Italianate work may assume an heroic aspect. But, heroics aside, we hardly value him highly except in that first Gothic manner which he got not by grace of travel or of much taking thought, but by right descent from generations of northern craftsmen.

The precious nature of that inheritance we may best study in "The Annunciation" of Roger de la Pasture. And first the picture, which strikingly resembles a wing of the St. Columban triptych at Munich, is probably also the wing of a splendid triptych. It was painted for some member of the family of Clugny whose arms appear in the window and repeatedly on the rug. Two brothers, both notable prelates, have been suggested as the patrons. One became bishop of Master Roger's native city of Tournai. The other, settled in France, was a notable patron of the illuminator's art.



The Annunciation. By Roger de la Pasture (Roger Van der Weyden).

In the loan collection of J. Pierpont Morgan in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The uncertainty as to the patron naturally extends to the altar for which this lovely piece was ordered. Until the picture emerged in the Ashburnham collection, a half century ago, all is obscurity. Its transit through the Rodolphe Kann collection into that of Mr. J. P. Morgan has on the contrary been duly acclaimed.

The picture is a typical Gothic representation of the familiar theme. The Blessed Virgin is kneeling at a *prie-dieu* in her bed-chamber, the exquisitely neat properties of which are faithfully shown. It is the evening hour, for she has already lighted a coiled taper. She has heard the greeting "Hail Mary!" but has not yet seen the Archangel who stands behind her. This is the Gothic and northern version of the theme, and its mark is informality. That the Virgin almost reluctantly turns from the reading of her hours is again a Gothic trait. The Italians seldom represent her as praying and either show her starting in fright from the celestial herald or kneeling before him in humble acceptance of the greeting. Wholly Gothic, too, is Master Roger's Gabriel. He seems merely a bright-faced chorister unconscious of the sublime import of his message. Poised with school-boy seriousness and just a shade of awkwardness between standing and kneeling, it needs the peacock wings, the light coronal, the wand, and the rich dalmatic to convince us that this winsome apparition is really the spokesman of the Most High. Compare with this Gabriel the operatically eager archangels of a score of Italian annunciations, and you will feel how largely the charm of Gothic art lies in its persistent childlikeness, in its avoidance of all rhetoric, in its very failure to attain a grand style.

The color of this picture is dominated by the old gold and deep crimson of the Archangel's vestment. These colors are repeated in a lower tone in the rug. With these, deeper crimsons in the Virgin's bodice and scarlets in the bed make a hazardous but successful harmony. The charming glimpse through the window to a walled garden and a singularly pellucid heaven is, as usual, both of pictorial and symbolic import. We are thus reminded that the Blessed Virgin for her sweetness is like a "closed garden," for her firmness, like the "tower of David." Here are we in the field of universal mediæval symbolism, but the men of the north espe-

cially delighted in these metaphors from the "Song of Songs." Purely Gothic, and also quite original, is the choice of the moment before the fateful word was spoken. The dove of the Holy Spirit, the symbol of the incarnation, does not appear in this picture, though it does in its probable prototype at Munich. We have here the preliminaries of the Annunciation set down in all their human hesitancy and brusqueness. The charm of the picture is in its candor; it lacks the easy rhythm that is customary with the Italians, and which Roger himself elsewhere displays. In this soft and naïve phase he is almost indistinguishable from his best pupil, Hans Memlinc, who, I fancy, may have had something to do with this panel. In fact, his ultimate sweet phase of an austere master has greatly troubled certain critics. They have created a Roger of Bruges to explain the severe pictures, leaving to Roger de la Pasture, only the works that forecast the spiritual daintiness of Memlinc. Which to me is as much as to say that the author of "As You Like It" cannot be the author of "Macbeth." While doing reverence to the analytical acuteness of certain of my colleagues, I still contrive to get along comfortably with one Roger and one William.

The manifold interests raised by this splendid "Annunciation" of Master Roger should not obscure the fact that its appeal is essentially simple and candid. Nothing is in it merely for richness or scenic effect. The figures live a self-contained life of their own and utterly disregard us. Moreover, that sense of ancient dignity stemming from Rome which is seldom wholly absent from any fine Italian work is here unfelt. Everything here is idiomatic and contemporaneous, drawn from the fat city life of the Burgundian overlordship. An archangel is merely the finest possible acolyte that might be seen of a feast-day, the Virgin simply the daintiest and most prayerful of burghers' daughters. For its spontaneity, for the directness of intention that underlies its ornateness, for its waiver of even the permissible theatricalities this picture represents the full bloom of Gothic painting. Or rather, in an excess of sweetness, there may be just a hint that this is a rare autumnal product of some belated St. Martin's "Summer," and that the winter of Gothic art is at hand.

A generation later and just before the closing in of that eternal winter, was painted



The Adoration of the Kings. By Jan Gossaert of Mabuse.
In the National Gallery, London.

John Mabuse's magnificent "Adoration of the Kings" for the Flemish monastery of Grammont. It has always been a famous picture, and the National Art Collections Fund, when there was talk of its passing across sea from Castle Howard, ransomed it at a truly kingly price for the British nation. Superficially regarded, this picture looks much like Master Roger's. Actually a great change has come. Note the unconscionable multiplication of detail. There are a score of direct and rather capricious appeals to the curiosity of the observer. What else means

this elaborate ruin from the openings of which strange men appear unexpectedly?—this shattered pavement done tile and weed by weed?—the angels poised uncertainly above and fluttering confusedly in the remoter air? Why all these things mean that the painter is no longer quite sure of his public. Like a speaker to an inattentive audience, Mabuse must evoke many emotions lightly and frame catching, superfluous phrases. And the personages of the picture have lost the detached and self-sufficing quality which is characteristic of the best

Gothic work. The Virgin is less divinely *the* Mother and more pathetically a mother. The two kings at the sides and their courtiers are just a little on parade, even the admirable hound in the corner is conscious of being overlooked. A new and not quite easy variety has replaced the old unity. The picture is no longer self-contained but scenic. Without an admirer, it would seem to lose something of effective existence, and that is true of no quite first-rate Gothic thing.

All the same it is a magnificent picture. Mabuse was not too bold in signing his name on the crown of the Ethiop king. If the picture wavers, in sympathy with the crumbling of the civilization it represents, that precisely is the charm of this most sensitive work. There would be a whole essay to write on the appeal of lost causes in art. I like to think of Botticelli indulging his most reactionary dreams and Piero di Cosimo wreaking himself upon outworn faery lore at the moment when Michaelangelo was composing the eternal epic of the Sistine ceiling. Who does not recall some friend suddenly doomed, and reacting with manly courage? In the face of extinction, the personality often reasserts itself in more conscious activities and more various. To fill the remaining space handsomely, to impose one's self as the body fails—this is no ignoble ambition, and the necessary febrility of such activities constitutes their charm. Walter Pater in "Marius the Epicurean" has analyzed this fascination once for all as it breathes from the belated classics of overripe Rome. I need not insist that the case is the same with any art that asserts itself with foreboding of its day being measured.

I would rather remark the interesting paradox that the art is often more prescient than the man who produces it. What manner of man John Mabuse was we hardly

know. But it is unlikely he realized that the papacy with Alexander VI had reached intolerable depths, and that the Church was no longer worthy of the sincerity of Gothic art. Plainly John Mabuse could have known nothing about an ugly Augustinian at Wittenberg who was going to abolish at once Gothic art and theology throughout the north. Much less can he have thought that a jolly fat prince at Windsor and a sad lean one at Augsburg were soon to shape a new absolutism which with the strangling of the free communes was to end mediæval civilization and Gothic art. Mabuse may just have heard of Savonarola's funeral pyre, but cannot have regarded it as an unquenchable beacon. Some word of an Italian admiral who had discovered new islands for their Catholic Majesties may well have reached Mabuse, yet he cannot have perceived that with this enlargement of the known world most of the old metes and bounds had vanished. The meaning of none of these things that were actual or imminent as the picture was painting can have been present with the artist when at the opening of the sixteenth century he signed his masterpiece. But the time-spirit knew all about these things and wrote plainly in the fine hesitancies and various overtures of this great picture the symptoms of a doomed order. I cannot enlarge upon this paradox much less explain it. It may tell something of the vicarious function of the artist. It may suggest a reversal of Taine's dictum that the individual artist acts, under a sort of fatality, quite like a tendency or a collective institution. Does it not rather seem that what we call tendencies and institutions, when closely probed, seem to act singularly like free and prescient individuals?

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

TWENTY·FIVE·YEARS·OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



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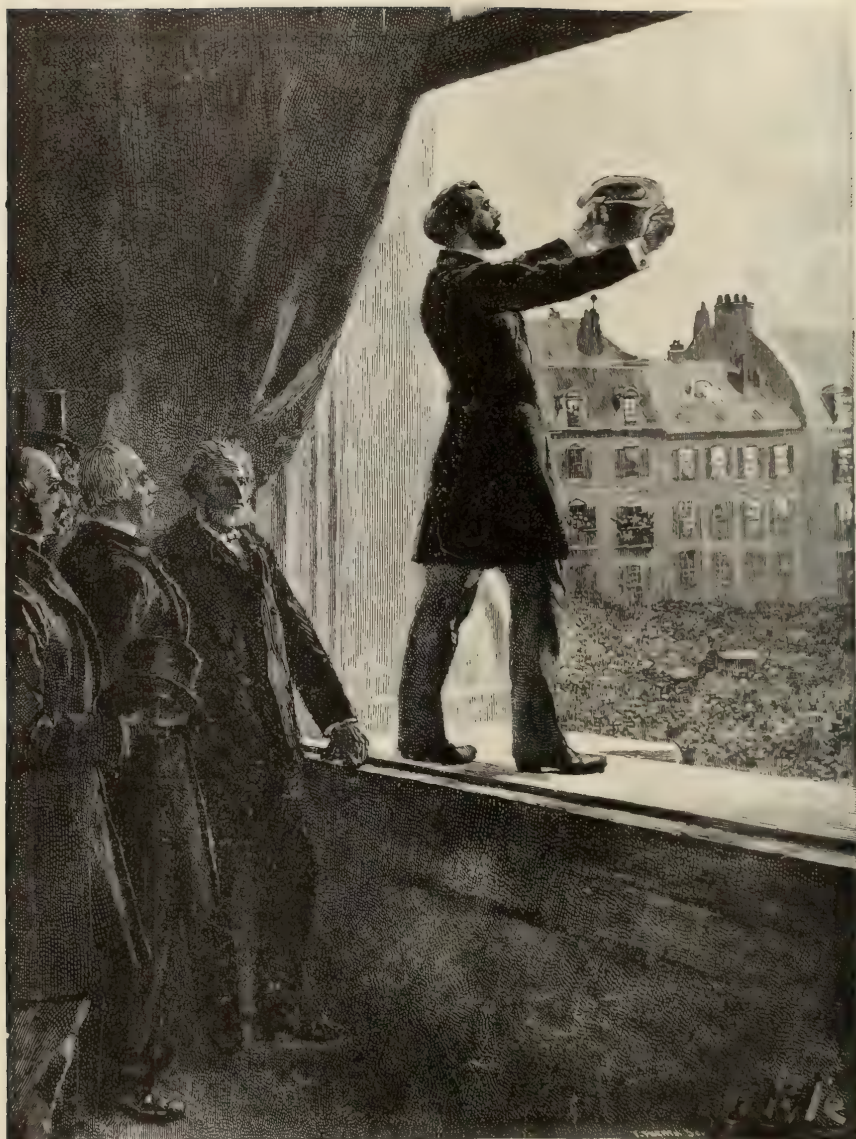
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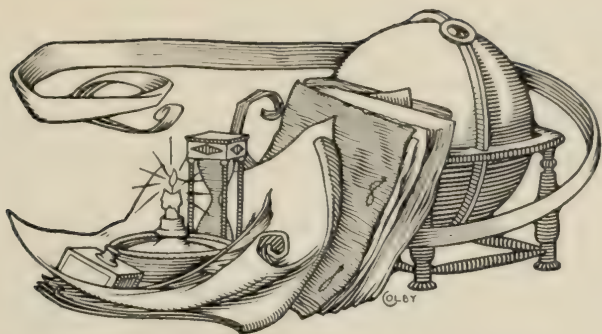
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Gambetta Proclaiming the Republic of France

Drawn by Howard Pyle and Engraved on Wood
by Frank French for the Frontispiece of the
First Number of Scribner's Magazine. Illustrating
"The Siege and Commune of Paris," by
Minister Washburne



TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month the first number of *Scribner's Magazine* was published. In these years there has been an unforeseen and enormous growth of periodical literature and a wide multiplication of the fields into which it has extended. But all of this has not only left untouched but has emphasized the place which the founders of *Scribner's* believed to exist for the Magazine with which they entered the field—a “Magazine of good literature in the widest sense,” as was said in its prospectus—a Magazine for the intelligent and entertaining reading of those things which they still believe most interest a very large part of the American people. What they have meant by such a magazine cannot be better defined than by the fifty volumes which now make up its record.

They have endeavored to give in it as much as was possible of what was alive and significant and lasting in fiction and creative literature; to make it—as it certainly has been—a mine of reminiscences and autobiography of important and interesting men and women; to print in it thoughtful and serious, but practical and not academic, discussion of public and social questions by men whose opinions were real contributions to their subjects; to make it interpret the great working life and practical achievement of the country by the articles of actual experts; to maintain in its artistic side a really artistic standard, with the aid of the foremost artists and the best modern means of interpreting their work.

It is only by looking back over such a space of time that it can be fully realized how large a proportion of what the Magazine has contained has passed into the permanent literature of the generation.

Scribner's Magazine has published among the *Novels* of its twenty-five years

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The Master of Ballantrae

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
and LLOYD OSBOURNE
The Wrecker

By GEORGE MEREDITH
The Amazing Marriage

By J. M. BARRIE
Sentimental Tommy
Tommy and Grizel
The Little White Bird

By EDITH WHARTON
The House of Mirth

By JOHN FOX, JR.
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom
Come

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE
Red Rock

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
Soldiers of Fortune

By H. C. BUNNER
The Story of a New York House

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH
Oliver Horn

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH
The Ship of Stars

It has seen the growth of a whole generation of those writers of short stories who have made of the short story virtually a new branch of literature. Bret Harte, Henry James, Frank R. Stockton, George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, whose work has been abundantly represented in it, are of those who were already in their prime when the Magazine began. But of its own time are the authors of the following well-remembered stories which it has published:

By RUDYARD KIPLING
They
.007
Wireless

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS
Gallegher
The Other Woman
The Lion and the Unicorn
The Derelict
The Bar Sinister
The Consul

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD
Bessie Costrell

By EDITH WHARTON
The Duchess at Prayer
The Pretext
The Bolted Door
Madame de Treymes

By HENRY VAN DYKE
The Oak of Geismar
The Blue Flower
The Light That Failed Not

By MARY R. S. ANDREWS
The Perfect Tribute



Drawn by A. B. Frost for the First Number of Scribner's Magazine, Illustrating H. C. Bunner's
"The Story of a New York House"

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY
Tommie Ohlsen's Western
Passage
Tales of the Gloucester Fishermen

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
Rebecca Stories

By FRANCES HODGSON
BURNETT
The Dawn of a To-morrow

By ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH
The Peach
The Desert
The Turquoise Cup

By KENNETH GRAHAME
The Magic Ring
A Saga of the Seas

By ANTHONY HOPE
The Wheel of Love

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE
Elsket
The Burial of the Guns
How the Captain Made Christmas

By HENRY C. BUNNER
Zadoc Pine
As One Having Authority
A Second-hand Story
French for a Fortnight

By OCTAVE THANET
Stories of a Western Town

By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT
A Truce

By GEORGE A. HIBBARD
The Governor

By ROBERT GRANT
A Bachelor's Christmas
An Eye for an Eye

By HARRISON ROBERTSON
How the Derby Was Won

By JOHN R. SPEARS
The Port of Missing Ships

By T. R. SULLIVAN
The Lost Rembrandt

By E. W. HORNING
The Raffles Stories

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS
The Stolen Story

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON
The Goddesses From the
Machine

By KATHARINE HOLLAND
BROWN
Dawn
The Wages of Honor

By ALICE BROWN
The Lantern

By CARTER GOODLOE
College Girl Stories

By ARTHUR TRAIN
McAllister's Christmas

By ROBERT HERRICK
The Master of the Inn

By HELEN HAINES
The Crimson Rambler

By SEWELL FORD
Truegate of Mogador

By SIDNEY PRESTON
The Green Pigs

By NELSON LLOYD
The Best Gun in the Valley

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH
Sindbad on Burrator

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
The Mercy of Death



Restaurant Diners—"A Little Loan"

Drawn by C. D. Gibson. Illustrating His Article, "London" (1897).



"I were liker a man if I struck this creature down"

1889

Drawn by William Hole and
Engraved on Wood by Elbridge Kingsley
Illustrating "The Master of Ballantrae"
by Robert Louis Stevenson

AMONG REMINISCENCES, LETTERS, ETC., THE FOLLOWING ARE ESPECIALLY MEMORABLE:

The Thackeray Letters	Senator Hoar's Autobiography
The Diaries of Gouverneur Morris	Autobiographical Passages and Letters of Washington Allston
Minister Washburne's Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris	Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert
General Sheridan's Reminiscences of the Franco-German War	Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Drew
Hugh McCulloch's Memories of Fifty Years	Lowell's Letters to Poe
Lester Wallack's Autobiography	Reminiscences of the Civil War by General Gordon
Stevenson's Letters	Reminiscences of the Civil War by General Jacob D. Cox
George Bancroft's Letters and Diaries	Reminiscences of the Civil War by General E. P. Alexander
Mrs. Bancroft's Letters from England	General Sherman's Letters
Autobiographical Passages and Letters of Audubon	Madame Waddington's Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, and Other Reminiscences

AMONG NOTABLE SERIES OF INTERNATIONAL CRITICISM, ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL SUBJECTS, GREAT UNDERTAKINGS, AND SCIENCE HAVE BEEN:

Individual Authors

By Sir Edwin Arnold Japonica	By Sir Henry Norman The Russia of To-day
By W. C. Brownell French Traits	By Walter Wyckoff The Workers
By Price Collier England and the English	By Robert Grant The Reflections of a Married Man The Art of Living
By Frank A. Vanderlip The American Commercial Invasion of Europe	By J. Laurence Laughlin Practical Economic Papers

By Various Authors

The Railroad Articles	The Electric Articles
The Steamship Articles	Great Businesses
The Rights of the Citizen	



The Musmee

Drawn by Robert Blum and
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf
Illustration for Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japanica"

IN HISTORY, THE MAGAZINE HAS PUBLISHED:

Washington's Story of the Brad-
dock Campaign. (From the original
manuscript)

Roosevelt's Rough Riders

Lodge's Story of the Revolution

War Correspondence, Letters
and Articles on the Spanish
War, Boer War, Greek War,
and Boxer Rebellion, by

Richard Harding Davis

H. J. Whigham

Thomas F. Millard

Arthur H. Lee

Major T. B. Mott

Edward Marshall

John R. Spears

John Fox, Jr.

And Others

Mahan's War of 1812

Roosevelt's Cromwell

Andrews's History of the last
Quarter Century

General Frederick Funston's
Cuban and Philippine Expe-
riences

Historic Moments, by

Robert C. Winthrop

Archibald Forbes

William Howard Russell

Daniel D. Slade

John W. Kirk

David Swing

Isaac H. Bromley

And Others

ARTICLES OF EXPLORATION, ADVENTURE, AND HUNTING

By Sir Henry M. Stanley

The Emin Pasha Relief Expedi-
tion

Pigmies of the African Forest

By Theodore Roosevelt

African Game Trails

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Big Game Articles

Lobo the Wolf

The Sandhill Stag

By Reuben Gold Thwaites

Newly Discovered Personal Rec-
ords of Lewis and Clark

By Edward Whymper

Sir Martin Conway

William Williams

Alpine and Other Mountain
Climbing

By Carl Lumholtz

Mexican Explorations

IN SPORT AND RECREATION THERE HAVE BEEN NOTABLE ARTICLES ON

"Hunt and Country Clubs," by E. S. Martin; "The American Trotting Horse," by Hamilton Busbey; "Fox and Drag Hunting in the United States," by Henry R. Poore; "Golf," by Judge Howland and H. J. Whigham; "Motoring," by Sir Henry Norman; "The Olympic Games," by Rufus B. Richardson; "The Bicycle Series," by various authors; "Whist," by Cavendish.

NOTABLE ESSAYS by W. C. Brownell, William Dean Howells, Augustine Birrell, Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, George McLean Harper, James Huneker, Mrs. James T. Fields, Helen Watterson Moody, and many more.



"She chanced to pause on the bridge near his house to rest herself"

1893

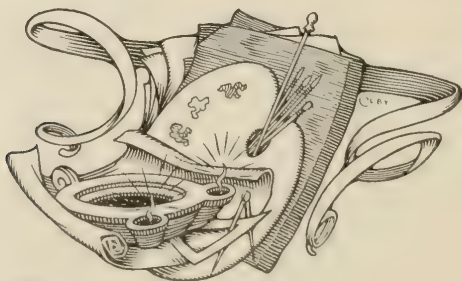
Drawn by W. Hatherell
Illustrating "The Fiddler of
the Reels," by Thomas Hardy

IN ART THERE HAVE BEEN IMPORTANT SERIES on British Painters by Cosmo Monkhouse, on Contemporary Painting by P. G. Hamerton, on French Art by W. C. Brownell, and articles by Kenyon Cox, E. H. Blashfield, Frank Fowler, Robert Blum, Birge Harrison, Royal Cortissoz, Dwight Elmendorf, and others.

Articles on American and French Illustrators, American Wood-Engravers, Posters, etc.

GREAT EXHIBITIONS AND FESTIVALS HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED: The Paris Exhibition of 1889, The Chicago-Columbian Exposition (White City), The Buffalo Exhibition, The St. Louis Exhibition, The Paris Exhibition of 1900, The Installation of Curzon by G. W. Steevens, The Millennial Celebration of Hungary by Richard Harding Davis.

SOME SINGLE ARTICLES HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY MEMORABLE: "How the Other Half Lives," by Jacob A. Riis; "Below the Water-Line," by Benjamin Brooks; "Constantinople," by Marion Crawford; "The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr.; "What Is a College For?" by Woodrow Wilson; "Rapid Transit in New York," by William Barclay Parsons; "The Walk Up-town," by Jesse Lynch Williams; "Telephotography," by Dwight Elmendorf; "Sebastian Cabot," by Lord Dufferin.





"I could hear similar explosions as he went down the road"

Drawn by A. B. Frost
Illustrating "The Green Pigs"
by Sidney Herman Preston

1900



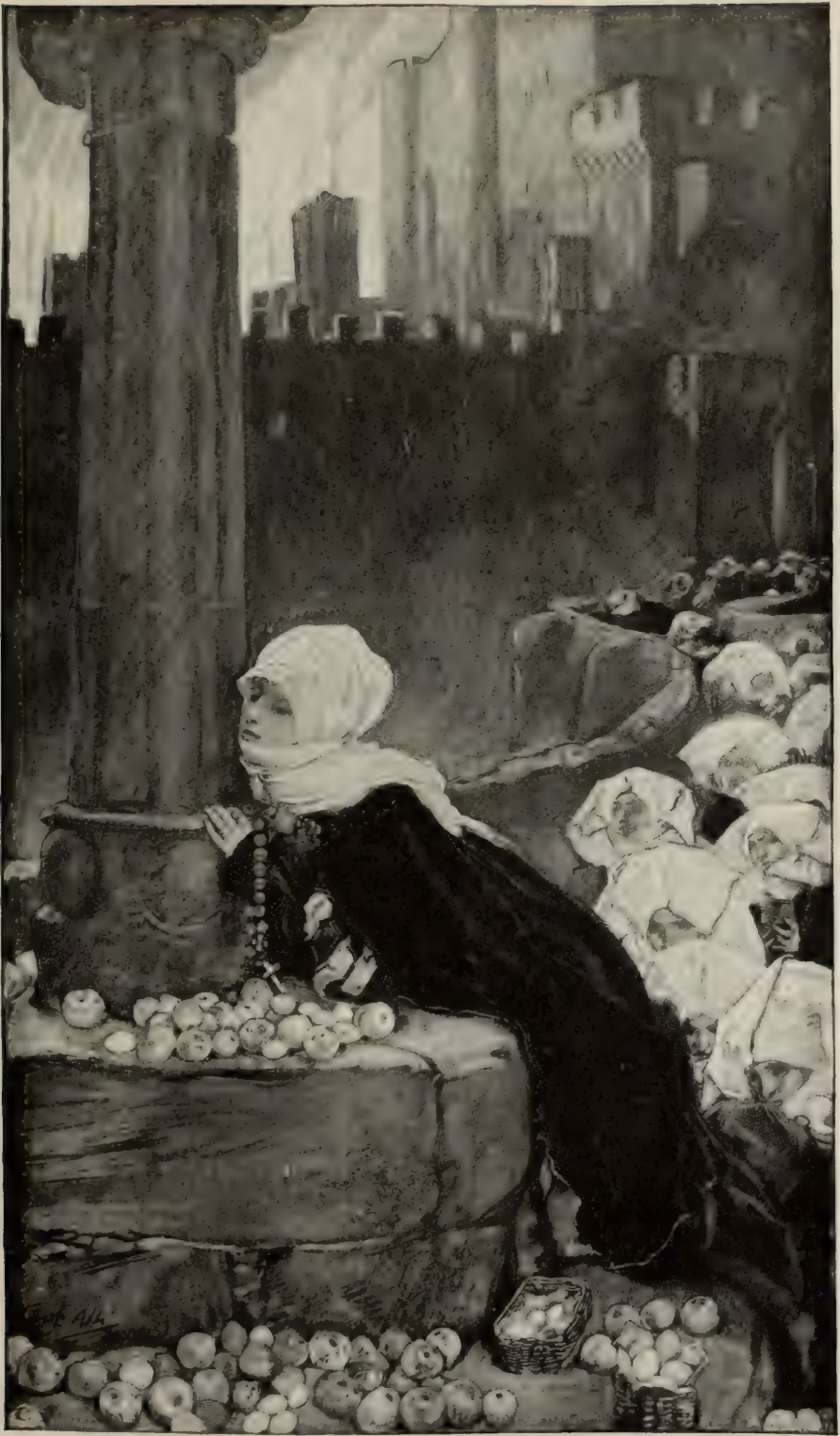
"It was to be an affair of boats, he explained"

1898

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark; Illustrating "A Saga of the Seas," by Kenneth Grahame

ART AND ARTISTS

From the first *Scribner's Magazine* has been distinguished by the interest and character of its illustrations. In its pages will be found the work of the leading painters and illustrators from all over the world—in reality, for the student, a practical history of the development of modern illustrative art. A list, which it would be quite impossible to give here, would include the name of nearly every artist and illustrator of note during the past twenty-five years. Beginning at a time when the now familiar mechanical processes had not yet been perfected, the Magazine employed in the reproduction of the work of many famous artists the skill of the best wood-engravers, and for years the names of the men associated with the highest achievements in American wood-engraving, the best in the world, were identified with its pages. With the rapid improvement in the various methods of photo-engraving the Magazine has always kept pace. In color printing it led the way with the first illustrations in color to appear in an American magazine, and followed this with a succession of colored covers designed by distinguished artists.



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey
Illustrating "Good Friday"

1895



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